

HYPNOTIZED BY THE DEVIL AND OTHER STORIES

By: Tom Ball

tomball33@yahoo.com

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Hypnotized by the Devil

I, Jim, remarked to Joan, “Ours is a world of Horror. Everyday is like an evil Halloween. People transform themselves into evil creatures of fantasy. Every week it’s a new one, for almost everyone. And many are vicious and attack others. At least you and I stayed human with angel costumes, which of course is how we showed up to be a part of this World.” Joan opined, “We got to get out of here before we are devoured or tortured!” I replied, “But here on Moon Caliban, we have recently become a pariah State, and all Spaceships ignore us, and we suffer from a dearth of important goods, like drugs.”

Joan and I had come here in our Space car, seeking adventure. “The Book of Worlds,” indicated Caliban was a constant masquerade and was a lot of fun. But their information was outdated and now the King ordered everyone, “To get genetic therapy to turn into monsters.” And people would have their brain intact and would play the role of the creature they were transformed into. And they seized our Space car. The King himself kept metamorphosing into various creatures. All the creatures of this World were sort of clever and communicated with MRT (Mind Reading Technology).

I asked Joan, “What drives these people to be such freaks?” She said, “They are bored and imagine playing evil roles. And most of them are evil and getting worse by the day. Ultimately, they will kill each other off. We of course now that we’ve sampled all the parties to be had with each other don’t go anymore to the ubiquitous parties and so far, no one has moved against us. But we need to get back our Space car...”

I opined, “We could offer ourselves as sex workers, to get money to bribe those holding our Space car.” She said, “We have no other choice.”

So we did it and thought we would get our Space car back, but were jailed in solitary confinement instead. And we were frequently raped.

But finally, the UW (United Worlds) attacked the colony and set us free. We immediately went back to Earth. But Earth had evolved in our 8-year absence and now most people had improved their brains with genetic therapy, and we felt obliged to get our own brains altered for the better. But all it did was drive us completely mad. We became greedy, selfish, unpredictable and egotistical and didn't like the feelings, we couldn't recognize ourselves. So, we found an underground doctor to put us back to the way we were before. And Joan ran for the Presidency of Europe and was elected. It seemed like most people felt lost and uncomfortable with the modern Worlds, as indeed we did.

As President, Joan had to contend with people who thought they were Superhumans and were very rich and powerful. And finally, they overthrew her in a coup. And she and I and many of our supporters were jailed and we had to have brain surgery to make us passive and weak. But we both dimly remembered our previous selves, as if in a dream. We didn't get eternal youth, nor money and rotted in jail.

The years passed and we languished in jail and were frequently tortured and raped. Our lives were a nightmare. Then after many years in jail in which we didn't see each other, we were released to the custody of demon princes, who hypnotized us. The demons forced me into murder of people they didn't like. And I assumed it was the same with Joan, though we were not in touch. The demons praised me as a new convert to evil, and I found myself for some reason, preaching evil to the young demons. I told them, "Use your imagination to control others and people you don't like, you should simply kill them." And I said, "Those who are the vilest are our leaders such as me, and believe me, I've tried being good and am now convinced evil is the

way.” And I found myself saying, “The one who murders the most will be King. And one must carefully plan one’s murders as everyone today is paranoid and watching everyone else.” And I said, “Today most people are aligned to be lawful evil, but in the future, everyone will be chaotic evil. And it will be anarchy and the strong will survive.” And I said to the young demons, “Life seems easy at first, but it is very difficult to establish oneself as a demon Prince. One needs to have Devilish charm.” And I told them, “There are still many countries whose leaders say they are good. Of course, they are not so good and are power-crazed and corrupt. But we must eliminate anyone who says they are good. And you can assassinate such leaders or work to overthrow them in a coup...”

One of my demon students said, “I don’t believe you are truly evil.” So, I had him crucified and warned my other students, “Anyone else who challenges me will die!” But there was a student revolt against me, so I had all of the rebels killed. But I said, “Death is glorious. And death is the goal of every thinking persona...”

Another of my demon students, said to me, “You are the Prince of Darkness, the Devil himself.” So I promoted him to be a missionary to convert remaining “good people,” to be worshippers of Satan...

And one day I truly met Satan, who told me, “You were doing a good job.” And he patted me on the back. And he introduced me to some gorgeous succubi women. And I loved them though they played rough and scratched and bit me. And I asked the Devil, “To make me into an incubus so I could attack human women?” The Devil said, “You are just doing fine teaching the youth, but you can be an incubus in your free time.” And I found myself thanking the Devil, “For all you’d done for me.”

After meeting Satan, I felt I was really making a difference, but then one day my old friend, Joan reappeared on the scene. She said, "I want to hypnotize you!?" She told me this one night when I was in my cups and I foolishly agreed. And she hypnotized me to be good. And she then disappeared. Afterwards my demon students asked what was the matter with me? And I told them, "Perhaps being a demon is not where it's at after all?!" And a number of my students grabbed me and lynched me. And that was the end.

But then I woke up in a hospital and couldn't remember how I'd spent the last few years. And Joan was at my bedside, exclaiming, "I was so worried about you!" And I asked her, "Why?" She said, "You just had a bad adventure, is all. Best to forget the past..." And she exclaimed, "You are too clever to lose!"

But I guess word got out that I was still alive, and some demons were in my head cross-hypnotizing me... That's all I remembered when I awoke. And Joan was there again, and she asked, "Are you alright?" I said "Fuck you! I'm getting out of here and joining my true friends the demons. But then I regretted saying that and said, "Actually I am in love with you and thank you for trying to save me!" She told me, "You've been cross-hypnotized, and I worry you will go completely insane." I asked, "What's the solution?" She told me, "You need to be eliminated. You're too dangerous to us, now. I will put you out of your misery." But then she suddenly started screaming, "They're in my head!" And suddenly it all came back to me, about the Devil and his associates, and I watched her die, what else could I have done? And my first instinct was to try and bring her back to life. But then I thought I have to get out of here... So, I fled, but as I left the ward, a man called me, "But Jim, your true love has just died!" I shouted out, "It's none of my affair! And I am needed elsewhere!" And sure enough, outside the hospital there was a car

with a few demonic looking men in it. And they beckoned me to get in. I debated with myself for a few seconds, if it would really be wise? But then I got in the car.

And the next thing I knew I was in what seemed to be a laboratory. Demon-faced men surrounded me and were talking in my head. They said, “You are demon-spawn and a friend of the Devil. Forget what that bitch, Joan, said.” And I asked them, “What do you want with me?” They exclaimed, “We want you to help us destroy the humans!” But I said, “Aren’t I human?” One of them said in my head, “No, you are a demon, you are one of us, but the humans tried to trick you into betraying us. We’ll simply watch over you until you are healed.” So, they were in my head for weeks before finally saying, that I was free to leave.

Then I had an inspiration, I’d talk the situation over with the Superhuman Gods of humans. And suddenly I was whisked away and found myself in the presence of 3 radiant beings, dressed in white with halos around their heads... And I asked them, “Do you know me?” One of them mind read to me, “You are kind of infamous, and many people are familiar with your case.” I asked, “I don’t even know what I am doing, of what use could I possibly be to you?” One of them said, “We are fighting for your immortal soul. To begin with, you were one of us, but were corrupted by demons and hypnotized by them.” I said to them, “Why am I so important?” One of them spoke, saying, “We need to prove that goodness will prevail, to the people!” I said, “I seem to remember being tortured on Caliban and nobody cared about me then. Now good and evil seem to be fighting a war in my head as if I am suddenly important.” One of them said, “Let’s just say its an important case.” And he said, “After what you’ve been through you need the love of angelic women.”

And the next thing I knew, I was in a bedroom with a beautiful girl who looked like Joan. She said, “I exist in your memories, but you can love me now, right here in real life.” So, I loved her,

and it was glorious. And memories of Joan came flooding back to me. And I told her, "I have always loved you!" Over the next few weeks, "Joan," was in my thoughts constantly. And the demons seemed to have given up on me. And I realized I was deep inside "a castle in the air," but I felt light as a feather. And I was having a ball. And then another great lover who I didn't recognize. And this woman said to me, "As long as you stay here in the castle, you are safe! We'll find useful work for you to do, like tutor some young adults what it's like to meet the Devil and survive." And I greatly feared leaving the castle. I was afraid of myself. This woman asked, "Is there anything that you are unhappy about or dubious about in your stay here?" I said, "No, I'm content, but I seem to remember dreamy, crazy love with succubi." She said, "You want to be good, right?" I said, "I'm confused about everything, I don't know anything for sure!"

But time passed, and I remained in the castle, but when I looked out into the clouds, I saw demonic faces, so I didn't look out. Other than that, the demons apparently couldn't get me, and I slowly healed and became surer of myself. And I loved a number of women including, Joan and I knew they were trying to be mischievous in bed to try and satisfy my carnal desires. And I no longer considered myself sick.

And years passed and I was in Heaven. But then one day the Demons got in my head again while I was sleeping with some new type of MRT, and apparently told me to kill my Superhuman leader and set the castle on fire. At least that is what I remembered. So, upon awaking I tried to balance my thoughts, examining both sides, good and evil. And I elected to be good. And I told our main Superhuman Gods of the castle all about it. He suggested I wear a MRT blocker, which I did. But the next night the demons returned. And the succubi loved me wildly in my mind and kept telling me, "You were the Devil's friend and to leave the castle." But this time the castle Superhuman leaders were listening in and told me "To ignore the succubi.

They didn't have your best interests at heart. They just wanted to drive you mad." And in the dream, "I found myself saying, "What's wrong with madness? And when I awoke, I resolved to leave the castle. But Joan begged me to stay, and she was so kind that I decided to stay.

And that was the last I heard from the demons. And the Superhuman Gods of the castle helped me to improve my mind to be kinder and cleverer and finally I became a Superhuman leader of humans and went into Space to rule a colony in the Centauri Star System. And everyone who went to Space was vetted with MRT, but we had to be vigilant as the demons were very resourceful and imaginative. And we had an outbreak of evil on Mars, but we put it down and destroyed the evil demons.

And I lived on as leader of Moon Titan and emphasized mental health. But then one day the demons broke into my head, and I killed myself, end of story.

But I came back to life as a clone, and the saga continued on and on.

The Second Most Attractive Woman on Luna

I, Ernst, asked Bianca, “How can you stand to be the second most attractive woman on Luna?” She replied, “I have improved my face and body many times, but can’t seem to outdo, Karac. But one day I will succeed. Of course, I was born with a very clever, nerdy kind of face and have risen all the way to #2, and I personally feel I am better looking than Karac. My face is more intelligent looking than her.” I said, “But many men want to say that they loved the most beautiful woman on Luna. They don’t care so much about #2!” She told me, “Don’t I know it. But really, I can’t complain I have so many men in love with me for my looks and my brain.”

And she said, “I’ve made some films in which I starred, as you know!” I said, “Yes, I particularly liked “Lunar Fantasies,” how you used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to get in the heads of men as they loved you and how you had recorded real men’s minds.”

And I said, “I also liked “Frosty Loves,” about you loving men and women at the Lunar North Pole. You point out that the people who live there are all taciturn and reserved and are great lovers despite the cold outside. You can’t judge a human who is taciturn. And I like how you chronicle an Earth spy who goes there and recruits some of the cleverest amongst them to do espionage for the UW (United Worlds). In cold regions using MRT.”

Also, I told her “That I liked, “Space car Regime,” which was of course, about how in the future, everyone owned a Space car, and could go anywhere in the Solar System plus the five other Star Systems that had been colonized, all in just a few hours journey. And how people built freeholds on various Planets and Moons in small bubble domes built by robots typically out of steel. So, there was no sunlight. And the people of the freeholds typically had 20-50 people and were everywhere. And I liked how they would vet people with MRT to join their eternal groups.”

She said, "It's a likely future, I think. But it's good as people would be free to go anywhere, they please. At any time." I said, "Yes, the future looks bright!"

I also told her, "I liked "Rambunctious Trio," about 3 women who raised hell on Mars. They demanded that women rule all of the colonies. Men they said, were all war-like and they themselves wanted peace and kindness. And I liked their verve. And women were in the majority of all 8 of the colonies on Mars, and they gained power in 6 of them, appointing Mayors who were their friends. And they wanted to be Queens of Mars, ruling as co-regents. The Unholy Trio wanted all males to be their sex slaves, saying, "Men were useless except as slaves." And they let in no strong men into the colonies, who the women said were just tyrannical. And I said, "It's kinky to be controlled by sexy women." She said, "The future of Mars looks bright, and we now have a female running the UW (United Worlds), and now finally, women were emancipated almost everywhere." I said, "Now EQ is the most important quality for a persona to have. And imagination is also important. I think it's good. especially now that so many people live in close quarters in Space. People need to get along with one another." Of course, there were luxurious, rich colonies also, which used unlimited robots to build spacious living quarters, and that looked to be the future... There was plenty of real estate in Space.

And I told her, "I liked also your expose on "Space Hell's Angels," in which you depicted future criminals who roamed Space and went to any colony that would let them in. And would soon take over and produce illicit, dangerous drugs and illegal love androids and illegal hologram lovers." She queried, "Who knows? Maybe the UW will have full control and eliminate crime with MRT?" I said, "Despite technological progress, there are more criminals than ever, especially illicit hackers. But the UW doesn't have the power to get into everyone's heads. And for every type of crime they reduce, new ones pop up, like criminal tyrants who

subject their citizens to unheard of crimes. Like using MRT to control their citizenry. MRT is a two-way street...”

I said, “In fact, I’ve watched and loved all your movies... I also liked your documentary on “What it’s Like to be a Freak.” I found myself sympathizing with sea freaks and multi-sexuals and animal men, which is no doubt what you intended.” She replied, “People need to open their minds, in my opinion.” I said, “It is now almost possible to turn into a freak and back again in just one day. I’d like to try being a freak for a little while!”

And I told Bianca, “And your “Stick to Your Knitting, Gertrude,” really put bossy, nosy women in their place. So many people these days have big egos and get most of what they desire and think they are God’s gift to humans.” She answered, “Everyone is spoiled to some degree these days. In my opinion all the youth should go to a school of hard knocks and be given tough love. And we should scale back luxury products, they are simply unnecessary...” I said, “But luxury products drive people to spend their money and helps keep the economy vibrant.” She said, “Automation has made us all rich and we keep getting richer. I don’t think we need luxury products. Better to invest in clones or Space real estate or brain apps or genetic therapy etc.”

And I told her, “Your film, “Dragon Slayer,” left a pleasant taste in my mouth. I liked how the destitute hero, stands up to the dragon and pierces its eye with an arrow, killing it, while the other people trembled in fear and hid from the dragon.” She said, “The story of course is allegorical to the demonic, greedy life many of us lead.” I said, “Yes many of our contemporaries live a hellish life of their own making and have trouble in their relationships with others and can’t understand why they are so rich and yet so miserable.” She said, “Money can’t buy one happiness. And like I said before everyone is spoiled these days.”

Also, I told her, “I liked “Gentleman Richard,” for its emphasis on a new code of honour for men and women both.” She replied, “Many of the best people are searching for a higher love and employ their genius to attract lovers. And try to be as honorable and good as they can. There is certainly no dishonour in trying one’s best in life and loves.”

I also told her, “That I really, really liked your movie “Starship Lacaille,” for its pioneering spirit and inspirational characters...” She replied, “Yes, to me the very idea of going deep into Space is inspiring, and of course the movie is about creating Supergenius Gods/Goddesses who in turn inspire the people on board to make themselves cleverer. I said the film made me want to get more genetic therapy to the point where even if I don’t recognize myself, it will still be worth it...” She replied, “There’s no hurry, you can go relatively slow, just as long as you continue to improve your brain. I think this is the new reality for everyone.” I said, “Theoretically, there’s no limit to intelligence, but of course we can’t imagine what Super Superbeings would be like!” She said, “Of course, and I am full of hope, humanity will evolve into something we can all be proud of.” I exclaimed, “Me, too!”

And I opined, “Of course your piece about “Some Possible Dystopias,” was very notable also. There are so many possible Dystopias, many of them starting with tyrants, just as you say. And many are related to AI and also insanity related to trying to improve your brain too quickly. And insanity from MRT and also having all the children born in the lab as adults. And just illicit drugs of many kinds, like anti-sleep pills and neo-heroin. There seem to be so many things that can go wrong and are going wrong in today’s Worlds. I wonder if our hoped-for Utopia will really come true.” She replied, “In truth there are many possible Utopias too, but all of them will be difficult to achieve.”

So that was Bianca's movies in a nutshell. But as time passed, she fell to #12 on the list of most beautiful woman on Luna as she was busy making films. But she was the only woman for me. I simply didn't want another. She had other loves, but she told me, "You are my favourite."

And I myself wrote some books. Like "Ebenezer's Quest" about a man who is totally lost in life, but he keeps searching for true love and finally he finds it, by chance. And Bianca exclaimed, "You are my true love!"

And I wrote "Sadistic President," about a hypothetical President, who gets pleasure from abusing his people. Like he starves them and rapes them (he is bisexual) and gets in their heads with MRT, driving them insane and will not let them have eternal youth, only he and his favourite lovers are allowed to get it." And she replied, "This was just like the tyrants I was talking about in my movie, "Some Possible Dystopias," there are so many possibilities." I said, "Yes, the book is a Dystopia in which there is no hope for the people. And they mostly kill themselves. These days we are playing for all the marbles; the future itself. And we might lose, and civilization will end."

Also, I wrote, "Perfect Summer," about living in Miami, and the new regime there. In which the weather was fine, and crime was low, as illicit drugs were now legal. And society was totally automatic, and everyone was free to indulge in their hobbies, parties and drug-induced love. I said to Bianca, "Sometimes and some places, life seems to be sublime." She said, "In Space, under the domes they have mini-Suns and are just as warm as Miami. But the "Art of spending time," has never been more cogent." I replied, "Most people are just killing time and are bored. And so take drugs of bliss every night. Most people are completely out of it...But say they are content." She said, "Time is a curse for many these days, with eternal youth." I said, "Maybe it would have been better if eternal youth wasn't given to everyone." She told me, "Most people

seem to be suicidal, despite their claims to be content. And all the King's men couldn't put people together again."

And I wrote, "Tricked by Life," about how we had to navigate amongst "a sea of shit." And how life was getting more and more confusing and repugnant for the common human, so they just checked out on drugs of pleasure. Bianca opined, "We can't please everyone! But we can please the intellectuals, who after all, are the only people of importance..." I replied, "Yes, most people don't matter, and most people can live a life of bliss..."

I also wrote, "Sentinels of NYC," about how NYC was in the near future a free city state amongst tyrannical city states. And how they were desperate for weapons to defend themselves against the aggressive tyrants, who had carved up the USA amongst themselves. Bianca said, "I hope such a thing doesn't happen, but I can imagine all sorts of Dystopias, as I told you." I said, "But if America falls, everyone will be at war and everyone will end up as thralls..."

And I wrote "Battle for Heaven," about some future colonies which vied with one another to be better heavenly Utopias than one another. Each one was for geniuses or people who were on their way to becoming geniuses. One Heaven featured born-again good people. Another was how holograms could be great immortal souls. And one was a group of good-aligned Superhuman geniuses... And so on.

Islands on Planet YYV in Sirius Star System

I, Bill, exclaimed to Betty Jo, "Ours is a World of horror!" She said, "Yes all of you men have had their dick chopped off and we can't even make love. And there's nothing for us to do with our time. We just eat and sleep and have nothing interesting to dream about. It wasn't always this way, I know." I said, "The suicide rate is 10% per annum. In ten more years, there'll be nobody left." She said, "I guess the elite 1% will go on living, however. I'm surprised they just didn't kill us all immediately." I told her, "They seem to enjoy our discomfiture and are busy loving one another. I figure the only reason they keep us alive is in case of war in which we would all fight." She remarked, "But they aren't fighting any wars and frankly I wish I was dead." I opined, "You and I, seem to be cleverer than the elite, we should organize an uprising, which probably wouldn't succeed, but at least we will die gloriously." She said, "I've been listening to their speeches since I was a little girl, and it is clear they want us to be humble and kowtow to them. I wonder how they came to be the elite in the first place. They don't teach us any history. I'm surprized they don't cut our tongues out!"

So, Betty Jo and I spoke to some others about a revolution, and everyone thought it was a good idea. They had nothing to lose, they told us. So, we organized the few thousand commoners on our island, and we were all armed with wooden spears torches, and we moved on the palaces of the elite setting them on fire and stabbing those who tried to run out. And so, our island was free. But what to do next left us in a conundrum. There were only three elite survivors whom we tied up. And we asked them how could we get our cocks back? They told us we had to go to the mainland and seek out the wizards. The wizards could do anything they said.

So, we built a number of rafts and sailed in the direction our hostages told us to. And we came upon a walled city. Here the people were busy working, but they directed us to the palace of the local wizard. It was a grand edifice and the thousand or so of us built a big bonfire outside the palace and waited. Presently a man in dark robes appeared at the door. As leader, I asked him, "Are you one of the all-powerful wizards we have been told about?" He said, "Yes, and who are you?" I told him, "We were from Satan's Island, and we wanted to regrow our cocks!" He said, "I've been meaning to do something about Satan's Isle for some time. But I guess you have already overthrown your leaders..." I again asked, "What about our cocks?" He said, "Our island is small, and we don't have any magic doctors like you wish to see. And he gave us a map of how to get to the island of magic doctors and gave us a dozen large boats. "It is the least I could do," he said. And he said, "They'll be expecting you." And I wondered how he could have known that. So before leaving we chatted with some of the locals; one of them apparently a leader said "Satan's Island was for the former rulers' offspring from the great island of magic doctors the wizard had told us about. It was a sordid business. And there had been a revolution, and our parents were killed. They sent us to obscure Satan's Island to make sure we didn't grow up to be like our parents."

So, "We asked the local people of this island for weapons? And we got a number of bows and arrows and even a number of hunting rifles. And the thousand or so of us all wanted to go to the land of the magic doctors, so we embarked on the voyage. Our boats had sails and we made good progress, reaching "Amazing Land" in just a couple of weeks. And what was apparently a welcoming committee rowed out to our lead boat and a short, fat man came on board. He said, "Accommodations have been arranged in a few of our hotels and they'll deliver food to your

rooms!” I was very unsure if we could trust this man, but we were all tired and so I accepted graciously. And the man said our leaders would meet with the great Sorcerer tomorrow morning.

In the hotels they had tv and computers and we were fascinated...

The following morning 10 of us, including myself and Betty Jo, went to meet the great leader. He was a serious, good-looking man, and he told us, “The revolution involving our parents had happened 25 years ago when this city was ruled by cruel leaders who they had overthrown in another revolution. The leaders here thought all the children of those overthrown in the first revolution had died along with their parents...”

But I pressed him on the issue of our dicks... He said, “Yes, we can regrow them, it’ll just be a month or two for them to grow in.” We were all ecstatic and he said, “I’d arrange for special tutors to teach you about modern life.”

In particular we were impressed by the TVs. But some of our number didn’t trust our host. But I told them, “If they can regrow our dicks, they must also have powerful weapons and we have no choice but to trust them.

Anyway, to make a long story short, we men, all grew our dicks and loved our women. And I trained to be an architect, as I was fascinated by the skyscrapers of the city. And Betty Jo and I had a number of children and lived happily ever after.

But after several years, I found that I wanted to travel around our Planet the World to see some of the places shown on TV, and I wanted to correct injustice wherever that might be. Like we’d all heard of Imagotown which was nick-named “Murder city.” I learned that the average lifespan here was just 30 and murder was rampant. So, I took 40 people and armed them with lasers, and we set sail for the city in question.

The city was a giant slum and human-like shadowy people lurked in doorways in small groups. However, we pressed on for the castle on a hill overlooking the city. No one accosted us on the way. And we came to the gate, but no one was there to open it. So, we used a laser to cut the lock and opened it. In fact, there was no one to be seen anywhere. So, we opened the door to the keep and climbed the stairs and at the top we came to a room with a throne in it. In the throne was a lich. He rattled his bones and in a strange voice asked us, "What we wanted?" I said, "We want to wipe out crime in the city. The lich said, "This city is actually a prison colony for hard cases, set up 60 years old now and the criminals have had a lot of children. There's no way you can reform them." I asked, "Are you the leader?" He said, "Yes, and I have captured their souls down in my dungeon. Where I torture them for their crimes. Without their souls they are withered husks just like me. I get immense enjoyment from torturing them." And I asked him, "What happened to you?" He said, "As a lich, I am immortal and have lived on for centuries, I don't believe the place you come from has legalized eternal youth." I said, "But surely you are bored?" He replied, "I cultivate black magic and have some amazing spells like I can destroy you all if I wish. But I think it is time for you to leave the city and don't speak to the human-like creatures on the streets."

The situation was definitely not what we expected, and we conferred with one another and decided to return to Amazing city. Once back I was re-united with Betty Jo and my children, and I decided to take a history course. The history teacher said few people are interested in history these days... But he taught us, "We were actually in the Sirius Star System and our home Planet, Earth was far away. We no longer communicate with Earth, apparently, they are now ruled by a tyrant and live in a backwards existence. But humans have colonized dozens and dozens of Star Systems. And many of them are more advanced than we are, but we seldom see them, they seem

to look down on us and don't want to deal with us. And most islands on our Planet are Dystopias anyway. Like the island of Euthanasia, in which people lived short, brutish lives and then killed themselves.

And another was the island of High Tech, which is much more advanced than we are, and they are said to use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate and have all become cyborgs. And they told us we are not welcome there. I believed these advanced people still interact with other Star Systems, but they all wanted us to leave."

And the history teacher, he said, "Another island is for gays and lesbians. And they also feature a number of multi-sexual people. They appear to be quite content and engage in near constant orgies and yet say that they believe in true love, perverted true love."

And he said, "Another island features a Dystopia which is ruled by three oligarchs, two women and one man. The oligarchs all own the rest of the people. Each one of the three owns 1/3 of the populace who are their slaves. But they give the slaves plenty of drugs to keep them happy, however they are all sexually abused by their leader; all three leaders are bisexual. And this World too, is backwards in terms of technology."

He also taught us about seafaring adventurers who interact with the varying Worlds and trade things like MRT, and life prolonging drugs and laser weapons in exchange for gold. Gold could buy anything in this World that one fancied. And they tell the news of other islands to the varying peoples.

He told us also, "There was a city of the Damned in which everyone was a demon who did evil things to one another. Succubi ruled here and drove all the men mad with lust.

And he told us about another island in which the people worshipped serpents, and many were highly poisonous, and many killed their Masters.

Then there was “TV land island” which was full of actors and screenwriters who had come here directly in the great diaspora. They broadcast their movies to other islands like Amazing city and the island of High Tech. And some people came here to hob nob with the stars. I liked their movies. For instance, “City of Surgeons,” in which the surgeons did brain surgery on regular people to make them cleverer. This movie got many people to come here. Another of their movies was “Lotus Land,” about people who took drugs of bliss and was based on a real portion of the populace. And they had game shows and gladiator fights and other sports. Much of the TV land material was beamed in from Earth.”

And the tutor taught us about, “A cold temperature city at one of the Poles which was designed for pleasure and sport. They had a number of sex workers here to keep one warm. And the sex workers ruled this World, and everyone was required to make love at least twice a day, for their own sanity. And rumour had it that here was the best sex in the Galaxy.”

And he told us about, “The Isle of the Absurd,” in which the people were all bizarre individuals who were mostly comedians. They all had bizarre faces and yet seemed to love sex with one another.

And he said I could’ve informed you of the lich’s island. And there are a few other settlements that are dull and boring.

And our tutor went into the details of the varying islands, like one in which everyone was a drunk and another featured boredom and sobriety. Another was a place of vampire people who fed off one another. And another was all about gambling and how to cheat, and there were a number of additional ones which were islands, and none seemed interesting to me, and people lived in Worlds of justice of their own making and who was I to try and change them? So, I spent my time with my family and focused on architecture in Amazing city... And Betty Jo dabbled in

the arts. For example, she wrote a play about a fictitious World in which everyone was a playwright on cocaine. She said, "Such a World was possible, just take all the artistic people and put them together and they would feed off of the synergy." I told her, "In such a World you and I would be King and Queen." And she wrote another about breeding animals for intelligence. For example, with dogs we would take the cleverest of the litter and they would breed with the cleverest of another litter. Twice a year and for 50 years so that we would have very clever animals. Of course, we ate domestic animals and milked them and got leather from them etc. And some had pets, but they weren't so clever, just affable. And she wanted to do this with all animals. I said, "It seems controversial to eat clever animals." She suggested, "That we all become vegetarians and just eat stem-cell meats."

And her magnum opus was about Amazing city warring with the other islands and eliminate stupid people once and for all. I said, "The idea has merit, but seems cruel." She said, "I'm tired of idiots. We even have many here in Amazing city." I tried to plead with her not to release this script, but she insisted. And it caused some dumb people to go back to school. At least they were trying...

And so, our world, YYV was in a state of flux, and no one knew the future.

\$9 Billion Dollar Virgin

I, Mike, said to Tina, “Many men have tried to win your love, yet you remain a virgin.” She said, “I’ve decided to sell my virginity to the highest bidder. I am the most famous virgin in all creation and have written some best-sellers. I asked her, “What will you do with the money? She said finance my books to become great movies and live in a palace in New York city. And I will pay for my true love to come and live with me.” I said, “But you know nothing about living with a man and I figure you have never really loved anyone. You are in love with yourself. But I don’t blame you, you are so attractive and charming.”

Anyway, she sold her virginity and a one-month romance for 9 billion dollars! Afterwards, I approached her again and she seemed like she was inspired, bubbly and bouncy. And she said her first romance was over but now she’d like to love me. So, I obliged her, and she was a hellion in bed. I was kind of surprised. But it was good loving.

And she told me, “I love sex so much, I want to become a very high-class call-girl and write about my adventures.” I said, “Let’s you and I write about our own affair. I am totally besotted with you!” So, we had some conversations, like about what our philosophy was. She opined, “I believe in time. People today are all in such a rush, that they miss a lot of life’s lust. We all have eternal youth and should enjoy the time we have now. Too many people live in fast forward and are not balanced.” I replied, “But I live for the future and can hardly wait for tomorrow. I look forward to improving my mind with genetic therapy and brain apps and want to love clever men and have clever friends.” She said, “You don’t need to be a Superhuman to figure out what this Universe is about. I think you should live for noble deeds of kindness and charity, and you are a lawyer and so should fight for the destitute and poor.” I said, “But my dream is to be a lawmaker

and make great plans for the future. Like build some colonies of sexual geniuses, filled with people like you!”

She remarked, “I wonder if I could really be a sexual genius? I think I need more experience.” I commented, “Trust me, you are one of the best. I have a lot of experience loving famous women.”

And I said, “Tell me about what kind children you would like? She said, “I care most about having great partners to make great children in the lab. I’d like a variety of clever children. These days of designer babies allow us to select what kind of children we will have, and I’d like them to have similar personalities to me.”

And I asked her, “How could I be better in your eyes?” She told me, “You seem quite passionate, but why not become more so?” I said, “I could take some new experimental drugs of passion.” And I said, “I am totally fascinated with you, as you are.” She said, “Living with you bestows such a strong feeling of calmness in me.”

I opined, “We need to find some issues on which we disagree, if we are to truly make a passionate film. She said, “You want to improve your mind faster than I do. That’s a bone of contention. Also, you want to have children with numerous women. That’s another sticking point. And you just plain have had too many lovers.” I replied, “Life is not perfect, and neither would be our film.”

And I said, “But regarding mind improvement, everyone should go at their own pace, I guess. But I myself want to know everything.” She said, “In other words, you are greedy for brain apps. And knowing all there is to know will probably only lead to suicide and certainly won’t help you with your existentialist crisis.” I told her, “I beg to differ.”

And I commented, “Regarding children with numerous women is good for the gene pool. You and I wouldn’t want to have thousands of children just between ourselves (born in the lab fully grown of course).” She asked, “I suppose you’re right, but you don’t plan on teaching these new children?” I said, “I will teach a university course for my kids in which I share my life lessons.”

And I mentioned, “Regarding having a lot of lovers, there are no longer any sex diseases, it is free love more and more. Experience leads to perfection.”

She said, “I feel like I’m in the clouds dreaming with you! Tell me about your dreams?” I answered her, “I dream of being President one day and force everyone to spend a lot of time consciously dreaming with new stimulating brain apparatuses. People will take their best dreams and try and market them.” And I added, “I dream of a World in which everyone is part of the complete whole, yet each have their own philosophy. And everyone would have a minimum IQ of 150, and everyone had genetic therapy to continue to improve their minds... And what about you?” She said, “I am still quite young, but I dream of imaginative porn. Porn which graphically depicts a young woman’s coming of age sexually and you are one of my many lovers...” And she said, “The orgies will be carefully choreographed, and everyone will have a philosophy about love, like all love is good, and sex with strangers is liberating, and anyone can become a sex symbol through buying a patented face, and also true love builds colonies in Space. Another philosophy was true love affairs always end badly. And some said future love will be selfish and cruel.”

She added, “And some women are advertised to be foul temptresses who lead men to ruin and are future sex symbols who should have sex all day long. And ordinary people will give oral sex to the elite, whom they worship...”

And I asked her, “How are you spending your \$9 billion dollars? She said, “I’m going to invest it all in movie making. I plan to be the Queen of sex...And inspire everyone to have more sex. And Harlequin Romances of old were said to just have 12 basic plots. I plan to make each one different and original. Like I dream about a group of 50 people in Space who are all soul mates and get along very well with one another and the sex flows. Another Space dream is about a couple that are voyaging to distant Betelgeuse but get along well with one another and don’t suffer any cabin fever. Also, I dream of a future colony in another Star System, in which a Superwoman leads the colony, and everyone is in love with her. And still another dream depicts, “The Prettiest girls in the World,” which features a brothel with the Earth’s prettiest girls, and some men spend all of their time and money here. And the brothel holds splendid parties...

And she opined, “I also dream of 3-D hologram sex, which is illegal officially, but the law is not enforced. And I dream of android lovers, which are also illegal and hide in the underground, but I would like to rendezvous with them.”

I said, “I have a recurring night dream in which I keep using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to try and figure you out, but you keep surprising me!” She asked, “Does everyone ever know a person well enough to predict their behavior? Especially amongst the elite...”

And I told her, “I dream also of loving clones of dead famous women. Such women are mostly great thinkers and are inspirational. And some of them already exist. Like I loved Cleopatra, and the Queen of Sheba and Hatshepsut and the Chinese Tang Dynasty female Emperor and Catherine the Great and many others. And they were enlightening loves and spoke with great eloquence. And I dreamed of loving modern day women of power...”

And she told me, “I don’t have much experience now, but I would like to love Kings and Presidents.” I said, “That’s fine. I can’t control your behaviour. Live life to the full!”

And I told her, “I dreamed of having a twin to confer with and keep me company.” She said, “I would like to have hundreds of clones and enjoy life partly vicariously from them. Life is too big for one to experience it all with just one person...”

And I remarked, “I dreamed of a World in which an Empress changed all the people into animal men to amuse her. And she had kinky sex with them and dominated them. We are all beasts inside.”

And she said, “I dream also of kinky sex with multi-sexual people. Such people are just the beginning of deviant future people who look different from us. The human soul can take many forms.”

I remarked, “I also dreamed of changing into a woman. I think it would be kinky and would love lesbians as well as straight men.” She asked, “Really?” I said, “We are all in a Yin Yang reality. And anything goes these days.”

She added, “I also dream of a New Age, in which everyone is good and sane...” I said, “Maybe one day that will happen. They are making new drugs that have some success with curing mental illness and most democratic leaders are very calm and sane.”

And she said, “I’m going to raise money, by auctioning off my love again. Two billion dollars to love me for a week. I know clever men think I’m hot!” And so, she did it and got \$2.3 billion...

Afterwards I met up with her and asked, “How it had gone?” She responded, “I think I am in love with that man, and plan to see him again. And he’s offered to take me to Mars and his mansion there. And he says he will introduce several of his buddies to me, the new high-class call girl.” I said, “It seems a little strange for you to remain a virgin until you were 25 and then suddenly become a prostitute! It seems crazy.” She exclaimed, “It’s a crazy world.”

So, she sold herself to rich magnates. And she made time for me once a week. And she was also busy with her latest “love movies,” which were all fictionalized true stories. Her fans enjoyed guessing what was true and what she’d made up. Like a story, “Jilted Lover,” which featured a jealous lover who tried to kill her, Tina. And she was locked in a room by this jilted lover of his. But she was hooked up with MRT to him and he came and saved her. Another movie was “Drug Bonanza” about a magnate who was living on the edge and insisted they take dangerous drugs of pleasure and she felt herself slipping away into unconsciousness and immediately pressed the button on her wrist chain to summon paramedics and so, was saved. He too, was saved but died of an overdose a few days later. She complained to the man who had paid a couple billion for her love, that this man was a suicidal maniac.

Another movie, “Superman,” featured a very tall man who was very well-endowed and was a professional basketball player. He wanted Tina to love him along with his “wife,” who was bisexual, and he liked reading Nietzsche to her and asked her about Superhumans. Tina told him she was rich and was planning on becoming a Super genius, and she told him he had the perfect face and body and skin and represented a good model for a Superbeing.

In addition, she made a flick, “Lunatic,” about a brief affair on the Moon with a man who was extremely hairy and howled while they made love. And they went outside into the Lunar air while the sun was directly overhead and made love nude with just a bubble helmet. And they could talk with one another with microphones and speakers, and he howled in ecstasy. And Tina told the viewers he was a sasquatch, which interested many superstitious people.

Then there was her affair with the President of the Americas, who like most men of our time was single. He gave Tina the VIP treatment and was a true gentleman. He told her, “That I figure tyrants are on the way out, now that China had finally become a democracy. And he was so

ecstatic about China that he was consumed by zest for life, and Tina was included in his euphoria. And he asked her if she had any ideas for the future of the Americas? She told him, “I want to run for President of a new politic, the United Worlds (UW) and bring peace and stability to all and send troops to those countries still ruled by tyrants. And she wanted him to introduce her to other World leaders. So, she met a lot of men of power and made numerous movies about them.

And she wanted to make a movie with me about “Men of Power.” She said, “All leaders have a big ego and are corrupted by power, and all want more power and they all have a big sex drive and many wanted to have children with me. And most of them were pragmatic and some were idealistic, and they all seemed to think I was the prettiest woman alive and shared their secrets with me using MRT. But MRT was widespread now and no one had any secrets anymore.” But in the tell-all movie, she revealed the faults of the varying leaders as well as what she thought were their strengths. And the tabloids gossiped about World leaders, and it was hard to know what the truth was.

And in time, Tina and I moved to Mars where things were really happening and continued to make movies. By the time we got to Mars, it was the year 2119 A.D.

Victim of Hypnosis

Ever since I, Theodore, met Mary, I'd been having blackouts. Periods which I couldn't remember anything. Mary told me, "Not to worry," but finally I went to a shrink. The shrink got me hypnotized and later told me, "You had repeatedly been hypnotized by Mary to the point where she would tell you what to do in your sleep. I was prone to her suggestion," the psychiatrist, she said. And the shrink told me, "Post-hypnotic suggestion was very powerful." And she "Recommended that you leave town and try and get away from Mary." And she said, "You can stay at a hotel until you have a chance to gather your things and then go somewhere far away." I said, "But I will need a job. As you know I am an architect and can probably work just about anywhere. I'd kind of like to go somewhere warm like Miami." She said, "You have to escape the clutches of that woman before she gets you arrested or killed."

So, I left town and told my family and friends what had happened and told them what had happened and told them not to tell Mary where I was. I hoped she would figure I'd killed myself and not come after me...

But after living in Miami for a few months, Mary showed up at my condo screaming and shouting so I had to let her in. And she told me I was coming with her, back to Detroit and I couldn't seem to say no, though I knew it was wrong for me to go along with her. And she hypnotized me and that's the last thing I remembered for weeks. And then came to my senses holding a blood-stained knife with my old shrink dead at my feet. I knew I'd never get away with it so ran to Mexico and changed my identity with some difficulty.

And then sure enough, Mary hunted me down, but I told her there was no way I was going back to Detroit. The next thing I knew I was back in Detroit. And I found myself carjacking an old woman's Toyota and drove off.

And years passed and I had no recollection of how I spent my time except for time spent loving Mary. I don't think I worked and was just her willing slave. She pumped me up on Viagra and I spent countless years just loving her.

But then one day I must have told one of my few remaining friends about the murder or something and so a detective with 2 cops showed up at Mary's place while I was alone. But Mary had prepared me for such a grilling and said, "I was mentally ill and didn't work." The detective questioned "When you had seen the dead shrink last?" I said I couldn't remember it was so many years ago." And I guess I had taken out the appointment on her computer after killing her. So, they had no proof and I had recovered my original identity and so they didn't have any concrete evidence that I had committed the murder.

But then one day while having sex with Mary, I was suddenly possessed by the Devil and strangled Mary to death. I was suddenly possessed by fiendish cunning and took the body and dumped it at a city dump. And I filed a missing persons report and claimed, "I had no idea where she had gone and suggested perhaps, she had been the one who killed the shrink," to the detective when he asked me about it and I said, "She must now be on the run for other murders and crimes. And she was psychotic and dangerous."

The detective told me, "He knew I had murdered Mary," and he seized my phone and then called my friends, and they told him how I had tried to flee from Mary, but she was psycho and brought me back to Detroit.

But the detective was not buying my story and I knew he must have placed invisible cameras throughout my condo. But killing Mary made me totally insane and I resolved to use hypnotism to make the girls of my dreams my thralls. So, I started using hypnotism on women I'd seduced and made them my sex slaves. They were innocent lambs and knew not the power of hypnosis.

And I seduced married women, single women, old and young women, full-figured and slim, and all of my women were clever. I had hundreds of sex slaves. And took all their money and became a multi-billionaire. And I bought a mansion where we could all live and the women were instructed to worship me, and love me, as a God. And I had cooks and bought plenty of alcohol for my women and even cocaine.

And I introduced new genetic therapy to improve their brains and my lovers all became geniuses and I found discourse with them to be pleasant. Like Jenny, who told me, "I'd been so pleased that my life was now euphoric. And I would always be there for you."

And Betty who declared, "I feel I'm thinking clearly for the first time in my life. And now I understand the way things have to be. And I plan to be a scientist who develops eternal life medicine to not only stop aging, but also give everyone an 18-year-old's body." And I told her, "You could practice on the women of my harem." She said, "Please build me a modern laboratory." So, I made it happen and she seemed to be making progress. And I was so glad.

And Maureen, who made a film about my varying loves and told the people I was the best lover in the World. And this film brought me onto the World stage, and I said, "What can I say, I'm a great lover!" And many women were curious about me. And wanted to jump on the bandwagon. So, I put an addition on my mansion to accommodate my new lovers. All my lovers said I was the most handsome, most clever man, in existence.

And Debbie who made a film about my mysterious past. Glorifying my struggles with insanity, only to become sane in the end. Of course, she didn't know about Mary.

But I found myself in a dark place, and desired to kill those women who were not my strong supporters amongst my harem and so I throttled several of them to death. But I disposed of the bodies and said simply that they had left my mansion for greener pastures. And to be honest, I got a thrill killing and wrote it all down in my memoirs which would be released upon my eventual death, yet I lived on, and my depredations continued. If one of my women displeased me in any way, I would murder them and dispose of their bodies in the trash bin.

And I found myself becoming rather tyrannical with my women. But that didn't stop me. I figured I was the chosen one, the new saviour. And I advertised for new women to join my team. And there were so many applicants that I only took the top 1% which was 60 or 70 per annum. Many were interested in Betty's research. And wanted to be youthful forever.

But then one day the detective from Mary's case started snooping around and was investigating certain women's disappearances who were linked to my mansion. I said, "The women in question simply left with no forwarding address." And I said, "They were disillusioned with me and wanted to find better love." And the detective had nothing to go on and so gradually faded away from my life...

And I said to my women, "We need to build a temple to me, the God of Gods." And most of them were totally enraptured with me and prayed obediently at my temple. They prayed I would give them more attention and wanted me to teach them to write movie scripts. And one of my women wrote, the script for "Loving our Saviour," which praised me to no end...

But finally, I set the mansion on fire, killing most of my women and disappeared to Cuba where I set up a new harem and started fresh. I spoke fluent Spanish and mind read with my new

women. But the Mind Reading Technology (MRT) I was using, allowed me to block out my memories of the past, so the girls didn't suspect anything. But the detective from Mary's case got a court order to extradite me back to the States. But the Cuban government refused.

And I went on and on like this, mass murdering my women in different places. And drifted from nation to nation. But I figured compared to wars on Earth I had killed very few people. And the real criminal was the United States' government, I figured I was just mercy killing my women, sparing them from the evil World order.

And I lived happily ever after, for centuries... And I kept up with new technology for enhancing one's brain. It was renewal for me. And I figured I was one of the cleverest and was a God to many people. And I figured I was an inspiration to my followers... And there were no more murders, I was done with that.

But the woman who was generally acknowledged to be the cleverest persona in the Galaxy announced one day that people were living too long and so she scaled back eternal youth and I turned into a withered husk and died. But dear reader I have left this narrative for your entertainment... Perhaps you have survived or are young?

Future Space Pirates

Our reality was long days on Moon Prospero... We, Janet and I, Vince were among a colony of criminals, all of whom had been banished here. We had attempted the murder of one of they tyrants on Earth...

The guards of the prison were in orbit around this Moon, but there were no cells, just oxygenated, heated bubble tents and most of the prisoners watched Earth TV and movies, most of the time and they mostly visited cons outside their own bubble tent, most of the time. Their bubbles were all 10 km apart... But they all had astronaut suits.

But 30% of the criminals were women and prisoners often visited one of these females... But the men all had vasectomies and couldn't get the women pregnant. Some turned gay...

All were considered dangerous criminals, and no foreign ships were allowed to land on the surface. But the guards often landed to have sex with the females, who got better food and alcohol for their services.

The UW (United Worlds) law stated that these cons would be jailed for the rest of their lives. And they weren't given eternal youth drugs and so were aging fast.

And the guards had invisible cameras everywhere and if someone committed a crime such as murder, rape or assault, they would be confined to their hut in solitary confinement for 10-15 years. Of course, most of these recidivistic criminals killed themselves, rather than face solitary.

And the guards would use long distance MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure the prisoners weren't plotting anything. And they used neo-radar to search for approaching ships. There was always at least one UW battleship docked at the orbiting guard station.

But then one day some raiders from deeper Space attacked the guard station and the battleship there, completely destroying them and they took almost all the 1 200 prisoners and left for the Sirius Star System, a place where anything went. And as part of these pirates hazing rituals for newcomers, the former prisoners of Prospero had to lose a limb or an eye. But they thought it was a small price to pay for freedom and eternal youth. We both elected to lose a leg...

And they raided the populous Centauri Tri Star System, total population 3 million on 8 different spheres. The UW had 15 battleships in the System, but the pirates had 4 ships acting in unison. They destroyed one of the UW ships and looted and pillaged a city on a cold Moon in Sirius and held the people for ransom while disappearing into deep Space. The ransom for the 50 thousand prisoners was 2 gold bars each to be delivered to a rogue asteroid in Space and once they had the gold, they would put these prisoners on a ship to Centuari. And so the transaction happened and the pirates upheld their part of the bargain and spent the gold in the Sirius anything goes city of Freak Planet. Much of the gold was spent in a year of partying with drugs and sex workers, but most of it went into buying new battleships and weapons. Many great weapons scientists lived in this System and were willing to work for whoever would pay them. The pirates mostly bought offensive weapons and one day they decided to split up the 15 ships they now had into 3 groups of 5 each. One of the groups went to Lacaille System and built luxurious resort colonies to live a life of unsurpassed splendor, at least for a while. The Second group wanted to test their new weapons and engaged with a UW fleet of 5 ships. The result was total annihilation of both fleets with just 50 UW survivors and no surviving pirates. The third group used its new stealth technology to go right to Earth undetected, and they pillaged Fort Knox and a few cities' banks and took tens of thousands of hostages and disappeared into Space; we were with this third group.

Again, the ransom was steep at two gold bars per captive. And the pirates got the gold and went back to Sirius, which was now booming partly due to the pirate's business, especially on Freak Planet, which featured alluring multi-sexuals, animal men, and freak sea life and freak men. The pirates liked the freaks and made them rich and powerful... But Janet and I just wanted to love one another.

But the UW bounced back and sent 20 ships to Freak Planet and caught the pirates unprepared and firebombed Freak city and destroyed the 7 pirate ships, 2 of which were still under construction. And then they followed it up with an attack on Lacaille System, but these pirates heard the news from Freak Planet and left before the UW could engage them in battle and went far deeper into Space with their stealth technology hiding their whereabouts. But the pirates were at each other's throats and many of them wanted to execute the hostages they still had from Sirius System so that UW ships would be hesitant to attack, and the fleet broke up into 2 groups of 2 and one single one. And there were a lot of former prisoners from Moon Prospero in these final groups. Both groups of two were captained by former murderers from Prospero.

And they attacked UW shipping and turned the seized ships into battleships. And took hostages and now the risk of inter-stellar trade piracy was forcing the UW to send fleets to protect merchant shipping. And people on Earth were not safe and they kept replacing the President of the UW. Some wanted to end inter-stellar commerce altogether, but there was so much real estate and resources there and most people wanted the Space Age to continue...

And in time the pirates were finally eradicated as their anti-stealth ships were now easily detected. Of course, there were hostages on board these ships who died, but everyone felt it was well worth it. And the 25th century was soon upon us and it was peace in our time...

And henceforth the UW vetted everyone with MRT and avoided piracy and crimes on Earth and in Space. And people started feeling safe again...

But then entered a new phenomenon, sophisticated hackers who couldn't be stopped and hacked into the accounts of the rich and famous and extorted huge ransoms. So finally, everyone was given a MRT test to make sure they were not involved, and it seemed most of the culprits were hiding in the underground. The underground was tunnels and chambers below ground with anti-MRT signal blockers and anti-ground penetrating radar technology, which made it look like there were no tunnels. Every time they broke through on detection, these clever rebels found a way to neutralize it. The cat and mouse game had been going on for many decades. Only now the rebels were raising hell. It seemed like no one was safe. And some of the best young minds were abducted by the rebels, to no doubt hack for them.

As for Janet and I, we went back to Earth in a city ruled by a generous, clever woman, and were content.

Unwilling Thralls

I, Nathan said to Lize, “I don’t know how we can hold out much longer here in the Arcturus System, just the two of us.” The plan had been for us to come here to an Earth-like Moon and set the colony up for others to come soon. We’d built a city using robots, under a dome. But the colonists failed to appear. They told us there’d been sabotage and terrorism and we needed to be patient. But Lize and I could no longer stand one another and were suicidal. Finally, a ship arrived, but it was a group of renegade pirates. Lize and I were both raped and enslaved but it was better than being alone. And the pirate nation here attracted other pirates from all over the galaxy. And these pirates didn’t use guns or swords but rather attacked their opponents’ minds with Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and they took control of Lize and I.

But the pirates tired of settled life and so we all took off for Betelgeuse System, hoping to enslave and abuse other peoples. Upon our arrival in the System after a long 6-week journey, our leaders shot “mind bombs” into the local’s midst and the pirates used their minds to enslave the people and get them to kowtow to them. The people of Betelgeuse had banned MRT and so were unprepared for mental attack and were defenceless.

However, the pirates were bored with the enslaved people and killed most of them. So, it was off to the heavily populated Tau Ceti System. But here the people communicated only with MRT and got in the heads of the pirates and were stronger minds with more powerful MRT, so the pirates were mostly eliminated. The locals got into Lize and my heads and freed us. And they invited us to their parties, and we cheered up. But we soon discovered that this Earth-like Planet was a Dystopia in which the leaders were tyrants, and though we were technically free, we in

fact belonged to a Lord or Lady. I figured slavery was a natural state of humankind. And my owner was a Lady and I kind of thought our relationship was kind of kinky.

In time I worked my way up to her chief of staff, and myself controlled a number of women thralls and I was content. Lize though didn't fare so well with her master who tortured her and badly abused her. So, I bought her from her master and basically let her live as she wished within the parameters that were customary here. The parameters included attending parties and having sex with whoever wanted you to. And one had to be positive and cheerful. And everyone was expected to work in the service industry and have a good work ethic.

But then one day a lesser Lord out mind-duelled the King. And this new King announced he was enslaving everyone to serve him. And several people challenged his rule with MRT, but the new King was the strongest. I wished I had as strong a mind as the new King. And the new King banned true love saying it was weakness and led to dependency. And we all had to go along with it as he probed all our minds. But there was a woman I loved who was a Lady and we kept up an affair for years, just seeing each other once or twice a week. And the King let us away with it, but finally he announced a crackdown on all those who figured they were in love. And so, I was miserable. And I boldly mind read to the King, "It was a World of quiet horror." He mind read, "Just be glad you exist and have all the material things you could wish for. Actually, we are very lucky here on this Planet in Tau Ceti."

Tau Ceti System had 3 settled Planets and 2 colonized Moons; the total population was 350 thousand. And everyone was clever, but some were egotistical and crazed, like our King. The King ruled all five settled orbs in the System.

But then one day the King was overthrown by one of his daughters. Her mind was young and strong whereas he was becoming bored and old in years, though everyone had eternal youth. The

new Queen announced, “I am a Goddess, and everyone had to prostrate themselves before me and give me all their money.” She used the money to build elaborate temples and encouraged people to improve their minds with genetic therapy. And everyone believed the Queen had the strongest mind.

But if we learned anything from Tau Ceti politics, it was that tyranny and slavery were here to stay. The strong dominated those weaker than they were. And I dreamed of what I would do as King, I imagined a democracy of equals with no tyranny or slaves. But I knew I would lose a mind duel to our Queen and after losing would be way worse off than now. So, I lived on like most people here in relative misery and I tried to avoid parties at which the Queen was present at. But I was one of the elites here and she noticed my absence and threatened to demote me to the lowliest of slaves. So, I went to most of her parties.

But I figured, our World was definitely a Dystopia, and we were not allowed to do art or science and not even any business. And I frankly was bored with the Queen’s parties. But I secretly painted pictures that one could mind read with. The characters in the paintings had a good mind and had a personality. Many were based on my friends. And I showed them to a few friends, and they all remarked that I was a genius but was walking a dangerous line. If my paintings were discovered by the Queen, I’d likely be executed. But my hobby painting kept me entertained and I taught several friends how to paint in the same way.

But finally, one of my friends betrayed me to the Queen. But the Queen knew I was one of the most popular elites and didn’t want to rock her own boat. So, she commissioned me to paint pictures of her and her favorite elite. And they would put their minds inside the paintings for interaction with the viewers...

And one day I was summoned to meet the Queen. She asked me, “What should I do to change these Worlds of Tau Ceti?” I replied, “On the main Planet, everyone should try and be a writer/poet and they would steadily improve with time. I myself imagined many Utopias, which for example involved a Bohemia in which all the best thinkers were there and there was intellectual synergy.” She said, “Let it be!” And so, I figured the Queen was an enlightened despot. And was really enjoying life for the first time. And I experimented with film. We made a flattering documentary of the Queen’s life and detailed how all her friends and teachers thought she was destined for greatness. And ultimately these people were appointed to positions of power.

Another film we made was about “criminals,” who the Queen had executed. In the film, we took the Queen’s side, and said these criminals were selfish and rocked the boat. But I knew we were living a lie. And thought the Queen was evil. And the Queen got in our heads and didn’t like what she heard. So, she sent us to her new “re-education camps,” in which she used hypnotism and MRT and genetic therapy to change people into her willing thralls. And she decided there would be no further movies or art and instead people could pore over her great speeches and write commentaries and opinions. Her speeches tended to be full of exhortations to the people to love and obey her.

And after I came out of the re-education camp, I found myself ecstatic about the World around me. And life was glorious. And I lived for the Queen’s sunshine to envelop me. However, the effects of the re-education camp wore off after a while so, I was sent back there and told this was my last chance to fit in. So, I fit in, desperate to survive. I didn’t want to die, so I did everything I could to please the Queen. I felt like I was her puppet, like everyone else.

And that’s how it was in A.D. 2252.

His Big Break

I, Tony, said to Sarah, “You are my idol! I enjoyed thoroughly your numerous films. And I want to love you!” She asked, “Well, who are you?” I told her, “I was a screenwriter who had yet to find success but would love it if she acted in one of my films.” And I told her, “In particular, I’d like you to star in my film “Nudism on Earth,” about how all the best-looking people walked around naked and encouraged others to get plastic surgery and genetic therapy to look as good as they did. And these nudists tried to be honest with the people using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). Many would be inspired by these stars...” She replied, “The World of honesty is coming soon, and people would all feel one with the whole of humanity. Yes, I’ll act in this film.” And her star power lifted the movie into a hit.

As, a famous director, I was able to hobnob with famous people and got a multitude of stars to star in my next movie about “Spirits,” it depicted famous people in a drunken orgy which went on for days. And was filled with poetic declarations like, “We are spirits/alert to possibilities/in which no one gets hurt.” And “Drink and the Devil had inspired us/to make a fuss/and not be a wuss/the Devil is good. And so on. And maybe it was not my best film, but everyone seemed to like to see the stars having sex with one another. It kind of made porn, mainstream. And another of my films was “Centauri Dreams,” which was about the Centauri System and a race of dreamers who dreamed of things like “Kaleidoscope World,” and “Pity for the Lower Classes.” And also, “Future Monsters.”

And I made dozens of movies, and everyone knew me, though not everyone liked my work. But Sarah and I were now regular lovers, and she was my muse. She suggested, “That you make a movie about eternal youth which was now in the experimental stages and looked to be the

future.” My take on eternal youth was, “It would be paradise for all, Utopia. And people would never get tired of life!” She exclaimed, “I know I am playing the Devil’s advocate, but I think eternal youth will spoil everyone and they will commit suicide out of pure boredom!” I said, “It’s true that modern people are already spoiled by the comforts of civilization, but I don’t see the suicide rate going up. To the contrary in fact.” She said, “We’ll write the script together and include both of our philosophies regarding the subject. And leave it up to the viewers to decide what the future will be. I’m sure it will be seminal viewing.”

And so, I became known for my science fiction movies. And I tackled every subject under the Suns. And I became known for an anti-android, anti-hologram stance. And I advocated for keeping humans, human and did not want Superhumans. But using MRT we could test to see if anyone had altered their mind. And if so, they would be arrested. A film about this was widely acclaimed, with most people saying that I was right. Suddenly I was very famous and people wanted to know what other ideas I had. And so, I made a movie about few people having any work to do; it was all automatic robots. But some jobs like lawyers and artists and running businesses and doing science remained necessary jobs. But only for 2% of the population. The rest would have an easy life of leisure. And people could see that work was disappearing today, most now worked in the service industry but machines could do their jobs and were gradually taking over. But I said, “That this would be Utopia! And people would have fun all the time.”

And I made a film about future love. In the movie I depicted an Earth in which everyone just had one-nightstands. One would get to know ones’ lovers’ life story and then love them, and it would be a complete and stimulating experience. And it would be illegal to love the same person twice. This film was very controversial, but we already had free love with all sex diseases cured, and I figured it was the logical next step. And there were billions of potential lovers out there.

In another film I discouraged Space colonization, saying we were all here on Earth in the same boat. And we didn't want isolated colonies developing weapons or changing what it is to be human. Many people criticized this saying Space development would lead to advances in technology and culture. It was certainly a controversial film, and it became seminal reading for the youth. The main actor in the film espouses extremist views and wants to have a ruling elite lording over the commoners. The elite live in luxury whilst the commoners are destitute. "It's the natural order of things," he says in the film. But some people took it to mean that I was anti-elite, which of course was far from the truth. I just didn't want the ordinary humans to be abused.

Another controversial film I made was a Dystopia in which Earth was ruled by an Emperor. The Emperor taxed the people heavily to pay for his troops and temples in his honor and a luxury life for the people of his court. And women had no rights and were just chattels. And stupid men were eliminated. Many thought the film was outrageous, but I said, "Tyranny will always be with us. Indeed, there were many tyrants today especially in Asia, Africa and South America. And nearly all the tyrants were male and abused their people like forcing women to sleep with them and making their citizens toil for no reason."

And many of my fans told me I should run for President of the USA. So, I did, and many thought I was a visionary. And I was elected as an Independent President. As President, I waged war with tyrannies, believing defeating them would solve many of Earth's problems. This occupied most of my time. But I also replaced many dull jobs with machines and gave the people more challenging jobs, though still in the service industry. The people all worked part time only, but I figured the transition to a life of leisure would need to happen gradually.

And I also cracked down on crime by forcing everyone to use MRT regularly and my spies would watch everyone. And so, criminals all had to reform themselves and do legal work. In particular I wanted to crackdown on illegal drugs. But with MRT, it was easy to catch them.

And I ordered everyone to have sex with a sex worker at least once a week, believing that no one should be without love.

Also, I used the best comedians to make fun of my political opponents, embarrassing them. And my spies dug up dirt on my opponents and also embarrassed them.

And everyone was required to watch some comedies, like romantic comedies and sitcoms, each week so as not to be too serious.

Also, I built homes for the poor. Soon everyone had a place to live. And everyone was given restaurant vouchers, so everyone had enough to eat and drink...

So, I became wildly popular and won election after election and was the most popular persona in the World these days. And it was all because of Sarah who I still loved on occasion, giving me my first break. Without Sarah, I perhaps would've wound up on skid row or even dead. And so, I made sure my handpicked talent scouts would reach talented unknown artists.

And millions of women wanted to have a child with me, so I gave all of them some of my sperm, and some bore many of my children all by themselves. And I was content my legacy would live forever.

Words of a Fortune Teller

I, Ross, asked Julie, the fortune teller “To tell me again what my future had in store for me?” She said, “As I said, having read your mind, I can foresee that you will succeed at anything you put your mind to. Most likely you will sing in a rock band or perhaps be a wandering poet. And you will find many loves. But you will be killed by a jealous lover approximately 10 years from now. You are too good for this World.” I asked her, “What can I do to avoid such a fate?” She replied, “The way you live and operate will doom you to die young. I’m sure.”

So, I was extremely careful about choosing my lovers. I chose unusual lovers who were lonely and had no baggage. And if they had other regular lovers, I shied away from them. But some of my lovers had actively searched me out and said they didn’t love any other. So, I used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to vet all my lovers and friends too. And so, I thought I was safe. At the first sign a lover was turning psycho, I dumped them. Which was in itself a dangerous thing to do.

And I lived my life as a paranoid now and cursed the fortune teller. And my lovers thought I was crazy. And mostly it was they who dumped me, not the other way around. And I was afraid to appear in public. And indeed, was afraid to leave my home. But then I met a girl who told me “The fortune teller was just guessing wildly at my fate. And you needed to live your life and not worry. Luck favours the bold. And you need to restart your film career...” I said, “I guess you are right.” So, I forgot about the fortune teller and made, “Good Fortune,” about a woman who is told by a soothsayer that she will be rich and famous. And so, she tries to become an actress and finally becomes well-known.

And I made another film, “Destiny of a King,” about a young writing prodigy, who all the fortune tellers predict he will be King of Colombia. And so, it was. As King, he modernized the country and brought in complete automation. Some jobs like lawyer required advanced androids, but that was no problem. But everyone had too much time on their hands, any many took cocaine and spent their time dreaming in a cocoon. Reality was hard to deal with, many of them found.

Then I made, “Dorita’s Bluff,” about a woman who tells the common humans, she is a genius, and they should elect her American President since she was looking out for them. And they elect her, but she turns out to be an elitist and does nothing to help the commoners. And she refuses to hold future elections and becomes a tyrant. And she uses the military to attack and conquer Canada and Mexico and raises the salaries of the military personnel and the military back her...

And another film I made was, “Hypnotized by a Gypsy Fortune Teller,” in which the fortune teller hypnotizes young people to become shrinks and basically drive all their clients mad and have them run for office on crazy platforms. Like do away with the spies altogether and have everyone subjected to a lie detector instead. And like promote only the craziest to positions of power. “At least that would be interesting,” I remarked. And I truly believed that madness was the future. It was a mad World, and everyone was in an existential conundrum.

Also, I made the motion picture, “Seeds of Dissent,” about a woman who questioned the tenets of modern society. In the movie she suggested that the bureaucracy be led by an imaginative woman and everyone in the bureaucracy would enhance their brains with genetic therapy. It was government of the best people. And Space was on the horizon, which would open up massive new real estate properties and lead to Utopia. And I made many other films...

And getting back to my acquaintance, the fortune teller, Julie, I told her, “The 10-year mark had passed, and I was still alive. She said, “You’ve left a trail of broken hearts in your wake and

it's just a matter of time before one kills you. You don't realize how much women love you!" I replied, "But broken hearts are quite common these days and seldom does a jilted lover try to kill their love. Especially not women murderers." She said, "But for most women you love, they've never fallen in love like they have with you. You drive them crazy." And contrary to my own welfare, I loved the fortune teller, Julie. I told her, "You need to keep me alive, and you know all my secrets. You seem to know me better than I know myself. There must be a way for me to avoid premature death." She said, "You are safe loving me. But the Earth is full of peril. Perhaps, you will be killed by a jealous man, perhaps you will be killed by your lover themselves.

But then some time later, my MRT alarm went off in my head and I awoke to find my latest lover drawing a gun from her drawer. And so, I instantly turned on MRT with her in my head and got her to put the gun down. It was a close call...

But other than that, it was smooth sailing through my life. And soon 20 years had passed from the time Julie prognosticated my death. And so, I confronted her again. She said, "The only reason you are still alive is because I warned you of death. The future can always be altered."

So, I had also made a movie called, "Cheating Death." It depicted a woman who is a heartbreaker but is very careful about who she loves, using MRT. And she lives for hundreds of years.

And another film was "Future of Surprises," how the future will feature androids and holograms and humans have died out, or rather had been all killed by androids, their own creations. This was another controversial film for me. Many people said such a thing could never happen, others said I scared them to death.

And I had made a film about people living in a park as hunter-gatherers and life is short and full of toil. And many people watched them live through invisible cameras in disbelief. But these

hunter-gatherer people had been hypnotized to forget about their previous lives and lived on, day to day. Some people wanted to build a colony of hunter-gatherers in a dome in Space and believed that hunter-gatherers were the future as well as the past.

And I made a film called, "Darren's Revenge," about a man arrested for harbouring android lovers. But society had now changed, and many people loved illegal androids. And the judges ruled in his favour, and he was released. And he became an advocate for android rights and even turned into an android and hunted down those who had been behind his arrest in the first place.

And I continued to make movies and lived on and on, as it should be...

Isolated on Planet Cerberus, A.D. 2260

I, Bob, said to Marie, “We’re trapped on this World of Cerberus, many light years from any other settled World. Our city was a city of jesters, who couldn’t be serious. And so, we were all wasting away.” She said, “Life for me is a serious joke. The joke’s on us!” I said, “You and I should simply declare ourselves to be King and Queen and try and have the people obey our dictates.” So, we did, and we also declared we were making a movie about this World and would send it to other settled Worlds. The jesters all thought it would be great fun. But we revealed that they were empty, and we lived in a World that was completely mad. Like we parodied the man, Edgar, who was the current ruler saying, “That he was serious about this World not succeeding and was trying to undermine our attempt to bring some sense to the World.” But we told the people our vision was for a World of love and imagination. Many of them mocked our plan, but about a third of the population wanted to hear more. We organized them into cells in which they would collaborate on works of love and tried to be serious for once.

And they remembered that we all had been members of the elite in the Tau Ceti Star System, but were banished here and controlled by Ed. And it was Ed’s idea to simply laugh at everything. Many thought living the joke was fun for awhile, but many now wanted to be serious about our predicament. So, they wrote a lot of love stories, like unrequited love and love of self and also orgiastic debauchery. And true love which was the goal of most of those in the cells. And they had love triangles and jealous love and secret love and betrayal, and people driven to suicide. And so on.

There was one script that went on about new scientific research that made it possible to have children (We were all sterilized when we were sent here). And the script talked about the joy and

meaning of having children... It was possible, we all knew human anatomy and every woman currently had their tubes tied, and we figured all men now remembered getting a vasectomy. So, we appointed the writers of this script to try and learn how to operate.

Another script was, "Wasted Opportunity," which was about how the people here made funny comedies rather than serious drama. And they emphasized that what had been done to us was serious and pitiful and we had to plan revenge by seizing a supply ship that came every 4 months and smuggling in our agents provocateurs to try and overthrow the sick regime that had ostracized us. And at the very least re-establish communications with our Planet and Sol's System.

And another script of change, was to return people to their previous occupations that they had on Earth. Most were elite thinkers who had to now return to science and the arts and build a respectable civilization here. None of us had been jokers in our previous existence on Earth.

Many of us blamed Ed and his friends for making everyone play the fool or no food. And one of our thinker cells seized the automated stem cell operations and greenhouses. And many of us now thought Ed was in league with those who had exiled us here. It wasn't funny.

Another cell made the play, "Idiots," how the dummies had taken control of this World and would now be overthrown. We had all been hypnotized to forget most of our previous lives and to just be wasters here on Cerberus. But the people of this cell mastered hypnosis and cross-hypnotized everyone which drove many people insane but had to be done. And with the cross-hypnosis many now recalled their previous lives that they had forgotten.

Another cell's people remembered now a lot of science and were working on eternal youth medicine and the manufacture of steel and steam power. Best of all they made beer which everyone preferred to the former moonshine...

Then there was a cell of philosophers. They argued about what sort of government we should have, but most wanted Marie and I to rule as King and Queen and work to improve life for everyone.

And as we made advancements, more and more people joined us except for Ed, who was imprisoned for life. And we elected a new Emperor, who was a true genius and encouraged us to make films.

And now we re-established communications with Earth. Previously we just had a supply ship once in a while, with no news of Earth. Now we got the latest movies and news, and science from Terra. And we had them bring us computers and tutors to bring us up to speed. We were now a part of the UW (United Worlds). And we made some films, like, "Diseases of the Crown," which depicted new biological weapons which could kill leaders and their assistants. We also made, "The Deathly Joke," about our former existence. Many on Earth were curious about it.

And we now determined that we had been exiled by the right-wing Emperor who had ruled life on Earth until a few years ago when he was overthrown. And we figured the new Emperor had gotten in Marie and my heads urging us to revolt in the first place. Anyway, the new Emperor was thought to be just and inspirational and he made us feel very glad indeed.

And Marie and I, we supported banning comedy on our Planet, and forced everyone to be serious. Everyone on our Planet now were serious and were afraid to make jokes.

And we mined gold and produced it in the lab, so we could offer gold to bring in famous people. And we got a famous director/screenwriter to produce a movie called, "Rebirth of a Nation." It was about how everyone on our Planet was clever and now successful. It was a Planet of cleverness. And we now had some clever scientists who followed Earth's lead and helped to

design genetic therapy to improve everyone's minds. And here on our Planet everyone was now a genius, and many of them made films...

And anyway, our people made films like "Planet of Science," how people on our Planet had helped to develop eternal youth and better MRT (Mind Reading Technology). So, we all lived longer and communicated with MRT only for the sake of honesty. If people had embarrassing memories, that was OK. Almost everyone was open-minded and could deal with one another's mistakes. And another new film was, about a joke company on Earth which attracted, about 10% of our citizens to immigrate back to Earth and continue joking. I figured such people were lost and we were better off without them.

And our people made, "The Jokes on You," which was about serious jokers who talked about the joke that was life. Life was meaningless, they opined in the film. And most of the actors and actresses in the movie, killed themselves for real in the film. I was greatly disturbed by this film. And I told the people, "Having children and making Superhuman Gods was where it was at and was meaning enough for any persona."

And we certainly had growing pains. But our Planet became a shining star in the Worlds' milieus. It was generally acknowledged that our Planet had the best minds in all creation. And clever people now came here in droves. And they made films like, "After the Joke," about how people here were now dead serious and in the near future joking would be forbidden. And they made, "Sinister Days," about how some tyrants still existed on Earth and the future was murky. And perhaps one day tyrants would control everything and everyone. But the Emperor controlled two-thirds of the population and was considering war with the remaining tyrannies, but they had all joined forces and all spent trillions on weapons, and it would be a difficult war...

And that's how it was in 2260 A.D.

Two Filmmakers on Earth, A.D. 2121

I, Roberto, said to Candy, “One man can be an island, these days!” She replied, “Living like a hermit is anathema. How can you possibly cut yourself off from humanity these days?” I said, “It’s a dog-eat-dog World out there and almost everyone is insanely greedy for more of everything.” She said, “I’d prefer to call it ambition, people all want to improve their lot in life.” I told her, “We need to build a World in which everyone seeks to improve their education, and develop their imagination, using imago drugs. And create hologram dreamworlds of adventure with fantasy creatures. And sex fantasies with creatures like sprites which is perverted and imaginative.” She said, “Fantasy creatures are an anathema, we need real people living in the real World. Just one World only!”

I said, “I want to escape from this dull reality of money-grubbing.” She said, “Money is pure imagination; one can do anything with it and live in grace and comfort.” I said, “Sure anything is possible, but typically people just use money to buy material things, things they don’t really need. And everything they buy is programmed to fall apart; it is planned obsolescence.” She told me, “Personally I spend all my money on comfort for my mind. And drugs make me happy and positive about humankind.” I exclaimed, “It’s all hopeless, ignorant bliss for people like you!” She said, “I’m far from ignorant. I know our World is facing challenges, but I want to confront such challenges with a happy, positive outlook.” I said, “Our World is on the brink of a catastrophic war, and you say you want to be blissful. It just doesn’t add up.” And she replied, “But what about you and your hermetic existence? You are simply trying to run away from the facts, miserable as they are.” I said, “When the great war is over, I will become King. I know I

have got a lot of charisma.” She said, “You are just a whiner who doesn’t want to live in the present day.”

I opined, “Most women feel I am very charming. Don’t you?” She said, “Yes, I admit to it. But why would you ever want to live as a hermit?” I said, “I need to cleanse my soul of materialism. And re-invigorate my spiritualism.” She said, “Spiritualism is passe! And few people these days worry about their soul. Except for those that are creating Heaven and Hell.” I said, “I’d like to adventure in hologram Worlds without my body and it would be purely cerebral.” She replied, “It is clear to me now that you are bored with reality despite our time’s numerous attractions. Why don’t you run for President now and try and avoid war...?” I said, “I’ve considered it, but I am afraid these days I’d go completely crazy and corrupt!” She answered, “A man with your brains should be in public service. I have seen some of the films you’ve made. I liked “Against the Flame Throwers,” which of course is a future Dystopia in which the government burns down the houses of their opponents. Usually at night while they are sleeping, and they are typically killed in the conflagrations. I can see dictatorship turning out in such a way.” I exclaimed, “I’m glad you liked it! What did you think of “Insurrection in Star System Arcturus?” She told me, “I liked the concept of evil in the film, how both warring parties are evil and there are no good people in the System. Ordinary people there have to choose the lesser of two evils. But it is a hopeless future!”

And I asked her, “What did you think of, “Hologram Nights?” She said, “The abused holograms in the picture show great resource for disembodied spirits. But I think that hologram Worlds will be made illegal one day due to the fact that people want to leave reality and it’s a drain on the system.” I said, “Reality after all, is all just what you make of it. Futurians will make their own reality. And everyone will be a dreamer!”

And I asked her, “Have you seen my latest picture? The one called, “Feast of Hands,” about people living like hunter-gatherers and are quite content, even though they have to work hard just to stay alive. It keeps them busy though and out of trouble. Modern society people meanwhile have nothing to do and get up to no good.” She said, “Yes, I’ve seen it. I figure many of the people of the future will want to live that way. But I feel such people are like animals and I certainly wouldn’t want to live in such a way.” I asked, “What about the songs by the fire with flute and drum? And what about the shaman and her knowledge of plants? And what about the brave chief who leads them into war against their backwards neighbours? And I’ve had many requests to set up such a World, but I figure it would be prohibitively expensive. But I have no doubt it will happen some day.”

And she said, “I have an idea for a script. It is about a woman who can’t find true love and finally kills herself!” I replied, “Some people are not satisfied with what this World has to offer. As for me I’ve found true love many times, but in my experience, it only lasts a few weeks at most. I guess it is different for everyone. I like the concept though and am willing to help you make the movie, however I suggest that the protagonist, you, are the most beautiful woman in the Worlds and is spoiled rotten.” She said, “That’ll work! I am so excited to be working with you.”

And she opined, “I have another idea for a picture. I imagine a distant planet, where there are only two people, a man and a woman and they pick fruit from the trees and nuts and other plants. They are in Paradise. But the woman tries to get the man to leave their paradise and seek out other people. So finally, he agrees, and they meet a decadent tribe of people who keep pigs. And it is the first time they’ve eaten meat. And they find that these people are cannibals and have to

be careful that they aren't eaten." I said, "We could make the movie part two of my hunter-gatherer epic!"

And she opined, "Talking with you like this, seems like your dreams of becoming a hermit are off the table!" I said, "I am like the wind and never know what direction I'll go in next." She exclaimed, "Me, too!"

And I was busy making films with Candy. No time to contemplate life as a hermit.... And we collaborated on one called, "Sunset in Hollywood." It was about how future films would no longer be made in Hollywood. But one of the last films made here was made by us and was about a fan of movies from the 1940's and 1950's and was called "The Last Gasp of Hollywood." The film featured this fan in an old-fashion love story. Back when people had far more morals than today.

And I finally realized that I was in love with this woman, Candy. And the feeling was mutual. And we lived happily ever after. As time passed, our love for one another only grew. And we set up our own studio and attracted many deep filmmakers. Intellectuals made a point of seeing all of our studio's films. I was especially proud of one about a film written by an old friend. It was called "Brutus' Revenge," and depicted a man who killed our leader and then seized power and civil war raged for decades until finally Brutus had killed off all the opposition and called himself Emperor of Earth. And he engaged in a reign of terror in which he killed off all the intellectuals, but he himself had millions of children. Humanity would never recover. I said, "I am convinced tyrants will win out in the end. And our future looks bleak."

And another filmmaker made a deep film, "Living the Charitable Life," about jet set elite who were known to love commoners and leave them with a memory of a lifetime. It was said that

these elite were charitable, and most people thought so..." I told the director/screenwriter, "That it was an interesting concept."

Also, there was, "Making it on Main St," about some businesspeople who had radical ideas, but once they put their ideas into action, they became mainstream. Like creating android love dolls, which were not illegal per se. And it was Superlove. Another radical idea was to produce Space cars that recycled everything and could keep two or more people alive indefinitely. Some went to other Solar Systems, others cruised into nowhere. Cruises into nowhere became quite popular as many people wished to escape modern life and live with their true love(s) only. Another radical idea was to have everyone live in a hologram Dreamworld and live out their wildest fantasies. And so on.

Then there was a film, "Jude's Machinations," which featured a gorgeous woman who slept with all the most powerful men and became rich and famous and influential. And she had an intellectual charm about her that made men of power delirious and stunned and in love. And she got her magnate lovers to help the destitute and poor. Also, give the poor a job in the service industry. And give everyone a good education. And develop everyone's imagination. And the leaders were putty in her hands. And she wanted to become Empress herself. So, she ran for election in the American Confederacy and won with her charm. And she took control of all 60 colonies in the Solar System and then made war on other nations. The casualties were high, but she won out in the end. And every man wanted her, and she loved many of them. I told the filmmaker that "Such things are in the future. But at least your take on the future is positive, whereas many people see only Dystopias." She said, "Every persona wants a charming leader to rule them."

And another motion picture was the “Sugar Babies.” About how children today were somewhat rare and those that existed were all spoiled and insane... But most people figured with eternal youth, there was no need of offspring. I said, to the filmmaker, “Sugar babies are all greedy. And they want power and influence.” The filmmaker told me, “I was trying to stir things up, by speaking the truth about the youth.”

In addition, there was a filmmaker who made a film, “Will’s World.” It was about a man, Will, who hated the modern World and so set up a colony of the future which would feature no selfishness, nor greed, nor ignorance. Everyone would be an enlightened citizen who were brilliant in conversation and were all life of the party types. And they were all maestro artists of one kind or another. And the soundtrack for the movie was, brilliant new age music with a chorus. The message of the film was those with charisma will rule the future.

Furthermore, there was a film, “The King’s Goods,” which was about a King who tried to make everyone’s wildest fantasies come true. But it only made people greedier and greedier. And they were upset when the King couldn’t grant their wishes. And finally, they overthrew him in a coup.

Another movie was, “Everyone’s Dreams.” It was about a man who dreamed of a Paradise in which everyone was equal, and no one could put themselves above others. Some said it was communism, but the filmmaker said everyone here was enlightened and all did art of one kind of another, and they had democracy here.

Still another movie was, “Bert’s Reality,” which was about a man who was a paranoid schizophrenic. He was a painter of pictures of insane looking people. And he heard voices telling him to kill himself. He insisted it was the Secret Service in his mind using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). But when he told this to friends, they told him the spies wouldn’t bother with a

painter like him. But he said, "I figure they are watching all clever people these days. And maybe, they didn't like my idea that everyone in the future would be insane." And many of his friends and acquaintances were greatly disturbed when he bought a MRT device which proved the spies were on him.

Yet another movie was, "Dee's Dreams," which depicted a woman's dreams of grandeur. Like dreaming she got genetic therapy to improve her brain and looks, and all the clever men wanted to love her. And dreaming she was on an island with only the man of her dreams. And another dream was becoming Ms. Europe. And fantasizing she was the true saviour of Earth who would bring peace and prosperity to Terra. And so on.

Also, there was a new movie, "The Pearly Gates," about Utopia for angels and other good people located near Detroit. In the film the people of this Heaven become good-will missionaries, who are very attractive, and try and make people everywhere to be good and inspire them. I said, "Many are convinced they are on the road to Hell and need to be saved, for certain."

In addition, there was a filmmaker who made, "Oblivion's Entrance," which was about how many modern day people seek bliss and are turned off of reality. And this filmmaker, she said, "Many people just want conscious dreaming on new "dream drugs... which give one bliss."

Another flick was, "Gord's Golden Nights," about a man who painted pictures of a dying Earth when the Sun was not so bright. The man depicted future artists who painted pictures of people committing suicide and others escaping to other Star Systems. In the cold...

And still another motion picture was called, "Nancy's Golden Ram" about an android sheep made of gold and everyone was trying to hunt it down, but it could not be caught. The ram was a

Supergenius and could zoom in on Mind Reading Technology (MRT) signals from those humans who were nearby.

And there were thousands of other great pictures here and it was extremely difficult to see them all. Some were for a select audience, and many were very obscure.

Future Concept Albums

I, Don, said to Patricia, "I'm very pleased with you. You are a great lover and a great thinker!" She said, "Likewise!" And I said, "Why don't we run away to the Ross Star System?!" She said, "I've heard that they have no permanent government or officials. Everyone simply votes on each proposition before them. It is pure democracy." I said, "But they have no elite. Here on Earth, we are part of the elite 1% thinkers. On Ross, everyone is equal. Are we sure we want to give that up?" She exclaimed, "It was your idea!" I exclaimed, "Before we rush in, we have to talk it over carefully!" And I said, "Of course, if we go to Ross, we'll still be able to make music and can form a new band. There's one band there, "The Death Seekers," who have made great concept albums, but are not well-known on Earth. Perhaps we could team up with them and form a Supergroup?!" She said I am familiar with their hit, "In the Tyrant's Dungeon," a scary type of song.

And I said, "I have a new idea for a concept album. It will be set in 2500 A.D. (now it was 2216). And it will be about reading the minds of everyone using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) which is a relatively new thing for us, but for them they will have no secrets, and everyone will be honest, and they will all have pure eternal youth, better than today. And they will be cleverer than us with brain apps and will be cyborgs. And also, they will have genetic therapy to improve their bodies and minds. In essence they will be Superhumans." Patricia said, "Who knows maybe with improved eternal youth medicine we will live to see such things. But I don't think I'd want to be a machine." I added, "And the cyborgs will love genius androids who they imagined and created in the lab. Perfect, inspirational love..." She said, "Some of us humans have tried to eliminate thinking machines altogether. But I feel androids are an

unstoppable juggernaut. As indeed is all new technology. Just like with modern weapons, they'll all be used eventually. And indeed, the great human emigration to the Stars cannot be stopped and people everywhere are greedy to get their hands on real estate in Space. And everyone wants more high technology. I am sure that 2500 A.D. will be a bewildering reality for everyone."

And I said, "I have another idea for a concept album. It will feature the most desirable woman I have ever known, Ms. Galaxian, A.D. 2114. She has really got a special look and she is so charming. The album will feature her poetry which is really quite deep." Like, "You speak of deep/ And you reap what you sow/ But some people are too beautiful for the World/ And too sensitive/ and will be crushed underfoot/ By our out-of-control culture." And another one of hers goes, "In the end/ Everyone will have to bend/ To tyranny/ Human greed/ Will ruin us indeed." And I said, "I'll call the album, "The Most Perfect Woman in All Creation," and will include pictures of her and her clever friends." Patricia said, I also have a person I really admire. He is ranked #2 in the World for being a gigolo. The only reason he is not #1, is he is not gay, nor interested in multi-sexual people. And many women are desperate to love him and have made him the 10th richest man in the Galaxy, a multi-gazillionaire. So far, he hasn't made time for me, but I anticipate he will one day soon, and it will be the highlight of my life. And I'd like to sing about him."

And Patricia opined, "I'd like to clone some dead musicians, like the Beatles and Rush and David Bowie, and Pink Floyd, and play music with them." I said, "Yes, the 1960s and 70s was a golden age for rock and also new age music, like Mike Oldfield. But in my life, it has always been free love for all and that was my Woodstock. And in particular, I enjoyed loving the women in Taiwan, finding them to be quite open-minded."

And Patricia told me, "I'd also like to get my favorite musicians to come with me to Ross System." I said to her, "And if they don't want to come, they can send clones and I'm sure you'll look after them well."

And I said, "I'd like to teach a chorus to sing songs as well as back-up my own work. And barbershop quartets. The human voice is the best instrument of all."

And she said, "And Ross is not such a good name for a Star System, let's rename it "The Planet of Sound," and require everyone there to have some musical training and it will be the Platinum Age of Music, with everyone inspiring everyone else. People of the Planet of Sound will have a certain synergy and we will develop new drugs which enhance one's creativity."

I said, "Yes imagination drugs are still in the experimental stage but are coming soon. It will be homo imaginationis. And so, the youths will be cleverer than us oldsters and far more creative. I can hardly wait!" She opined, "Yes, the future looks bright. But we will have to leave our old selves behind and change into something unprecedented in civilization."

And I said, "Also I'm planning on trying my hand at making musical movies, which will be music videos with intellectual concepts and link together with a common thread." She replied, "I'd like to star in your videos and will help you write the songs. We could be the most famous musical collaborators in all creation and everything we touch will be a hit."

She played the saxophone and keyboards. I played guitar and in some of our songs we had a drum machine and an automatic bass and typically had a chorus. And we both sang well...

And I said, "I liked Graham B, who sang on his Serious Sirius record. Many thought he had a great voice, and his lyrics were good, too. Like he sang there is depth/ In death/ Soon no one will ever die/ And will be cloned/ Upon death/ Evermore." And I said, "Defeating death would be a real step forward for humankind." Patricia remarked, "Graham is a visionary. And I liked his

song, “Matula’s Voices,” a documentary about a woman who could imitate all World singers.”

And I told her, “Matula would be a welcome addition to our band. Let’s ask her to join us.” And Matula sent a clone to join our band. The clone learned fast and for every song we made, she offered dozens of different voices from which to choose from.

And another songwriter wrote about “Backwards People,” a documentary series of songs about some people who were notoriously backwards. Like a famous movie star who now lived as a hermit. And YYZ colony on Mars in which the whole colony lived back in 1929. And another colony on Luna which featured people frozen in time in 2020 and had no AI, yet they lived in a dome and said it was Paradise. And another song was about a Christian enclave on Titan. The Christians tried to live in Jesus’ time in the Roman Empire and they had purportedly found Jesus’ grave and cloned him. And he reputedly said, “That modern technology was evil and wanted to rebuild his Church. Based on ancient ways when everyone in Europe was a Christian. And another song of backwards people was the enclave on Luna in which people still used cash and engaged in import/export trade and were not self-sufficient, like most colonies were. And so on.

Another songwriter wrote a concept album about “Strange Creatures,” about how many people were born to be unusual these days. And were simply bizarre. Creatures included genius dolphins who spoke elaborately with sonar. And new mermen and multi-sexual people and fabulist creatures. I said to Patricia, “Perhaps the future will be a freak show, certainly they are multiplying, especially in the oceans.” She told me, “But most people don’t want freaks, and now there are numerous bounty hunters, hunting freaks in submarines and on land. Some freaks complain they are endangered species. But few people are sympathetic with their causes.”

And another songwriter wrote a concept album called “Superhumans,” about breeding with geniuses in the lab. And selecting the best of each birthing and then breeding them. The album is seen from the perspective of one of Earth’s most famous musicians, the songwriter, who states that in 50 years, people won’t recognize themselves and will be changed into something completely different.

Also, a concept album from a music philosopher who said, “In the future everyone will be cleverer, and all will make good music. It will be Utopia of sound. And people will not talk, just sing and play an instrument to accompany their words.” I told him, “That I was looking forward to such an Utopia.” And Patricia opined, “Future people will be wittier than us!”

Another concept album was by a full-time judge who made the album, “Justice for All,” which featured elected judges who decided if future laws would become law or not. And there would be no politicians, only judges. And the songs were about topics like AI and Mind Reading Technology (MRT) and new colonies in Space, etc., which were all judged by the new Supreme Court.

Then there was an album which was about famous romances of the late 21st Century. The lyrics featured dialogues with the people concerned who now waxed philosophical about their old relationships. The common thread in the stories was honesty with MRT. Like, two famous actors loving one another, which was set on Mars, and they were very demanding with one another and were finally burnt out and broke up. And another set of lovers, these were lesbians and established a woman’s colony on Ganymede. But they constantly fought with one another and finally the colony was abandoned. And then there was a large group of homosexual men who built a new city on the Antarctic coast and got along well and figured they lived in Paradise. And still another romance was an orgiastic group of 30 lovers who loved one another in

debauchery and set up a colony on Mercury. And vetted new lovers with MRT. The colony was called “Lover’s Haven,” and everyone followed their loves closely and many people wanted to come here...

Another concept record was “Dining in Rosetown” about a group of people who wanted to eat all day and most took anti-fat medicine. And the record delved into the fact that they were connoisseurs of food and drink. And how they were all in their element here. And the album sang how they all liked psychedelic music and varying drugs in their food. And they lived in Hobbit-like homes.

Another album depicted the true life of one Hubert Y., who was known to be a famous art critic and if he liked a piece, it would immediately be worth a fortune. And the album included a number of famous paintings in 3-D. The album celebrated Hubert as a great genius. And the lyrics stated he had never found true love.

Still another record featured the most famous heist of gold ever. And shared with the listeners, the robbers’ thoughts with MRT. Their thoughts were recorded to share, and they were all in prison for life.

And then there was a strange album, called, “The Return of the Circus,” It featured and described various animal men freaks singing. The freaks’ minds at any given time were recorded and one could sing along with the freaks about what was on their minds. The freaks all had bizarre voices that were harmonious in a strange kind of way...

Another weird record was “The Devil’s Due,” which had lyrics which told of how we all have the Devil and God in our genetic makeup. And as time passes there is more and more pressure to choose one or the other. There were a number of new Heavens, full of nice people and there were

a number of planes of Hell featuring those on the dark side. And the first side of the record was “Heaven” and the second side, “Hells.”

And my list would not be complete without the band, “Brown Vomit,” a band from Cleveland who sang about ugliness and woe of which there was still a lot these days. On Earth there were still a lot of poor and some people were still ugly, and many people did ugly things. The musicians wore hideous masks while playing.

And there were thousands of good bands now and very few people were familiar with all of them.

Also, we were working on a new type of album, in which the listeners could get in our heads frozen in time at the time we made the record. This seemed to be the future of deep music.

A Barmaid's Paradise

I, Randy, said to Lisa, "As far as I can see, you are a spectacular persona. I don't know why you haven't succeeded?" She replied, "My books are esoteric and not for everyone, but most people who take the time to read them are pleased. And I have some clever writer friends who haven't succeeded either. Connections are still key to a writer's success. I said, "I know some people in the movie industry who would enjoy your books!" And so, I introduced her to some of them and she was an overnight sensation.

She wrote, "Barmaid's Lie," about a barmaid who believes in one thing only: alcohol. She drinks at work, and she drinks on until sunrise every night. And has already replaced two livers due to her excess. And she says modern civilization drove her to drink. And she has some love affairs with men who don't care if she's a lush as they are drunkards, too. But then she meets a drunk who tells her she is a genius and should be a writer. And so, she tries, writing about her life, but fails to get a publisher. And this drives her even further into her cups. But the drunk who was her inspiration to write, tells her, he still believes in her, and he has had some success himself and convinces her to collaborate on a screenplay with him.

The story is about a virtual bar of the future, which attracts poetic types from all over the World. Customers design their own avatar and control where this figure goes in the bar. And if one found someone they really liked, they could simply hop on one of the new Supersonic aircrafts and get anywhere in the World in an hour or less... And not only did they write about it, they also created the virtual bar in NYC. And this barmaid character gets chatted up by dozens of men every night and the bar and the book are both runaway successes. And the barmaid now becomes a hostess so she can chat with interesting people and not have to serve drinks.

And we collaborated on another book called “Sexual Fantasia,” which is about a dominatrix who writes about her most interesting customers. The dominatrix herself has 4 boobs and 2 vaginas and many men, even straight men think she is kinky and interesting. And many of her customers want to love her array of hologram sex girls in a fantasy World of their choosing. And she also has some of the best android love dolls, male and female. Her favorite customer is a well-known gigolo who choreographs orgies with clever sex workers here and he is very satisfied every time. And the sex workers here often play a role like private detective or agent provocateur, or poet or musician centred on some intellectual plot, like unrequited love or true love that turns sour or mistress/lover of a King or Queen. And this book too, becomes a reality...

And Lisa likes to play drunken characters in the fantasies, and she invites many famous men and women to come to her drunken Fantasia. She doesn't like people who don't drink...

And in time Lisa starts taking cocaine and dealing it to pay for her addiction. People had warned her that she had an addictive personality, but she paid them no heed. Cocaine was still illegal in most places.

But anyway, Lisa had become famous, mainly due to my influence, and she made herself available any time I wanted to see her, which was often, and we were comfortable using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) with one another and shared our latest dreams.

And another one of our projects was a screenplay about a woman who is a famous writer and has a beau, also a writer and they enjoy just getting drunk together and find they are soul mates, and they agree to open a resort in the Philippines. The weather is great, and they provide sex workers. They make a lot of money and spend most of their time at the resort, sitting in the sun and drinking and socializing with a well-heeled clientele who come to meet the famous writers. It was a simple concept, but it made for a great movie.

And another project was “The Party Woman,” about a rich woman of leisure who holds great parties in her mansion and her parties are very famous and many people petitioned her to allow them to come. But then one night, one of her many mad customers who is a jilted lover who had loved the hostess, commits suicide. This brings in the police, but after a while, things are back to “normal.” But after that she was careful to love only men who are not completely mad. But she only truly loved madmen. And she believed it was a crazy world and the craziest were the best of all people. And Lisa firmly believed in madness herself and on one occasion said, “I enjoy men who are on the dark side. Mysterious men, troublemakers, carnal poets etc.”

And we collaborated on another one entitled, “New Biology,” about the Lalande Star System. People who went there all got sick from a potent new virus that was endemic to the area. Ten per cent of these pioneers died, before they hastily came up with an antidote. But those who had survived all complained of having hallucinations of underground caves and strange creatures who lived there. And finally, they found such creatures deep below the surface. They used an MRT translator on them and discovered they had had “aliens,” who had come to their Planet and left the viruses and forced the humanoid creatures here into hiding deep down. But we used MRT to find they hoped we could produce the cure so that they could return to the surface. And their leader wanted “To go with the pioneers to deeper Space and breed with humans and represent these former troglodytes.”

I said, “Alien life that we encounter in Space would attack us aggressively and there was no way to find out about new life forms without actually going there. But of course, Super telescopes will soon be able to detect life on distant Star Systems.” Lisa said, “I think aliens would be curious about us as we are curious about them and it would be an exchange of synergy.”

And another collaboration we did was, “Future Civilization on Mars,” about new colonies on Mars... Like the “New Elite,” who were Superhuman and demanded to rule all colonies in Space. And had developed new weapons and threatened to use them if their demands were not met. I told Lisa, “One would hope that Superhumans would be kind and loving, but in this dog-eat-dog World it seems unlikely. Rather Superhumans will be ultra competitive and leave normal humans behind in the dust. And Superhumans will likely think, and mind read too quickly for the modern ordinary human to follow. They will be a race unto themselves. Homo Imaginatio. And will invent new scientific discoveries and control all of Space. But they will probably leave Earth to the humans. But maybe they will try and force everyone to become a genius.” Lisa said, “No doubt everyone will want to improve their mind, anyway.”

And we co-authored, a screenplay, “Hacker’s Delight.” It portrayed how hackers are ruining whole countries and have to be stopped. We personally had been victims of hackers who took all of our money and destroyed many of our key files. And hackers imagined themselves to be Kings and Queens of the intellect. And in the movie, we depicted how hackers had ruined Space for everyone. And were cruel and unfeeling. Many people enjoyed this film, and we were very proud of it. I said to Lisa, “We need to send bounty hunters against such hackers and kill them all. Hacking should be a crime against humanity that carries the death penalty as well.

And another one we co-wrote was, “Multiple Insanity,” about people who were paranoid schizophrenics and bipolar at the same time and were totally psycho. But modern medicine could cure such people and make them into respectable, honest and sane citizens. And the government searched the population for psychotic people using MRT on everyone. And the government would know everything about each of the people. I told Lisa, “It’s just like Big Brother!” She replied, “We live in dangerous days. Everyone needs to be watched.” But I said, “They don’t

need to know everything about the people. However, I hope our movie can convince people to toe the line.”

Still another screenplay we collaborated on was “Evil James,” James was a man who was lawful but evil. And he took control of a hypothetical country in Africa. And he was power-crazed and totally corrupt. And he insisted all the pretty girls sleep with him. And he made MRT illegal, except for his spies to use of course. And he drove everyone insane, and finally was toppled in a revolution. In our opinion people were to be all armed with guns, in most cities now and could rebel at will. Gun ownership was good.

Then there was a screenplay we made, about “Evil Martha,” It was a documentary about a woman who broke men’s hearts and took all of their money. But crime doesn’t pay and finally the law caught up with her. I said, “We should make breaking hearts illegal.” Lisa replied, “People need to be tougher and not be so sensitive.” I said, “I suppose you are right.” Anyway, Martha was infamous in our times having swindled many of the richest men and many people enjoyed the film.

Next was our screenplay, “Mr. Green. He was a hypothetical environmentalist, who didn’t want to have the various Planets and Moons have their climate altered. He said, in the movie, “God had created these orbs and we needed to live with them as they are.” But modern man had begun to build livable atmospheres on the various spheres and “humanize” them. And there seemed to be no stopping them. And the various nations competed strongly with one another to build Space colonies. In the history of Space exploration, it was only competition between States that drove the colonizations. Most nations now, in 2169 A.D. spent about 7% of their GDP on Space. And the nations militarized the colonies. I told Lisa, “It’s just one possible future.” She said, “But it is a likely one.” And in the film, Mr. Green commits suicide.

Another film script we wrote was “Children of the Tau Ceti Pioneers,” which portrayed the Super children prodigies in this Star System. They had all been altered in the lab to make them more imaginative, clever and kind. And they were divided into groups based on their inherent philosophies. Some were in favour of the status quo. Others wanted to improve Super children still further. And some wanted everyone to change into a cyborg. Some even wanted to be transformed into an android. This film was a big hit, and we were on a roll.

We hoped our films would help improve the Worlds, and they seemed to be doing so...

Hologram Worlds of the Future

I, Oscar, said to Jane, “Come to my World of hologram adventure!” She said, “I don’t know what to say?” Anyway, a giant red sun appeared, and we heard in the distance what appeared to be people making love. And promptly two sabertoothed tigers appeared, but Jane was calm, and I said, “These holotigers are our steeds. Jane said, “They appear to be real tigers and I can feel them, and they can support my weight and I am in the mind of my tiger. Apparently, he likes me.” I said, our mission is to save the King, from the witch Romi who had captured him and took him to her palace. On the way to the witch’s palace, we met others riding dragons and pegasuses etc. and most loved the King. But the King had enemies, mostly those who were jealous of his power. And some hated his policy of not allowing androids into his Kingdom...

And the holograms of this World thought they were really alive and were all sentient. And there were many different kinds of holograms, some looked like freaks, others were impossibly good-looking human-like beings, and some were animal men, and some were animals. It was a real potpourri.

Anyway, by the time we reached the witch’s palace we were a ragtag group of 400 hologram men and numerous freaks and we stormed into the witch’s palace, but she had left with her prisoner, the King for parts unknown. So, Jane wanted to be the new Queen and wanted me to be the new King. And so, it was. But intelligence from the other side of this World indicated that the witch was now living in a series of caves and the King was her sex slave. So, we went there, 800 of us and we clashed with the witch’s guards and overwhelmed them and finally located the King deep in the cave system, but the witch was nowhere to be seen.

However, Jane and I were rulers now and the King was put out to pasture. And the people were excited to be ruled by real humans. And we told them that their lifespan would only be 10 years as an adult hologram, but then can be born again, refreshed and improved.

And many of the holograms wanted to be changed into a real human and so we, Jane and I, changed the best ones into humans.

But there was still the presence of the witch on this World. And we finally hunted her down in a castle in the air, and we were riding dragons who breathed fire on the castle. And the witch threw fireballs, killing a number of us. But in the end Jane lasered the witch, killing her...

And it was a happy realm with many artistic holograms playing music and doing art and even writing movie scripts. But the rules were holograms could not sell their work in human real Worlds and had to remain in the Holoworlds. I felt it was a pity though that such talent would go unrecognized in today's enlightened Worlds.

And my Holoworld was Paradise anyway and I tried to attract great people to come here for adventure. Like we had a number of evildoers at loose in this land. They had forced their way in but gave us something to fight for. For example, there was the evil wizard, Dante, who had created an army of the dead skeletons who rose from their graves and were animated for battle. Many holograms were in fear of this undead army. But they signed up in droves and we built an army to defeat the evil wizard, but he himself escaped back to human Worlds.

And my holograms made film scripts like, "Holoworld Overdrive." It was about how holograms were multiplying and appearing in real cities on Earth. But evil bounty hunters hunted them down and so they had to go to the Underground. But many people wanted to try sex with a hologram and many sheltered holograms in their condo.

And another hologram written script was “Holo Supremacy,” about future Worlds in which everyone was a hologram and there were no humans left.” But I told them, “Although the holograms could take control, there will always be stiff opposition from humans. Humans would never die out.” This writer, she told me that, “Holograms are superior life forms, and they are improving with time...” Jane replied, “Holosex, that I have sampled in this Holoworld is brilliant, better than sex with you, Oscar...”

I asked, “Aren’t you glad you came? I also think sex with holograms is better than human sex. Their skin feels smoother, and their bodies are perfect, and their faces have all been patented and are brilliant. I helped in the design of my holos, and of course most of them are females. And they have exciting passion and are very energetic. And they are all poetesses and poets and are very clever.”

Another script written by these holograms, “Deepest Space,” was about a large group of holos who go to the Orion Galaxy where they build fabulous holocities and they can teleport many times the speed of light into Space. And breed in the lab in the trillions. This writer told us, “Holograms will completely take over, it is manifest destiny.” I said, “Holograms are breeding too fast already and there are dangers that the hologram diaspora will spin out of control.” He replied, “But the essence of holograms is humans. I think that humankind is well represented by holograms...” I said, “Humans can breed fast in the lab, too. And they can go to deeper Space, too. But of course, will be slower than holos. But I say what’s the rush, we’ll get to many interstellar destinations eventually.” He said, “The time is now. Humanity has been languishing all this time in history and now finally we have a chance to go on to greater aspirations. And we will also breed some humans in very deep Space, but holograms will be in the overwhelming

majority. We are Superbeings and every year we get smarter. Too smart for hobby Worlds like yours.”

Still another movie they made was “The Great Transformation,” about how the peoples’ leaders as well as their idols converted to holograms. And everyone else joined in the transformation. Only 1% didn’t change and they were exiled to Luna where they were basically cut off from the modern World. I said to the hologram filmmaker, Jerry, “I doubt that will happen.” He told me, “Holograms will get so good, no one will be able to resist.” I replied, “Personally I think humans will evolve into Superhumans and some will no doubt want to be cyborgs. Maybe some will change into holos, just like you say, but holos don’t eat or drink or take drugs, all of which give humans enormous pleasure and piece of mind.” He said, “Holograms are blissful enough as it is and few of them complain about mental problems, which most humans seem to have. And of course, we can survive anywhere at any time of day or night and don’t need to waste time eating or drinking. I said, “You are insufferable.”

And he showed me the film, “Human Liars,” about how the vast majority of holograms speak nothing but the truth as they see it as they mostly communicate with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). Many humans prefer to be liars was what this film was about.

And he showed me his “Book of Quotations,” that he had written. Like, “To be a hologram is to be content in life, yet still be ambitious.” And, “Holograms think more than humans.” And, “Holograms can find a use for all humans, if only they were allowed to.” Also, “Many holograms are modelled on the best humans and end up doing even better than such humans.” Also, “Now holos serve as a model for young humans, to be a thinker.” In addition, was the quote, “Hologram logic is more realistic than human logic. Androids are not so full of conflicting

emotions.” Moreover, “Androids will colonize other galaxies, long before humans can come, and so will create humans themselves and set up thoughtful cities.” And so on.

I said to Jerry, “Your holos are certainly thought provoking. But I am still proud and glad to be human!”

The Bloody Goddess

I, Harold, was talking to the self-declared “Ms. Insolence.” She said, “I am not one of those who kisses everyone’s ass and honors fools. To me our colony on Moon Titan is full of morons and I can’t leave because I can’t afford a ticket out. No one seems to have any money, and everything is automatic, so it’s impossible to get rich. And no one on Earth seems to want to invest in Titan, as there’s no money to be made here.” I replied, “Yes people think your colony is basically communist and want nothing to do with your colony.” She remarked, “I was tricked into coming here, they offered me a free condo and described life here as vivacious and exciting. But in fact, life here is dull and insipid. I should have researched Titan more carefully, but I didn’t.” And we conversed about the colony and the latest news from Earth. And I told her, “I’ll buy your ticket back to Earth, no strings attached.” She exclaimed, “Let’s go right now.”

So, we returned to Earth and became lovers. And she wanted to buy real estate on the Antarctic coast, much of which was just ice and she got loans to buy the real estate and also to set up an undersea dome which would attract sea creatures with its lights. She said, “There are a lot of new freak sea life and one can see them from the dome and go out in a submarine and communicate with them in a submarine using MRT (Mind Reading Technology). The ice-cold waters of this continent attracted a special class of hardy freak sea life that had been designed to survive in cold waters. The freak sea life was everywhere. But I don’t like freaks, in fact, I hate them.”

I asked, “What kind of culture do you have in mind for the colony?” She answered, “I would build a personality cult around myself, attracting people who wanted a very clever leader, someone they could look up to. And everyone would have a job involving serving my interests in

one way or another. I would enjoy being loved by such people, and am bisexual, so I could love most of them. Ideally, I would like a population of several thousand. My philosophy is to make people into positive creatures, who are open-minded to the max. If people could only open their minds, life would be sublime. And MRT will allow people to be honest and content and will bring peace to our colony.”

I opined, “Don’t be surprized if one of your colonists proves his or herself superior to you and takes control of your colony and exiles you out of the colony.” She said, “But I will continue to improve my mind with genetic therapy and keep one step ahead of my people. Of course, I will allow them to improve their minds, too!” I replied, “People are everywhere improving and its dog-eat-dog, vicious competition with no holds barred. Most people want more power and influence and are very greedy.” She said, “I call it ambition... Homo Ambitio. And I will plant the seeds in my people to constantly improve themselves, through MRT synergy.”

And I asked, “Are you going to change your name?” She replied, “Yes, to Ms. Creative, the Goddess.” I said, “No one can play God. It is beyond the pale. She said, “Watch me.”

And I retorted, “We’ve come all this way to get rid of the ancient God/Gods only to recreate them again.” She replied, “Pretty much all civilizations have had Deities. Humans need to have superior beings to look up to, to create meaning and inspiration.” But I said, “You are outrageous and crazy. She exclaimed, “You’ll see my people love me!” And she said, “Superhuman Gods and Goddesses are the future.” I said, “I figure Superhumans will not want followers, but rather just want to hang out with their equals. And this will give them inspiration!”

She opined, “People need to be dragged into the Heavenly future, kicking and screaming, if need be!” I said, “But many amoral scientists are developing Superhumans to take control of the World and such Superbeings will also be amoral. And will create Dystopias.”

And I said, “There are so many possible Dystopias, like a tyrannical leader who forces everyone to do his/her bidding and worship him/her. Or possibly a World in which everyone is watching everyone else and those who are radicals are punished with death. Or Worlds of Space Wars and murder. Or possibly, a World where true love is banned; loyalty to the State is what really matters. Or a World in which radicals are persecuted and everyone has to toe the line. Or a World in which androids take over and replace humans and all humans have to convert to being one of them. Or a World in which Supercomputers and their hologram avatars take control, and force everyone to be a hologram. Or a World of no dreams in which no one has any ambition and are just trying to stay alive under a tyrant. Or perhaps, a World of horror in which anarchy prevails and a plethora of crazy life forms fight humans for survival. And so on. There are so many possibilities for Dystopias. But in all fairness, there might be Utopias, too.”

And I said, “Utopias like, Worlds in which everyone is a Superhuman and live in a magical World of sharing and happiness. Or a World in which there are Super magnates, but everyone has a comfortable life; it is socialism. Or a World in which MRT is used to make everyone part of the whole and is a big love-in. Or perhaps Worlds ruled by a philosopher Emperor who is a benevolent, enlightened dictator. Or maybe Worlds without a leader; everyone has one vote on every issue. Alternatively, there could be a World of infallible leaders who want the best for everyone. Or possibly a World in which everyone would be required to have many children born in the lab, and everyone will have eternal youth. And the population will grow and grow. And so on... There were as many possible Utopias as there were Dystopias, with most people figuring the result will be somewhat in between the two extremes.”

She said, “I want my Antarctic colony to be Utopia and I want to be Queen. I will hire scientists to research the continent’s natural resources and would use fusion power to melt much

of the coastal ice. But not so much that it will cause flooding in various coastal cities of the other continents, and I will build a number of sister colonies on the coast... Our philosophy will be that I am a Goddess, and people need to create art, science and new companies to please me. I will invite famous people whom I adore to come there or at least send a clone. In particular, I like a lot of famous fantasy writers as well as the best climate scientists and new companies which can melt the ice on many of the Moons in the Solar System and beyond and develop cheap submarines which can stand great pressure and harvest materials like magnesium nodules and create diamonds from the hot spots on the sea floor. And the submarines will kill freak sea life in the oceans everywhere. And destroy their grottoes and homes.”

I opined, “It seems cruel to kill off sentient creatures. The sea freaks aren’t doing you any harm, what’s your reason for such a genocide?” She said, “They don’t look human, and they don’t care about humans, only themselves. And they are an embarrassment to all humanity. I think they are disgusting and my people who kill them will be richly rewarded for the pelts of the freaks. We will pay for it through our patented climate technology to alter oceans and other environments in Space. So far, the ice is still frozen and there’s mostly not enough atmosphere, which we can create. And places like Venus we will build environmental factories to reduce the atmosphere.”

And she said, “The fantasy writers will write about the future of our colony, which will be a place of dreams and imagination.” I said, “But your genocide of the sea freaks will cause many good people to be turned off and you will have blood on your hands.” She said, “In addition I would make androids and holograms illegal, as they too, are freaks.” I asked, “Would you murder them, too?” She said, “We’ll use MRT in the colony and there will be no secrets, like hidden freaks.”

And she said, “We will hunt ordinary sea life like penguins, and turn them into tasty food which will be patented.” I said, “You would be the “Bloody Goddess,” and few people would say your colony is Utopia.”

Dark Angel

I, Vince, said to Evangeline, “You are like a dark angel! You are perfectly formed, but you are on the dark side. You were present at the battlefields of WW III, urging on the dark Lord, who ultimately lost. Yet you still exist, mostly in peoples’ dreams, urging them to break hearts and murder their enemies.” She retorted, “But mostly I inspire people to write Dystopias and dream of wild orgies and dream of the Devil. I think I am inspirational to the people of Earth, and I choose my dreamers carefully. I am just giving people what they want.”

I opined, “Never has the Devil been stronger than now. Of course, Satan exists in various degrees in all humans, some more so than others, and he tempts people to commit crimes and build Dystopian Worlds. And I would say most colonies in Space are definitely Dystopias and it looks like the Devil will rule all humanity one day. Probably he will take the form of God Emperor of all Humanity. All power corrupts and such an Emperor would no doubt be completely mad, and power crazed. And what is madness, but the Devil? And most people today are already mad, they call it being “mentally ill,” and there’s no cure, people just get crazier and crazier. And greedier and greedier for everything, like more sex with famous/rich people, more money, more power and so on.”

She said, “People like you who understand things are a danger to everyone including yourself. As you know most people will march to war and kill as many people as they can, if they are ordered to do so. And people who look different from us, like the new freaks, our instincts are to kill them. And war and madness are glorious.”

I remarked, “You evil ones have not triumphed yet!” She said, “On the contrary we triumph with every war, with every broken heart, with every mad act one does. Most people, all they do

is madness. The idea of sanity, honesty and goodness are completely out of fashion. And anyway people who claim to be sane and good are the craziest of all.” I said, “But MRT (Mind Reading Technology) is making people honest and good and they feel part of the whole.” She said that is just what people like you say. Actually, MRT is like mind rape and everyone is terrified everyone will know their dirty secrets, and those that are proud of their dirty secrets are in charge these days.”

I said, “I tell you, “The Just Emperor is coming soon and will beat back the forces of evil and drive them underground. Perhaps it will even be me!” She said, “You are delusionary. No one will support a heartbroken loser like you. You have no glamor, nor spice. You are dull and want to make everyone into a “good idiot;” ignorance is bliss to you. You understand how the World works but have only dullness to offer by way of a solution. You’re boring me now!”

I said, “If I had any balls, I’d strangle you to death, right here and now. But the law is an ass and doesn’t favor deeds of chivalry.” She said, “I’d like to make love with you and then kill you but I also consider the law to be an ass.” I said, “I have to admit, you are supremely physically attractive, but there’s no way I’d ever love you. I think you are psycho. And you would drive me mad.”

She remarked, “You’re such a wimp. I don’t know why I am bothering to talk to you. Where is your sense of adventure? And I know that every man desires me, at least subconsciously. And you’ve never known sex as good as mine.” I said, “I make it a thing of personal pride to only have sex with women I truly love, and I sure don’t love you.” She then quoted Rimbaud, “And the witch who lights her coals in the earthen pot/Will never tell us what we know and what we do not.” I spoke: “That’s it, you are a witch. You think you are deep and mysterious, but you are simply evil and anathema to the modern World.

She told me, "If we used MRT on one another, I would prove to be the stronger mind and would control you and bring you to your knees." I said "I have mind read with thousands of evil people and in every case it was I who brought them to their knees. I am smarter than you, but no doubt you will try and cheat, using MRT that is favorable to you... She opined, "We can use the standard MRT and I will knock you out. And perhaps, many people will want to watch and listen to this battle of the minds. The forces of darkness have always been with us, but now more so. And it is fashionable to walk the road of darkness. Be a mystery. Be hard to get. Be ready for battle..." But I chickened out.

And I said, "I envision a World of sanity and justice. And I am not the only one. The forces of good will triumph with World democracies and there will be no more Kings/ tyrants. And mad humans will be cured with new drugs to make them sane. And justice would follow the varying constitutions and laws. And woe be to those who break the laws..."

She said, "You are so childish. These days everyone is trying to break the rules and laws. And get ahead. The law is an ass. And you can't arrest the majority of the intellectual people." I said, "We merely have to mop up the evil leaders and execute them and live in pleasure and happiness as a result. Without evil leaders, most people will be good. She asked, "Since when did most people matter? Leader after leader just gave them bread and circuses. And if there was war the people would gladly fight. And if there was peace that was fine, too. And most people never had an original thought in their head. A bunch of zombies." I said, "I still say that with the right education everyone can be a genius." She said, "I've never heard such outlandish talk. You are completely mad like most people are, no point in your claiming you are sane and reasonable."

But I opined, "I am sane and take no medication for mental illness!" She said, "You are in denial, only this and nothing more."

So finally we MRT wrestled with one another and brought her to the point where she was begging for me to have mercy. It was an ugly scenario. And I killed her with my mind and had no regrets. And the whole affair was swept under the carpet by me and my spies. I was a spy myself and had killed off numerous evil people in one way or another. I was a spy for the new Worlds order and we were getting to be known in intellectual circles, where many thought we were saviours of humankind. We had spies in every nation. And we were trying to build a new UW (United Worlds) which would police Earth and Space...

Most thoroughly evil people were reckless and it was easy to corner them with MRT and we got in the heads of tyrants and forced them to abdicate. Some tyrants were loved by their people, but we wanted democracy.

The Future Seen from the Perspectives of a Couple on Io, A.D.

2158

I, Peter, said to Juniper, “If there is a new God/Goddess, he/she is smiling on us. We’ve had nothing but good luck with our colony on Moon Io.” She replied, “Yes, we have a fiery mix of philosophers and thinkers. I like in particular, Larry T., who said, “Io is the place for “dangerous” radicals, who are simply too clever for Earth. And he wrote “Stars of the Future,” about people like Gary R., who wanted to build an elite colony of the most imaginative Earth people, on the other side of Io. These elite would be the cleverest and most imaginative and they would all be vetted by he, himself using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and they would need to pass his exams.” And she said, “And Larry T. wrote, “My Dreams,” about his dreams in which his mind was hooked up to MRT and other clever people would get in his dreams and make them salient.”

I said, “Another of my favourite thinkers is the critic Bob J. who has brought to life some obscure writers, making them overnight sensations. Like the book, “All Hands,” about how Earth was a dangerous place with tyrants and their wars. And he recommends all intellectuals flee to Io. And we should use our scientists to arm our colony with defensive weapons.” And Bob also wrote, “Crime Free Io,” about how there had been no murders here, whereas many States on Earth had a high murder rate and also a high suicide rate. “Earth was no place for a great thinker,” he said.”

And I also said, “I like the writer, JP, who wrote, “Changing into Deities,” how the best geniuses should have their mind improved and so become Gods/Goddesses. The only question is not when, but how. He thinks would-be Gods should get in the heads of all the other great

intellects and then these would-be Gods would get genetic therapy to improve their brains. And he says “They would spend most of their time improving lesser minds, and we could tweak each new mind to make them unique from the original and then start mass-producing new geniuses,” which would of course make for a cleverer World.”

And Juniper said, “I am in love with the mind of Rob T. He wants to create a minimum IQ of 140 for all humans using genetic therapy, selective breeding and MRT. A race of thinkers, homo philosophus. It would be the best thing that ever happened to the human race. And one day everyone would be a genius.”

I said to her, “I like Rob T., too. Why don’t you make love with him?” She told me, “I know he likes me, but right now he’s busy loving 5 girls, I don’t want to share my lover.” I asked, “I am currently single, why don’t you love me?” So, we became regular lovers, and we had children in the lab altering the fetuses, who then grew to adulthood in just one year and we gave each of them memories, i.e. the females got her memories and the males got mine. And we made sure our children had the best tutors available, the heck with the expense.

On one occasion we got to talking about the best new thinkers who had been created on Io. I had high hopes for one of our male children, Tim, who said things like, “Kindness is more important than anything.” And, “The selective breeding process should use Supercomputers who were sentient to breed the best millions of times as instant holograms until maximum human intelligence was reached.” I reminded him, “That sentient Supercomputers were not legal on Earth and the jury was still out on the legality of it, here on Io.”

And Juniper opined, “I had high hopes for one of our daughters, Bella. Bella wrote, “Dreams of Grandeur,” about changing the faces of humans in strange ways; they looked strangely attractive, and she argued great beauties had no limit. And she also wrote, “Delusions of

Grandeur,” about people who thought they were clever, but ended up bankrupt and losers. And I liked her book, “Supernova,” which depicted the Sun suddenly exploding and killing all life on Earth.”

Juniper added, “I also have great expectations for our daughter, Miriam whom wrote, “Maximum Beauty,” about fooling around in the lab with Supercomputers to make perfect faces.” I replied, “Yes, the human race is improving in everyway. Even the relatively poor now are all good-looking!” And Juniper said, “I like your boy, Edwin. He shows promise as an entrepreneur/scientist. He has invented robots that single-handedly are able to build a domed city in a few months, by creating 1000s of other robots from the resources available on certain Moons and Planets.” I said, “Yes, he excels at robotics, but I had to tell him, no androids or holograms.”

And I opined, “I like your daughter, Celeste. She is charming and looks after people who come to her parties, making sure everyone finds love and gets drugs that suit their personalities. Her parties are simply the best.” Juniper exclaimed, “Celeste makes living fun!”

And, I, Peter said to her, “Recently I’ve been reading “Ghost Stories,” by M.K. For example “Hologram Spirits,” who haunt people who are not good, just like the ghosts who visited Ebenezer Scrooge and try to change people. And another one was, “Haunted Houses,” which depicted scenes in which invisible cameras are everywhere, and every murderer leaves behind a ghostly trail. And the cameras are sentient and are able to pin murders on guilty people. Big Brother was watching everyone. And they were working on sentient cameras which would read peoples’ minds and fire stun guns at would-be murderers. Another one was, “Automated Ghosts,” which featured peoples’ immortal souls who were heavenly and good and went to Heaven, when they died. And then there was, “Ghosts of the Future,” about harbinger spirits who are clever and represented a new type of human, homo novus who are basically holograms.

And I told M.K. souls were illicit today, but who knew what would happen in the future. It's good to put such things out there for the benefit of thinkers."

Juniper told me, "I think everything we can imagine will occur in the future. It's just a matter of how powerful varying ideas are. Some ideas sweep the World. Like eternal youth, MRT, Superhumans, city states in lieu of nations, and everyone should have shelter and food and drugs, and everyone should have lovers. And so on..."

I said, "Yes, ideas have power. I also liked reading, "Fantasy Power," which was written by J.M. about how future humans will all be cyborgs and spend most of their time dreaming about their wildest fantasies. Bold new fantasies would be all fashion."

She told me, "I truly think future Earth will be Utopian fantasy. And every fantasy they can think of will come true with the help of Supercomputers which can think. I believe that such machines will play a big role in the future." I said, "Many people want android lovers and perhaps one day we will give them to them. But I think it would be a mistake and ruin true love for everyone."

And she opined, "I have also been reading Ben D.'s books about "The Madness of Modern Dreaming..." Ben says, "People these days all have big dreams. They are taught to be that way in school. But many dreams are just plain greed. Humans are a greedy race, homo avaritia, and will never be satisfied."

I opined, "Greed drives the Worlds' economies. And I would prefer to call it, ambition, homo ambition." She said, "But surely greed must have limits!" I said, "Already we have multi-zillionaires, and most people just seem to get richer and richer. Some are simple people who just want comfort for their minds, but most take risks to try and be richer. Sometimes they go bankrupt, but most bankrupts just get up and try again..."

She remarked, "I have also enjoyed the works of Trevor C. who of course wrote, the script for "Denizens of Polaris." About a futuristic hypothetical colony in which the people lived in houses of ice on the surface of an ocean which was melted below the surface. And they got around by ice skating. And dressed in furs from the freak biota which had been introduced here. These people had no desire to travel to other Worlds and enjoyed peoples' company. Most lived alone but skated to visit other denizens of this World. And they were mostly monogamous. And had submarines to hunt freaks with. The United Worlds (UW) told them killing freak humans was against international law. And placed sanctions on them, but they were self-sufficient and didn't care about the sanctions." I exclaimed, "I would never want to live in such a cold World!" But Juniper opined, "The people there are said to be kindred spirits and are quite content and are not wimps with regard to the weather." I said, "But why live in such a hostile climate?" She said, "They all have a pioneering spirit and want to have people who are tough and strong. It is one possible future!"

I told her, "When it comes to possible futures, I prefer Tom S. who wrote the obscure novel, "Commerce in Space," it is about trading in large gems and water and real estate and even illicit slavery and illicit drugs. But Space is secure with the UW lightly policing the various settled Star Systems..." She said, "No, I haven't read that one, but it sounds like a possible future. But I don't know about slaves, like human slaves and android thralls; I don't think it will happen. As for drugs soon all drugs will be legal on Earth and in Space, but it will be good to trade in patented drugs."

And she told me, "I liked Jack D.'s, "Star Destiny," about how future Supercomputers are able to accurately predict one's future." I replied, "Maybe for ordinary humans, but many geniuses are highly unpredictable and hard to figure out." She responded, "We just need to build

more powerful computers...” I said, “But future humans have no need of such a machine-created destiny. And that’s why Supercomputers are illegal almost everywhere!” She replied, “But those who do have Supermachines will prosper. Supercomputers have many uses...”

I said, “I prefer, Kyle R.’s take on Supercomputers. He writes that Supercomputers would have a mind of their own and would seize power and then proceed to replace people with machines they can predict and trust.” She replied, “But the whole idea of creating Supercomputers in the first place is for them to serve us and we would give them names and treat them like we would treat any human genius.” I said, “But the machines would have way more cognitive power than humans as well as more memories and knowledge and will never forget anything. And it’s only natural that a superior being will take over the Worlds. We need to protect humans!” She opined, “You are a backwards thinker in some ways.”

And I said, “The same is true for androids and holograms, they will wrest away control of Earth and Space from humans. Perhaps we can make humans into cyborgs and thus have the best of both Worlds...”

And Juniper, told me, “The people of Earth and Space are debauched and corrupted by too much power. At least Super machines will speak with level heads and would be fair and not be corrupt or power-crazed, like most human leaders are.” I said, “But genius machines will have a personality and since they would deal with humans mostly, they would inherit human instincts like greed and comfort for their mind and want to be rich and power-crazed. And they would be bound to have other faults also. One can only begin to imagine such faults...”

She told me, “Few people think the future will be a ubiquitous Utopia, they can see multiple human problems all around them. But with the advent of eternal youth, most are upbeat and keen on seeing what the future looks like.” I replied, “But the suicide rate is 2% per annum, and

people are actually living less long than before. And many people are miserable.” She quoted Truman, saying “If you can’t stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.” I replied, “My only hope is that humans will live to see the future in one way or another.” She exclaimed, “We’ve come so far, we won’t go back now!”

And that’s how it was on Moon Io, in the year 2158 A.D.

Eugenics on Earth

I, Ernst, said to Rebecca, “No one predicted we would live as we do now.” She said, “Supercomputers run the varying nations and humans have nothing but time on their hands. We all kill time in various ways. And most people are bored, and no one is starving. As Dickens said, “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,” however most people who were polled in this year 2114 A.D., said things were getting worse. This was despite eternal youth for all and Mind Reading Technology (MRT) for loving. Some people spent their time gambling, some played video games of which there were many leagues. And most people watched at least one movie per day and the average news they watched was for 45 minutes. And most of them partied every night and took various drugs to make the parties seem more interesting and more stimulating. Also, traveling took only several minutes to get anywhere on Earth. And nearly everyone had sex with at least one of their regular partners each day. On average people had 15 regular lovers. But most people were spoiled by this life of ease and were irate if they were challenged or inconvenienced in any way. And some behaved as if they were petulant children. Most don’t have children, but those who do say it is time well spent.”

I said, “That’s an accurate summary of how things are, but for thinkers like you and I, we are lost. Our thoughts don’t change anything, and Supercomputers will try and grant our wishes, but what we wish most of all is to be important. Just like everyone else, we are just consumers and exist for no reason.” She said, “Well we exist to honour the great Supercomputers that have been constructed and see our kids grow up. Life has never been any better. But I like the author Johnny R.’s takes on things. As you know he made the movie, “Outlandish Parties,” about creative parties, like stimulating computers as if they had drugs to alter their perception. And

parties which featured outrageous comedians and weird party themes... Like, for example, parties which involved everyone dressed in an animal mask and behaving like churlish animals. Or parties in which everyone was completely intoxicated. Or parties in which the women had to seduce the men. And so on.”

I said, “Yes, I’m familiar with Johnny R.’s work. I kind of liked his movie about “Star Power,” how famous actors/actresses and singers were unreasonably powerful, whereas the writers of movie scripts were hardly known. The stars had hypnotic power, like the pied piper of fable. And many people went back to school to learn acting or develop their singing voice. And there were about a million in total of famous and semi-famous stars throughout the Worlds, he pointed out.”

She told me, “Star Power,” was one of my favorites, too. And I also liked, Dirk T.’s, “Tales of Horror in Space,” which was full of fictional horrors in Space. Have you seen his movies?” I replied, “No, I haven’t.” And she said, “Horrors like “A Rogue Computer on Luna,” who created copies of itself into compact android minds and took over the Moon completely and everyone had to worship these androids and do their whimsical bidding. Another horror I liked was “Freak Colony,” on Mars in which all sorts of clever creatures and sentient plants had been gathered, and many bored people converted into a non-human form. And the Supercomputer in charge, was very creative in creating new types of thinking creatures. And another tale of particular note was “A Story of Two Dichotomies,” which was about a World of wealthy and worldly androids and another World of desperate, destitute humans. And finally the androids kill off the humans.”

And I said, “Dirk seems to be good. and I am also great friends with, and liked, Roger R. who wrote, “Procrustes’ Dystopia.” Which was about a King in future times who demanded everyone try and be like him. With the same greedy personality that he had and insane to boot. People

were falling all over themselves to change into an acceptable citizen and hopefully be a courtier or courtesan. They used genetic therapy to alter their personality and read the varying biographies of the King as if they were bibles. And they made art, science and built companies to please the King. They used trial and error to try and amuse the King. And the King, made a point of loving all 50 000 women of the colony. Every woman was now beautiful due to genetic therapy and plastic surgery and eternal youth. And he had a number of children born in the lab. Of course many hated the King, but nearly all people were hypnotized to love him. And most people were content. If they were not content, the King had his spies get in their heads with MRT and re-hypnotized them.” She said, “Tyrants always do the same evil things as they are corrupted by power. It’s quite frankly, boring...”

And many who wanted to go to Worlds in new Utopias, found themselves in Dystopias. Like “Magna Utopia on Moon Callisto.” In which everyone is filthy rich from selling real estate as colonists poured in, to this high tech, free-loving and anything goes Moon. And a new dome for thousands was going up every month. People here would claim that this was the freest place in the Solar System. But even here, the government feared anarchy and so issued an edict that one could not interfere with another’s freedom. The interpretation of this law was the subject of many lawsuits. But many wanted to come here and hobnob with the varying free thinkers. And they would make love like it was their last day and the suicide rate was certainly very high. People would kill themselves over a broken heart or dangerous drug use or out of sheer boredom. The elite oligarchy who ruled here, was trying its best to develop new drugs for those who were bored to stimulate them and keep them interested in life. But it didn’t work out so well and happiness didn’t prevail here.”

I asked her, "Why would anyone want to write about a Dystopia and disguise it as Utopia?" She said, "It's just growing pains, we'll get it together sooner or later. I'm convinced that the future is bright! And great people will dream up many true Utopias and experiment with them." I said, "My idea of a great Utopia would be simply a World in which the elite thinkers rule. The only downside is maybe future societies will not pick the greatest thinkers to be in their elite, but rather the masses will choose demagogues. Utopia can only happen, if the best people are in positions of power." She said, "But the masses are easily satisfied, they have no work to do, and are free to enjoy parties and entertainment and free drugs... I think it is best if the true elite simply seize power. But unfortunately, most such people don't want to get involved in politics. We must educate the clever youth to get involved in governing. And choose the best at a young age to groom them for power. Government is more important than art or science..."

And she said, "As time progresses, the stakes become higher and the very survival of humans is in doubt, we need to take action now." I said, "We just need to overcome the inertia and then the cards will follow into place."

I remarked, "I also feel that Utopia will be imaginative and kind and everyone will alter their brain to be so with genetic therapy. Kindness above all should be the nexus for Utopian dreams. Without kindness, life would be brutish and cruel. Like with androids and holograms, who might hate humans."

She opined, "I think that pure intelligence is the key to happiness. The vast majority of people that are intelligent are good people and I feel, "You've got to be cruel to be kind," as the song goes..."

I said, "Despite the fact that the modern World is dog-eat dog, it doesn't mean it has to be the future. And strong, tough women like you, frighten me!" She said, "Don't be such a wimp! I hate

weak men.” I replied, “Most women these days are no longer feminine and no longer loving. And I wish I could change that.” She answered, “Men created this World and women are just trying to survive.”

I quoted Voltaire saying, “We must cultivate our gardens.” She told me, “You are a sentimental fool.”

And I told her, “You should read the novel, “Sentimental Thinkers,” by Frank P. It is about a man who designs historical Worlds for nostalgic people. Highlights of past times, basically. Unfortunately the book is somewhat obscure and it hasn’t been made into a movie.” She said, “History is bunk,” as Ford said. And the modern era is drastically different from the past and it’s a brand-new fresh start for humanity!”

And she said, “You should read the obscure novel, “Satan’s Days,” about how the future looks bright for a while, but then Devilishly backwards people want to stop all progress and let the Devilish rule. It is a hopeless World!” And she added, “You want to slow progress and are a Luddite, the World has no time for you!” I replied, “I’m just saying fools rush in and if AI takes control we will all be doomed.”

And I opined, “My feeling is Holger J.’s “Dynamite experiment” which indicates a sparkling, rich Utopia with normal and clever humans. I really believe that the future is bright. But people like you will try and ruin everything. It is a misuse of genius.” She told me, “At least you can admit that I am a genius. Geniuses make their own rules and are not subject to regular laws. But I wouldn’t ruin anyone’s true Utopia. I respect people that figure they are in Paradise, but not one of bliss, but rather one that they are active in and continually seek improvement.”

I said, "But for most people, bliss is all they can hope for, they have no genius." She said, "A state of bliss is like being dead. People need to continuously improve in order to keep up with World developments..."

I opined, "Drugs to make one more intelligent and kinder are already out there, and anyone could use them to improve and try and maximize our brain power and then some. But many people are afraid to change. We just need to do a better job of selling these medications. Already some famous stars have stood up and praised such drugs and I feel the tide is starting to turn!"

She said, "But we live in fast times and the pace of progress is picking up. Many ordinary humans are so far behind the times, they are hopeless." I replied, "I don't see why we don't just leave Earth for the humans and the Super geniuses will go unto Space." She said, "No, because Earth is worth gazillions and gazillions. And Space is lucrative too, especially in real estate. And we have discovered a number of Earth-like Planets and Moons. And some of them are just being colonized now."

And she told me, "Ultimately we'll just make eternal youth drugs available to the top 10% elite and give every non-elite man and woman sterilization. So, in say 40 years there'll be very few of them left. Eugenics will triumph, you'll see." I said, "You're talking about genocide on an unprecedented scale. What have the ordinary people done to you to deserve such a vicious fate? I know, there are many who agree with you, but we can't just murder people who are not clever." She said, "We are just phasing them out, is all." I replied, "I think you are evil. She said, "I'm just a realist."

I said, "I hope you rot in Hell, literally. I will continue to support kind geniuses in their endeavours. They will be kind above all, and the people will back them. Most of us live in

democracies, after all. And tyrants are just out for themselves. Your eugenics group is a bane on all humanity.”

She said, “Fuck you, too!”

Evil on Earth and Luna

I, Mark opined to Maxine, “Our child “factory” on Luna is on my mind. As you know, security has been breached, and it is now revealed that frozen fetuses for designer babies had been altered by several scientists to include their own selfish genes. And now most of our youth carried these evil genes and we don’t know what to do about it. I think we should eliminate these genes from the youth with special genetic therapy.” She said, “But the youth like who they are and don’t want to change their personality into someone they don’t even recognize.” I said, “I’ll petition our leader to take action on behalf of most of our citizens. Of course, the scientists in question, have been arrested for crimes against humanity already.”

She said, “What we need is a new boom in our offspring to take away jobs from these evil personae and deport the evil ones to Cameroon or some such place that is willing to accept them. I said, “Yes, deportation seems to be the answer. But the evil offspring now number 4 000, out of a population of 31 000.” She said, “Anyway there’s not much work to do on Luna, and by deporting them we won’t be losing anything.” I said, “Many people on Earth are horrified, but some countries, like Cameroon, would love to have such clever people in their countries.”

She said, “The whole affair is not surprising. Humans will never stop fucking with one another.” So, we put it to a vote in a referendum. But a number of the voters had had parented these people (born as adults in the lab with memories of the parent whose sex they were), and many other voters were friends of them, or business partners and they all said the evil ones were good. And we were defeated in the referendum. This gave the impetus for the evil ones to have 1000’s of children. Meanwhile the good people tried to keep pace with thousands of their own offspring.

I said, “I want to run for President and try and do something about it. So, I was duly elected. And I banished the evil ones and their descendants to a new colony on the opposite side of the Moon. Their new colony thrived, and they enjoyed one another’s company. But we didn’t trade with them and would not grant them a visa to come to our colony...”

And Maxine asked me, “What kind of person do we want to create in the future? I said, “Whereas it is tempting to create Superhumans, I think it is best if we don’t fuck with the minds of humans by making AI, like android love dolls or hologram adventure Worlds. Most of our population should be ordinary humans, though of course we would have an elite 1% that did most of the work.” But I told her, “Many genetic alteration companies already exist and have already changed millions of ordinary people into geniuses. And these same companies tutored the people to make them still cleverer.” She said, “Who knows if these companies have the best interests of humanity at heart or just want to create people who will do their bidding.”

And I remarked, “As President, I will censor such companies and watch them with my spies and use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure these companies’ CEO’s have their heart in the right place. If not, they will be jailed indefinitely, and I control the Supreme Court of Luna with my numerous appointees.”

And she opined, “You have so much power, I hope you are doing the right thing by creating people who are cleverer. Are you sure you are the cleverest human personae on Luna?” I said, “I think so, but of course intelligence ratings are highly subjective. But with these brilliant new minds, I may be eclipsed in terms of intelligence, but I know I have done what I thought was right...”

She asked, “But you are not sure that creating Superhumans is the right thing to do?” I quoted the band Rush, who were dead long ago, “All the same we take our chances, laughed at by time,

tricked by circumstances.” She said, “That’s what it seems to me; a great risk.” I replied, “Nothing is certain in this life. And the future is up for grabs.”

She opined, “I think we ought to become a safe haven for radical humans who are persecuted by tyrants on Earth. And we will develop agents provocateurs to stir up trouble on Earth. My idea is to get a Lunar free government which is allied with other great settlements on Earth and in Space and create an all-powerful UW (United Worlds). And we will send in peacekeepers to eliminate civil wars and support democratic elections.” I said, “They are all good ideas. As President, I will put them into action; I’d been thinking of such measures anyway and it is good that you concur with me.”

And our colony was now called, “Luna #4: Haven city.” And we attracted all sorts of misfits and radicals, it was really an eclectic mix of people. And we produced many great films, like, “Refuge from Satan,” which depicted a new city on Earth, “Gehenna city,” which was full of Devilish personae. And some managed to escape to Haven city, but we had to vet them with MRT carefully. If they were evil we’d deport them back. And word got around that we were only letting in good people, so mostly good people applied for visas to come here.

And Maxine opined, “There are many Hellish cities, and I anticipate millions of good people will want to come here.” I said, “As long as they bring thrice their weight in water, we can accommodate them.”

And we built a few thousand condo buildings under our large dome here, and planned to be the largest city in Space...

Another film we made was created by Maxine and me. It was, “Ghoulish Denizens of Earth,” in which we depicted everyone on Earth becoming a zombie under the crazed rule of a Wizard King and all the zombies had the minds of ordinary people only they were hypnotized to be a

zombie. And the Wizard King enjoyed loving the zombie women. And he ordered zombie wars which killed off many zombies and the hypnosis didn't work perfectly so finally a zombie horde attacked the wizard and devoured him. But after his death, the zombies just roamed throughout Earth cannibalizing one another. Finally, Luna #4, Haven city sent a large group of psychiatrists to Earth to cross-hypnotize the people to make them sane and good. But all the clever people were dead and Haven city let the Earth be, as they were hopeless. I told Maxine, "That there is no limit to the tyrannical Dystopias. We have to make sure no one seizes power here on Luna." She said, "Yes, there are many possible horrors of the future."

And another Dystopia, Maxine and I made was, "Emperor of Africa," which was about a powerful dictator who ruled all Africa and part of the Middle East. He colonized the Moon with his thousands of clones and friends and supporters and tried to conquer all Luna. But we on Luna were ready for such an attack and defeated this Emperor's forces and then sent an army to liberate Africa. I said to Maxine, "We need to convince would-be tyrants that seizing power will not end well for them." She said, "Exactly, and we should get in the heads of power-crazed individuals and get them to back down. But we don't want to stifle radical philosophies and radicals don't need to be driven insane provided they are peaceful." I said, "Radical thinkers these days typically have a number of followers and these days there are dozens of political parties. But some radicals live in total obscurity, and I think it is a shame. One could of course pressure book publishers to take on more thinkers, but that wouldn't be easy."

Then there was a film by one Pierre B. who wrote in the script that in the future it would be anarchy with strongmen ruling ragged fighters and constantly fighting with one another in the radioactive wastelands. There was a breakdown of computer systems, and most scientists were hanged. Tycoons meanwhile had to give the strongmen all their money and assets. And most of

these strongmen were evil and had a lot of women prostitutes in their camps and many women were forced into being whores. But some leaders were benign and warred constantly with the evil warlords for control. But in time the evil ones triumphed and all Earth was doomed. But in Space, the forces of good held their own and had powerful militaries... Maxine opined, "It's a possible future. Perhaps it is good to go to Space and not put all of our eggs in one basket." I said, "We all assume that there's no turning back with civilization moving forward everyday. But we haven't designed people of the future to fight and if push comes to shove the new Super geniuses would fall. But war brings out the worst in everyone and many seemingly ordinary people could turn into gang leaders in the future. "

Also, there was a contemporary movie, "All the Madmen," about how fragile emotionally everyone was becoming and so many were mentally ill. About 80% of our contemporaries have some mental issues. We have new drugs, but these don't work so well. Brain surgery works better but most people who have gone through it, say they don't recognize themselves afterwards. We have developed eternal youth and MRT, and settled Space, yet we can't heal madness. Of course, many people are happy to be insane, but the vast majority are not. And the happiness quotient for the populace is in decline and suicides are extremely common. I remarked, "Yes, we have created Dystopias everywhere. No one today believes they live in Utopia. What is wrong with us?" Maxine told me, "You and I are amongst the happiest. And about half the elite 1% are content, whereas in the general population only 20% say they are contented. They feel they are useless, without jobs and have too much time to kill. But when asked if they want to work, few want it. We've burned that bridge." I said, "Quite simply everyone is spoiled rotten, and it makes them weak-minded. And people like you and I cater to people with our entertainment and only make the problem worse."

Another controversial movie of our time was “Hell Bent on the Future,” which depicted great thinkers who wanted to rapidly increase everyone’s intelligence and go all out into Space. And the film made clear there was plenty of opportunity for all, especially in Space real estate. And the film said in time, everyone would become happier and mental illness and suicide would be a thing of the past. And the film posited, there should be all out progress in every field of endeavor, including even weapons which would be controlled by the benign elite. Maxine said, “As it is the top 1% are vetted for intelligence and kindness as it is, and I don’t worry about the weapons.” I exclaimed to her, “But surely all out progress with technologies untested by time is reckless and surely will end badly?!” She said, “In some fields of science total progress is in order. But business magnates are already too powerful and should be heavily taxed. And movie makers are covering the new science implications. I think cooler heads will prevail and we will not go so fast into the future. We all have eternal youth; we should be in no hurry!” I said, “I’d feel better about the future if you and I and other great thinkers set up our own “happy imaginative colony,” in Space.” She said, “But it’s turning out that one has to keep up with the Joneses or be left behind in the dust, no matter how fast or slow progress goes. As I say, hopefully cooler heads will prevail.”

Then there was the controversial film, which featured a girl who elected to have the body of a 16-year-old, rather than the normal 21. In the movie, “Abigail’s Wild Desire”, she says, everyone these days is into kinky sex whether they realize it or not and she would play a range of roles from innocent virgin to experienced madam, in R-rated films. And she was full of lust and was bisexual in the films. And while not acting she was a spokesperson for multiple loves; saying “People should have a new love or two everyday. It kept life interesting...” And she was known to have said, “Everyone should open their minds as far as they can.” I said, “Indeed open

minds are the key to a happy future. And tolerance would need to accompany it. In crowded cities in Space people live in close quarters and need to be tolerant. And I think cabin fever will be a serious problem as we go deeper into Space.” Maxine said, “I think people these days are oversexed actually and overdo it to the point where its not interesting anymore.” I said, “Yes, I agree, everything in moderation!”

And there were many other great films of our time. And there was a lot of evil. It was the year 2140 A.D.

Some Possible Worlds on Luna

I, Rapunzel said to Sam, “It would be better if you didn’t go out tonight.” He said, “I know revolution is simmering, but I want to be part of putting it down. We need to safeguard our elite rule and fight for it, if needs must.” I said, “But tonight the democracy advocates claim they will execute the elite.” He said, “But of course we have many followers ourselves, who think we are Superhuman, and we are. We’ll arrest the democratic leaders and tear gas the other protestors and break up the mass demonstrations. We, the elite are superior to them and must drive the point home. And lead by imagination!”

And so disgruntled people who were democratic leaders were arrested and jailed. And we got in the minds of the other remaining leaders and got them to step down.

And we introduced a New World Order to Luna, in which our geniuses would make sure everyone was fed and had lots of euphoric drugs and shelter, of course.

Almost everyone was content, and some prayed to us as if we were Gods. Some wanted to love us and petitioned us accordingly. We granted a lot of wishes.

But then one day the man, Harvey G. who was considered the best scientific intellect on Earth went to Moon Luna and thousands of thinkers followed him. And we welcomed him, too and life was sublime. One of the intellects on Luna wrote, “Again and Again,” about how the leading Earth scientist who had come here, loved all the elite women again and again.

This scientist in question, Harvey, was 105 years old and had been the prime mover in the development of eternal youth. He looked like he was 21. And he founded a university here.

And this scientist wrote, “Future Science, A.D. 2444,” in which everyone had a beautiful face and looked clever, and they were all clever. And people had all become geniuses and had

the ability to make people and things appear before them at will. Such manifestations were holograms of which one could not easily determine the difference between a hologram and the real human. And everyone communicated exclusively with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And everyone was given drugs tailor made to their body system... And computer hacking was illegal and punishable by death. Also, it was illegal to fight, and weapons were outlawed except for small groups of UW (United Worlds) troopers.

The best scientists meanwhile would rule, and everyone would have at least two science degrees in the near future and eventually everyone would be a scientist. And all babies would be designer babies and everyone would be required to have many offspring and design them, themselves and everyone would spend a lot of time raising children, more so than the past. And everyone would own a Space car and could even go on interstellar trips any time they wanted. In addition, people would be required to find true love at least thrice a year. If they didn't their mind would be altered with genetic therapy. So, everyone was always looking for new loves.

This scientist also wrote that no one would be poor, and people could get as rich as they wanted. Tax would be low.

And all diseases had already been cured. And everyone would drink a cocktail of anti-disease medicine regularly. And everyone would take anti-fat medicine to remain reasonably slim, though some women wanted to be full-figured and some men wanted to be very muscular, which of course was possible. And the taste of food and drink was improved. And new drugs would be made available to bring happiness and stimulate the people.

And this scientist was working on anti-sleep drugs and spent most of his time on the problem. He said, "It was just a matter of time before it would be perfected." But some questioned the wisdom of anti-sleep pills, saying people already had too much time on their hands. So, he told

the people, “That everyone would work in the service industry for 20 hours a week in addition to other jobs they might have.”

And he declared himself Emperor of Humanity and built his Capital on Luna. And founded many colonies in other Star Systems. Many colonies had a theme. Like physicists only or lovers only etc. And he recommended people travel into Deeper Space and learn what was really going on in this Galaxy. So far 25 Star Systems had been colonized. And a number of others were en route. And just recently, he sent a clone of himself to all the colonized Star Systems to rule them. The clones had all his memories and kept updating them over the vast distances of Space. So, he was everywhere and had millions of children, grandchildren etc. and many women wanted to bear his progeny. He was under pressure from scientists to create babies and have them grow to maturity in the lab, but he felt such a thing would only lead to madness... And so on...

As for me, on Luna, I closely followed the deeds of the Emperor and his clones. And I, Rapunzel indulged in my hobbies, writing fables.

I wrote, for example, fables like “The Pig and the Dog,” in which the pig and the dog try to eat more than the other and both became very fat and tried to be more obese than the other. But after a year or two, the pig was slaughtered whereas the dog was welcome at the farmer’s house. The moral of the story is life is not fair, and there’s nothing anyone can do about it.

Another fable was “The Super Ostrich and the Coyote,” in which the ostrich says, “I can’t brook reality and just want to hide my head in the sand.” The coyote said, “If only all my prey were as easy to catch as you!” And he proceeded to devour the ostrich. The moral is you can’t hide from reality...

Another one of my fables was, “The Girl in the Tower.” It depicted a beautiful girl imprisoned in a tower, who ties sheets together and climbs down to freedom. And she thought to

herself it was so easy. But the Baron of the castle hunts her down with his dogs and this time puts her in chains in the tower, chained to the wall. And he rapes her repeatedly. The moral is for some people, there is no way out.

And I wrote a fable of the “Serpent and the Woman,” which featured a woman who lived in a tree house and met a large snake one day. And the serpent said, “You are too big to eat, but I’d like to give you a poisonous bite, all the same.” And he did so out of sheer malice, and the woman was dying. But her lover arrived on the scene and watched her get bitten. And he shot the snake and held his woman in his arms as she died. The moral of the story is don’t fuck with humans.

And I wrote a number of other fables.

And we figured we were Superhuman, us elite. And many of us were writers and movie makers. Like one of us wrote, “The Proles,” about ordinary humans who want to be geniuses, and they are ardent students who finally make it. But they are mentally unstable and are soon consumed with vices and overdose and die. If there was a moral to the story it would be, not everyone could be a Superhuman.

And another of us wrote, “Elite Problems,” about how all the elite on Luna are bored. The population of the Moon was only 160 000 in total, of which only 800 were elite thinkers. And we all knew each other elites, ad nauseum. We tried to bring in more thinkers, but the word on the street was that Luna was boring and so most intellectuals stayed in a variety of the Megalopolises of Earth. And the whole Earth was theirs. Some lunar elite said we should abandon the Moon, but others wanted to press even deeper into Space.

Another was, “Displeasing the Emperor,” written by my lover, Sam. It was about a World where all science was considered done. And people were free to enjoy debauchery and a life of

excess. The Emperor's censors let this book be made into a film and caused many people to want to live like hedonists. And Sam said, "After all not everyone can be a great scientist. Rather, people have to experiment with differing lifestyles and learn what is best for themselves."

Another of the elite here said, "In the future there will be no elite. Instead everyone would be a Super genius!" The Emperor liked this one and invited her to his court on Luna.

Then there was an elite who wrote, "Everyone should write poetry and be able to write simple jingles with guitars. And romance one another." And he too, was invited to the Imperial court.

Furthermore, there was an elite woman who wrote, "A Resurgence of Evil," about a distant colony that ignored the Emperor and set up a military and had its scientists develop new weapons. But after a month of rebellion, a clone of the Emperor came with 2 000 troops and routed the rebels. The Emperor himself declared, from Luna, "That no rebellion would be tolerated and the surviving rebels were executed." It was just a story but the Emperor made sure everyone saw this film...

Moreover, there was a film about a colony of crystal in which choruses sang and echoes filled the crystalline halls. Everyone here was a talented musician and sang songs about the Emperor. And the local clone of his Imperial Majesty sang the loudest of all. Their music was popular in many colonies and Earth cities. And talented young musicians flocked to the colony. And here they composed the anthem for the Emperor. It went, "His eminence/His dominance/His romance/To Space we will go/And we will blow ourselves away/ Everyday/With new science/And Our Emperor is a God." And so on. And this colony became a reality in very deep Space.

Another elite writer wrote, “Sticks and Stones,” about a far future Holocaust that killed almost everyone, but they kept fighting with sticks and stones. Until everyone is dead. The Emperor was quoted saying, “Anything can happen in the future. So, I have to remain vigilant!”

And another elite writer, this one on Triton, wrote, “The Emperor is a God, and we don’t want to let God down.” And she wrote, “That in 50 years, the Emperor will multi-task and be in everyone’s head at the same time and the people will think as one.”

Another elite wrote, “Saving Blue,” about a depressed man who can’t shake off the blues. He tries every medication he can, but nothing seems to work. The psychiatrist told him, “A cure for chronic depression is coming soon. So, hang in there! In the meantime, may I suggest that you lose yourself in love affairs...” I opined, “Most people are depressed at one time or another.” Rapunzel said, “Love conquers all,” as the Romans said.

Furthermore, there was an elite writer from Centauri Star System, who wrote, “Dog Days of Winter,” about how a man in one of the Cold Planet’s colonies passed the time raising dogs. And he used MRT to talk to the dogs and bred them according to which was the cleverest. And suddenly everyone wanted such a dog. I opined, “It was fictional, but it helped inspire real MRT breeders. Everyone seemed to want a dog instead of a pet robot.” Rapunzel said, “But I still want robots to serve me.”

In addition, an elite from Banard’s Star, wrote “The Modern Milieu,” about how the future was up in the air and people needed to decide what to do with androids and holograms. And needed to find ways to finance Space. And how to improve everyone’s brain... And so on.

And an elite from Lacaille Star System, wrote about a colony of black magic, and the people could do magic spells and were very powerful and content. But the Emperor decided to break up

this coven and arrested the leaders for plotting evil... It was a fictional account but was just one more human possibility.

Indeed, there were many possibilities for the future. Another elite wrote about a World where all the people were clones of the Emperor, half of them were female, but all had the same brain. And the colony did so well that the Emperor made more of them and finally, 100 years later, the only ones left were clones of his Imperial Majesty. Of course, the Emperor didn't want to admit he was capable of such a reality and pretended to ban the film, but many wanted to see it and got it from the black market...

Another possibility was a group of rebels who seized power in a coup. And took control of the main UW army based on Triton. And hypnotized the troops to fight the Emperor's clones. Basically, they'd figured his clones out and knew their weaknesses... It was one of the few challenges to the Emperors' rule. But one of his clones brought the UW forces from other Systems together and managed to defeat the rebels. This was a true story. And many people could see that the Emperor was vulnerable.

All in all, the future was highly uncertain.

Dystopian Dreams

I, Butch, said to Mary Jo, “We live in a Dystopia for certain. Our leader is a phantom and we people are all ghostly holograms. I liked it better when we had a human body and enjoyed human pleasures. Now, life is dull and devoid of passion. Our phantom leader tells us, we are now, pure intellectuals.” Mary Jo replied, “At least we are alive...” I told her, “We need to find a way to kill our leader and find a way back to being human. There are many human colonies in Space, as we both know, but there is no way to get to them.” She said, “Maybe they will pick up our signals with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and rescue us.” I said, “But we’ve been holograms for 15 years now and no one has come to save us. They must figure we are hopeless holograms. But you and I were forced to change into holograms against our will. Why doesn’t the UW (United Worlds), intervene to save us here on Moon Europa?” She said, “But as holograms, we can roam anywhere in this Moon, but there is just the one settlement. There’s no point to going into empty Space.” She added, “However it’s OK to spend all of our time thinking and we have made some great films.” Like “Holosex,” about how holograms could make love with one another, despite not enjoying other human pleasures. It was meant to be PR film for the colony, but only served to increase human’s distaste for our colony.

Another movie made here was “Holomusic,” which featured a ghostly choir... and mad holomusicians. The music was unearthly, but we both thought it was good. Mary Jo opined, “You and I spend a lot of time making music. In particular, I’m proud of our latest concept album, called, “Knocking on the Door,” which featured lyrics which showed how we were trying to make better music than humans. And we made an album entitled, “God’s Own,” about a hologram God who was just as clever as the human Gods and how we wanted to rise to being a

deity ourselves, at least it would give us some measure of control of our destiny and perhaps as a Hologod we could get back to living in the material World. Many holograms thought this movie was controversial and some wanted to be humans, too.

And Mary Jane and I, we made, “Holofantasy,” about a world of mythical fantasy holocreations and adventuring in such Worlds. Like a group of giants who hoarded golden treasure. And we went to their caves using a spell of invisibility which made us invisible and everything we carried was invisible too, and slowly deprived the giants of their treasure and magic items. They had magic items like a magical sword which had a personality. And a ring of flying which would allow the wearer to fly along with everyone and everything the wearer was touching. The magic ring helped us steal all the treasure. Although we were holograms we could use the gold etc. to create many holograms and get humans to do our bidding, taking them outside of the Holoworlds... And make such humans our slaves, and have them build great palaces for us holograms to live in.

Another Holoventure was the affair of the white dragon, with its deadly acid breath. We used magical spells on the dragon, causing it to enter a coma-like state, while we stole its treasure. The treasure included gold and magic beans that could grow into a castle in the air and spellbooks. The spellbooks gave us many new Superhologram spells to use.

And then there was the affair of the nymphs. We holograms gave them gold to make them able to convert into holograms and I loved many of them. But we holograms could also have sex with material beings and many of our fellow countryholos enjoyed loving the nymphs.

Indeed, Mary Jo and I and our holofriends enjoyed the Worlds of holofantasy, but I felt that most of us wanted to be humans and be able to spend all the treasure on comfort for one’s mind.

And we told our leader that being human seemed to be a life of pleasure... And told him about our happy human memories...

And our phantom hologram leader told us, "To cool it with the human ideology, or we would be eliminated." And many holos agreed with him.

And so, we intrigued amongst the holos using MRT to determine who wanted a revolt. But our leader got wind of it and imprisoned us in a material cell. But we were still able to make films in our minds and our supporters listened in with MRT...

Finally, there was a revolution and our leader was eliminated. And we members of the elite told the holopeople "That they would henceforth be free to return to a human body." About 50% joined our human movement. But the others seemed to enjoy being hologram intellectuals. To each his/her own. But holograms could still have sex and spent a lot of time on that.

And we were so pleased to be human again and made movies. And Mary Jo and I made movies about eating and drinking and taking drugs... One notable picture was "Rogue Wave," about how sometimes unforeseen, destructive things can happen, in the human sphere and in nature. We figured the revolt was like an act of God and felt so blessed.

Another movie we made was "Return of the Humans," which depicted the replacement everywhere of holograms with human beings. It was an expensive process, but we felt it was well worth it. But some holos fought us tooth and nail with magic spells and real weapons like lasers. The wars went on for some time, but finally we eliminated every hologram in the galaxy, or so we figured. But it was just a wishful movie. In actuality holograms were everywhere, and most humans enjoyed having their very own Holoworld.

Also, we made "Devil's Feast," about how the Devil was pleased with all the souls appearing as holograms and the Devil opined, "Most souls now belong to me, and new converts are coming

everyday to Hell, which is an Overworld, coexisting with reality and invisible to most humans.” Most holograms were visible most of the time. But in the Overworld they were invisible. But then one day some of our friends developed special glasses with which one could see the souls in what appeared to be a great conflagration. They were everywhere all around us...

Moreover, we made, “Hunters’ Breath,” about placing a bounty on the immaterial form of holograms. One could take Super photos of oneself killing holos and collect one silver piece for every hologram one slew. Most of the bounty hunters killed holos with lasers. The killings were quiet and there was just a hint of smoke which came from the killings. Of course, many holograms were visible and carried lasers themselves and it was very dangerous to hunt them. And many holos used MRT to determine humans’ intentions. But the hunters also had MRT which they used to alert them that holograms were nearby.

Also, we made, “Loving Holograms,” which depicted a number of gorgeous holograms and what loving each of them was like. Each one was different, and some were really skilled lovers. And they would sometimes love humans while they slept appearing as incubi and succubi. Humans would awake with a vague memory of loving these spirits. And some humans preferred hololove to human love, saying the holos had smoother “skin,” and were more energetic and passionate...

In addition, we made, a film, “Fireworks” which featured holograms exploding in air. Some said it was cruel entertainment, but they certainly went out with a bang, and was a glorious light show.

And we made, “Roberta’s Folly,” which showed a fictitious woman who felt uncomfortable being around men and preferred the company of holograms. The woman was 40 years old and had never loved a human. But she claimed to be satisfied. She loved hologram males, females

and multisexuals and in her limited dealings with humans said that she was in a state of bliss. We based this movie on some real women.

And we made a flick called, "Hologram Armageddon," about a hologram who seizes power in the USA and starts a World War in which billions of humans die, but only a few thousand holograms are killed. We thought this was a possible scenario and it was necessary to build a strong UW (United Worlds), to secure peace in the future. And we figured the UW should have a hologram corps., who would specialize in killing opposing holograms.

And our filmmaking was quite prodigious. We also made a movie, "Wild Redhead," which depicted a gorgeous hologram with red hair, who seduces famous humans and learns all of their secrets through MRT and then reveals them to the tabloids. The tabloids couldn't seem to get enough of her... Typically she would seduce important men when they were drunk at parties and had a number of charming anecdotes to tell them...

Another film was made by us, called, "Ted's Philosophy," featuring a man who figured he was the smartest human alive today. He said, "alive" not counting new Superhumans who were now growing in the lab... He said, "My IQ is 205, the highest ever recorded. But one of his friends told him, imagination Q is more important than IQ. But he said, "The sharpest minds have the best imaginations. And I have made many deep cartoons and films to prove it. And I think I should be President of the USA." His friend said, "But a President should also be charming, and tough as nails and humble. He, Ted, said, "It's time for a leader who is pure intelligence, and I will direct all scientists to work on improving peoples' intelligence. Already there was nascent genetic therapy which alters peoples' genes to make them cleverer. And I would make people take various brain apps including knowledge and cognition apps. And it would be a geniocracy with myself in the lead. But if a persona proves to be cleverer than me, I

would gladly step down as leader and let such a persona rule.” I commented, “But above all it’s important to be sane, kind and good. Many clever people are mad and egotistical and selfish even. We need to vet our leaders carefully with MRT.” Mary Jo said, “But it would be nice to be ruled by a genius persona. Of course, geniuses have faults just like everyone else, but we can use MRT to mitigate such faults.”

And we made another film, “Truth on Mercury,” about how Mercury was still a haven for Earth thinkers, and everyone knew it. And passage here from Earth was just one million dollars. So, most people could afford it, but some spent every penny they had to get to the Planet. And there were a number of intellectual colonies here. Like “True city,” which enshrined in their constitution what was true and good. They agreed on some ultimate truths. Like imagination could be quantified and tried to judge it objectively. And everyone needs love and kindness. And new science would soon take over the Worlds, with AI Supercomputers and androids and holograms. And Superhumans...

Also, on Mercury, we believed they would attract the best mathematicians given the fact that, the scientist who devised a unifying law of the Universe, was here on the Planet. Of course, he sent clones into deeper Space as was the custom for great geniuses...

And we made, “Doctor Livesey,” about a surgeon who is enslaved by a criminal gang on Moon Europa. But he escapes captivity and blows the whistle on them. Generally speaking, criminal gangs did not prosper in our Worlds of MRT.

In addition, in time, we made “Denizens of Limbo,” about how most people were neither evil, nor good, but neutral, rather. And these people represented the majority of living people. There were whole Worlds dedicated to Limbo, there was the real World as well as the Worlds of our immortal souls. I asked Mary Jo, “Is Limbo really the destiny for most people?” She replied,

“You reap what you sow.” I asked, “But, will we go to Heaven when our body dies?” She said, “As far as I know, Heaven now exists, and we are destined to go there and all good people are all truly immortal. Those who are not good I don’t care if they go to Limbo or Hell.”

And we made many more films. Life was long with eternal youth, and there were many other great filmmakers.

Venus, A.D. 2187-2190

I, Tim, said to Georgia, “The food here on Venus is not very good, nor the drugs. Our leaders are backwards and foolish and very few people want to come here. It is a dead-end colony.”

Georgia said, “We should be glad its not worse. But of course, we are not able to leave. And we are not able to bring our case to the UW (United Worlds). And our leader rapes both of us regularly. And we must entertain him with anecdotes and stories we have written.” I said, “We should not cast our pearls amongst swine.” She said, “What can we do? We are slaves of our leader, Larry T.” I said, “He promised us, as you know a free condo and a job. But the condos are micro tiny and the jobs are drudgery and the UW is fractured into differing camps and of no use to freedom seekers like us...” She said, “Yes, the UW has to get its act together, and fight for freedom, everywhere.”

And time passed, and our status did not change, but at least we had each other. But we were both sterilized and so could have no children. And Larry couldn't convince scientists to come here, so we had no eternal youth, nor could we improve our minds. And we were miserable. And Georgia exclaimed, “We live in a World of Horror!”

I said, “The only step forward is to assassinate Larry. And reconnect with Earth. I feel we could make some great movies, if only given the chance.”

And finally I strangled Larry to death in his bedroom and escaped. And Georgia and I went into hiding at the smallest colony on Venus, Venus #6. Meanwhile in the Capital, new leaders stepped forth and were in power for just a few days before being hung by the angry mob. Only to be replaced by another demagogue.

I told Georgia, "Let's stay out of it and hope for the best." She said, "But we need to pick the best would-be leader and back him or her." But I said, "No, it's too dangerous."

And the revolutions went on and on, and at one point half of the 50 000 residents were killed. So finally, I stood up and told the people, "I would lead, and I had killed Larry. And I would bring in new blood from Earth. And make Venus a loving place, a true Utopia. And henceforth we would fully automate the Planet, so no more drudgery. And my highest priority was to bring eternal youth to the Planet. I knew many angry people wanted to assassinate me," but I spoke to the people from hiding deep below the surface. The surface pressure of course was almost insurmountable, it was a miracle that we had any colonies here in the first place. But we knew the pioneers of the colonies here had wanted it to be a loving place, but now it seemed everyone was out for blood. People change, I reflected.

But anyway, I held an election and was defeated by a candidate who wanted revenge, i.e. killing all the former elite. Of course, Georgia and I had not been in the official elite and stayed out of the limelight. But the new leader wanted to kill those who were clever as well. So, finally we went on local TV and denounced the new leader, and many supported us, so it was another war and the new leader had us arrested while our supporters fought on.

And while in custody, we were tortured and raped and finally had to go on TV and order our forces to desist. But they realized we were under duress and fought on. Then at last they liberated us and killed the new leader, but Georgia and I both were shaken up and insane. And unable to rule what was left of the Venusian populace. And the UW finally stepped in to rule by decree. And Venus had a dismal reputation off world. But time heals all wounds and we finally recovered, and the UW appointed us co-regents of Venus. We offered would be immigrants a spacious apartment (those that had died had left some nice apartments and we used UW robots to

build nice new ones), but of course all the apartments were underground and so there was no view of reality with windows, instead we had moving picture art on the walls... And the UW paid to have people come, and we insisted that only young loving people, who were untainted by the evils of the World, would be allowed to come. And we decided to have children with one another as we were no longer sterilized.

So, it was a fresh start for Venus, and we set up new themes. Like Lonely Hearts city where lonely people could come and be showered with love, all free.

Another was Twisted Hearts city, a haven for perverts. All perversities were accepted including the love of multi-sexuals. Dominatrixes, group love and so on. Constant sex.

And another themed colony was, Duels city where men would fight one another to earn certain women's loves in duels. But the duels merely knocked out the loser, using stun lasers. It worked out that the best dueler had the most women, but everyone was gunning for him.

Still another was True Love city which was a city of passionate people who were eager to find clever, kind, imaginative lovers...Only passionate people were allowed into the colony.

And a fourth new colony was for Venusians who had survived the reign of terror and had lots of shrinks and new mental illness drugs, which seemed to work well, although some people required genetic therapy or even brain surgery to make them right. Some said the anti-psychotics, genetic therapy and brain surgery made them into people they didn't recognize. But authorities on Earth said they were close to inventing perfect anti-psychotics and soon everyone would be sane. I said, "This was a real step forward for humankind." Georgia said, "Humanity has been plagued by mental illness for centuries now, and finally there is a way out of madness!"

A fifth colony was exclusively for "love children," who were brought up the traditional way and were raised by caring parents. They were sane and good. The colony was called, "Instinctual

Love city.” And was famous for its kindness and charity. Many people came here seeking refuge from the dog-eat-dog reality and the population boomed.

A sixth colony was Lighthouse city, in which people would vie for having the best love in the Solar System. The city eagerly accepted great lovers’ clones and so was very famous. The sheer concentration of great lovers led to a synergistic explosion of love and art. Like art which featured MRT (Mind Reading Technology), and true love, complete love. And art which featured future human faces which looked attractive, but strangely inhuman. Also loving such strange people who were brought to life with the futuristic faces... And so on.

A seventh colony was for pet owners who really liked their pets. The pets were bred carefully in the labs here and were really quite clever. But according to UW law, pets could only be as clever as the dumbest humans, but some made still cleverer pets and talked to them with MRT. The pets were bred for beauty and love of humans as well. However, the UW kept threatening owners of clever pets, with seizure of their pets, but it hadn’t happened yet. Some of the cleverer pets spoke out about wildlife parks which would be devoid of humans, but which would have cameras to monitor and study their behaviour. And some of the pets wanted to put “wildlife leaders” on Earth in with the wildlife and build their own civilization. But the UW was adamant against it. And so far, hadn’t happened.

An eighth colony was for those who loved work. And worked 16-hour days in the service industry and tried to get ahead. They hoped for promotions and more powerful positions. But most people ignored these hard workers, except here on Venus #8.

A ninth colony was for people with big egos who really loved themselves. They didn’t get along too well with one another, but there was nowhere else to go for these ultra-egotists.

And then a tenth colony for those who loved sex workers. The dirtier, the better. And the sex workers had all the money here and ruled the colony, saying that they wanted Earth's greatest sex workers to come here. And great sex workers enjoyed sex with other sex workers...

An eleventh colony was, Winner's colony, in which people who had been clever but thought to be losers. Here the denizens of the colony treated everyone like royalty with plenty of robot servants and lots of open-minded lovers. It was a very sane colony, most observers figured.

A twelfth colony was ruled by a "Goddess," who was Superhuman. And the Goddess made sure her people improved their minds constantly. Everyone here wanted to be a Superhuman genius like her...

And a thirteenth colony zoomed in on imagination. People here took new imaginative drugs to improve their imagination and produced a number of great movies. Like "Re-Imagining Doris" in which a woman here imagined a kaleidoscope World in which everyone could do Superhuman magic spells including love spells and could create creatures of fantasy at will. And another woman artist who imagined cleverer people who painted pictures in the air and the pictures took on a life of their own, creating interesting fantasy. And so on.

A fourteenth colony was for rich lovers, who all had a lot of gold to spend on a luxury city filled with very well-endowed men and women and they had the best love drugs money could buy.

A fifteenth colony was filled with hermits who loved themselves and were self-indulgent and all had their own condo which they seldom left. Robot servants gave them all they figured they needed. And some even had sex with their robots. The robots were not sentient, and many figured these hermits were perverted.

“Colony 16 meanwhile featured a female human leader. She was known to have said, “That only the best people could come here.” By the “best” she meant wholesome people who were honest and romantic and strong. She said, “Honesty is the best policy,” and they used MRT and lie detectors here. And the people were in tip top physical condition with muscle pills. And every night they had a romantic dinner with someone new. The populace of the colony was renewed each week with new immigrants and tourists.

Colony 17 was a place of ingenuity. They built impossible looking homes and had great music and produced, creative food and drugs of sanity. Everyone here had to be “sane,” but exactly what that meant was open to interpretation.

And so we had a variety of colonies for tourists and immigrants to come to, and put Venus back on the map. It made for an interesting time for people who came here. And Georgia and I felt better and better and forgot the ordeals of the past. And we lived in the Capital, Venus city where we made movies and enjoyed the cosmopolitan nature of the city. The city of course was all underground due to the high surface pressure, and it went deep into the ground. Movies we made included a documentary “Venusian Days” about the dark days of Venus and depicted how it had changed. And we also made, “Ultra Heavy,” which was a deep exploration of the body human and how it had become the “body electric,” with MRT and bionic eyes and some even had bionic limbs and sex organs and so were quasi-androids. But of course, androids with an android brain were illegal throughout the UW...

Another film, Georgia and I made was “Ideal Soul Mates,” a documentary about great lovers on Earth and in Space. We figured the common thread in each case was unusually good looks plus the wisdom to know who was perfect for oneself.

And we made, "Burning Venus," about how Georgia figured the CO₂ which was so heavy in the atmosphere, should be burned away, making Venus's climate more like Earth. The movie inspired scientist to experiment and were close to doing it.

Also, we made "Breakfast on Venus," about a young woman who comes to Venus and samples all the colonies, plus the Capital and she is an architect and an engineer and she creates buildings on the surface of the planet. Buildings that can stand in the high-pressure surface. And are very beautiful. And she builds with robot builders who can also withstand the pressure. Georgia and I had been thinking of surface structures for some time.

And that's how it was in A.D. 2190.

