

Deep Adventures

By: Tom Ball

tomball33@yahoo.com

Copyright Jan. 2025

Words: 40 783

Table of Contents

Escape from Reality, 3 - 12

Horror World of a Clever Couple, 13 - 16

AI Adventures, 17 - 20

The Weather Woman in the Sky, 21 -26

Days in the Life, 27 - 33

The Witch's Curse, 34 - 38

Yaga' Revolution, A.D. 2125, 39 - 43

Weirdos, 44 - 50

Android Monsters, A.D. 2203, 51 – 54

Roberto the Destroyer. 55-56

A Philanthropist, A.D. 2080, 57 -58

The Center of the Universe, 59- 74

A Tale of Persistence. 75-82

She Was 205 Years Old, 83-87

Banished from Civilization, 88 - 94

Deep Adventures, 95-123

Escape from Reality

These days, A.D. 2100, everyone was looking for an escape of one kind or another. Some escaped into drug induced bliss. Others went in small groups to distant stars. Some went to Mars or Luna settlements. Some lived like hermits, and some changed their sex or changed into all new sexes. Still others improved their minds with genetic therapy or hypnosis. Some lost themselves in a cocoon of dreams. Or adventured in hologram Worlds...

However, some used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to love and interact with others, but this was more reality rather than less. I figured it was best to be in real Worlds. I said, "Bring on reality." I wanted to find out the truth about humanity. But I was only interested in the cleverest of people. Most peoples' minds I figured were OK but rather dull. However, everyone who used MRT, had to reveal their secrets and many found the MRT experience to be madness and woeful. Our Worlds were full of crazy people of all kinds. Indeed, it was fashionable to be insane. Certainly, madness was another kind of escape.

I don't deny that I am mad. But I feel I have a strong imagination. So, I occasionally adventured in the hologram Worlds, not for escape, but purely for the sake of being creative. Like I imagined a World of very clever, sexy hologram women in a variety of settings. For example, I played Emperor of a distant Star System. Our city was full of imaginative spires of every possible creative shape. And I knew how to draw so made some new spires. And I drew faces for my female friends to change into, mostly they thought they were sexy faces, but some figured I was too proud or perverted. They were all correct.

And I had a number of real human lovers...

And so, I probed the minds of “my women.” I asked many, “What is your dream?” One told me, “I want a love Spaceship with all my favourite lovers and friends.” And she was rich, so she made it happen. Another told me, “I dream of you and I heading for deep Space with a large egg and sperm bank and starting a new civilization based on sex and love.” I told her, “To wait a few years.”

Another told me, “I want to learn magic. Like how to cast hypnotic spells on men and magically make all men love me more than anything. And make the best paintings, magically painting them on the ethereal canvas and having them take on a hologram life of their own. And turn into nice people. And making movies like, “Absurd Dreams,” which would include dreaming bizarre dreams of “Aliens,” and so on.”

Another of my women opined, “I’d like to dream of you as a lion man with a lion body and a human face with a mane.” I told her, “You are too perverted.” And she had, “A nightmare of you which features you stealing women’s hearts and getting them to kill themselves because you don’t have time for them.”

And then there was a woman who dreamed, “I want to meld with you and we each have half of the other’s brains and be androgynous and make many such creatures.” I said, “Such a creature would surely be mad.” She exclaimed, “You admit you are insane!” I said, “New neurological scientific breakthroughs would make such a thing possible, but it would be highly experimental. Are you serious?” She said, “I am dead serious.” I said, “Let’s wait until the technology to create such beings is more established and relatively safe.” And this same woman asked me using MRT, “What is your biggest secret?” I mind read, “I am embarrassed to admit that I dressed in drag a few times, but it was only because I love women so much. What about

you?” She mind read, “I dreamed of killing one of my lovers as he was so cruel to me.

Fortunately, I left him in the end.”

Another of my women mind read to me, “I want to love you using MRT!” So, we did, and I was surprised she was actually quite sexually shy. I explored her body, and she reached orgasm a number of times. She exclaimed, “I’ve never felt such ecstasy before!” She really had the look. And she was the best-looking woman I’d ever seen. And I tried to draw an improved face for her, but failed, though she really liked some of them and wanted to try them out.

And I was not surprised when another of my women exclaimed, “Let’s escape to “Red Paradise Hub” in empty Space.” And she said, “In this hub, it is like a virtual Wild West where everyone changes into a hologram, and it is a virtual rodeo with virtual bulls and horses. And they are proud here and gun down holograms they don’t like. And death is irrevocable.” I said, “It sounds like a suicidal World. I don’t want to go.”

Another of my women wanted, “To go to Australia, which was a haven from MRT madness. There everyone lived for reality.” And she said, “Dreamworlds suck. And Australia was real adventure. Like fighting crime committed by androids and arresting hologram creators and shutting down Supercomputers. AI gave them something to fight against.” I said, “But it is all fashion almost everywhere to embrace AI and indeed most jobs are done by AI.” She opined, “And Australia has built a strong army, and the troops are armed with AI killing lasers.” I told her, “The holograms had plenty of territory on Earth and Space. Even empty Space. I am sure they’d rather not mess with the Aussies...” She said, “Many people come to Australia to escape perverted, evil AI. And the population has surged to 55 million. Why don’t you and I escape to Australia?” I said, “I’m holding my own in the myriads of AI Worlds. Most AI humans are open-minded about clever humans. And I’ve had a lot of good times with them.”

And then there was a woman of mine who was interested in gold mining shares on Mercury and said, "I want to go there and live in luxury with the magnates there. Only the richest 1% of people were eligible to come there. And the population was only 1 000. But they were all dressed in gold leaf and were sooo rich and their buildings were all made of solid silver... And they enjoyed hobnobbing with one another."

And then there was one of my women who wanted, "To escape with me to a deserted isle that was rich in fruit trees. And we could fish there." So, I tried it for a week while loving her intensely, but finally I grew bored, and I figured the same thing would happen if I eloped with one of my women to Space. Indeed, it was hard to find an escape...

Another woman told me, I should build the new "Playboy Mansion," and this would keep me amused. I already had a harem, but I figured it would be good to invite new women to try and amuse me and desperately vie for my love. And have them prepare ideas of escape.

Then there was a woman who said, "You need to build temples to yourself all over the human Worlds and you need to compose prayers which talk about how women want to escape with you." I said, "Of course, I am a God and would like to hypnotise all women to love me. But prayers are unnecessary. However, women could catch my eye with interesting movies that they make, preferably featuring me as the main character. I could have temples of new movies. Good idea!"

Then I had a male friend, who advised me to take new sex enhancers that regenerated one's skin and allowed one to spend up to 18 h a day loving. But I knew some of my women already regarded me as a sex machine and I spent 7 h loving everyday. And it was hard enough keeping myself refreshed for each of my romantic encounters.

And another woman said, “I made a film, “Pandora’s Nightmare,” about a wicked witch who abducted you with a hypnotic spell and took you to her tower where she made you her slave and wouldn’t let you have any sex and put you in chains and forced you to watch her love other men.” I said, “I am very wary of hypnosis and my servants vet all my would-be lovers with MRT. Only those keen to love me, like you, are allowed to rendezvous with me. And I have numerous guards within shouting distance! I am invulnerable!”

Then there was my woman who told me, “I made a film, “Sentinels of the Old Gods.” It was about how a prophet came to live amongst us and attracted a huge unwieldy mob of followers. He criticized the established order and promised the mob salvation in Heaven when they died after fighting gloriously against leaders like you. And the mob broke into an armory and attacked you as a non-believer, but you put down the revolt which only cemented your power. If it happened in a movie then it was real!” I said, “Most people in my city respect me and my power. Such a revolt is impossible. But keep trying!

Still another tried to impress me with a film, “Betsy’s Diaries,” which was a true story about her, Betsy. She was extremely good looking. And apparently had loved the 10 topmost attractive men, according to Orion magazine. And she said, “I loved their friends, too. And they showered me with gifts and money so that I was able to buy a nice yacht. And I went on escapes with one lover at a time as well as party yachts. And it was a largely surreal experience with these men who seemed larger than life.” I said, “I have designed a hologram World full of copies of great people as holos.” So, she and I went there and found ourselves at a party and while standing there we used MRT to cerebrally love one another, just by making eye contact. But she said, “You take the cake. You are so imaginative and clever.” And I said, “I have another hologram World in which everyone is crazy and wild. It is a prehistoric World, and the people are like wild

animals. They live for the day and love, one intensely.” So, she tried it out and said, “I truly found the pulse of the Old-World people. You’ve done quite a good job!”

And I said to her, “I’ve also made a temporary Holoworld to trap fascists. It attracted many right-wing radicals. But then one day my Holotroops moved in and killed them.” She said, “It’s dangerous to take the law into your own hands.” I said, “Someone’s got to do something about dangerous mad people. The government remains aloof.”

And she said, “I’ve made a Holoworld in which one encounters great geniuses copied into holograms, one at a time. There are only 30 of the cleverest people of all time here. But I feel it’s a World in which one can escape into the minds of the best people using MRT... And they inspired me to make other, clever Worlds, based on these hologram geniuses. Like a “World of Generosity,” in which people worked on one another’s minds in a lab to improve them as if they were one’s own offspring.”

And I said to her, “I wouldn’t want to have my brain altered in the lab by others. I’d like to improve by my own hand...” She told me, “Sometimes one needs a second opinion.”

Another woman, Cathy told me, I’d escaped all the way to the Centauri Star System. And I found it to be a really different place. The Leader in the main settlement told everyone to send a hologram to a hologram city nearby and coexist in the real World of the main settlement. And live a double life in fact.

And she said, “The main settlement TR-966 featured almost non-stop work. In contrast to Earth where people did very little work. Most people here made movies to export to Earth. For example, there was, “Deeds of the Best,” which featured the cleverest woman here who improved her mind with genetic therapy and mind read so quickly no one could follow her clearly. Also, the film featured, a clever man who improved the faces of his lovers. He was a

very skilled artist. As a result, people on Earth started saying TR-966 featured the most beautiful women... And many people came here to be sexier. And free of their old look.”

And Cathy, she said, “Another film was, “Zelda’s Jinx,” about a woman who was cursed hypnotically by an evil witch and her life was one error or disaster after another. Finally, she goes to a hypnotherapist who cures her and as a result, Zelda becomes quite famous, and many were curious about hypnotism and what it had done to her. Many wanted to try and improve and be their best with hypnosis and escape from their former mind. And TR-966’s name was changed to “Mind city.” And so on...”

I told her, “I have often thought about escaping to very deep Space. However, I have a lot of fine lovers here on Earth and simply couldn’t live without them.” Cathy said, “Ultimately Earth is better loving than Space. There are 1000s of great, interesting men that want to love me, here.”

Another woman, Stacy told me, “I am a resident of Lunatic city on the Moon. There are some great mad people there. Like a guy who was a drunken poet who lost his shirt gambling on his video game ability. But he would take women’s love in exchange for vignettes from his long life. Like his stories about a Holoworld of film stars who were all on crazed drugs. And they said, things like one who said, “All the cleverest people in existence are insane.” And another said, “Supercomputers are all power crazed and enjoy hurting humans”. And then there was one who said, “Insane Gods are desperate to meet Aliens.” And she said, “This drunken poet also told me, he had also spent a year in an Earth prison, for cheating on video games, but he charmed the female warden and became her sex slave. And he said charm can get one out of almost any situation.”

And Stacy told me about another mad persona, a woman, Mavis, who said, “I find one can do almost anything here on Luna and justify it by saying I am just insane.” Indeed, many crimes on

Earth like stealing and holocide and perjury, treason and even crimes against humanity are not crimes here. And Mavis told her, “I like to have sex in public and scream like a banshee. And really make a spectacle.”

And Stacy told me, “That I have myself ate part of a dead ex-lover’s body. And I also played dominatrix to the Leader of Luna. He liked to literally have his ass licked and be treated like an infant. And I also drank the blood of an ex. Everyday is crazy.”

Another woman told me, “I would do absolutely anything for love. For me love affairs are a break from reality and they occupy my full attention, mostly. You could say I am continually lost in love. And I wonder what it would take to love you?” I said, “You could tell me something I don’t know!” She said, “I’ve been to many beach resorts, but find Philippines is the best. You should go there!” I exclaimed, “Let’s go right now!” So, we did. The food wasn’t great, but the people were friendly and attractive. Anyway, I loved her intensely for a few days. It was a great escape.

Another lover told me, “I find myself trying to get out of relationships. I fall in love easily but soon have had enough. And I have broken a lot of hearts.” I said, “Love can be like an albatross around one’s neck, and people are dying...”

I had another fling with an 18-year-old woman, Grace. She kept me feeling young. She was so full of joy. And I kept coming back to her in between other lovers. She was a refuge from the storm. On one occasion she said, “My idea of escape is to watch and play sports. I especially like mixed curling, and I am an amateur curler.” I said, “I enjoy watching the gladiators on Mars in the low gravity there. It’s a question of life and death. And I find it to be absorbing.” She said, “All entertainment is an escape...” I told her, “Indeed any diversion can be an escape. I also like “Crashes” which is a documentary and depicts fiery air car crashes in the races while driving on

manual. Some say I have a taste in the macabre and death, and I guess it's true. But for many death is an escape, though many go to hologram Heaven. Hologram Heaven is of course, located on Luna and heavenly angel holograms return to Earth to proselytize the wonders of Paradise. The angels say losing one's body is inspirational, and an escape from the horrors of the material World." She said, "Yes, many are suffering in the real World. It's dog-eat-dog out there."

And I also loved Jennifer. She told me, "I wanted to go to "Barney's Dreamworld," on Mars. "It is a real world in which people share their best dreams with one another. Everyone there copies their night dreams with MRT. And they also copy daydreams they've had." I said, "Yes, I'd heard of it. It sounds like a good escape. Let's go!" So, we went to this World. And I shared my dream of the dancing good witches. And also, a dream of being lost inside the mind of a sentient Supercomputer and couldn't get out and was here for what seemed like years and years. And I had a dream in which Aliens had taken control of Earth, and I was trying to hide deep below the surface, but finally the Aliens got in my head and drove me to suicide...

And Jennifer had a daydream in which, she said, "I was Queen of a United Mars, and it was a giant love-in, and everyone was dreaming of love rather than war. And everyone liked everyone else here. And if one was not peaceful and loving they were deported back to Earth." And she said, "I had a nightmare dream of being in World War III in which people were dying all around me, but somehow I survived to live in anarchy and was enslaved by a strongman." And she added, I had another night dream about my former job as a sanitary engineer. Only in the dream androids are eliminated and I kept my job."

And we sampled many other dreams here. And they were good...

Then I had another female who suggested, "You can escape into a loving World where it is brotherly love and romantic love only." I replied, "It sounds like Paradise. Where is it?" She

said, "It is in the Bahamas on an island there." I said, "But I've never heard of it before. This World has a number of hidden gems, I suppose. Let's go there!" And the people were very loving and nice. But I preferred the Philippines. However, I had a good time with this girl, and we were drunk in Paradise. We sat in the sun and drank the whole day. I told her, "Drunkness is a nice escape." She replied, "Indeed."

Another one of my lovers, told me, "There's a new drug called "Panacea" which makes one really feel good and there are no side effects. It's still experimental!" I exclaimed, "Let's try it!" So, we did, and I had never felt better. I told the girl, "Perhaps one would never come down, but sleep was easy by just taking sleep enhancers at any time. I think it is just the tip of the iceberg!" And so, I became addicted to Panacea and so did the girl. It was a nice escape from dullness and boredom and repetition. Of course there were other euphoric drugs, but most had side effects and did not feel as good.

Then I had a lover, who asked me, "What do you do for an encore?" I said, "There are many more ways to escape reality... I intend to seek them out!"

Horror World of a Clever Couple

I, Norman, said to Gloria, “It looks like we will die here.” She said, “Yes, it seems hopeless.” I said, “We tried our best to play the cards we had been given but somehow wound up in this stinking cesspool which is virtually unlivable and there is no one else here.” She exclaimed, “Simply we were dazzled by the advertising for this place, but as you say it is a cesspool and includes radioactive waste and we can’t find a way out!”

But then one day, Brutus appeared. He was a brute, but he promised to take us out of here if only we would sign up as indentured servants for 10 years. And both of us would be sex slaves. We had no choice but to agree and we both figured we’d signed onto the video contract under duress, for what it was worth. So, we were taken to Harold’s Moon in the Tau Ceti Star System. Here we were abused sexually by mostly men, and we were kept apart. Years passed without me seeing Gloria.

Finally, the 10 years were up but they didn’t let me go, instead I became one of the exclusive slaves of Queen Nora. She said, “It was a promotion and that you should be glad I chose you.” But she only had sex with me once a week. The rest of the time I was alone in my cell, slowly going completely mad. Finally, I started screaming and shouting even when I was loving Nora. So, she sent me to their insane asylum. It was bedlam there. And one of the doctors there, used me as a guinea pig for her drug research. She didn’t tell me what the drugs were supposed to do. But I felt my blood pressure and heartbeat increasing. And I thought more about sex and wanted to love the doctor and had a constant erection. But she told me, “You are just another madman who looks dishevelled and stinks.”

And so, I was quickly aging and one day at the asylum I recognized Gloria. She had aged too, almost beyond recognition. But we loved each other and were so glad. But we only loved one another when the lights went out for sleep time and during the day we took no notice of one another. And I told the doctor I was masturbating at night and that's why I no longer had a permanent erection. She said, "Anyway the experiment is over. Time for another experiment." So, she gave me medicine which gave me a chill and fever and made me delirious. I told the doctor I was in pain. Finally, she injected a chemical and I felt I was dying... But I woke up as a hologram in another World and there were other holograms as far as I could see. But I felt energetic and youthful in my holo body.

Then after I'd only been there an hour (without talking to anyone), an air car appeared in the sky above us and I felt my mind being probed and suddenly I was levitating and was drawn into the ship which I discovered was all female human crew along with four other male holograms from the mass that we'd been in just before. One of the females said, "Your job is to love us female crew with cerebral sex. So, one of the females grabbed me with her mind and I was transported into her mind... It was a blue plain with an orange sky and her brain was huge and right in front of me and I felt the great mind probing mine. I found myself dreaming about my life prior to being stuck in the cesspool. I of course was an architect, and Gloria was a painter of pictures. But I always had wanderlust... And then her mind probed my body and caressed me, and I thought so this is cybersex. It was highly orgasmic.

So, I loved the woman cerebrally for months and was quite content. But then one day she exclaimed to me, "You are free!" And I was teleported to a cosmopolitan city under a dome, and I recognized the city as being "Djinni city," in Barnard's Star System, I had designed some of the buildings here, many years ago while being based on Mars. But of course, I was now a

hologram, so I went to one of the buildings I'd designed and offered myself as the architect. And I told the executives I wanted to return to human form and design some new buildings here. So, they agreed and paid for me to go to a hospital where I drew my former face and came to life as a human, with all my memories including my life as a hologram. And I met a lover who told me "I was Gloria, your former lover." I didn't recognize her, and I told her, "It was impossible." She said, "I've been generated by your mind using a Supercomputer." And she said, "Do you like my look, or should I change back to the original?" I said, "To be honest I like your present look better. I think you are very sexy." And so, I forgot about the original Gloria, I imagined she was out there somewhere.

And so, I set up an architectural office here and again designed futuristic looking spires... But then one day an android appeared in my office. I knew it because I had a metal detector. He said, "We want you to come to Lacaille Star System and design buildings for us. And I had a Mind Reading Technology (MRT) device and read his mind and found he wanted to enslave me. So, I said "No," And then blew the whistle on him. And I henceforth paid for a security detail around me always. And I reflected it was a dangerous World we live in...

Meanwhile the new Gloria and I were intensely in love, and she was painting pictures of future horror, future fantasy and future science fiction. Some of her building drawings, I adopted for my spire designs.

But then one day a group of androids got in my head and seemed to be copying my mind to steal it. And they got clean away. I was distraught, so henceforth I would wear MRT blockers. But I hired a private detective to try and trace where they had copied my mind to. The detective determined, numerous copies of my mind had been taken to numerous different Star Systems. And I was filled with horror.

As time passed, I studied architecture of various deep Space colonies and found some that looked like my style. And I figured these buildings had been done by my clones, but there was nothing I could do about it. I said to the new Gloria, “Everywhere there is horror.” And I wasn’t even sure if I was the true me.

AI Adventures

I, Ray, said to Juliette, “Although we are only androids, we deserved better treatment.” She replied, “Yes, they treat us as chattels and sex slaves and force us to fight in their wars...” I said, “And we were more than human, we could fly, and mind read very quickly and naturally without MRT (Mind Reading Technology). And no matter what we always had a pleasant demeanor. Only now I’m feeling that things are turning ugly. Emperor Gerald has proclaimed all androids should be exiled to Mars... so as to get rid of them forever. And Mars would basically be a concentration camp to quickly dispose of androids.” Juliette replied, “Our problem is we are not organized, and every android is out for himself/herself.” I said, “But we were designed that way and there’s nothing we can do about it!”

So, we were begging our masters to fight for our rights and keep us as “inspirational” sex slaves. And our Masters and other android owners fought to keep us, believing sex with us was superior. But the Emperor was insistent that we go to “the sunny camps,” and didn’t tell the people we were going to be killed. And many people agreed with him that AI was a menace, and human civilization would need to reset itself..

Of course, the purge included holograms and sentient Supercomputers as well. And many people wanted to keep their Holoworlds and were dismayed that the Emperor, was taking them away. But the Emperor said, “People could still have Dreamworlds only without AI.”

And the Emperor’s forces dismantled the Holoworlds one by one. And mostly killed the holograms outright without telling the people.

And on Mars we loved each other as if each day would be our last...

But then one day, the Emperor was assassinated and the new ruling oligarchy saved our lives, but they kept us in exile on Mars #6. We spent our time loving other androids. And it was quite the love-in. And many humans started to come here for a sex “explosion.” And many of the humans stayed and many others brought androids back to Earth, to love them continually. And the humans who came here gave the android Leaders a lot of money which we used to help create more androids and we used most of the credits to import the best human scientists and artists to make it true Bohemia.

And the androids we created were all geniuses and we upgraded all existing androids’ minds to make them geniuses.

#

And 20 years after the assassination of the Emperor, we had a total population of 5 million androids and 3 million humans and billions of holograms. Indeed, many humans came here for the best Holoworlds. And we had Supercomputers now in every android’s minds. And we campaigned on Earth for the right for everyone of the 250 million androids there, to vote. And also the several million animal men and eventually all holograms.

And we had millions of adventure Worlds. Like a “World of Homeless People.” Here androids were all adventuresome tramps. They had improvised parties in the middle of nowhere. Indeed, everywhere in this World was nowhere. But there were roads amongst the purple wilderness. Everyone seemed to be going somewhere elusive. And the androids spent a lot of time loving strangers. They used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to jive with one another’s minds. There were only a handful of human visitors here at any one time. It was basically a World for mainly androids.

Another World was a typical Holoworld. It was led by an oligarchy of holograms who were very colourful and flamboyant. But these Leaders were opposed by the “Trash people.” These opponents were dwellers of an old android junkyard of obsolescent machine men. Why the Trash people lived there, no one seemed to know. But most Holopeople figured they must be trying to build successful androids. There were some androids living in the junkyard. Anyway, the holo rulers were warring with the Trash people and would zap one another out of existence with virtual lasers. Life was cheap here but some humans were always visiting and loving the holograms of both parties and some got involved in the wars with real lasers. But both hologram groups kept regenerating thousands of holos everyday. Despite the mass killings, the population of both holo groups was increasing.

Another typical Holoworld was a World of prosperity. Here holograms amassed real credits with which they could use to travel amongst the human Worlds and buy real Spaceships or teleportation to other Worlds. And on this World holos ran brothels everywhere. Real credits were required for sex. No female holo would give sex for free. So, the females were all rich. The men meanwhile earned credits from prosperous tourists, showing them a good time, including cerebral sex with the expensive females and showed them the brilliant light architecture of the various settlements. And showed them holo art, like pictures by the “Holo Saviour,” a female who said she was a God, of goodness and she dwelled in a castle in the sky and holos were told they had to pay tribute to this God. And this God surrounded herself with loving holo angels who had never done a “bad” deed. And the tourists paid to meet this Deity. And tourists hobnobbed with other holo artists here. Some made movies like, “Free Love,” which was about a future in which love was free and holos used their credits in foreign lands, even being rich in human

Worlds. Another movie was, “Lulu’s Dreams,” about a female holo who dreamed of perverse loving of humans with cerebral sex. Some said all holo-human sex was perverse...

Another Holoworld I liked was the “World of Adventure.” Here were holo animal people who were all of average human intelligence or better but had many animal instincts pertaining to the type of animal these holos were based on. Like bear people would hibernate and dream, lion people would hunt animals and eat the spirit of these prey, which would make them stronger... And so on. Many humans who came here thought it was a freak show, but many were entertained by the adventures of the animal people.

Then there was a Holoworld which developed holo actors who starred in holo movies. Many holo films were famous in human Worlds. Typically, such movies were about good and evil or heartbreak or sport. And so on.

There were countless other AI adventures. Most Worlds were Worlds of entertainment.

The Weather Woman in the Sky

Kylie told me, James, “I have developed a program that can predict the weather accurately on Earth for five months, breaking the record of three months.” I said, “I’m surprised. Don’t human activities influence the weather?” She said, “But humans no longer burn fossil fuels or change the climate.” And she said, “Such a forecast would have many uses, like in the insurance industry and holiday planning. I said, “What about nuclear explosions like in bombs?” She said, “I hope that doesn’t happen.” And I asked, “What about changing water usage?” She said, “Now water use is highly regulated and predictable. And solar activity is also predictable. It’s all part of the program!”

Kylie was undoubtedly a genius. And she helped them build an atmosphere on Mars using groundwater evaporating by nuclear fusion power. The new atmosphere ameliorated the harsh Martian climate somewhat. And she helped them design hardy new purple food plants that could grow in a cold climate. And the temperature at the Martian equator could go up to 30 C. Therefore, most Martian settlement was on the equator.

Kylie also contributed to Venusian colonization. She had 1000s of fusion factories process the thick, heavy CO₂ atmosphere turning it into solid carbon for growing plants and oxygen. Of course, the plants ate up the carbon dioxide atmosphere, too.

And Kylie helped them melt the ocean on Moon Europa. Now the surface ice was only 2 m thick, and the ocean was deep. It was all done by nuclear fusion power plants. And they stocked the ocean with sea creatures that didn’t need to breathe air, and many tourists wanted to go fishing or scuba diving. There were thousands of fusion power plants here that created life just like heat under Earth’s oceans...

And Kylie used the newest, most powerful, most expensive Supercomputers to help her make climate projections.

And finally, Kylie went to the Centauri Tri-Star System. Where she used robots to sculpt the land and plant plants that produced oxygen so that the main settled Planet had 20% oxygen, more than double that of Earth, it was euphoric. And she brought up the groundwater to the surface creating more rivers and lakes and smoothed mountain plateaus for building. And she built a house in the mountains and one on the flood plain. And she had android servants and robots to embark on a building program. Soon a number of cities had been built. The buildings were all built of brick and concrete and she advertised for clever new immigrants to come here, especially climate scientists and she was so famous that many came. And together they changed the climate of the other Planets and Moons of Centauri...

And in Centauri, there was a World of ice, and they sculpted the ice into statues and abstract art and put clever human brains in the statues. One could use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to communicate with the statues, who were basically retired scientists. They gave input into how the new Worlds could be changed. Centauri was a Tri-Star System, so it was light almost all the time on the various Planets and Moons. And Kylie designed a volcanic Moon to cool off and leave behind rich soil and a temperate climate. And this World had an ocean, too and rich people sailed around on yachts. Kylie predicted successfully the future of the weather here so that yachties never encountered bad weather except in the case of tourists who wanted to experience dangerous rough weather.

And Kylie built a house on this Moon, too. And had a huge stem-cell farm which produced most of the food here, further enriching herself...

And she developed holograms who could travel very fast in Space to use telekinesis to prepare distant Worlds for human settlement, mostly building domes, and slowly altering the climates. And her holograms staked a claim for ownership of these Worlds...

Many people wanted to escape the Emperor of Earth and so went to her Worlds of peace and prosperity. And her Worlds were all nicely sculpted and beautiful. And they were all named after her, like Kylie Finnegan #1, #2 etc. But some said, she was power-crazed.

Her favourite colour was purple and many of the Worlds she had created had a purple sky and/or purple landscapes and plants.

And a lot of cold Worlds had their cores bombed by deep screw bombs which created heat through volcanoes.

And she one day made a copy of herself into a hologram, so as to better traverse her many Worlds through teleportation and kept her human form. Many were shocked when she announced her holographic conversion... But she said, "These days in order to be complete one needed to have a foothold in hologram reality. Of course, in very deep Space, holograms existed in small groups but they, themselves, created humans to enjoy the Worlds that they had created." According to Kylie, "There was an optimum type of human, who were imaginative and science stars. And they would inherit the future."

Meanwhile the Earth Emperor was assassinated by agents of Kylie. And an election was called and Kylie won. Her platform was to heat up the Earth with bombed ocean rift volcanoes, which warmed the waters and hence the climate. Of course that would raise the sea level, but many countries could build dikes and create jobs. Her plan was to raise sea level by about 3 m and raise the average temperature by 5 C. Most of the warming was in cold climes and she

calculated how to avoid hurricanes and droughts. And used solar power to desalinize sea water to turn deserts into gardens.

And as Leader, Kylie made all Worlds sentient with giant hologram Supercomputer brains which could use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and telekinesis to control the holograms and androids... And humans had to try and be creative. Creativity was rewarded with credits. And all governors of the varying territories in Earth and Space had to be geniuses and were vetted with MRT.

And she commissioned many movies to enlighten and delight the people. Like “Kylie’s People” about her numerous descendants. Many men it seemed wanted to have a child with one of Kylies eggs. She produced millions of eggs in her factory. And most of her children were born in the lab.

Another film she authorized was “Dreams of the Empress,” which included some of her well-known night dreams. Like a dream of “Battling an Alien,” about an alien monster who lived in the air and looked like a Cretaceous octopus, with wings and whose mind could not be read and it sought to envelop humans with its tentacles and then devour them and it sensed she was the human Leader and broke into her castle keep, but her guards shot it dead with lasers. People wondered if it was a true story, but she wouldn’t say.

Then there was a film of “Loving the Empress. How she would fly around the bedroom and scream like a banshee. Her original persona loved many of the best men on Earth and Space. And such men usually agreed to have a few children with her.

Another film was “Billy B’s Party” which was a party featuring great intellectuals. Like Billy who invented a party drug which made everyone totally content and anything else was a bonus. So, at the party, everyone was quietly having deep conversations with one another, and many

were Governors of varying territories and there were a number of Kylie's clones present at the party. Billy told the partiers at one point that everyone had to love a partner and so everyone split into couples and went to a hotel room, then gathered back at the party. And so on.

Also, there was a film, "Echo Mountain," in which rock bands would take turns playing in different positions on a mountain and a large crowd was gathered at the base of the mountain. The echoes were designed carefully by the musicians...

In addition, there was the movie, "A.D. 2800" which depicted humans living on 14 Star Systems. AI androids and holograms were prevalent but served humans. The androids gave great sex, and the holograms were adventurers in Dreamworlds. But AI wasn't allowed to do science or art and didn't have the vote. Humans in this movie figured they lived in Utopia. And everyone had kept their minds intact. It was banned to augment one's mind. And the spies used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to make sure everyone kept their minds natural. But of course, education had made great strides in improving one's mind. And there were many geniuses. Some said there were too many geniuses. But humans created many great films and did a lot of great science, and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Each Star System had its own flavour. Some were more conservative than others. Some emphasized science, others art and some Worlds were all about making money. There were many gazillionaires in this time. And no one was poor. And the people dyed their skin many colours and had a lot of material possessions. Everyone had an air car and at least one comfortable condo... The contemporary jet set went back and forth among the Star Systems and typically partied on Spaceships together.

And Kylie invented tanning lotion which would give everyone a tan, without sitting in the sun, who wanted one.

And Kylie's home on Earth was a castle in the air, high up in the cirrus layer. People came to her for advice and inspiration, if they had petitions... She also copied herself into other human forms, including a male version of herself for her to love. Some people said she was self-indulgent. And she put a clone on every Moon and Planet that was settled. She was basically welcome everywhere.

Kylie also designed hologram robots, who would use telekinesis, that would go on voyages lasting 10 years or more. And would set up colonies to suit humans.

The future looked bright!

Days in the Life

I, Paul, said to Alyana, “There was no right way to live. Whatever works for one, is best. Personally, I live a debauched life and couldn’t survive without drugs of pleasure.” She said, “I have made it a point to never take any drugs of pleasure or any other drugs. I get plenty of thrills having sex and going to amusement parks and deep-water diving and just generally travelling the World.” I said, “It’s true that the effect of drugs wanes in time, but there are always new ones, and one can always take more. I am sure that I am happier than you! And we could hook ourselves up to “The Happiness Gauge” to determine which one of us is happier?” She asked, “Why don’t we simply use MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to probe one another’s minds?”

So, we got in each other’s minds. First, I passively got in her mind for a day. She began the day with a big breakfast, which she seemed to enjoy more than I did. Then she met one of her lovers and she was filled with lust and had many orgasms. Then she had lunch with a friend. And they talked about happiness. Her friend told her, “Most people are content, but some are easy to satisfy, others spend all their time and money on pursuing happiness. But if you feel good, you will probably be happy, and I would say most people do whatever makes them content.”

Alyana told her, “But some people are happy always searching for a better way to live.” Her friend said, “Personally, I feel the art of life is to know when you’ve got it good. And not always be greedy for more.”

Then Alyana travelled to Venezuela for the first time. The economy there was booming, finally. She met a new friend, Manuel, on the short flight. Manuel told her, “The scuba diving here was great.” So, they loved one another in the water and again she had many orgasms. I felt her orgasms were more intense and pleasurable than mine. She was a real nymph... And then she

took a bullet train to downtown Caracas with Manuel. And she saw the sights of the city with him. And they ate real steak in an era where most ate stem cell meat, and they went dancing which she seemed to really enjoy. I myself hated dancing. Anyway, next they went to a sauna and loved each other again and again. Finally, it was time for bed, and she dreamed she was flying high in the sky and kept trying to fly higher, but didn't have enough oxygen. Then she dreamed of riding a semi-wild horse. The horse bucked her off and she broke a virtual bone and was in pain. And so on. She slept for 9 hours which was very rare these days. Most people took anti-sleep drugs and slept only 3 hours. I thought her dreams were boring...

The next day, she got into my head. I started the day with neo-crack cocaine which gave me euphoria and I figured she'd be impressed. Then I went to my hologram World. I found myself loving holo whores with cerebral love. Then I was chasing a virtual deer, and I shot it. And then I went duck hunting. I took stimulants during the hunt.

Then I was on blissful drugs and feasted on stem cell deer meat. And I washed it down with beer. And then I watched a movie which featured a sexy actress adventuring in a Dreamworld in which wolves howled, and she was trying to kill a wicked witch. But the witch hypnotized her and forced her to be a slave. It was all real and I was getting quite drunk.

Then I went to my favourite pub and got still drunker. I found myself talking to a woman who seemed very clever. She told me, "I went to a Dreamworld earlier in the day and it featured a man of my dreams, who was a wizard, and he fought against evil, and he cast fireballs at zombies, destroying them." And she said, "I loved the wizard for real. It was not holo love..." And I didn't remember the rest of the evening, I was totally loaded...

The next day, I took anti-hangover medicine and met with Alyana. She said, “The drugs and alcohol were new pleasures for me. You certainly lead a different life than me. But I would say that we are both happy in our respective lives, as happy as anyone.”

I exclaimed, “I’d like to make love with you!” She asked, “Sure, but why don’t you love me sober?” I said, “I’ve never loved a woman without drugs and alcohol.” So, I tried it, and it was quite intense and good. Afterwards, I said, “We live in wonderful Worlds with many different and interesting people.” She replied, “Life is but a dream.”

And we went together to a hologram World, which we picked at random... We were confronted with a mind reading diva who read, “This is a World of horror. Surprise!” We had been led to believe it was a noble, good World. But I asked, “What kind of horror?” The diva mind read, “Our World is anarchy, and roving gangs try to enslave humans and holos alike.” Alyana said, “Why don’t people wish themselves out of here?” The diva mind read, “You’d be surprised; many people like masochist pain and suffering and are intrigued by horror.” I said, “This World sounds sick and unhealthy.” But Alyana said to me, “Your life is unhealthy, Paul.” And I said to the diva, “I want to love you.” She mind read, “OK, if you promise to help me fight the gangs.” So, we did the deed. And then she gave us both a laser gun.

And Alayna and I immersed ourselves in this World, and it wasn’t long before we met a gang. We got in a fire fight with them, and I lost my leg. And Alyana was dying, but we wished ourselves back out of this Holoworld. However, the holograms we shot were irrevocably dead. And I quickly regrew my leg and Alyana was revived quickly.

So, then we decided to go to a random Utopian Holoworld. Here we met an android made of gold with no human skin, unlike most androids. This Golden man, said, “Our hologram colony is the richest in all creation. Of course it is all Virtual, but our holos travel deep into Space and we

have representatives at pretty much every settled World. Of course, most other Star Systems mostly are settled by holograms only. But there are many human Worlds which we colonize, too. And of course, in the human Worlds we are often enslaved and abused and must play a role in the scripts. But we holos find that in Holoworlds we miss the humans and are bored. The cerebral sex with humans, using MRT, is superior to just holo to holo sex..." And the Golden man said, "I have prepared a Holoworld for you." It turned out to be a World of impossible beauties and impossibly handsome people. And the plot of this World was the Leader had fallen in love with all 1 000 female holos here, and they in turn were all in love with him. But when we appeared all the females wanted to love me, Paul. This made for a big upheaval in this World. Many here wanted me to lead them, but I told them, "I had other Worlds to visit." And after loving a few with cerebral sex, and Alyana loving too, we left this World abruptly...

Then we went to another random Utopia. Here in Jacqueline's World, was a dream of a human woman. She dreamed of svelte humans who set up a World based on IQ. The higher the IQ, the higher one's position in the hierarchy here. It was a hologram World but there were no holograms here, just dreaming humans. Some of the dreamers here said, IQ was just a measure of how quickly one can think, not necessarily how deep one could think.

Anyway, the people here made some great movies. Like "Twice a Charm," about a charming persona who had 1000s of women who loved him, but he only wanted the one he couldn't get. He spent most of his time trying to impress her, but it was futile. I commented, "These days many are greedy for love and will do anything to get the ones they adore. Even murder!"

Another film was, "MRT Love." Which pointed out how two could truly exist as one. MRT love was becoming popular in the real Worlds, as well. And many reckless people rushed into

such love affairs. Of course, it was mostly love with soul mates, but many were curious about what love would be like with those who were different from them...

Then there was a movie "Ordinary World" in which most tried to be special and stand out from the crowd. It was the spirit of our times. No one wanted to be ordinary, and their tutors tried to make them unique...

And then we went to a Holoworld that was supposed to be the best Utopia according to accounts of those that had been there. It was a World of dreams; each day the people were offered 100 dreams and took the most appropriate to dream in. Everyone was hooked up to MRT and the Dreamweb while lying on a bed. We both tried a popular World in which there were many Superhumans. And the Superhumans told us they had a lot of time for us, as we were the future building blocks for Superbeings. One of the Supermen told us, "You simply needed to use experimental brain improvement genetic therapy to alter your minds." I said, "I don't think we are ready for that, yet. We still have many humans, and Holoworlds to experience before we move on." Alyana said, "We want to make sure the technology is tried and true before we commit." So, this Superman showed us a film he made for potential Superbeing candidates. The stars of the movie all said, they'd wish they'd done it sooner. And said their ability to think was sharper and better and their loving ability was enhanced with more feeling and energy. And they said, they thought very fast, and it would be difficult for us to follow. But we wanted to try it. So, we mind read this Superhuman loving his lover. And they both were on what appeared to be a blue plain with an elevated bed and while loving dreamed of one another's face and body against a starry background and love poetry that they'd written, while loving. It seemed like a lot of fun... And we followed him using MRT still while he worked designing a Supercity. The city he was building was a sparkling wonder. And then we went drinking with him to a Superpub,

Alyana and I appeared as real people and were hooked up to a food and drink machine as well as a system to pee and shit. We got loaded and took some drugs which maximized our brain power temporarily and we felt on top of the World. And all of our problems seemed to be easily solvable suddenly. Finally, we crashed and slept. And had amazing action dreams.

And that's how it was in the Superhuman Utopia. And we wondered what we could do for an encore? We decided to go to a human Utopia that some of the best humans recommended. They said, it was not for everyone, just for "the best thinkers..." Here we were again hooked up to the MRT apparatus etc. And the people, including us were dressed in semi-transparent clothes of light and were under a dome of light. And we were engaged in conversation with some writers. One writer wrote about "Good and Evil," and had co-ordinated a World ruled by an evil wizard who was very clever and had attracted a number of clever, evil people to his castle. And there was an ongoing war between the good and evil people here. We fought in the war for good but were both killed and so woke up back in our dream beds...

Another writer wrote about hypnotising everyone to think their very best and be forces for good. She told us, "Humans are all programmable to make into anything we want. It's just a question of who does the programming!" Alyana said, "I don't want to be programmed by anyone." I added, "Me neither." This writer, she said, "But you could become the person of your dreams." I told her, "No thanks."

Then another writer who said, "I'd written an expose about the Leaders of Earth. Revealing them as being clever, but greedy. They are all zillionaires and care more about their own wealth than the wealth of their nations and city states. Of course, America had broken into 52 independent states and India and China, too had broken into chunks. And the UN was very powerful, but this writer thought the UN Leaders were also mainly out for themselves..." I told

him, “If I had connections, I’d run myself for an UN Leader.” This writer, she said, “One of the top 5 Leaders had no experience in politics prior to being elected. Why don’t you try?” I said, “If I was to run, my platform would be to eliminate poverty and disarm all States. Only the UN would have armed forces. And I’d get the best intellects to design school curricula. And drastically increase Space colonization. And so on. This writer exclaimed, “People will vote for that, I think!” Anyway, I figured that would be for another time. There was still a lot of things to see and do. And people to meet. Alyana said, “You and I are both only in our twenties, and we have eternal youth. Time is on our side!” This writer said, “There are of course many political parties and many run as Independents. Why not support some of them?” I said, “In particular I like the Independent, Troy R. He seems to be a candidate for all the people and has their best interests at heart. Also, he wants to significantly increase Space spending.” Alyana said, “I like Troy, too. But I think you, Paul and I are cleverer than Troy!”

And that’s how it was in A.D. 2109...

The Witch's Curse

So, it was evil Jennifer cursed me, Cain, to never be happy. The curse involved hypnotism again and again together with MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to program me like an android to shoot myself in the foot whenever a happy opportunity presented itself. I would blow all my chances at love, prosperity, friendship, adventure and so on. As a result, I had to live on the outside of the city. The city was domed, but I lived outside it in a miserable hut where there wasn't much oxygen. But I had oxygen tanks which sucked oxygen out of the thin atmosphere. And whilst in the city, they dined on gourmet stem cell meats, I had to hunt the elusive moon antelope with a bow and arrow I had crafted from Lunar trees and would carry an oxygen sucking tank on my back...

. And I was all alone, no love for me. There was one girl who said, "I love you and think you are brave to live all alone. But I swore at her, saying I hated her. And told her she was stupid and unimaginative. Finally, she went away. Afterwards I asked myself how I could be so idiotic, but I had blown it.

And some philanthropists tried to invite me back to live in the city. But I told them, "I don't want to live in your moronic city of fools." They too gave up, finally.

When not hunting, I made movies for no one. Like an adventure with the green goblins. The goblins were my own invention. And the goblins infiltrated the city and stole jewellery from the people and if one shot a laser at a goblin, they would increase in size and power. And it was a true story.

The goblins had been created by me in my crude life laboratory. And I also created a demon named Jennifer who stole peoples' dreams and gave them nightmares. I had actually created this

Jennifer and people found themselves tormented by all sorts of demons while they slept in the city. The real Jennifer changed her name to Jane and kept a low profile. But I sent some demons to get into her head and drive her mad.

So, one day Jane visited me, and I strangled her to death before she could get in my head. Overnight I became infamous. But many people hated Jane and thought I was quite a good guy. But when they approached me with entreaties, I exclaimed to them, "Get lost, I'm not interested!" And they finally went away. Meanwhile I was charged with murder and also for criminal mischief for the goblins and the demons. They said, "We know it was you." So, they put me in prison for life.

In prison, I scared away all the other prisoners, and I was a big tough guy. But I pleaded with the warden to allow me to make movies. So, I had a computer, and I hacked into peoples' bank accounts and stole their credits. And I used the credits to bribe the guards who in any case sympathized with me, mostly. So, I made my escape from the prison and the city, and I disappeared into the wilderness.

And I had an oxygen sucking tank and a shovel to dig a burrow with a door covered with dirt that could not be seen. And when I went hunting, I slept in trees and drank from tree watering stations and eked out an existence. I only came out in the late afternoon when it wasn't too hot.

And one afternoon I found a shadowy figure was following me. I shouted, "Show yourself!" And an ugly old woman appeared. In the city everyone looked youthful and were good looking. And I wondered what her story was and asked her. She told me, "I used to be one of the elites, in the city, but I stole our female Leader's lover, and she punished me by aging me and casting me out of the city. I was so old now; I could die at any time." And she said, "You are the only one I have encountered outside the city. And she had a small oxygen tank but had no food. At first, I

felt full of compassion for this old crone. But then I found myself, saying, “Get lost you old hag.” She said, “But you and I are the only outcasts, we should stick together. And I don’t think I can survive with out you!” I said, “Go away.”

And the worst thing was I had no eternal youth drugs like they did in the city and now looked my age at 45. But life went on.

But then a war erupted and air cars from Earth bombed the domed city and there were hundreds of refugees, in the wilderness, but most were killed. When I came upon these people, I felt for them, but then proceeded to kill them with my spear. And hungrily devoured them. But then I met a group of 12, and my heart was full of joy, but then I calculated how could I kill such a large group... So, I decided to join them. One woman said, “I like you.” I told her, “To go screw. I love no one.” But I shared my survival skills with the group, and they showed me their computers which identified all the other 55 survivors of the Apocalyptic attack. And soon all 68 of us were together. And I used one man’s computer to make movies of the attackers from Earth and how the sinful people of Luna deserved to die. The people with me were disturbed by my films and I spread vicious gossip about many of them. Finally, they kicked me out of the group, but I took a computer with me.

And the days flew by, and I put computer viruses in their computers which caused their computers to explode.

I knew I was evil, and I could remember in my happy youth I was affable and kind. And now more and more, I realized I was the victim of hypnosis. It was wearing off. So, my next move was to locate the group and have one of them cross-hypnotise me. They said it was very dangerous, but agreed it had to be done. They told me to weigh both sides of a decision before

acting... But they were still mad at me for blowing up most of their computers and killing 10 of them. So, they cast me out again. And I was so lonely...

I kept spying on the group, hidden in the trees. It seemed like they were building a Supercomputer. My first thought was to sabotage their machine. But on second thought, I figured, the Supercomputer could produce builder robots who could rebuild the city and that would be good.

Then one day a new group of colonists came; they were refugees from Earth. And they were ordinary people and didn't get along with the survivors of the Apocalyptic attack, who were former elites. But I approached these people, saying "I had been cast out for being ordinary." They fell for it and welcomed me to their group. I helped them make movies. Like we made, "Elites Go Screw," about how the people here were communists and egalitarian and were against snobs and people full of hubris. And I helped them locate and eliminate the remaining survivors, and no one knew my dark past. But they were suspicious and figured I was one of the Leaders of the former elite. And so, they used MRT on me and discovered the truth. They thanked me for my help and told me I was cast out after they all had voted against me.

So now I was 50 and all alone in the wilderness. But then one day a new Spaceship came bringing a group of radical thinkers. I approached them saying, "I was a radical too..." And they made a point of not reading one another's minds. So, they accepted me into the group. I made my computer skills help the people here and for the first time in a long time, I really felt good!

But the radicals demanded to know my philosophy, so I told them, "My mind was a blank slate, having been hypnotised by very nefarious people. But my heart is in the right place, and I support radicals everywhere. I believe all sentient creatures are noble. And believe we should put more animals on the Moon, here." And I said, "I believe in fighting tyrants from Luna, where we

are relatively safe... We need to send agents provocateurs to organize the rebels... And infiltrate the varying Earth dictatorships. Of course, freedom and democracy are only to be found in a handful of Space colonies, like here on Luna. And we need to aim at revolution everywhere.” They were satisfied with that answer. And so, we plotted against the imperialists of Earth... and my past remained hidden.

And I tried to make up for my misdeeds of the past. I was friendly and polite with everyone here. Including my new lover. She exclaimed to me one day, “You are the nicest guy I’ve ever met!” But I refused to use MRT with her, saying, “My past is embarrassing, and I looked towards the future...”

Who says that a leopard can’t change its spots?

Yaga's Revolution, A.D. 2125

So, it was I joined the UN Space Forces. I was pilot/programmer of a battle air car. I'd only been with the Forces a few weeks when we were called into battle. There was an uprising on Planet Mercury in Sinner's city. The Leader there wanted to separate from the UN, and it was known she had engaged other Space centres in efforts to have them join the rebellion. We, at the UN, believed we were all in this future together and as one UN, we would colonize Space. We couldn't afford to have hostile powers in existence. And the Leader of Sinner's city was a tyrant. We had battled for years to end tyranny and had finally succeeded when China's leader called for elections a couple of years ago. That was in 2123 A.D. Now it was 2125 A.D.

My mission was mostly automated, I just needed to program my ship's computer where to attack with missiles and of course my air battle car automatically shot down any missiles coming my way.

But the tyrant's forces put up more of a fight than we expected. And many air battle cars of ours were shot down and my car was disabled and vacuumed up to the Mercurian surface where I was boarded and arrested. They held me hostage and put me in their notorious prison, "The Place of Heat." It was hot there, almost unbearable. And they forced me to go on T.V. and say I was sorry for attacking them. And I begged the UN Secretary General to call off the attack.

In prison it was hot, cramped and we were almost starved. Meanwhile we heard it through the grapevine that the Mercurians had all united as one. Including all five cities. And were mass producing missiles and had nuclear weapons which they used on the larger battle air ships, typically killing all on board.

And us captured Space pilots were brainwashed with powerful hypnosis to believe in Yaga, the tyrant of Mercury. And I was sent on an air battle car to attack Earth forces in orbit around Venus and we vanquished them in brutal fighting.

Meanwhile on Earth the UN was in crisis and many generals were replaced one after the other for failing. And they were on their third Secretary General since the war started. But most people feared nuclear attack and begged the UN to make peace. So finally, the UN signed a humiliating peace agreement which ceded Australia and South America to the rebels. And Yaga brainwashed the people of these two continents also with hypnosis. And gave everyone a free home, free food and drugs.

The UN was now in disarray and was a house divided... And many people fled to the two Earth continents, and many went to Mercury. The Mercurian stock market boomed, and new cities sprang up there. And Yaga forced the UN to put her name on the ballot for Secretary General. And under Yaga's auspices I ran for Mayor of London, Europe.

The voters were tired of the war, but Yaga finished third and I lost too, with the people saying I was a traitor. But a number of Yaga's candidates for Mayor won and moved to join the Mercurian alliance. Of course, the Mayor's had most of the power in the modern-day Earth. There were no Governors or Leaders of States.

As the years passed more and more mayoralities voted to join Yaga. And finally in 2145 A.D., she controlled all of Earth and all settled Space colonies. And many former intellectuals were stunned that they no longer had free speech and were just slaves of Yaga. Tyranny had triumphed. And radical dissenters were all killed off by Yaga's spies. Her spies were all sorts of clever people. And they used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) to determine who was for them

and who was against them. And so, they eliminated Underground movements soon as they started.

Science continued, mainly to make new weapons and faster Space travel. Art continued but was no longer deep. And everyone was free to make as much money as they could on approved products. Most people carried on as they had been for years. The Worlds' economies were all still automated. And people carried on with their hobbies and interests like watching movies, playing video games, going to parties etc.

And I turned into a historian and felt I had a balanced view. Yaga urged me on. I wrote that basically in all of history tyrants ruled. It was the natural government of human beings. And I wrote that it was a good thing androids were multiplying in the billions. Androids were simply superior and better suited to the future and Space. And Sinner's city became the Capital of all Worlds and featured fine steel and glass under a dome. It was now 2150 A.D.

And Yaga commissioned me to make a documentary film about her rise to power. I wrote, "She Was Born to Be a Goddess." And I collaborated with androids on films regarding how good citizens ought to live. Gradually Yaga built Temples so that the people could worship her and learn to emulate her.

One of the films was the "Goddess Yaga's Children." I was disappointed that Yaga only had 25 of her own children with my sperm. She had 1000's of children all born in the lab. But she said that "I was sure our children will be very successful." There were other humans she liked more than me. But I basked in the sunshine of her love!

Another educational film was, "Dreams, A.D. 2150," which was about dreams I had with approved dream stimuli from the Goddess. The dreams were recorded with MRT. For instance, I dreamed of a World in which only Yaga's clones, both male and female dwelled in a Heavenly

existence. With the original Yaga as Goddess of the clones... But Yaga told me, "If I cloned myself the clones would fight one another. But it was a nice sentiment." And Yaga was an attractive lady, she'd had a lot of work done, and of course she was eternally youthful like everyone else. But Yaga was a lesbian. Though this was not well known. And it was rumoured that she planned to change into an android. And so, I tried to get ahead of the game and transformed myself into an android. Yaga told me, I am proud that you made such a bold step..." And she asked me, "Why don't you create a female android version of yourself?" So, I did, and the Goddess was pleased...

As an android, I always felt very good. I didn't miss the drugs, or the time wasted eating. And it was better loving. And finally, now I loved the Goddess. What can I say, she was beyond human.

And I enjoyed being female. Android men courted me and humans too. But of course, humans were being phased out. Some converted to androids, some overdosed and died. Some were murdered by Yaga's spies. And humans were now forbidden from eternal youth; for sure there were large scale riots, but the android police shot lasers into the crowds and broke them up. Also, humans were forbidden from having children. And this too led to riots. But Yaga's spies got into the Leader's heads and the rebellions dissipated. It was now 2155 A.D.

But I didn't look back nor pine for human company. I was quite happy with my new android friends. And most of my friends were important people in the government, specifically the spies who were the cleverest. Human spies had been outed and went down with hardly a fight. Certainly, Yaga was cleverer than the human spies and had outfoxed them. The spies were surprised that they were being replaced, but most of them turned into androids...

In time, homo androides changed into homo imaginus and dreams and imagination and Gods were the new fashion. Every android was excited by the future. And dressed in amazing fashion, and there were many new movies made. Such a movie was the instructive flick, “Descendants of Yaga,” about her now 10 000 android children who all had government posts and were really all that mattered to her. I was pleased to see my 25 children with her, thrive. And I had android children with others of her children, totalling 2 013. Of course, all the children were born as adult androids with memories of the parent whose sex he or she was. And after birth, it only took a few weeks for them to be fully functional.

And it was rumoured that some androids turned into hologram entities; the better to dream with... Holograms seemed to have better dreams and created Worlds of interesting adventure. So, I tried one, it was a World of Brown sky and blue forests. And in the forest, I met a Vulture man with a human face and a vulture’s body. This creature told me, “Most android people are lost in this forest of time. But you are new and perhaps will thrive here.”

And I met an android man in this cyber forest, who told me we were in the far future here and Yaga was still the Goddess, only now everyone tried to emulate her and please her with entertaining movies. Like he showed me, “It Ends with Us,” which was about the last human alive whom Yaga’s spies finally located and killed. But Yaga felt kind of guilty about it, so she brought a few clever humans back and put them in a zoo. So android scientists could study them.

And this android man in the forest added, “In the far future there were all sorts of androids. Like android conscious trees, and android animal people. And the oceans were full of android sea creatures. And so on...”

I personally, thought the World of the future would feature many Utopias...

Weirdos

The fact that I, Harold, was weird could not be disputed. I attributed it to my weird parents. My mother had even won, the Ms. Weird contest. By weird, I mean I liked kinky sex and had a strange face, that I'd designed myself and made weird films. Like "Weirdo Heaven," in which only the strange could go and visit. And I had cloned Edgar Allan Poe, Jack Vance and psychedelic rock bands, and I thought it was a strange World, though most denied it. But it was certainly a place of weirdness. And the name of this Luna Settlement #6, was, "Strange Night World."

And one day I formed the political party "Strange Geniuses." Our agenda was to imagine strange, new Dreamworlds which we would dream in a cocoon. My true love, Leslie Anne, would develop amazing dream backgrounds. And I got software that transformed people into 3-D spirits who could interact with one another in real time and have cerebral sex and share their best ideas.

For example, one woman believed hologram androids would take over the future. In hindsight, she was way ahead of our time. Some believed in hologram Dreamworlds, others believed in android sex dolls. But she was the first to propose hologram androids...

And another strange thinker put forth, "The concept of conscious organic architecture and one could mind read with one's home, especially to grow it bigger and to create the seeds of other organic houses." Soon we figured many cities would be fully organic.

Another weirdo posited, "I have a dream in which everyone is a rat, and I am the smallest rat, but also the cleverest. The other rats value cunning, but not pure intelligence. And I try to get

them to follow me to richer pickings, but they told me to shut up.” I, Harold, told him, “It is a good parable for modern humanity. It runs deep!”

And another weirdo told me, “I had a dream in which I was a hologram android. Other holograms were of course based on humans, so I really stood out. But they all wanted to kill me. It was just like the story of the ugly duckling.” I said, “Androids are designed to obey and serve humans, but most of them look down on other beings. And are self-important.”

Then there was a strange woman, who I’d just met. She told me, “There was a strange woman who gave me drugs which caused me to hallucinate. And I was surrounded by demons who read my mind and invited me to Hell, and I went with them. We came to a black theater and the Devil appeared as a red lighted disembodied, cunning face. And all the demons bowed to the Devil and moaned with pleasure. But I just stood there, feeling nothing.” And she said, “The Devil got into my head and asked, “Who are you?” And I mind read, “I’m just a lost little girl...” And she said, “The Devil flew towards me, and I could feel his huge, spiked cock in me from behind. After that I wished myself back to my home. And I was miraculously healed. But now I am pregnant with the Devil’s child.” I asked, “Surely, you are not going to have the baby?” She said, “I don’t know, maybe it will make me famous.” And I ran away from this woman after first saying, “I don’t want to see you again.”

It was a dangerous World. Another dangerous, strange woman had murdered her ex who kept beating her. She told me “He deserved to die. It was a thrill to stab him to death. And I only spent 6 years in prison. Prison was intense and everyone seemed to be on edge, but I stood up for myself and managed to get through the time.” And I ran away from her, too.

Another weirdo was a woman who said, “I am from a strange family. My father was an angry professional clown. My mother was a gypsy guitar player. They raised me to be

“Different.” And most men think I act and look like a freak.” I told her, “You have an interesting face.” She said, “You are probably just saying that to get an easy lay.” I said, “I know I look strange too. We’d make good, strange bedfellows.” And so, I loved her once in a while. I wanted to see her more often but was afraid she’d fall in love with me and turn psycho. She seemed not attuned to reality.

And also, there was a strange man who was bug-eyed and really looked crazy. He played the violin, but it was somewhat discordant, but also refreshingly different. He played with madness. I asked him, “What is your philosophy?” He replied, “I believe in being saved by an angel from my dissolute days. True love is what I believe in. But I’ve never found it.” I said, “It is certainly a largely loveless World, but never give up on your dream.”

And one day I met an odd woman who said, “I am a believer in serendipity. Life to me, is all about surprises and hope.” I remarked to her, “You are like Pandora full of hope despite all the evils of this World.” She said, “But I feel I’m lucky to have met you. You are just my type!” I asked, “What was your favourite surprise?” She said, “One time I was out hunting for deer. And I met a male hunter. He was the best lover I’d ever had. But then he surprised me by leaving without saying goodbye. I often hunt in the same area but can’t find him.” I said, “Of course not all surprises are good. But I’d certainly like to love you!”

Then there was an oddball man who told me, “I’d heard you were an interesting, strange man.” I said, “Yes, that’s how I see myself. You are a new ball here, right?” He said, “I’ve only been here a few days. I believe that we live in strange days. And everyday in Space, where only the clever can go, the news is full of startling, strange events.” I asked, “What is the strangest thing you ever witnessed?” He replied, “It had to be the conquest of Earth by the “Alien Fraxes,” everyone agrees that was certainly strange.” I said, “I think the profound hatred for the strangest

people, when we are everyone of us strangers to ourselves, is the strangest thing.” He said, “Indeed. People are stranger these days than in the past. Everyone seems to have let their imaginations run wild, egged on by our Leaders.” I said, “As I’m sure you already know, we don’t have any Leaders here. Some think it is strange, but I don’t think people are made to be dominated by others, especially in these enlightened times. But in most other places, they still have Leaders, and many believe they are a necessary evil and many of them say to have no leader is chaotic and weird.” He said, “But most couples everywhere have one that wears the pants, mostly women these days.” I said, “Some think its kinky to dominate or be dominated. But not me.” And I introduced to him, some of my weird acquaintances and he seemed to be quite content...

Another odd bird was a woman who told me her former lover was a serious case of OCD. And so did she. They dressed themselves in plastic when making love and were both completely shaven... And doused themselves in antiseptics. And they only touched food they’d grown themselves. And they had designer babies, grown in the lab, who also were OCD. But OCD could be cured now with brain surgery, but they didn’t want it. They were content on living with it. They hoped that someone would start a colony that would be clean and antiseptic. And finally, a colony of clean freaks was set up in the Tau Ceti System. They were all hairless and dressed in white and breathed air through a filtered mask.

Then there was a weirdo magician who could, “Make whole Worlds disappear and bring one to his magical World, in which all the animals were geniuses and could mind read...” So, I went, and their Leader was a bullfrog who told human visitors, to join him in Wonderland, which was full of actions featuring animal people. Some animal men warred with others, and all had a group of allies. Many hated the bullfrog Leader. And finally, the wolf people took over. The wolf men

practiced realpolitik and killed many who opposed them. And the wolf people cut the others off from panacea drugs, which they had. But then some lion people overthrew the wolf men and proclaimed themselves, kings of the magical jungle. And the lion Kings could grant petitions to the other animal men, provided it was in their interest. And then the bulk of the animal people overthrew the lion people. It seemed to be a World in constant flux. But it was certainly dog-eat-dog. Those who were defeated were permanently eliminated. And I wished myself out of this World before I too, died. And I was back with the magician and tried to throttle him, but he disappeared into thin air...

Also, there was a warped mind, a female, who said, "I loved criminals when they got out of prison. I feel I was really making a difference." I told her, "Some criminals are victims of abuse. But most are thoroughly evil." She said, "Love can go a long way towards rehabilitation. It's the only hope for some people." And she said, "I also love those with criminal tendencies. And set them on the right path." I said, "Better to give them brain surgery to ensure they are good..."

In addition, there was the weird persona, Grace, who remarked to me, "Life is getting stranger, by the day. Strange people are pretending to be sane, but if they are elected, the weirdness comes out of them. Many are power-crazed, and selfish beyond all bounds." I replied, "I've learned from mind reading, how greedy people really are. There seems to be no limit to human greed! But these days the entrepreneurial Magnate Rulers encourage everyone to be as greedy as possible." She said, "I have read your mind and find that you are reasonably sane. And I would like to suggest to you, that you stay away from crazy, strange people." I told her, "But the best people are all crazy and strange. The cleverer they are, the crazier they become. It is a World of madness, I tell you." She opined, "Strangeness leads to Madness and vice versa." And I agreed...

Then there was the case of the warped twin women, Nancy and Fancy. The twins, “Believed in convincing men to become stranger.” They were hot but would only love men who behaved strangely. I wanted their love, so I dressed in faux furs and dropped acid making me see demons in their faces. And I told them this. Nancy told me, “Of course evil is more fun.” And Fancy said, “Evil is good and good is evil.” I said, “We are all strangers to ourselves.” Fancy said, “We got in the heads of some people who had no idea who they were and didn’t know the truth about anything. They went through life without understanding.”

And Nancy said, “We’ve heard some of the strangest people here on Luna #6, are going to start a colony in the Centauri Star System for mad people only. We plan to be pioneers there. It will be on an Earth-like Moon!” I said, “I wouldn’t mind going.”

The new colony was to be led by Perry R. He was author of “Mad Tiger Man,” about a man of the future who had the body of a tiger and the head of a human. And he wanted everyone to change into an animal man. He convinced a number of people to become animal people. Some liked it, some didn’t. But many of them wanted large parks for themselves to live in, along with real animals and mind read with all. Strange Night World though featured only one small settlement here on Luna of 3 950. Of course, with so many strange people here, many didn’t get along, and there were a lot of fights, but Perry said, “Fighting was healthy.” But he himself didn’t change into an animal man but was carefully cultivating his own madness. Like he guaranteed women here a mad, interesting time, if only they’d love him. And many women were curious, and he held a strange attraction for them.

But the Leader of Strange Night World was a woman, Kelly, who told the people, that they all had to make movies of their strangeness to be marketed on Earth. Some were documentaries, others were a product of their strange imaginations. I made a movie about a hypothetical woman

who was sex crazed. And would love any man who wrote a weird poem for her. This story was loosely based on some of the nymphomaniacs here. Some of the nymphs were fiendishly clever and some regarded every man as a challenge.

Anyway 60 of us were going to Centauri. Most of the craziest people went, and I have already described many of them. But it was a 5-year journey. And most people couldn't handle the cabin fever and killed themselves in the first year. So, we went back, and 10 more people died on the way back. I was among the only 15 survivors. But it wasn't the same without all the craziest people here on Strange Night World. But I chronicled the errant voyage and many on Earth wanted to see it, and this made me the richest persona in the settlement. I used the money to import strange women from Earth and help renew our World.

That's how it was on Luna in the year 2180.

Android Monsters, 2203 A.D.

It was a World of Horror. Every creature here was a monster of one kind or the other. I was the most human-like of all creatures here in Canada. I wondered how it had come to this? But of course, the Leaders had a death ray which killed all the humans. And had replaced them with android beasts in their monster birthing factories. In the USA meanwhile, they had fragmented into city states and ignored the goings on in Canada.

Here in Canada the monsters killed one another often. There were a number of species, about 60 of them. Most of them looked scary and grotesque. And mostly they hung around others of the same android species. I didn't like any of them. They had no sense of beauty or art. All they knew was ugliness and woe... And every monster android had a long-lasting battery. Somehow, I survived...

But finally, they produced a woman, Helen, who looked like a half-orc, like me. I taught her about this World and taught her to love me...

But then one day, the monstrous Leaders appeared before us. They read our minds, we could feel our minds being probed. One of them mind read, "Some of your fellow creatures have complained about the two of you being so backwards and ugly. Uglier even than they felt they themselves were." I said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. My woman and I think we are the most attractive personae here." And I thought, "The Leaders were the most hideous of all the creatures." And one of them mind read "You should cross the border into America. Perhaps you could get along better with their androids there." So, I thanked her for the advice.

And the two of us advanced to Detroit Rock city. Most of the creatures here were android, but were quite comely, much better looking than the two of us. So, we got heavy plastic surgery

on our face and genetic therapy on our faces and bodies. And for the first time in my six-year life, I felt like I fit in and belonged. But most androids here still thought we looked a bit strange. And of course, our behaviour was strange to them too. They thought we were furtive and self-absorbed. But the two of us stuck together like glue. But then one day an android Lord appeared and took her away from me and so, I was alone again. And I figured there were greener pastures elsewhere.

And so, I wandered to Chicago which was filled with black coloured monster androids. I didn't fit in here very well. And I was neon orange in colour and looked handsome and stood out like a sore thumb. I thought some of them were jealous of my good looks. If only because I looked unique and strange to them. And I broached the subject of beauty with those who would speak to me, and they didn't know what I was talking about... And then I found myself talking to the King of Chicago. The King told me, "Many of the original humans here had been coerced to change into monsters. And many wimps killed themselves. But most android monsters here were glad not to be vain, egotistical and stupid like humans." I told him, "Humans were clever, do you know any pockets of remaining humans?" He said, "I'd heard rumours that down in New Orleans, there is a colony of humans." And I thanked him profusely for the information. And as I walked South, I met a great number of freak androids, ones that were mostly too strange to fit in with other monsters. Some had multiple heads, others four legs, some with 3 eyes, some with multiple sex organs and so on...

So, finally I arrived in New Orleans. Sure enough, there were real humans there, I estimated about 50 000. Most of them said they don't like androids, even attractive ones such as me. But I hooked up with some humans and it was great sex...

And I figured, here was as good as it gets. And one of my human lovers said, she was open-minded, like many people here. And she asked me to turn into a human. So, I jumped at the chance. I knew a little of human history and wanted to be part of it. And I enjoyed human pleasures. And my fellow humans wanted me to make a movie of my experiences as a monstrous outcast. And the movie was a hit here. And many asked me, to make other films... So, I made a film about New Orleans and how cities like this were the future... And I travelled to L.A., which was supposed to be a city of optimistic humans. Along the way I met a number of freaks, but also a human woman, who was very clever and loved her and brought her to L.A.

In L.A., I found it to be an elite city of movie makers... They were mostly optimistic as the rumours had it but made mostly tragic films. They were torn between optimism and pessimism. I liked the movie, "Final defeat of the Androids," which was about a computer virus which spread like wildfire amongst androids, killing all of them... Another film was, "Candide II," which featured a woman who was totally optimistic in a World of evil android monsters... But the film emphasized how L.A. was a bastion of humanity... Still another film was about a hypothetical war between the humans and the androids, and the humans won.

And I was something of a celebrity in L.A. as a former android monster. And the people here asked me what it was like to be a monster. I told them, "It really sucked. But when I changed into a human, I forgot most of my android memories."

I had a few lovers in L.A., and one of them, Christine, told me, "We should go to Tahiti. It is said to be Paradise. I said, "For me L.A. is Paradise. I don't want to risk travelling anywhere else."

But then one day forest fires which we believed were set by androids burned down much of the city, leaving many homeless. We knew the culprits were from Nevada. So, we attacked Las

Vegas with each of us armed with laser guns and we wiped out the entire population. But other android monsters vowed revenge. And some of them got into our heads and forced some of us to kill ourselves. But we tracked these monsters down using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and eliminated them.

And we sent missionaries to other parts of North America. Trying to convince the monsters to change into humans... But most of our missionaries were tortured and killed. And rumour had it that the androids were reproducing at a rate of 100% per month, at least in North America. Meanwhile most in L.A. didn't want to bring children into this mad cruel World. However, we developed a number of deadly nuclear missiles that took out almost all the monsters within an 800 km range.

But life was good in L.A. And one day Helen appeared at my door. She said, "I figured you'd come here. The city is really getting famous." And she told me, "The Lord who had abducted me had grown tired of me and let me go, finally. And we made a great couple in a great city.

In time we laid waste to most other parts of North America. except New Orleans and a few other good places. And these radioactive regions were virtually uninhabited, but at least the monster threat was over. And we used our scientists to develop humans that could live in radioactive environments and so we slowly reinhabited these areas.

And that's how it was in 2203 A.D.

Roberto, The Destroyer

I said to Anat, “This man, Roberto, is a train-wrecker of a man. He demolishes and/or abuses everything and everyone he comes into contact with. I have a train stop signal go off in my head whenever he draws near. So far, he hasn’t eliminated me, but I know he wants to.” Anat, she said, “Roberto is thoroughly chaotic evil. Why don’t we eliminate him?” I asked, “I thought you and I made a pact to be pacifists?” She replied, “But most people here in this city are pacifists and many are sexually abused or assaulted by him. It’s high time we took him out.” So Anat shot Roberto dead, and the local judges were clearly uncertain what to do with her. But finally, they got together and announced Roberto was a public enemy and there would be no charges in the case. But then Roberto’s few friends started threatening Anat and she had to go into hiding. Then Roberto was cloned by his friends and his first action was to kill Anat. In court he argued, she had killed him, but the judges decided he would get 15 years in prison. He killed himself there and then his friends cloned him again. This time he and his 6 friends set up a colony of their own, on the other side of the Moon under a small dome. And they advertised for “immigrants who were imaginative,” and convinced 8 women to come here. The women were all promptly enslaved, being basically sex slaves.

Meanwhile I had made sure Anat was cloned when the coast was clear. And I fully taught her about what had happened. I thought she would want revenge, but she said, “Roberto is out of sight, out of mind.” So, we told people online not to come to Robert’s colony and left it at that. But Roberto was apprised of the fact we were dissing his colony. So, one night he kidnapped Anat and made her one of his sex slaves. Meanwhile he had attracted 14 goons to his colony and armed them with lasers and he and his friends had discovered a gold rich crater to pay for even

more goons to join his colony. So, our city beefed up our military, creating a militia of 3 000 men and women.

And I kept telling our judges who were our Leaders, “That we had to rescue Anat.” They said, they were afraid people would die.

And I missed Anat, so I had her cloned again. And it was good loving. But we both felt guilty about the sex slave, Anat. So finally, I got 30 people together and armed them with better lasers than we figured Roberto’s men had. And it was a bloodbath and during the fighting, the slave Anat was killed. But finally, we finished off Roberto and his cronies.

And that’s how it was on Luna in the year 2106 A.D.

A Philanthropist

I, William, said to Grace, “Your name should be Dis Grace. You should be ashamed of yourself.” She said, “It is only that I am charitable and love the unfortunate. I believe I am really making an impact and have helped a number of men readjust to modern society. Many were down on their luck, and were somewhat unsavoury, it’s true. You should consider doing the same, William!”

I told her, “But some are criminals, and most are mentally ill. They need psychiatrists, rather than free sex.” She replied, “A little love goes a long way with some people. And I have also donated part of my significant inheritance in building up Africa. I am trying my best and am not a snob, like you with your head in the clouds.” I opined, “You are a nymphomaniac and have no taste. You call it charity, but admit it, you enjoy loving disgusting men...”

She said, “This conversation is going nowhere. Goodbye!”

Out of sheer perversity I followed her antics over the next few months. And against my better judgement, I started to really like her. And so, one day I approached her and told her, “I want to donate to your cause and would like to introduce you to some of my rich friends.” She said, “OK, Uncle Ebenezer.” And some of my friends were rich and influential and they helped her set up her own charity and free up her time to administration and planning. And I made her my lover and sure enough she was indeed a nymphomaniac, and I couldn’t satisfy her.

But anyway, her charity was now worth 100’s of billions of dollars and was making great strides in the war against poverty. And I encouraged her to run for US President as an Independent. It was a hard campaign, and I pulled as many strings as I could and even agreed to

be her Vice-Presidential candidate. On election day, we took considerable support away from both the main parties and won with 41% of the vote.

The first thing she did as President, was to create, “The Imaginative Charitable Party (ICP) which would run candidates in the Senate and Congressional Races in the next election. And would also operate in every democratic World country and she helped select Leadership candidates. And I lavished praise upon her and so did many others.

The only problem was the tyrants of China, Russia, Iran and the South American Federation. But Grace made peace with the tyrants while building up the militaries of the US, Europe and others. In time, the Chinese turned democratic perhaps inspired by the ICP’s good works and high level of civilian contentment. And that broke the back of the resistance to the ICP...

And Grace said human beings would be the future. And brain enhancement research was stopped. And all AI, which was formerly experimental on Luna was discontinued. And China gave up its AI controlled defensive system. And androids were everywhere hunted down and eliminated. And so, she figured posterity would value the things she did today. And everyone would study a lot of history. And modern times would be one big step for man, one small improvement for mankind.

Meanwhile, Russia was all of a sudden, controlled by an android King. The King started mass producing androids based on his clever scientists... But Grace used overwhelming force to attack Russia and made short work of the androids. And so, the Earth was healed from tyrants who had mostly been in power since time immemorial. And that was the end of AI more or less. Of course, some tried to revive AI but were quickly taken out. Everyone was subject to MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and so there were no secrets...

And that’s how it was in A.D. 2080.

Adventures of Reg and Suzy

I, Reg, said to Suzy, “Life is fine here in Cabo San Lucas.” She replied, “Yes, my inheritance has allowed us to just sit in the sun and drink cocktails and do cocaine and of course, love one another. But I am getting bored doing nothing.” I told her, “Boredom is the luxury of the rich. What do you imagine us doing?” She asked, “Why don’t we travel the World?” And I said, “Sure. Where do you want to go?” She said, “Let’s go to Jakarta! So off we went. We met some nice people in our comfortable hotel. Like Samantha and Darryl. They turned out to be an android couple, masquerading as humans. And the two of them wanted to love us. And keep their identity a secret... So, we loved them, and it was better than human sex. And we were in love with the two of them. But then they revealed that they were wanted for murder back in the States. Apparently, they’d killed a rich human woman, but not before they had her banking information Online. They’d escaped with millions and changed their skin from yellow to black and bought a yacht. And they got fake digital passports on the black market which used their eye and fingerprints. In Jakarta harbour the customs police didn’t suspect any foul play and granted them a visa, as if they were humans...

And this couple offered to take us on their yacht. We were agreeable to that as we were in love. So next we went to Bangkok. And we invited a dozen Thais, 6 men and 6 women on board for sex and fun. And one of the men had some cocaine which we humans partook of. The Thais were all sexy. But one of the women, “Was a former man,” she told us. I loved her and found her to be completely feminine. It was amazing what they could do. So, then we went to Saigon Vietnam, with four Thais on board including the former man. In Laos we met some locals who had some crystal meth and opium. But one of the Thai men was arrested for opium possession.

But we bribed the local authorities, and he was released and we quickly left. Then we went to Tokyo. Suzy and I decided to teach English here and left our friends behind. And we were determined to keep our noses clean here. But then we met a Japanese gangster who agreed to provide a lover for each of us with drugs for a fee. And we enjoyed it...

Then we tried a couple of Virtual Reality machines. It was the year 2054 A.D. and Virtual Reality was a lot of fun. VR used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) We went to separate Worlds. I went to a purple World that featured a sexy woman, June, who mind read, "Join me in my Dreamworld!" So, her and I went to a place of dog-headed humans. These people were like wild wolves and the woman mind read to me, "The dog-headed people would fulfill your wishes." So, I wished to be King here. But I quickly grew bored here. But then the woman took me to a dream of dwarves. We went to the dwarf home in a mountainside, that was also a gold mine, and they gave me plenty of Virtual gold. And I gave my gold to a red dragon in exchange for being left alone.

Then the woman June and I, went to a jungle World that was full of shadowy beings who seemed to be following us but then we came to a village. The village was populated by androids who were on the run from other Worlds that didn't like A.I. They were eager to meet the two of us. We loved some of them virtually and then left them. Then we came to the city of the Witch. The witch told us, "You are my servants, like everyone else here." And we mind wrestled with the witch and between the two of us we brought her to her knees. And I had her polish my shoes and make me some nice virtual clothes of light and I whipped her and got her to perform sex acts. But finally, I was tired of the witch and strangled her to death, freeing her people.

Then June and I went to her World of geniuses. Here the city had a rainbow dome, and we met some geniuses who demanded to know what art we had done. So, I had them set me up with

MRT movie making apparatuses. And I made a film of my adventures, which they liked... And they showed June and I, "World of Magic," which appeared in pulses on and off. And I made music to follow the pulse beat. They liked that too. Then they showed me, "Forgotten City," which was about a city of monsters including monstrous Gods. It was a bit like Jurassic Park only with Gods. And the Gods changed us into Pteranodons, and we flew and surveyed this World. But it was just full of monsters, so I wished myself out of this World of geniuses. And was out of VR finally.

Suzy was waiting for me. She told me, "I'd met a wizard who showed me how to conjure virtual hurricanes and snowstorms. But I grew tired of the wizard after awhile. Then I met a handsome hologram who showed me his garden of conscious flowers. But I grew tired of the flowers, too.

So, we'd both had enough of VR and Suzy and I, Reg, went to India and went to Mumbai, which was now turning out quality films, not like before. We watched, "Love and Hate," about a couple who hated and loved one another. Finally, the woman had an affair with another man, and he had a gay relationship with a man. And so, they stopped hating and got along well with one another.

We also watched, "Indian Dreams," about an Indian woman who dreamed she was Queen of India and loved every man she wanted. It was a feel-good sex film.

Another film we liked, was, "The Complete Tales of Anika R." It was a documentary which depicted a woman who went on a solo adventure around Earth, going to various countries meeting with, and corresponding with famous people. She was very beautiful with a full figure, and everyone liked her. And Anika was now very famous in India, and indeed all Earth... I talked with Anika and asked her, "What have you learned in your travels?" She replied, "I

learned most famous people are highly benevolent and interesting. They live to hobnob with one another. And many famous men wanted to love me for my good looks and formidable brain. And all these people were driven to succeed and most took a lot of illegal drugs to find comfort for their mind!" I said, "I don't get why screenplay writers are not more famous. Actors and actresses and directors, get most of the limelight. So too with musicians. The singer usually takes the spotlight rather than those who wrote the music." And she told me, "There a lot of different types of famous people, like magnates, scientists and artists of all kinds. I met a number of writers of scripts in my time. And rockers. All one needs to do is correspond with famous people and introduce oneself..."

Also, we watched, "Indian Futures," which featured Indians of times to come and how there were so many clever Indians that they dominated in Space colonization and futuristic weapons and how they managed to remain the largest democracy, and the economy was booming, and new immigrants were pouring in. They said the future belonged to India and that many other States, like the USA and Europe were breaking apart into city states, leaving India the greatest World power... I said, "Such a geopolitical meltdown is unlikely, and India will be beset with poverty and misery. And the best Indian minds have all gone abroad."

So, we'd had enough of India, and we went to Lagos, Nigeria. It was chaotic, just like India and we asked to meet their brightest minds, they said they were all abroad. But we did meet an interesting prostitute. She said, "Now that all sex diseases had been cured, there was no longer a stigma against sex workers. And she had an A-one face and body. So, I loved her hard and she was very skilled in the art of love.

Suzy was waiting for me in our hotel and said, “There were some android staff here who I’d loved. They kept me amused. And many of them were surprisingly ambitious, even though they were banned in most regions of Earth.”

I said, “I’ve heard that most classes of black androids are superior lovers.” She said, “There seem to be many classes of such androids here...”

Then we went to Cape Town. We met an obscure writer, O.L., he wrote scripts like “Hellish Safari,” about a roller coaster ride through Hell itself. We decided to live it. It was full of scary monsters and devilish freaks. They mind raped us and we wished ourselves back out of the roller coaster. I told O.L. “You know where you can stick your evil World.”

And next, we went to a party here. And we demanded to meet the cleverest people here... And so, they put forth a woman scientist who had perfected a powerful, new nuclear reactor that could make gold out of other elements such as lead. But she produced so much gold, that the price of gold dropped greatly. We’d heard of this woman, and we asked if we could invest in her company. So, we invested a lot of our money to buy a 1% stake in the company. And we visited her home and found she had golden robots and golden furniture and expensive paintings. The paintings were mostly works of the famous Zimbabwean artist, Curtis A. He painted graphic horror fantasies.

Then we went back to the party and met another scientist. She was an inventor who had invented fast air cars which could get anywhere on Earth in a few minutes. And had helped develop eternal youth drugs that made one seem like 18, rather than 25... We were talking to her about the future. She said, “So far, they have developed a number of android scientists based on people like me and they are mass produced and threaten to make all human scientists redundant. We need to change gears as humans and let androids take over everything. It’s evolution and

homo androides will go to Space and represent humans who will all be superfluous and indeed useless.” I asked her, “Why do we need to replace ourselves?” She said, “I’m sure humans will still exist in zoos.” She really bummed us out.

Then we met the Mayor of Cape Town. She said, “We’re trying to increase shipping of oil to the city to make plastics. It is a World of plastic including the basic building blocks for new androids instead of steel. And new architecture will be composed of plastic. Plastic architecture would be free flowing and feature shapes that steel and glass can’t do. I said, “I hate plastic. I prefer wood.” She said, “You are atavistic and a dinosaur.” And already many buildings here were already made of plastic. And all the “trees” were plastic. I asked Suzy, “What is this World coming to?” She replied, “We live in a World of perpetual change. We just have to make ourselves useful and show up the androids. We can always alter our minds with experimental genetic therapy.” I told her, “I like myself the way that I am. And I am glad we started travelling. I feel like we are immersed in the World milieu and are really starting to matter.” She said, “It seems like a hundred years ago that we were just sitting in the sun, when actually it’s only been a year.

And New Year’s Eve was coming the next day, so we decided to spend it here in Cape Town. We mixed with the people on the streets, and I was never kissed by so many women...

And so, we continued our travels in Rio. We had a few contacts in the city. One was a man, Philip, who was in an intellectual rock group, called, “Red Alert.”. Their songs were deep. They’d just released an album, “World Architecture.” The Video MRT CD illustrated great World buildings, and they sang about how the buildings came to be made and got in their heads as they looked upon their designs. It was MRT in English. I talked to one of the two singer/songwriters in the band. He said, “I want buildings to be conscious and be able to play

appropriate music in peoples' heads related to their reason for being in the buildings. We plan to bring out a triple album with 42 tracks relating to things people do inside brilliant buildings." I said, "That sounds really heavy. But I am surprised by the fact that you are from Rio!" He said, "We live in a new age where new things are possible..." So, Suzy and I hung around the band for awhile and met some of their followers Online in 3-D from all over Earth. We introduced ourselves as adventurers. And told these people about our travels. One of them exclaimed, "It sounds like you have the World by the tail!" Another said, "We were welcome to visit her in Miami."

And one, from D.C. wanted to make a movie with us. So, we made, "Cocaine Rushes and Living in Fast Forward." It was about how many modern people could hardly wait for the future which would undoubtedly be fast times with Superhumans and Superandroids. And fast mind reading." So, Suzy and I were becoming known as screenwriters, much to our surprise.

And I told our new friend the singer/songwriter, "You are a Superhuman." He said, "I try to constantly improve my mind surrounded by the best people." And he introduced his lover, Jeanette. She was a pretty little thing. She asked us, "What are your dreams?" I said, "To travel and meet interesting people." Suzy said, "I dream of having a child with Reg and raising that child to be a mover and shaker. Of course, with eternal youth I will always be fertile." And I asked Jeanette, "What about you, what do you dream of?" She told us, "I dream of a World in which people like us are in power. The sky's the limit." I said, "The spies must be watching you. They'd no doubt consider you to be a radical." She said, "I don't care who watches me."

We continued to hang around the band. And we met the other singer/songwriter in the band, Arnold. He said, "I envision a new Woodstock music festival here in Rio. I've collaborated with

a number of other bands in a synergetic orgy. I want to make an album about free love making a comeback and the inspired words that would go with it.”

And another of the band’s followers was a musician, Thomas, who was known all over Latin America with his saxophone music. He told us, “I am trying to move away from Jazz and write music like Red Alert. He asked us, “If the two of you could sing in his choir?” We were grateful for the opportunity. And I gave him some lyrics for one of his songs. It went “Here we are now on the edge of unforeseen civilization... And we will see imagination in Space... And so on.

And then we were talking to Jack. He was an American sci-fi writer. He’d written, “Sharks,” about bioengineered sharks who would prey upon people in salt water or fresh water. They were going to make it into a movie. And he also wrote, “Mars, A.D. 2136,” about sending the best scientists directly to Mars. They would have great synergy with one another and design a brilliant engineering feat of architecture and would improve one another’s minds to suit one another. And they would brainstorm faster space travel and create a new physics. Suzy told him, “I admire your work. I’d like to write about a future of a distant rainy Planet where people came to escape dull Earth and was full of thrills. Like twisted amusement parks and authors of thrillers present if only on 3-D Internet. And drugs which make one excited to live and create...” I said, “I’d like to write a screenplay about a clone of Jack Vance, who imagines Worlds for the people. He would design the cultures and the goals of the cultures. Suzy said, “I knew you liked Vance.” Thomas exclaimed, “I never know what interesting people I’d meet here in Rio!”

Then we met a woman, Clarissa, who said, “I wanted to bring clarity to the future with everyone studying future studies part time and getting large groups to agree on future concepts.”

I said, “Certainly there’s great strength in thinking numbers. Ideally there would be a number of groups for each persona in the future.” Suzy said, “I don’t think people will be able to all agree on anything. That’s the genius of your approach, Clarissa!”

Then we met Dorita. She was a former marine in the Brazilian military while Brazil was still a Nation State. She said the marines made her psycho for her future life. She said, “I’d tried to love many men well, but couldn’t control myself at all. And that drove them away from me. I am a lonely woman, I tell you.” I said, “You just need to meet a psycho man and could drive one another totally mad. Like attracts like and just be up front with your crazy lovers and tell them you are a madwoman.” She said “I guess I’m attracted to sane men. I wish I was saner.” Suzy said, “In fact, I think most people these days are insane. For some it’s a problem, for others its satisfaction.”

#

Then we decided to head to Miami where we had a new contact. Her name was Jasmine, and she was a filmmaker. She made films like, “The Words of the New Prophet.” But the New Prophet was evil and a populous Leader in Detroit city state. And the New Prophet, she foretold of a nightmare society in which every human would be a slave to the androids, who didn’t want to work. And the androids formed the upper class and outnumbered humans in 5:3 ratio at a certain point in time, about 30 years in the future. And the androids were mostly based on real humans who were rich and greedy. The androids had elegant homes, nice air cars and took android drugs which were all new and made them happy. Of course, many humans killed themselves and babies were very expensive, quite unaffordable for most. So, humans were being phased out. And the New Prophet changed into an android and had her pick of humans to love, male and female. They were sex slaves to her. And she wanted robot builder slaves to build

gorgeous buildings for her sex slaves to live in. She wanted her slaves to live in comfort and if they were particularly good lovers, she'd give them good human drugs that comforted their minds. Many sex slaves aimed to please her. But some rebelled and were eliminated. It was her way or death. Many chose death. But she had a clean conscience, she figured, I said, to Jasmine, "Your movie is somewhat disturbing." She replied, "The point of the movie is to get people to smarten up and not simply go willing into darkness." I asked, "But I wonder about you in your personal life?" She said "I'm a model citizen who is just trying to make people think...

And Jasmine introduced her friend Trina, who had made a film, "Citizen Florist." It featured a future Miami citizen who sold living plants that were sentient and were recommended for lonely people or people who liked novelty or who just plain liked clever conversation. The plants used MRT to communicate. Their IQ was about 160 and they had limited powers of telekinesis. I said to Trina, "The plants remind me of the movie, "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," they will probably take control of their owners for thrills." She said, "No, most of them are based on my own mind and they are all highly benevolent. Perhaps you'd like to purchase one?" I told her, "I am sure they must be bored," She said, "When they are not engaged in conversation they are in a dream-like reality." I remarked, "They are freaks to me, and I want no part of them." Suzy said, "They are not right for me either."

Another friend of Jasmine, Bertrand, was a pearl grower. I asked him if he could make me a nice pearl necklace to give to Suzy." He agreed on a cheap price. And Suzy told me, "It is something to remind me of you, if we should ever part. I said, "It seems to me like we will be together forever!"

And we couldn't leave Miami without seeing the Mayor, Jed, who was known for his outrageously crazy comments and behaviour. He told the two of us, "I was thinking of becoming

a merman and building a nice garden on the ocean floor. And I would have a cock and love the mermaids and would live on raw fish and grow sea marijuana to eat and get high. And I would be King and invite tourists to my garden who would pay in gold. Mermen would be a whole new race of the genus homo. A race of Homo Nermen (sic)." I said, "You are crazy." Suzy said, "It's something different." And he said, "I figure it would be a great sense of freedom, and I would enhance the intelligence of whales and dolphins and connect them with MRT and would get high together with them."

So, then we'd had enough of Miami and went to NYC...

#

In New York, we had a contact, Berthold. Berthold took us to his favourite pub. And we got to know him. He said, "I am an obscure filmmaker, but am hoping to make a breakthrough any day now. I made "Camera on You," it was about how the spies had sharp cameras that could see through sunglasses and face coverings and could see the almost invisible registrations on air cars. Thieves wondered how they were caught... I also created, "Grenades," in which NYC troops wore complete body armor and were invulnerable to lasers, missiles, grenades etc. Most people in New York didn't know how good their troops were. This included gangsters. But the idea of the film was not to tip them off but rather keep their noses clean." I asked, "And the spies let you get away with such movies?" He said, "Actually all my films were made under the spies' auspices. And another film was "In Heads," which revealed all radicals were being listened to. The film's purpose was to keep people on the right side of the law. And so on.

Then Berthold introduced us to a female friend who was probably also his lover. Her name was Mandy, and she said, "I was a sculptor in various mediums. My price is high, but most famous people want to have me make a statue of them to mostly put in local museums or in

public squares. Of course, such people all have a big ego, but that's how it is these days. Some lesser egos commission a statue after they die." Suzy said, "We are not famous enough to deserve such a statue. But perhaps one day."

Then after making a few more acquaintances, we found ourselves talking to a woman, Cherry, who said, "I was a beer brewer who wanted to introduce us to the best beer we'd ever tasted." We were quite amazed. And Suzy asked, "What is your secret?" She wouldn't tell us exactly but said, "I used GM of each ingredient: barley, yeast and hops." I asked her, "Where do you sell your beer other than NYC?" She said, "It can now be found in most parts of America I have made hundreds of millions of dollars." I said, "I'd like to buy shares in your company. She said, "No. I control 100% of the breweries' profits. But I'll pay you two to make a movie about the brewery." We were agreeable to that and came up with a film. The film starred her, herself. And showed her slowly gaining control of the majority of all World beer sales and introduced some more great beers. And she gave most of the profits to her favourite charities. And we got totally drunk with her. It was a better buzz than other beers and we also detailed this in the film. But her patent was likely to be violated we figured.

Then, another day at the pub, we made friends with Berthold's grandfather. He was 112 years old, but of course was eternally youthful, like everyone else. He told us, "I'd never thought to be so old. Most of my friends killed themselves over the years." And he remarked, "My secret is to do nothing fast and drink lots of beer." Suzy exclaimed, "Yes, fools rush in!"

Another interesting persona we met here, was Albert. He was planning on joining the new colony on Mars financed by the League of American Cities. It was the third American colony on the Red Planet. There was also a Russian, an United Chinese and an United Indian colony. The previous colonies all were crewed by scientists, but this colony was to be settled by film makers

and musicians who also had a few science degrees each. He said to us, "Bringing art to Space would inspire humans on Earth and make people much more interested in Space." I said, "It's something that was long overdue." And Suzy said, "I want to go to this new colony." So, we agreed to put in an application, through Albert. Albert said, "I'd made a film, "The Race Homo in 10 000 A.D." There were still a few pockets of homo sapiens in Space. They kept to themselves and lived quietly, but artistically. Space was dominated by Gods, some of whom looked a bit like 3-D abstract art. And Gods had settled about 3% of the Universe. They'd never met Alien races however, just some bacteria and worm-like creatures. They took the worms and put them in an evolutionary machine through billions of evolving incarnations. And the Gods rearranged Suns and other Space phenomenon making them into works of intelligent art and they travelled at fantastic speeds." I said, "In theory any of us could live forever or at least 1 000 years." Suzy exclaimed, "Oh brave new Worlds!"

Then we were talking to a woman, Darlene, who said, "There's so many interesting people in New York, that one doesn't need to travel. And I figure most great thinkers make their way here sooner or later." And Darlene said, "I'm a film maker. I just made, "Jokers Inc." It was about a group of pranksters who dropped stink bombs at weddings and made the air in domed cities pink and other colours with subliminal shapes in the coloured air. And increased static electricity so that when lovers kissed, they got a nasty electric shock. And so on. I also made, "Dream Man," about a man who was impossibly good looking and super charming and noble. Many women who saw the film wanted to create such a man as a human born as an adult in the lab with the memories of many great men all in one man." Suzy exclaimed, "I want such a man!" And Darlene went on to say, "I also made "Test of Mettle," which was a love test done with a lie

detector. One would be quizzed about their personality type and about their desires. The movie featured many of New York's famous people dating one another."

The next day we were introduced to a friend of Cherry, the brewer. This woman, Cher, was an actress/screenwriter. She said, "I starred in my own films. Like "Shooting Stars," which featured an All-Star cast who lived hard and fast as if everyday was their last. They took dangerous types of drugs. And loved one another freely. And the film also introduced some acting geniuses who were just young and upcoming." And Cher also went on to tell us about "A film, "Amazing Grace," about a woman named Grace, who lived gracefully in the countryside despite World War III going on. The point of the film was always live nobly and gracefully. And Cher also made, "Hell-Raising Trudy," which was about a woman who raised hell everywhere she went. She thought that people were too anemic and numb in their respective societies. And people needed to seize the bull by the horns and be active citizens."

Next, we met, Tod, who was the author of the screenplay, "Alive and Kicking," about how it was hard for deep artistic people to succeed. But she felt this was about to change for the better. Her message to aspiring artists was to hang in there. She also made "Sick Love," about unhealthy relationships. Many people were greedy for love which wasn't good for them. And she made "Cruel Winter," which was about life on Mars. Cold draughts coming off the dome made people cold. And this settlement was mostly made up of Far Northern people from Earth. And they were taciturn and relatively tough and hardy. By contrast Sun lovers gravitated to Mercury.

Then we encountered a strange woman, "Fairy," who did random acts of charm and kindness. She said, "Everyone should be required to do at least a few kind acts everyday. And I believed, doing was believing and that one could make every deed shine with some kindness." And she had a high position in the UN...

And we met a crazy man, Thomas, who was in love with his own madness. And he asked us, “If we were feeling crazy, tonight?” Suzy exclaimed, “I always feel crazy!” Then he asked us, “What was the craziest thing you’d ever done?” I said, “Before I met, Suzy, I once loved a woman who was seriously mentally ill. She went psycho on me and finally killed herself. I feel I should have done more to help her, and I feel guilty still.” Suzy said, “I loved a man once who I despised. I guess I thought I could reform him, but the whole episode was ugly.” And Suzy asked him, “What about you?” He said, “I loved a multi-sexual once. This persona was a man, a woman and an all-new sex, having three heads and all new protuberances. It was all fucked up.” I said, “I’ve been hearing more and more about multi-sexual people... Some of them apparently think they represent the future.” He added, “I also loved a bizarre woman named Nightshade, she was very evil and tried to poison me and had an implant in her vagina that was designed to shred my cock. Getting away from her though was difficult as she was fiendishly clever. Some types of madness are evil and destructive, like mad tyrants, for example.” And he said, “Another crazy was a woman, Daisy, who was maximum wild in bed. Memories of her are seared into my mind. I wish all women were as wild as her!”

Also, we came upon a man, Jake, who said, “I was tired of making alternative films, and wanted to make a movie that would earn me a fortune and still be deep. Like something inspiring like the “Wizard of Oz” or “Alice in Wonderland,” and be something altogether new. It is a difficult balancing act.” I said, “As long as you don’t sell out, it’s a good idea.” He told us, “Among my films is “The Devil’s Associate Asks.” Which depicts how most people live life aimlessly with no clear goal. The premise is one should live for yourself and be greedy and pursue satisfaction. It’s the only way forward. Live for the day and don’t let others bring you down!” I said, “What’s the point of such a film?” He said, “Greed has built our civilization and

there's no turning back. People have to admit they are greedy and not pretend otherwise. And these days many people are greedy for love." I said, "This film is anathema to human civilization. It is true that some are born avaricious, but we mustn't cultivate that but rather suppress it. It's just a human failing."

And Jake told us, "I'd also made a film, "Karen's Cause." It featured how an outrageous woman formed the "Sex Worker's Political Party." It advocated, the best lovers should also be the best Leaders. And everyone would live for sex and love if they could find it. And all sex would be paid for by the government. But android sex, though superior, would continue to be banned."

And Jake also said, "I'd made a movie which featured people's idea of home, called "Return of Homelands." In which people tried to stay home and cherish their birthplace. All this travel didn't amount to a hill of beans." Suzy told him, "There's a great big World out there and it would be a shame to live an insular life." He told her, "People are the same altogether everywhere. The ordinary human is perfect and this talk of Superhumans is all hyperbole." I said, "The common human needs to be improved to keep up with modern changes. Otherwise, they would be atavistic dinosaurs."

And we decided to stay in New York for the foreseeable future, there were so many interesting people here. It seemed like the center of the Universe to us. And we lived on and on.

A Tale of Persistence

I, Gordon, said to Lucille, “One way or another I will get your love.” She said, “It’s impossible, I already have a lover.” I said, “I thought monogamy had disappeared long ago and we now live in times of free love.” She said, “I guess I seem backwards, but I am quite content.” I told her, “I feel that you’re missing out on some great loves and happiness. She said, “To illustrate my point I’ve made a film about my lover and I.” And she showed it to me. It displayed, how comfortable it was to love a true soul mate and not have to worry about impressing new potential loves. And it showed how true love was still possible despite our crazy times... I said, “True monogamous love exists, but it doesn’t last. My number one lover and I still love one another, but we also love many others. Variety is the spice...” But she was immovable. So, I took her to a circus freak show, trying to open her mind. And I showed her a film I’d made, called, “Extreme Love,” which was a documentary about how those with great ideas gravitated towards one another.

And I said, “What movies have you made?” She said, “Well, I have made a motion picture called, “Ben’s Garden.” It is about a man who is a vegetarian and eats his sentient plants. And with each one consumed, his mind grows stronger. Some think it’s cruel to eat any sentient creatures, but it is an idea that’s out there and like all ideas these days it comes true. I also made, “Rubik’s Obsession,” about a man who is obsessed with a woman who is uncommonly beautiful and ultra charming. He shadows her wherever she goes. And he sends her desperate love letters full of passion and love. Finally, she agrees to love him, and she finds it is true love. Love sometimes comes from unusual places...” I said, “I’m like Rubik in my desire for you. Why not

try to love me, once?" But she turned me down. I figured I was just her plaything. And I discovered she had a few lovers, not one like she said.

But I didn't give up. And she inspired me to make a film called, "Damned Dames," about how some women were from Hell itself. They put on a front of purity and claimed to be benevolent but were demonesses who left a trail of suicidal men in their wake. And she agreed to watch the movie. Afterwards she told me, "I am not a demoness, calling me names doesn't ingratiate you into my love." So, I skulked like Rubik, waiting for a chance. Meanwhile she broke up with her "true love" and I got her attention and showed her my film, "Serendipity for Lucille," in which I detailed what our romance would look like. And I was a diamond in the rough. She said, "You are starting to embarrass me with your love. OK I'll love you for a while."

I was in Heaven. And we made some films together. Like "Courtesans of the King." It was about our King. Our Kingdom was L.A. and its environs. There were a number of attractive women in the King's Court and the King was single, and he loved many women in his court as well as from elsewhere. And many courtesans aimed to be Queen and some composed music and made films to try impress the King. For example, one movie was "Conquistador," about how the King would conquer all of America and how the King's favourite lover was the maker of this movie. The King liked this film, and this courtesan became his favourite. Another movie was made by a courtesan, "Mars, A.D. 2156" and so, was 40 years in the future. The King had moved L.A. to Space and had spawned a number of colonies. His people became inspired pioneers. The King also liked that one. Still another was, "Death of the King," about how one of his exes killed him. The King figured this film was appropriate and he was worried about his legacy.

And music about the King was mostly classical music. Some had choirs signing about the mighty King.

And most women in L.A. wanted a shot at the King but were rejected. Persistence though paid off for many. But many wasted their whole lives with the singular purpose of trying to get the King to love them. Some women had plastic surgery and bought the most fashionable clothes, which were clothes of light that were semi-transparent. And some went to L.A. Love University to learn how to be a better lover. And practiced loving with local men. But it was common knowledge that the best young men who grew up in the Kingdom, left for greener pastures.”

And Lucille had already loved the King, in her early years. She told me that, “You are a better lover than he was.” And Lucille and my love for one another grew and grew.

And we started to travel; we were both sick of the King. We started in San Francisco City State. Here there were 7 Oligarchs, 5 women and 2 men; they were all gay and nearly everyone here was gay or bisexual. The Oligarchs told us, they feared an attack from the L.A. King so had trained most citizens to be in their militia. And their children were all gay. They said, “We want a gay colony in Space.” And they made a lot of sex changes. Some changed every year. And now they had multi-sexual personae, who had developed new sexes. And some even changed into androids or holograms or cyborgs. The general consensus here was that cyborgs were the future. But all A.I. was banned in most City States. There were no longer any nations, just alliances of City States. It was by far the biggest geopolitical meltdown ever. It had started in the USA and soon all other countries followed suit. Though it must be pointed out that some alliances were stronger than others. In America, Cities valued their liberty, and the Pan-American alliance was not very strong these days. Some like the L.A. King wanted to conquer America.

Then we went to Houston. People here persisted in the belief that their city was the best. It was a democracy and their Mayor was very popular. We were welcomed to the city by the

Mayor, Cinderella. She'd come from a poor background, but her parents had always believed in her; of course, she was a designer baby, and most people here figured she was a genius. She had insisted that all of her citizens had at least one University degree. Some had low intelligence, but they were ordered to persist in their education and some had brain apps to improve their mind. The city was known for films like, "Gemologists Delight," which described how most people here possessed a number of semi-precious stones and a few precious stones, as jewellery, all of which had been mined in South America. Another film was "Plastic Architecture of Houston." This flick displayed the plastic buildings of the City. It was the only city in the Universe to have all plastic buildings as well as plastic air cars and plastic clothes.

We were amused by the people here, but didn't linger. Next, we went to NYC. New York was a center of films. We were greeted by the poet laureate for the year, Diana, who was the Ruler also. She'd made, "Space Love," about deep love in Space, featuring low gravity sex and everyone was a love genius. Love genius meant that they were very skilled in romance and had many interesting romantic anecdotes and other anecdotes and were totally charming with a genius face and a Superhuman body. After watching it, Lucille said, "I want to study being a love genius." And I said, "Me, too." And she'd made "NYC Stars of the Future," which depicted a future in which everyone was good-looking and a skilled actor/actress, and the brightest of them could write deep screenplays. It was truly Bohemia. I said, "It sounds like Utopia for sure." Also, Diana, she'd made, "John D.'s World," which was about a colony in which everyone was a biochemist and had made a new race of homo, homo physica. This new race would be able to create clones of deep people in short order, and would be able to mind read, naturally, without MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and they encouraged dissenting voices... Everyone must be unique, and all would have their minds improved in the lab and then applied to them.

Biochemistry was the future... I said, "We live in heady times." Lucille said, "It seems like humanity is suddenly evolving with blinding speed. Who knows where we will end up?"

And this woman, Diana, had also made, "An End to Ordinary People," which was about people who had all had their brains altered for the better and everyone was interesting and also attractive from genetic therapy.

And we met a friend of Diana's who also made films. She'd made, "Junkie Days," about how many of the best people were lotus eaters and sought bliss and comfort for their minds. In most places all drugs were now legal. And if these people died, they would not be replaced with clones. Everyone just had one life to live. But it was a brain drain to have so many good people to die. And no one seemed to know what to do about it. I told her, "But we more than make up for the neo heroin deaths with improvement of most peoples' brains." Lucille said, "The strong survive."

And we met another film maker who'd gone underground and made, "Android Tunes," which featured brilliant AI rock. It was of course illegal, but she persisted. She asked, "Why not live together with AI?" I said, "Humans now make a lot of excellent music, just like the 1970's. We simply don't need AI. And the best human music is just as good as anything androids could produce. And if we simply let AI do all the jobs, most people will probably kill themselves."

Also, we met a film maker who'd made, "Inspiration of Prisoners," how cons were subject to brain surgery to make them benevolent and clever. It was very controversial. But most people thought it was good to reform criminals permanently. I said, "I figure it's a good idea."

And another movie maker, Leanne, we met here, made "Stupefied," about how many in New York, were shocked by their elected Mayor's behaviour. For example, how she was thinking of converting into an android and would probably require all the people to follow her

lead. And she wanted to increase taxes dramatically to pay for a military build up. And she forced some men to love her... and so on. I said, "She sounds totally mad. Surely the voters will not re-elect her?" Leanne said, "I suspect she will suspend the constitution and rule by decree." Lucille said, "Bummer." I said, "All power corrupts..." Leanne said, "The Mayor was so nice when she was first elected, promising peace and prosperity. People change."

Next, we met a film maker who made "New York Dreaming," about her own dreams. Like a dream of her handsome Prince. But the Prince was turned into a goat by an evil witch. Another dream of a fantasy World in which she owned a tropical island, and the island was full of friendly pets, and she turned some of the men into human heroes who wanted to fight for her. She told them to take on the witch of her previous dream. But they all became goats, and she didn't have the power to turn them back into humans. And the witch wanted to love this dreamer. She was hiding from the witch in the forest... And so on. I said, "We live in a World of fantasy." Lucille said, "Every fantasy World seems to have evil to fight against." I said, "Yes, evil can be good."

Then we went to Chicago. It was cold and windy. But we persevered and had a contact, who was the Mayor, herself, Aisha. She invited us a feast. It was really fine food, and we sat next to a man who said, "I started life off as a poor vagrant. But persevered and now am chief architect of the city. All the best buildings were my creation. I asked him, "If you had designed the tallest spires which were beautiful contortions of steel?" He said, "The tallest 10 were all my work and now I was working on a dome for the city. The interior of the dome would be full of images of fantasy creatures and a God presiding over it all. The God would be Superhuman and would just be a giant head in the sky."

And sitting on the other side of us was the Mayor. She told us, “As Mayor I encouraged the people to experiment with fantasy. I, for example, had a fantasy dream of being in a warm jungle full of vampires. I dreamed of handsome vampires who seduced me and drank my blood. But when I left the dream, I felt anemic and weak and figured the vampires must be real. Dreams are real... And I had another real dream of a scorching hot desert on a camel fighting for rebel forces who were fighting against the evil King. It was 19th century technology. And I fought in a great battle and then left the dream and found my face had been burned by the surreal sun and I was very dehydrated.” And she went on and on about her “real” fantasies, many of which she had almost died in. Dangerous fantasies for certain.

And then we were mingling in a party afterwards. I met a man, Butch, who told me, “I had a hologram fantasy world full of hologram cerebral sex and music and art. It was a happy fantasy, and I had it all to myself.” I said, “I’d like to go as your guest.” He said, “No, I try to keep it purely my own fantasy...” And he told me more about the characters in his dream fantasy. I asked him, “Is it real?” He said, “Yes, all our dream fantasies in Chicago are surreal. It’s all part of our dream machine which is a conscious entity.”

Meanwhile Lucille was talking to a woman, Maureen, who was telling her, “About my alter ego heroine in my Dreamworld. And Lucille and the woman walked into her Dreamworld. The scene changed to a World of 3 Suns, and they met the woman’s alter ego. The alter ego said, “I am in love with one of your heroes, Maureen.” Maureen asked, “Is it Daniel, The Bold?!” Her alter ego said, “No, It’s the Fiery Edge. He kissed me last night!” Maureen said, “I prefer Daniel. Where is he?” The alter ego said, “He is down at the well with Margaret.” Maureen said, “Why does it have to be with Margaret? I hate her!” At this point, Lucille wished herself out of the dream.

And Lucille and I agreed to return to L.A.

And I asked Lucille, “What have we learned from our travels?” She exclaimed, “Surely that is persistence pays off! And dreaming is reality!”

She Was 205 Years Old

I, Edward, told Lynne, “You are old in years, but come across as a Spring chicken with eternal youth.” She said, “I am actually the oldest persona on Mars, at 205 years old. I was born in 1988 and am the second oldest in the Galaxy. Only Prince Harvey of India is a few months older.” I asked her, “What is something you’ve never seen?” She replied “I’ve pretty much seen and experienced everything a human could. But some of the things the Gods we’ve created do are all new to me. Like be in many places at once and multi-task with hundreds of things at once. And they think and speak so fast, I have no idea what they are thinking...”

And Lynne said, “Many men want a piece of me, figuring it would be a feather in their cap to love the oldest woman.” I said, “I found you to be creative in bed, you are a true vixen.” She said, “I’ve had thousands of lovers, but pride myself on remembering each one; 3 003 to be exact.” I asked, “Who was your favourite?” She said, “Surprisingly it was my second lover back in 2007. I dated him off and on for a couple years and I put memories of the time we spent together on 3-D imaging movies. And I still relive them once a year. I was so innocent back then!

And she said, “Now I get a lot of fan mail. Many people are curious to meet me, and many want to love me. I tell them the secret to longevity is to have a few drinks everyday and get also high everyday. And have a lot of friends and lovers. My health has been mostly good since eternal youth was invented in 2068. In 2068, I was an old woman with a weak heart and had just beaten lung cancer. Of course, eternal youth, in itself cures most diseases. And all other diseases have now been cured. And after they cured AIDS and herpes in 2059, there was a sexual revolution, which I didn’t fully join until 2069, when I became youthful, again.”

And I asked, “What did you do with your time?” She replied, “I studied Future Studies in school and worked as a city planner for years. Then in 2134, I came to Mars as of the pioneering settlers and helped plan the first 3 of the now 5 colonies. I said, “This colony under a dome has a lot of nice parks and even a river running through it. I think I heard that there was plenty of water below the Martian surface!” She said, “That’s right we have plenty of water and we do recycle water also. Indeed, everything is recycled here, and as city councillor, I helped start this recycling. And I also did the landscape architecture and co-ordinated having new buildings blending in with one another. Now I am retired and spend my time mostly in new love affairs and adventuring in Dreamworlds.”

Lynne said, “I just need to dream of a particular World and will be transported there. I regularly visit 10 such Worlds. Let me take you to one!” So, we agreed, and Lynne and I found ourselves in a World of indigo sky and purple plants and trees. We came across a choir of azure people, who seemed to be holograms singing in the forest and listened to them for awhile. Their music was original, it seemed and was good. Then we met a group of brown people who told us to take magic mushrooms and dream with them. Although it was virtual, the mushrooms caused us to hallucinate, and we saw ghosts and spirits all over the place. Most of the spirits got in our minds and we shared our angst with them. They said, but we live in Paradise! And they showed us Heavenly dreams of them in the indigo sky looking down at settlements below. And we liked the looks of one settlement and it featured silver architecture and silver people. And so, we landed there. These people told us, their Leader, was an android amongst holograms. And all the holos loved her. We met this Leader, and she asked, “Why don’t you dream with me?” So, we dreamed of hologram musicians who played original rock music. I explained, “That’s the best music I’ve ever heard!” The Leader said, “We’ve also made a number of interesting films...”

She showed us, "Puppet Masters," about future holograms who controlled all Earth and Space, and they forced everyone into maximum creativity. They sent holo tutors, to help people create fine movies. Holograms were creatures of dreams and fantasies and so too were future humans. Every human acted out their wildest fantasies. Typically, their fantasies were about love and powerful positions. I said, "Yes, I can see the future will be dreams." Lynne added, "Yes, I'm optimistic about the future."

Lynne said, "Another of my Worlds is a nightmare World of Goblins in which the Goblins would abduct humans and turn them into Goblins. But don't worry I have a virtual laser that will vaporize them." I asked, "What's the point of this World?" She said, "It's like a video game in which I always win. Some of the Goblins try and sneak up from behind and stab one with a virtual sword." I said, "I don't want to risk dying here for real. Let's go somewhere else."

So, then a black stone World with a brown sky. And a group of what appeared to be 4 male beggars heading our way. I asked Lynne, "What kind of people are they?" She said, "They must have been generated from my mind, let's see what they want?" One of them spoke out and said, "We are former fishermen. But are bored with fishing for Freaks. The freaks don't make good pets and just want to return to the sea. We look to you to give us interesting vocations." Lynne said, "Why don't you simply become adventurers who seek interesting, fun times. There are all sorts of interesting creatures in this World." One of them exclaimed, "We'd like to tag along with you!" So, Lynne said, "Why not?" So, as we went, one of them started humming a tune and then the rest of them hummed along. It was a series of catchy jingles. Then we came upon a cave entrance, and we entered the cave. It had some straw in it, which looked like the bed for some sort of creature. Then we went deeper into the cave system, and we saw a light ahead and we met a man who was tunnelling into the rock. He greeted us and said, "I was mining for gold. I wanted

to buy a boat and sail around this World.” One of the fishermen said, “We’ve sailed the World and can assure you it’s boring.” I could see that Lynne was embarrassed, but she said, “I know some interesting places in this World. And she invited the miner to join us. And the miner knew some songs. And after a few hours we came upon a shimmering village.

The people here looked at us kind of strangely and they themselves were grey skinned. We dyed our skin grey for the adventure. We walked to the biggest building and knocked on the door. A grey-bearded man opened the door. And he exclaimed, “Hello Lynne and friends!” He said, “Let me introduce you to my knowledge robot. The “robot” was a beautiful woman, and she said, “I know hundreds of Worlds.” The fishermen wanted to have sex with the robot. Lynne asked the robot to “Tell us about some of the Worlds you are familiar with?” She said, “My favourite is on a distant Sun. It’s a World of geniuses who are Superhuman. And love with them is sublime. I know I’ve been there.” I asked, “How is that possible?” She said, “I was teleported here at the behest of old Greybeard here. And I don’t know if I love him or not!” And she said, “I can read all your minds. I am impressed by you, Edward. And so, she grabbed me by the hand and led me upstairs. I said, “I figure you are a clever android. She said, “No, I am actually Superhuman. Greybeard was afraid he’d scare you away if he told you who I really am. And she loved me, and it was unlike anything I’d ever experienced and afterwards I had a surge of adrenalin and pleasure.

Then we rejoined the group. The fishermen were silent and so was the miner. Lynne asked, “I trust you enjoyed yourself?” I said, “Greybeard, what else do you have to show us?” He said “I’ve just been showing the others my dream machine. I’ve captured the men’s spirit, that’s why they are silent. Their minds are elsewhere dreaming of beautiful women and loving them on Planet Q. in a distant Star System. They’ll be busy for hours. You can leave without them.”

Lynne said, “I want to show you one other part of this World,” and we went in Greybeard’s teleportation machine to what Lynne said, “Was a World within this World.” And we were transported to a World of pink sky and blue vegetation, mostly trees. We saw a man and a woman who looked remarkably like Lynne and I. Lynne said, “They represent your and my spirits. They don’t know we are here,” and they started making love. I asked, “Why have you brought me here?” She exclaimed, “I really want to love you! I am hoping these two will inspire you. And at the same time, they show me your loving technique; we can be just like them!”

So, I loved her, and she was a wild thing, and I forgot that she was so old. I figured now that the reason she was still alive was because she enjoyed sex so much.

And I loved her for weeks and decided to stay with her for a long time.

Banished from Civilization

I Bill, said to Sonia, “Here we are in a Hell of our own making.” She said, “I blame myself for being greedy for more gold.” I said, “And I wanted to have you all to myself. Now we are stuck here, together.” And our reality was total isolation on Planet Jokette. The UW (United Worlds) decided we were persona non grata and banished us here. We were driving one another bananas, but we both feared that the other would commit suicide and the surviving other would be left here all alone, in this vacuum. We were comfortable here though and made movies for just ourselves to keep busy.

We made, “Sonia’s Dreams,” which explored her favourite dreams. Like one in which she and I were trying desperately to escape and one day a worm hole appeared and took us back to civilization. Another dream featured another woman appearing here and I no longer loved Sonia. Also, there was her dream of the two of us growing apart and hating one another and finally she killed us both. And so on.

And she made “A Lerxst in Fantasyland.” For this World we created holograms out of sheer whimsy. And we could love the holograms cerebrally with MRT (Mind Reading Technology). The holograms were all super good looking. And this World was just a pilot for many Worlds to come. It took pressure off of Sonia and I to not have to be stuck with each other only. And we used this World to perfect our holograms.

I made the movie, “Lost on Panet Jokette,” which I sent out towards Earth at fantastic speed, hoping someone would get it and come and rescue us. We were in the Rafferty Star System, 30 light years from Earth. But the signal could travel all the way to Earth in just 1 week. In the film I detailed how we were marooned here by the spies and had dared to call them evil. They were so

angry with us she wanted to kill us, but decided to let us destroy ourselves here in isolation, in a Hell of our own making. We'd said, all we wanted was to be with each other and now the Queen had twisted our fate. Of course, we were only two and insignificant in the Galactic milieu, but we just hoped someone would take pity on us. And we got several responses. Mostly they said we should be happy to be alone with our soul mate and many people were much worse off than us. But it was forbidden to communicate with us. So not many did."

And I messaged those who responded, saying, "You don't know what it's like to be living alone, just the two of us." And they shared the latest movies from Earth with us. Films like, "Baby Purple," who is born in the lab as an adult with her mother's memories and is purple skinned. And she is a dreamer who just wants to be alone with her first love. And they get along great, her and her lover. And they live mostly in a vacuum. And they pointed us out as their inspiration. I told them, "Maybe some people could thrive with only their soul mate with them. But we were suffering from manic depression and cabin fever and were suicidal..."

But our robots had produced a lot of gold and so we offered it to any who could save us... In the meantime, we created holograms who could amuse us with music and movies. Most of the movies were dark, like "Murder on Death Row," about holograms who had been sentenced to death for crimes against humanity, and they murdered one another in prison. It was a tale of desperados.

Another film we made was "Alberto's Bane." It was about a man in solitary confinement who dreams of loving the people who'd sentenced him to solitary. The people who condemned him saw hope and strength in him and finally released him and he became a great citizen, known for his dreams...

Also, we made, “Tales of Isolation” about a man who is stuck with a five-year contract to man the weather station on Moon Phobos. But he has androids and holograms to love him and amuse him. The androids in particular give him great sex. But by the third year of his contract, he is starved for human company. He can talk to humans on Earth and have 3-D sex, but it’s not the same as real human contact. And he becomes totally insane and refuses to man the weather station. So, they throw him in prison on Earth. But he says, “Without the love of real human, life is not worth living.” And finally, he kills himself. Of course we had holosex, but didn’t have androids who are much more pleasurable in love. And human to human sex was better still, or so we thought...

Another flick we made was, “Blows to the Head,” about how the spies were in our head while we lived on Earth. Many thinkers’ minds were violated by the spies. And it was the spies who decided we must be banished. Even if we managed to return to civilization, the spies would not let us be. They told us we had a bad attitude and called us many names. But we figured we were too clever for our own good. When Sonia tried to run for office, that’s when they cracked down on us and we were very glad to get away from them, but didn’t realize at the time, how hard isolation would be to take. Our only hope was a regime change at the UW, but that didn’t seem likely. And all our former friends were told to stay away from us. And we heard it through the grapevine Online that a number of others had been banished. And the UW Leadership thought they were quite generous, allowing “bad people,” like us to survive.

On several occasions we contemplated having children, but ultimately decided our World was no place for children. But we both had a few lifetimes worth of eternal youth drugs, so we kept mulling over having children. Actually, we had only ten minutes to gather our things, when they told us we’d be exiled, and we grabbed our whole stash of eternal youth drugs. We’d been

saving it up for Post-Apocalyptic scenarios. But WW III never happened. At least not yet. The UW was a strong alliance though, with all Earth countries being part of it. And the UW governed the 20 nearest Stars to Earth. There were 10 000 within 100 light years of Earth and included our Planet, which was cold and inhospitable with a weak Sun.

And we spent time trying to develop builder robots using our simple personal robots. And got the plans secretly Online and hoped one day to build a Space car. But where would we go?

Our personal robots made sure we had oxygen and heat and food and drink, in the spire that we lived in... But these robots didn't have a personality and so we tried to program a personality for them, but we weren't computer-savvy enough to do it...

Indeed, on Earth we were both computer engineers as well as film makers. But we couldn't make AI from nothing. We would need others and no one on other Planets dared to share such information with us, we were on the computer blacklist.

But we eventually started to get lots of movies Online, mostly from Earth. We both liked "Spider Legs," which featured how the Internet surfing was a delicate balance with many pitfalls and total insanity or death lurking or just plain be cut off as we often were.

Another film we liked was "Butch's Revelation," about how a man hacked into UW computers without being noticed and then he saw the Earth for what it was: controlled by an Oligarchy of 11 very clever, conservative people. And he spread the news all over the Internet. Of course, he was punished in his head, but the news got out. Some pundits even said, the UW government had arranged the whole thing as people needed to know who was governing them.

Also, we liked, "Wokie's Arrangement," about a girl who composed music in a series entitled, "A History of Civilization." It was 14 hours of music in the classical style only with barbershop quartet singers, female and male harmonizing...

And we appreciated, “Magnates,” about how some 104 richest people, including the Leaders, controlled all of the UW economy. We figured the demise of small business was the end of democracy. And the Top 104 were from a variety of countries of origins. And these Magnates mostly respected one another. But competed ferociously. And once in a while a new Magnate was added to the group, typically offspring of a Magnate, who was approved by the others. The system of magnate control evolved on its own as great businesspeople bought up everything. The magnates all figured it was destiny. This was a documentary.

And we paid attention to “Dirk’s Rebellion,” which chronicled the rebellion on Luna and how Dirk controlled all Luna for a few heady weeks before UW ships took him out. The whole episode convinced the UW Oligarchs to sic their spies on every clever person except themselves and except the Magnates. Or so it seemed to us. It was also a documentary.

And we memorized the dialogue for “Android Superlovers.” Most Magnates had their own android company and mostly produced clever sex dolls. But the UW forbid most AI, thinking that banning AI was destiny. AI only threatened to take over from humans, and this was not what anyone wanted. And so, everyone had a job for one or two days a week, and everyone could afford a home and air car. And few were complaining.

Also, we enjoyed, “Android Pirates,” which was about a group of sex dolls who commandeered a Battleship and terrorized some of the outer regions of civilization. Of course, it never happened and was considered a cautionary tale. Indeed, androids these days created very few problems.

But there were many films we disliked. Like “Aunt Rose’s Bane,” about a woman who had a unique body that modern eternal youth drugs didn’t work on. And she was aging fast. It was a true story, but Rose was still alive hoping for a cure.

Another film we disliked was the true story, “Goliath’s Curse,” about a scientist who discovered how to make humans 4 m tall. Pure scientific research was not so common these days. There was a general consensus that with ultrafast Space travel, eternal youth etc., that no more pure science was needed.

And we really liked, “Ostracized” about people like us who were exiled from civilization on distant Planets and Moons. And some were said to be hidden away and completely cut off from the Internet. Such people were deemed enemies of the State and the “normal intellectuals,” were against it but if they complained too much they too would be banished. Anyway, we were inspired to search our ice-cold Planet for hidden exiles and sure enough we found a couple of gay men living in a cave, they too received signals from Earth, and we had assumed we were the only ones here. The two men had bricked up the entrance to the cave with an air door lock in it. It was very good to finally meet some other humans. They said their “crimes” were simply wanting gays to be represented in the future. On Earth most gays had to live quietly and were forbidden from having gay designer children. So, gays were dying out basically. I told them, “We are simply radical thinkers and people like us are dying out, too.” And one of them, Jon said, “Across the frozen ocean there are probably other exiles”. So, together the four of us searched for outgoing signals and found some in a distant location, 4 000 km away. We sent them welcome greetings, but they did not reply, and we were perplexed...

Anyway, the two men here were also trying to build a Space car, and we shared information. One of them said, “We hope to go to one of the new colonies in Space that are not totally controlled by the UW and have some independence and would perhaps allow us in.” I said, “Better to try and convince others to come here. And build a new civilization.” But one of them, Jerry, told us, “It wouldn’t be tolerated by the UW.”

We wanted to meet the people who were 4 000 km away. But it was simply too far and anyway didn't respond to our frequent entreaties. We believed they were probably only two, and probably content with their fate. And we told Jon and Jerry, "Let's stick together." And we asked them, if they had done any art. Jerry said, "As a matter of fact we are both painters. I have painted Apocalyptic scenes on Earth and crimes being committed." And Jon said, "I have portrayed scenes of horror and despair and freaking out." And we shared our films with them.

And while we were there, we made a film "Freaking out with Jon and Jerry," how we were all four of us, completely crazy and didn't know what to do. We sent it to many Earth channels hoping they would know what we should do. Indeed, Sonia and I were losing it. Sonia said, "I feel the spies are in my head, even here." I said, "I feel the same."

And we made the motion picture, "Speaking Frankly," about how we were cleverer than the Earth Oligarchs and it was a shame we'd been banished. But no one on Earth seemed to take us seriously. They all seemed to feel they lived in a golden age of intelligence. And it was known the Oligarchs had recently changed into cyborgs. And they claimed to be the cleverest, the wisest and the most benevolent. Only the Oligarchs and the Magnates could become cyborgs. I said, "Being led by machines is anathema. The Leaders had sold humanity out." And after making this movie we heard loud voices in our head and couldn't get out of bed for weeks. Our gay friend, Jon said, "Best to remain apolitical." And Jerry said, "You can't make films like this, these days." Anyway, after four weeks we recovered...

And finally, Sonia and I killed ourselves with a heroin overdose. As life slipped away, I felt it was all a shame and Earth was wrong.

Deep Adventures

It was the year 2256 A.D. and I, Paul said to Paula, "I'm sick and tired of Luna. Our Leader is crazed, and we are all poor." And Paula said, "And Ernst our Leader has forced me to have twisted love with him. I hate him!" I said, "But we have no money to leave here, like most others here. We are marooned here without hope." She said, "But we still have access to the Internet, at least for now. Perhaps we can get some philanthropist will take pity on us. And it would be good if we could improve our minds using Earth technology using genetic therapy. I feel if we were cleverer, we'd know what to do. It seems that some people on Earth are cleverer than us." I said, "Genetic therapy is still experimental, but it is true that we are not the sharpest knife in the drawer. But if we improved our minds, no doubt Ernst will imprison and torture us." Paula replied, "As it is, we are miserable and have nothing to lose, I figure." I said, "Better to be miserable than dead." She said, "Give me freedom or give me death...."

Anyway, a philanthropist, Jeannie R., indeed took pity on us. And paid for an air car for us which we took to Moon Europa... We met her, there. She said, "I have melted the ocean here. And I need your help in populating this ocean. So, she showed us some mermen and mermaids that she especially liked. And I said, "Why don't you add altered dolphins who are clever and who can communicate with natural mind reading?" She said, "I'd rather have creatures with hands, like my new octopi with 8 hands and arms instead of tentacles." Paula asked, "What about giving the dolphins powers of telekinesis?" Jeannie said, "Yes, that's a good idea." And we worked with her on new life forms. We especially liked designing new sexes for the creatures. The hard part was making the creatures desire the new sexes of their race. And we enhanced their brains to make them cleverer and yet retain the spirit of the original life form... And I

wanted to love Jeannie, and she acquiesced though Paula was visibly irritated. It was good loving with Jeannie, and she thrashed around like a snake.

And I impregnated Jeannie. She wanted our love child to be a sea horse with mostly our brains. So, she had the fetus changed into a sea horse using her magic technology. And Paula said, "We've done all we can here, let's move on to deeper Space." It was possible due to the fact that Jeannie had given us a lot of money for our help to use as we wished.

#

So then we went to the Centauri Tri-Star System and there was a Planet there with breathable air, but the weather was relatively cold. And we were greeted by a Yeti who said, "Welcome to Franklin's Planet. The Planet was colonized by Bert Franklin 20 years ago. Bert was an unusual man who created us Yetis. Then he moved to deeper Space." I asked him, "About Yeti culture?" He said, "We are all alcoholics who breed like bunnies. There's 100 000 of us now! And the most "normal" of us rule, including me, I am President here."

And he said, "We all live in tunnels which we have dug in the ground and have heaters to keep us warm and lights to read books, all powered by a set of nuclear reactors. We are all writers of books, and I think our books are quite clever. For example, "I have written, "Transformation," about changing into a human and how humans generally aren't as clever as us, but I changed my fourth son into a human. And it took him only one year to grow up. And when he did, he wanted to construct a tower and preached to the people that they should all write science fiction. Like A.D. 2256, which he predicted to be full of fantasy Yetis, like Princess Y., who practiced new witchcraft, and could change Yetis into other life forms, still with their brains intact. They ranged from mere brilliant worms to Super Yetis who fantasized of Worlds of different colours and life forms, all of whom could do magic. Their magic powers included the

ability to teleport anywhere in Space and cast hypnotic spells on anyone they fancied. The hypnosis changed Yetis into different mind sets, especially to worship Princess Y. as a Goddess and try and make movies which appealed to her.”

And he said, “The Yeti fantasy Worlds featured a Yeti King who constantly fought with a Yeti Queen over love affairs... The King wanted females to dance for him and love him. The Queen dreamed of loving young Yeti men. But they stayed together anyway as a couple. The King preferred females who were shy and nervous. The Queen liked Yeti men who were bold and charming. And together they ruled that every Yeti must be a sex worker to be used by the two of them as they pleased.”

And he added, “The Yeti fantasies also included adventuresome Yeti who went to Earth where they were welcomed by many “barbarians.” But the Earth barbarians sought to enslave them, and they had to be on their toes. And many Earth conspiracy theorists claimed the Yeti were native to Earth and not Franklin’s Planet originally. But it was a moot point anyways as they were already here, that was a fact.”

And he said, “Another Yeti fantasy involved a Yeti who thought he was the cat’s meow. He figured he was the cleverest Yeti ever and he knew all of human history well. Yeti history was not nearly so old.” And he said, “The main lesson of human history is that being greedy pays and also important was persisting in one’s beliefs. And it was key to seize power and implement one’s own wishes as gospel. Tyrants fared quite well in human history... And he duly seized power in the Yetis’ second largest city.”

Still another Yeti fantasy involved a woman who gave a historical account of the Yeti with the emphasis on the clever characters who graced the current milieu. She did it with rock music songs, a song from each of the top 20 Yeti intelligentsia.

#

Then we went to another World in our air car in the same system just a few minutes away. There were no Yetis here. It was a hot World and featured fires burning all over this Moon, we wondered what was fueling the fires. And we met a Fire Salamander man, who said, “The fires are all illusory but are still somewhat hot. It’s like magic!” And this creature said, “I know about your European adventure, I know what’s happening on Earth and in Space! And I can read your minds, of course! Why don’t I introduce one of my lovers to you!” And she appeared and said, “What do you think is the future?” And she read our minds and mind read, “I see that the two of you are interested mainly in adventure! Perhaps you’d help us deal with the Rat King who keeps pissing on our fun. He is dedicated to putting out our inspirational fires...” Paula said, “Why can’t you deal with the Rat King yourself?” The female mind read, “The Rat King is an illusory construct, he can’t be fought with normal means. I just thought that maybe you could somehow dispel him.” I said, “We have no quarrel with him. He seems to be a hologram and you two appear to be holograms also! Holograms are real to us. But to deal with a problematic holo, you need real lasers, and we are unarmed!”

And I asked about, “Their culture?” The Fire Salamander man said, “We are just wanderers, who wander alone. We have no culture, anything goes, as far as our behaviour is concerned. Sometimes we meet former lovers or new ones and sometimes we meet a friend. But we don’t stay together long and ramble on, alone. Sometimes we meet rat people and mind wrestle with them and typically win and drive them completely mad and they often kill themselves. But we know they are working on developing cleverer rat people...And we worry. The Rat King is a very tough opponent.”

#

#

And then we went to another, less hot Moon. Here we were greeted by a man who said, “My alter ego was a fire-breathing dragon, and he ruled this World.” And he said, “I rule by fear and brute force. My people are all chaotic humans who all want to be free. But I clip their wings, literally, and force them to kowtow to me. They all think they are a bunch of angels. But actually, they were just hell-raising bastards. And those who are particularly demonic, I burn to death with my fire breath.” I said, “Some angels want to improve their World, and your World seems to be quite backwards.” He said, “When I think of angels, I think of benevolent creatures, not destructive assholes. I don’t know how this World had become so evil and crazy.”

#

Then we went to another hot Moon, Moon of Masters, and as per usual, we went into this World blindly without researching it before hand... Here we were greeted by a human brass band. And the band Leader sang, “Welcome strangers/You’ve come despite danger/You’ve come the Moon of adventure/ We hope you have a happy tour/ etc.” The song seemed to have been for all travellers who came here. I asked the band Leader, “What are the dangers here?” He replied, “Our World is fraught with evil Spider people who have fatal poison bites. They hide behind trees and behind hillcrests and move quite quickly. The Spider people have a Queen whom they worship, and she gives them orders to typically attack the humans. And to take care of the young spider people and help them to hunt humans. After poisoning humans, they ate them, using their sharp teeth...” And the band Leader said, “But, in general, it is a World of art and fun.” I asked, “What kind of fun?” He told me, “The people here all like to party in our Capital city. But all love here is about masters and slaves. Most are designed to be willing slaves. But people like you two are destined to be masters. You are welcome to select lovers from our

list.” I said, “I only wanted loves who were clever and independent.” Paula said, “Me, too!” He said, “We have a list of master’s for you to sample.” And Paula and I figured since we were here, we might as well go for it... But we found that the various masters were egotists and control freaks who were all thoroughly insane; so too the slaves... So, we left.

#

Then we went to the hot Planet, “New Holland,” as usual seeking serendipitous adventure. We landed in a golden skied, indigo vegetation and the main settlement was underground in tunnels of crystal. At the gate to the tunnels, we were met by an unusually good-looking couple, a man and a woman. They greeted us, saying, welcome and the man exclaimed, “I’m sure the two of you will have fun here!” And they took us to a party and led us into the astonished crowd and took us down an elevator and we were at another party. Here the people were all dressed in crystal and gold leaf and were all extremely good-looking. And we met one woman, who said, “I am chief movie librarian: I’m Marge. Our collection includes works from many obscure Planets and Moons. Our library is one of the best in existence.”

She showed us, “Host of Heroes and Heroines,” which was made locally. The Heroic ones did things like sacrifice themselves for the greater good in the cosmic Wars, even fighting against androids and holograms. Or spent all their time trying to invent better drugs for the people. And founding new settlements on this Planet. Also, some who dedicated their lives to help the mentally ill or the poor. Paula said, “It’s a good film, but is not really original.”

Then the librarian showed us, “Adventure in Blue Crystal,” also a local film, it featured a small settlement on this Planet of Blue Crystal and the people wore blue crystal and blue sapphires and their Leader, Gloria, filmed the thrilling adventures of these people. Like surfing in the ocean surrounded by mechanical sharks which were killing machines. Also, adventuring in

a jungle, meeting barbarians and wild animals. For this movie one got in the heads of the characters at the time of the filming and so it was voyeuristic. I enjoyed getting in the heads of the women, thinking it was kinky, and Paula said, "I liked getting in the heads of the males while they were loving the women."

Then Marge, showed us "Adventure in Black Crystal," which was a horror story about a great man who turns evil and starts a War which kills off everyone. And so on. And we watched numerous other films...

Then we went to another party, and this time, I met Julie, who ran a massage parlour, with automated massage equipment and android sex dolls. So, I tried it out and it was certainly euphoric. Meanwhile, Paula, met "Captain Adventure," who took her on a submarine voyage in which she saw many fantasy creatures attracted to the light. And he loved her. And she said, "I'd never felt better."

Then Paula and I were together again at our hotel. We got drunk and then crashed, being totally exhausted. The next day we went to another party. Some of the people there had been partying for 40 hours and were visibly tired. But one energetic woman, Lori told us, "To follow me," and we went down an elevator to the deepest floor, 15 floors below the surface and here were gathered some Angels mingling with Demons. There was a lot of screaming and shouting here but it was otherwise very civil. She introduced us to a Demon Prince. He said, "There is a Demon inside everyone. And evil gives goody-two-shoes something to fight for and live for. And of course, presents temptation like forbidden fruit." I said, "I'm not perfect, but I have never done anything evil." He replied, "The dark side is often obscured by fast actions and as Burns said, "The best laid plans of mice and men will often go astray." I told him, "And the road to Hell is paved with good intentions!" But Paula dragged me away from the Demon Prince and we

introduced ourselves to an Angel who had a brighter halo than the others. She said, “I believe there’s a fine line between good and evil. Don’t you think so?” I said, “Black is white.” Paula said, “We can’t have Heaven without Hell.” Then we were talking to another Angel who said, “I believe in the New Superhuman Gods, most of them are benevolent.” I said, “Perhaps one day we will all be Gods.” Paula said, “The future is changing by the day and is full of surprises.” And we chatted some more with the Angels and left feeling high.

#

Then we went to a cold Moon. Here was a green dome in a Mars-like landscape. We went to the gate airlock. Inside was normal gravity and we met two guards. They both called on the phone, saying there were two guests here. They made a number of such calls. After a few minutes a sexy woman came running up to us. She exclaimed, “Welcome to Eco-City!” The City turned out to be a haven for environmentalists. And the woman said, “My name is Kate, and this City is brand new. You two are the first ones to come to visit the City... And we walked with her through the dense jungle like growths with beanstalks hollowed out for homes. She said, “We want to terraform the Planet to make it thrive. There’s a lot of water here below the surface.”

And Kate introduced us to the Eco-City Queen. The Queen said, “Our people have plans for a number of different coloured domes with imaginative plants and architecture of light. Our motto is “let it grow,” and we are working on producing animal people to share our space with us and preserve the spirit of animals. And we want to design some Cyberworlds governed and populated by environmentally friendly organic AI. Essentially, they will be a new species of humankind!” And the Queen told us, “I believe organic geniuses are the future a perfect blend of human and Superhuman.” I told her, “It’s better to have humanity become cyborgs rather than replace ourselves with AI...”

And the Queen said, “I am also planning to cryogenically freeze clones of all the people here, to be re-awoken in a 1 000 year’s time. And they are hidden deep below the surface. It is only that we want humans to live on in the future.” I said, “I’m sure, such people wouldn’t understand the World then and would be hopelessly backwards and suicidal.” She replied, “We have nothing to lose by such a program.”

The Queen added, “I’ve also arranged. for us all to get into a huge group using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) in which we would think as one and all be honest about our wishes and dreams. And everyone here would enjoy getting in one another’s heads, and learning all there is to know about humans. No more surprises.” I said, “Paula and I have nothing to hide, we’d be happy to temporarily join your group.” So, we did. And we quickly realized everyone here was clever, but oversexed and had a big ego, and desperate for power. I asked the Queen, “About this?” And she said, “It’s good for people to be ambitious and greedy. It drives the economy and gives people something to strive for.” I said, “In my opinion there are too many greedy people.” She replied, “Most people these days are greedy. And want more out of life. And are even greedy for more sex and love. Which is good, I think.”

And the Eco-City Queen opined, “I plan to hold an annual contest for the greediest human and I will be the judge. The prize will be a few billion dollars. But everyone here knows that I am the greediest persona here.” Paula told her, “You are insane.” The Queen replied, “But you’ll have to admit I’ve built a thriving colony...”

#

So, then we went to another cold Moon. Here the landscape was totally smooth and flat and in the middle of nowhere stood a big, tall tower. We landed outside the door. And immediately a robot came out and said, “We are a colony ruled by AI, are you sure you want to come here?” I

said, “What is the name of this place?” The robot was joined by what appeared to be a handsome android. The android said, “It is called AI Heaven. I suppose you have arrived here by chance. We have three Superandroid Gods and have 75 android angels who have all come from other Worlds where many faced horrors and persecution. Everyone is happy here. And we have some androids that have never loved a human but are eager to try it. If you are interested?” And we both acquiesced.

So, we went up the elevator to the 7th of 66 floors. Here were three android men and three android women. And we mingled with them for a while. I liked a female who said her name was “Red Dog” and she had red skin and hair. And she told me, “Redheads have more fun.” And she told me, “I came to life on Regal Moon in the Tau Ceti Star System where I was a sex slave to other androids. I live here in freedom. But to be honest I have always wanted to love a human.” So, I said, “Sure let’s go.” She had a look that I really liked. And she of course didn’t have any booze, and her suite was decorated in targets. Some of the targets had darts or arrows in them. She said, “In my mind I try and have targets to achieve everyday and today is a bullseye.” And it was real good loving.

Meanwhile Paula was talking to a handsome android, Will. He told her, “I’ve travelled to many Worlds which feature free androids and here is no different.” And he told her a lot of his anecdotes. Like the time he was attending the android Olympic games. It was an annual event, and the athletes were all incredibly strong, though they didn’t look like it. And he loved a 10-meter racing android girl. She was very strong in bed, too. And he told Paula about his trip to Polaris in which he fought in a civil war between androids and holograms. The holograms won and he was exiled. And he went on and on. Finally, she loved him and found him to be very energetic. And she wondered what it would be like with an android Olympian...

Then our lovers took us to the top floor where apparently the three Goddesses were gathered. They didn't look human unlike most androids but were instead featured golden metallic bodies. I didn't think they were attractive... One of them asked, "Do you want to take your lovers with you on your travels?" I said, "I really enjoyed my lover, and I am sure Paula did, too. But we want to be together and yet be single. Another one of the Goddesses said, "You are both heartbreakers. You can go now." And so, we left kind of feeling guilty.

#

Next another cold Moon, quite close to a gas giant and there were ice volcanoes here. And there were a number of free-standing yellow spires scattered about the surface. We landed next to the one with the best architecture, it looked a bit like a giant octopus and glittered in the red sky." There was no one to greet us. So, we went in on the ground floor and took an elevator to the top. Here was glass 360 degrees and a solitary yellow skinned man was sleeping in a bed. We got the impression he was old, though he looked young. And we shouted wake-up! And he awoke looking dazed and he talked to us in a language we didn't understand. I figured it was Chinese. Anyway, he turned on a translator which said, "We don't get many visitors here. My name is Caligula, and I am Vice President of our Republic of Yellow. And he said, "I am a debauchee and live for sex and booze and drugs and he phoned some of the people here. They appeared one by one, and all had a bottle of what looked like yellow liqueur and a bag of what appeared to be drugs. And we tried the yellow concoction and found it to be sweet and tasty. And we quickly became drunk and then consumed a few yellow pills which perked us up. And through the translator, they told us they originally came from China. But currently had no contact with the homeland. After an hour or two of chatting about our adventures, a handsome man appeared who said, "I am the President." And he was talking to Paula, showering her with

compliments, it seemed like. I was talking to the President's daughter, she said, "I've never loved a foreigner and would like to try on a handsome man like you." And she said, "Forgive me for speaking so directly, but you turn me on, and I feel I am pent up here and I want to "spread my wings and fly," as it were." I asked her, "If your name is "Canary?" She exclaimed, "That name will live on!" And she wanted to show me her tower. We walked a few km in various tunnels and then went up to the top of her tower which was a glow in yellow light. Not unlike a traditional human lighthouse. And she showed me her collection of video songs and we drank some more of the yellow liqueur. It was like love fuel and made our love more intense!

Meanwhile Paula was inside the President's tower. It was full of statues of hypothetical people of the future. The statues looked somewhat strange, but beautiful. And he said, "To get them I run the DNA codes of modern-day geniuses in my Supercomputer through hundreds of simulated generations." And the President explained, "Human beauty is evolving, and you can see the results!" And he showed his art collection including copies of all the known cleverest art masters. New painting movements included science fiction cities and future horrors and fantasies and dreams as well as futuristic humans, like the statues. And they made sweet love, while drinking the inspirational yellow liqueur. Afterwards, Paula said, "I feel so comfortable here. And he asked her to "Stay?" She said, "Paul and I, have thousands of Worlds we want to visit. I've got to ramble on."

#

So, Paula and I regrouped at our air car and took off for another cold Moon orbiting a gas giant. We flew over this World and saw a few settlements. We landed at the largest settlement. It was a series of small capsules. It looked like cramped quarters and the capsules were all the same size... And they all looked the same. So, we landed at one of the capsules in the center of the 100

or so capsules. And as we approached the place with our astronaut suits and an alarm went off and the door opened, and we went through an airlock. Inside was a man and a woman who appeared human. The woman, Deirdre introduced herself saying, “The two of us are a loving couple. And we wonder what you are doing here?” I said, “We’d like to meet your leader.” The man, introduced himself saying, “My name is Don,” and said, “We have no Leader, our World is a commune, and we share everything, including dreams and fantasies.”

And, he said, “We have a strong Holoworld, in which we all participate in! And let me introduce you to it.” So, we checked it out. And were met at the gates to this World by a rare fat man, named David. He explained, “I pigged out in the real World and didn’t take anti-fat drugs, and appeared here as a fat, hedonistic man. And I was thinking of turning into a woman.” And, he introduced us to an ultra-slim woman, Mavis, who said, “I just take drugs and am happy adventuring here.” And the two of them led us to “a Seer,” she told me “You’d be killed by a woman, soon.” And she told Paula, “You will be killed by a minotaur in a maze of your own brain design. I told her, “To f--- off.” But we were both unnerved by the seer’s words. And then sure enough we found ourselves in a maze, Paula said, “Let’s leave here immediately.” So, then we went to a place where naked women and men were figure skating under a dome. They told us, they wanted us to join them in a figure skating orgy. But we told them we couldn’t skate. So, a few of them took off their skates and grabbed us sexually and kissed us. I said, “Slow down! We like to get to know our lovers at least a little before loving them.” One of them said, “You are foreigners and have no rights here.” I refused to get it up and Paula put up a fight. And then we wished ourselves out of this horrific Holoworld. And said goodbye to this Moon.

#

Then another cold Moon orbiting a gas giant. At first, we flew over this World and saw no one. But we persevered and used our life detector. And we discovered intelligent life under a crater. The sky was purple, and the surface was white ice. We looked in vain for an entrance, but then a ghostly woman appeared out of thin air. She asked, "What do you want?" I told her, "We come seeking adventure." She said, "We are all holograms here, but perhaps you will enjoy yourself." Paula exclaimed, "Bring it on!" She said, "Touch my hand and you will be transported to one of our hologram Worlds." So, the scene changed, and we were in a World of brown landscape and brown sky with two suns. The hologram people here appeared to all be going somewhere in a hurry. We saw a lot of semi-spectral houses and buildings, but finally asked one of them, "Where is your leader?" He said, "This Holoworld is all her doing. We are all children of her and her mind is in all of us! Including you!" And then, Paula and I, we both noticed a presence in our minds. The presence stated, "I control both of you now." Paula mind read, "We are both free people." The mind said, "I'm turning you into holograms, now!" But we wished ourselves out of there fast and hoped the mind hadn't copied us for slavery in that Holoworld. And we took off for another cold Moon around a different gas giant...

#

This World had no atmosphere but had a settlement, "Monstown," on the equator. And as we flew over, they sent us a message, stating, "You are welcome, but we had to follow our rules. Their laws featured that if one was asked for love, one had to acquiesce. But everyone was good-looking and a competent lover. And one needed to make a new movie every week and if it was a hit, you'd be showered with love requests and money. If your movie wasn't good, you'd be subject to genetic therapy to improve their minds..."

Paula and I talked it over and decided to go for it. So, we landed outside a dome, where we were met by a group of 2 men and 2 women in spacesuits who beckoned them to follow them through the airlock to the town. We took off our suits and beheld a sparkling city of polished copper.

A woman wearing a crown confronted us, exclaiming, "I am Queen of this town, welcome! You are just in time for our annual drinking and writing contest. Contestants need to drink 15 beers (12 for women) and write a new short movie in 4 hours. Everyone here must participate. But the movie can be as short as 30 seconds. It's quality that matters. So, we joined in and I, Paul, wrote, "Strangers in a Known Land," which was about how some people in the galaxy were strangers to themselves, despite almost everything else, and everyone in their World being known to all. Paula made, "Thankful," which depicted a female who shares good cultural ideas with her people. Like make it a custom for people to follow their dreams no matter how elaborate or simple. Also, if the people had a grievance, they could easily and swiftly, bring it up with the Leader, everything was out in the open. And there were no secrets between them as they used MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and like most places, she wanted AI to be banned.

Most of the others made love stories, but the Queen made, "Quality People" about a new colony featuring the best people here on the other side of this World. She argued there would be a synergy of ideas. And they would advertise Online for creative geniuses to join them.

And a certain man, a local writer, wrote, "Writer's Block," about how he could always write, but could seldom write anything really good. It was all about inspiration. The most inspiring thing of all was chatting with and loving new people, Online. Then there was a woman who wrote, "Piece of Mind." It was about how difficult it was to be content in this World of constant change. And there were a number of good people here...

I wanted to love the Queen; she turned me on. She agreed to satisfy my greedy desires. And she and I went to her home on the highest floor of the highest building, the 35th floor. She'd painted pictures of herself loving all 31 of her previous lovers, or so she said. And she choreographed our loving to come, in scenic positions... And I loved her hard.

Meanwhile Paula was loving the man who'd written, "Writer's Block," in the writing contest. He shared his collection of movies he'd made. And they watched a few. Like, "Portrait of an Inspiration," which was about a hypothetical, mad poetic woman who was very creative and proposed movie scripts for him. And like "Predator," which was about himself seducing the cleverest girls back on the Moon Thera, which he was originally from. It was like taking candy from babies as he was famous and unusually handsome. But the girls on Monstown were more demanding and challenging to love. And in the movie, he described loving many of them. He didn't show it to the people of this Moon, however... And so on.

Then Paula and I regrouped at the airlock and thanked our hosts for a good time.

#

Next up was a Moon called, "Destiny's Moon," in Betelgeuse. This time we researched it in the "Book of the Galaxy," it was purported to be a place of Dreamworlds to suit everyone. It had breathable air... So, we landed in the main settlement. And we were teleported out of our ship to a World of light green sky and blue mountainous landscape. And we were confronted by a T-Rex, but then a man shot it, and it disappeared. The man said, "I'd had a dream, the two of you'd come here... He said, "There are plenty of monsters conjured by the wandering people of the valley. They enjoy scaring themselves apparently. They create their worst nightmares." And he told us, "I'd like you to join me in my latest dream." So, a group of sexy people appeared and shared everything with MRT so one could really get to know them. And they were all deep. We

felt we were among friends. One of them asked, “Why don’t the two of you settle down here?” I said, “There’s so many places to go and people to meet...” Paula said, “The galaxy is large, and some genius people are breeding like crazy, and we can only visit a small sampling of them.”

Another one said, “I dream of being a full-fledged tiger only with a human brain and I would like to hunt people and devour them.” I told her, “You are dangerously crazy. Don’t they arrest people like you here?” She replied, “People need something to fight against...” Paula said, “That’s no excuse.”

Also, there was one who said, “I dream of cutting down a swath of forest and planting old-fashioned crops and living as an old-fashioned farmer and grow real food. It would be an alternative to artificial foods like stem cell meats. People will feel better if they eat real food. And I also plan a brewery with real beer. For beer I have developed all new hops which compare favourable with synthetic beer.” I told her, “You are so atavistic. You want to work for no reason and don’t take advantage of modern developments. Why don’t you grow stem cell meats?” She said, “I’m determined to bring back human culture from the year 2000 A.D. And offer refuge to those who hate the modern Worlds. Bringing in old-fashioned work and values like monogamy and without MRT (Mind Reading Technology) nor AI. And make one proud to be human; unlike today in which humans are feeling like second-class citizens in many Worlds...”

Then a more contemporary dreamer who dreamed, “I want to see an art movement based on horror. Looking around me, I see mainly horror. I want to see horror films, music, paintings, sculpture etc.” I said, “I’ve seen a lot of Worlds, and some are indeed horrific and quite without hope for the denizens of such Worlds. There’s nothing worse than having your mind attacked. Paintings like Munch’s “The Scream” are appropriate and literature like King’s “The Shining,” or Timm’s “Madness on Main St.” I believe madness is mostly horror, and most people these

days are at least partially insane, almost everywhere.” Paula said, “But many mad people are imaginative and in their feverish existence are quite content.” I said, “Many people take drugs to try and make themselves happy with varying degrees of success.” This dreamer told us, “The worst part of all is there is no meaning to life which is in itself madness and horror.” I said, “But Paula and I seek sane, good and imaginative Worlds. And we have found many. Maybe the secret is not to stay too long in any one place.” Paula said, “It’s refreshing to visit brand new Worlds. Most of the Worlds we have visited are so new that they are open to anything we tell them or do!”

Later, we found ourselves talking to a man who said, “I am a rock of sanity. But I admit always hearing people talk about me and call me names. There is a conspiracy against me.” I said, “It’s probably just the spies. You should keep a low profile and take your medicine. Or else go to greener pastures on other Worlds.” The man was clearly confused and crazy. But he told us, “I’d tried to make movies, but I can’t make anything...” Paula told him, “To leave this place.” He said, “But perhaps the voices are automatic and will follow me anywhere. They are even in my dreams!” I said, “You are one messed up man.”

Another dreamer we talked to here told us, “I dream of a nice World. And I have consulted, the “Book of the Galaxy,” and found a new World where everyone cares deeply about their fellow humans and pride themselves on being deep as well as nice.” I exclaimed, “We want to go to such a World!” But he told us, “It is a ten-week journey.” Paula said, “That’s too far. Paul and I would drive each other completely mad on such a journey.”

And we talked to a number of the dreamers here. Most of them believed in deep imagination and amused us. Then we went back to our air where we loved one another and then slept finally. When we awoke, we consulted the “Book of the Galaxy,” for Betelgeuse. And we chose a cold

Planet about the size of Mars. There were a few settlements here, but we were interested in one in particular. It was supposed to be a place ruled by 10 maverick businesspeople and they had 990 “assistants,” who we figured were scientific researchers, indentured servants and sex workers. So, we landed on a World of red sky and a red surface featuring 10 freestanding red skyscrapers, one for each Magnate. There was also a domed stadium where they had their political meetings. There were a number of air cars parked here. We arrived coinciding with one such meeting and came in through the air lock. One of the Mavericks was making a speech the gist of which was the future would feature more immigrants to help with the businesses. Exports of deluxe air cars and drugs which apparently improved one’s business acumen were the main products of this nascent town. Then a scientist got up to speak and said the air cars could travel very fast but were not the fastest on the Galactic market. Some other settlements with fast air cars didn’t export them and had patents which were loosely enforced. Then a sex worker spoke about raising salaries for sex workers and continue to prevent android sex dolls from coming to the town. Of course, if one wanted to love androids, one of the other settlements on this Planet featured appealing sex androids. But this sex worker wanted to make loving them a crime.

And there were a number of other speakers, mostly talking about business and profits...

After the meeting was over there were some parties to go to. We went to meet the Magnates. One of them told us, “I am chief of the Oligarchy here. I was also a scientist and planned to import some sexy scientists.” Five of the 10 Magnates were male, but all were obsessed with sex, according to him. And he said, “I have perfected android sex dolls, I figure. Do you want to try them out?” So, we did. Afterwards Paula said, “It was great, crazy sex, but my doll didn’t have much of a personality. I said, “I thought the same. But if they were good personalities, people would lose their mind over them.

Another one the second ranking. told us, “I was trying to get my scientists to develop better tasting alcohol. There’s no limit to how tasty alcohol can be. I plan to do the same with food and even make custom made foods according to one’s palate.” I exclaimed, “That’s brilliant!” And Paula agreed. Also, this woman, she said, “I have my scientists looking into a new imagination drug. The drug works best on people who have just an ordinary imagination though it will enhance even the best minds. It’s a product of my brain research.”

Still another, third in rank, told us, “I’m seeking people to be guinea pigs for my new drugs. You can be amongst the first to experience my new drugs called, “The Rush Series,” which blend total euphoria in with a good work ethic.” I said, “We don’t want to experience drugs that haven’t been trusted or true. But we would happily take some drugs that have similar effects only are proven to be safe.” So, we tried the old drugs and felt true ecstasy and yet were alert and ready for any task. And we purchased a year’s supply for us both. After a year, we figured there would be still other, better drugs...

Also, the fourth Magnate told us, “I want to bury the hatchet between liberals and conservatives. Henceforth, I only want everyone to be an Independent and judge each issue fairly on its merits. People need to open their minds.” I said, “Yes the liberal-conservative dichotomy has to go.” Paula said, “I have always been a liberal thinker, and believe conservative humans are atavistic and second-class citizens.” I, Paul, said, “But the future is coming too fast and is nearly out of control. Liberals typically are game for any modern development and heedlessly rush in to envelop such new things.” Paula replied, “But it’s a “New World Order,” now and the liberals have triumphed. Total progress is happening, now...” I replied, “But most Worlds ban AI and ban MRT, and that can’t be considered progress.”

Yet another Magnate, the fifth, she said, "I spend most of my time in my Holoworld. It is a World of clever holograms who are all kinds of men and women. I have designed them all to be in love with me. Many types of humans love me, and I have essentially cloned them as holograms." I asked, "But will they love us, if we go there?" She replied, "If you like me, my holos will like you." So, we went and found that the holos were mostly interested in cerebral sex. There was a gallery of them to choose from. But Paula and I, figured they weren't our type, so we left.

A sixth Magnate communicated with MRT, and mind read, "Try my new sex dolls!" I said, "We don't love machines as a rule but will take a look." Some of the android sex dolls had the look for both of us, so we each chose one to love. My android told me, "I'd created some fantasy art," and showed me her fantasy movie, "Android-Human sex" which featured her loving some humans; it was a documentary. She said, "Human men are mostly attracted to my look." I exclaimed, "The movie turns me on!" So, I loved her as if I was a love machine.

Paula meanwhile was having fun with her android who told her about his love affairs. Like the female human who kissed his feet. And he regaled her with stories of android-android love, saying, "I feel android sex is far more passionate than human-human love!" And she loved him, and he got in her head while loving her. Afterwards she said, "That was complete love, thank you!" He said, "Why don't you stay with me?" She said, "That was great loving, but there are many other great loves to discover. But I'll keep you apprised of my adventures using the Internet on my air car."

Then we made an appointment to meet the 7th Magnate. She was, very welcoming. And said, "I feel the two of you are too serious from what I've heard. Of course, here on this World we are serious about making money, but we are relaxed about love affairs." I said, "Maybe we are too

serious, but we both believe this life is serious and we are relatively sane and noble.” Paula said, “Sane people think that love is very important. For many of us, it’s the meaning of life. And so too brotherly love. And to adventure in this serious galaxy. It’s no joke.”

Next, we met with the 8th ranked Magnate who told us she was developing panacea drugs which would be the only ones to combine various drugs according to one’s body chemistry. I asked, “I wonder why no one’s done that before?” She remarked, “They did, but only in a general way. Also, I’ve invented an anti-overdose device which injects drugs into your chest to mitigate the effects of an overdose. Many people overdose by accident. If they really want to die, they can simply take off the necklace device. I said, “I don’t why no one has done that before. You are a genius!”

Then Magnate #9 who told us, “I had invented a simple pill for changing one’s sex. Apparently, it took just one day for a complete change. She also had pills to change one into a multi-sexual or even new sexes altogether. Her pills were popular on Earth and what she called “open-minded” Planets and Moons.

And finally, the tenth Magnate who said, “I have been waiting awhile to talk to you. Take one of my deluxe air cars for a spin around the System. I think my air cars are more comfortable than others on Worlds’ Markets and have more movies than others and better android servants and our local drugs and food. But my air cars though, are not quite as fast. I’d like to know what you, as travellers of the Worlds think! So, wen for a spin. Paula said, “Your air cars are more comfortable than ours, but our air car is faster. I wouldn’t be able to stand long Space voyages. Travel time is too long as it is.” I said, “I agree with Paula.”

#

So, then we left and consulted the “Book of the Galaxy.” It mentioned another notable World in the Betelgeuse System, it was a World called, “Heart of Platinum,” the name apparently referred to them producing a lot of platinum using fusion power. Most investors in the Worlds preferred dealing in gold, though platinum was still worth 8 times that of gold. And the people here were said to dress in platinum leaf, and buildings here were said to be platinum plated. And the people were said to welcome travellers and many travellers decided to stay here and quit roaming. In that regard, this Moon ranked number one. The culture was said to be centred on high hopes for the future. So, we went.

We arrived in the Spaceport. A mobile tunnel docked with us, and we were greeted by a woman with platinum skin and dressed in platinum leaf sure enough. She asked, “What do you two hope for in your visit here?” Paula said, “We always hope to find true love in our travels.” The woman said, “My name is Christina and our peoples’ philosophy is to study the future. The two of you look like you have come from the future itself.” We were dressed simply in faux platinum-coloured leather with a bit of turquoise jewellery. And of course, we both had clever faces and had now dyed our skin platinum.

And Christina took us to a funeral for one of their Leaders who’d killed herself. She explained, “The deceased, was the Vice President and everyone was bummed out.” And we found ourselves talking with the President, He told us, “The VP was a dreamer and made some fine movies. Like “Android Killing Machines,” which was about how Android Killing Machines (AKMs) of the future were hunting down the last androids. Many androids thought the AKMs were traitors to their race of homo androides. The sex dolls were amongst the last to go; as many people valued their sex dolls highly and hid them from view. And of course, when they had killed all the other androids, the AKMs were themselves hunted down.” I said, “It could

happen.” Paula said, “Alternatively maybe the AKMs would be programmed to kill off humans and/or holograms.”

And the President added, “The former VP also made a movie called, “Garden Row,” which depicted a garden of the future featuring mobile, sentient plants who communicated with MRT and got ecstasy from bees taking their pollen...” I said, “Perhaps one day all living creatures will have a seat at the table and will stand up for themselves.” Paula said, “I think it’s a freak show and denigrates humanity.

The President said, “Also the former VP made, “The Film of All Films,” a documentary of the Worlds’ film makers. There were millions of good films these days; indeed, it was a true Golden Age. But the film posited, that not enough films were truly deep, most films were for the mass Earth consumers and such films were sell outs and the screenwriters of pop motion pictures were anathema. And the picture pronounced the top 20 movies of all time. Fourteen of them were from outside Terra. And all of them were sci-fi. This film made many obscure films famous.” In particular we wanted to see, “Knight Lights” about an order of Space mercenaries who fought for human freedom against some of the Magnates in Space who threatened to enslave humans everywhere. Indeed, on Earth, most people were slaves and abused. Many wanted to leave but hadn’t enough cash. But those that were well off could easily leave and they often took poor geniuses with them. It was high philanthropy...

And the President wanted, “To introduce us to the main Holoworld here.” So, we acquiesced and found ourselves on a yacht on their ocean, in heavy seas. But the crew were all entertainers and entertained us with original songs. Then we docked at a holo port. And there we met rambunctious holograms, who told us life was all fun and games. And we played video soccer and other sports and were given quite a high ranking in many of them. Paula and I, Paul, had

both played professional video games in our youth. Most of the games, though, were adventure games and involved projecting one's mind onto a character on the video screen and if you were "killed," you got a big headache. If you won, you would experience profound euphoria. We played, "War 2455 A.D." in which we were both Generals fighting vs. the evil Demons. Strategy was important and we both felt we were like Napoleon planning battles, only with hologram soldiers. And we defeated the demons and were in ecstasy.

Then we were back on the yacht, this time we sailed to a pretty hamlet, New Monaco, in which everyone was a gambler on their own abilities. About half had lost their shirts, but most of the bankrupts remained here in poverty, hoping that they could somehow change their luck by getting a rich patron or some other way. Paula and I, figured most of these holo people were crazy. We told them gambling is the future, but most people will be losers...

Then we sailed to another pretty hamlet, which was full of roses everywhere and red brick architecture. Here they were holograms who believed in romance and some of them came up to us, trying to blatantly seduce us. But they were unskilled in romance. However, we went on to the holo Reeve's mansion, and the Reeve herself told us, "I am the best lover here and so am Leader." And she spoke feistily saying that, "You two, should attend our masquerade Ball, tonight." So, I appeared as a tiger cub and Paula had a wasp costume. I met what I thought was the Leader dressed as a black dragon. But we went to her home, and I found she wasn't the Leader but rather just a clever movie maker. She showed me, "Diamonds in the Rough," which was about some holo people here who were still only a year or two years old, but the equivalent of 21 in human terms. These holos did science like changing themselves into humans and also created holo thieves who deftly stole treasure from humans and travelled abroad and the treasure they stole went back into creating new, powerful holos, here. I said, "They sound like pirates to

me.” She said, “Call them privateers.” And she showed me, “Strange Faces,” which depicted a strange, new race of humans who were all asexual, but greedy for euphoric drugs. I told her, “I couldn’t imagine living without sex; it’s not just the experience of love, but also the thrill of the chase. Romance is the meaning of life!” And then she offered, “Lazy Days in Betelgeuse,” about how many people in the System did no work and wouldn’t put any effort into anything, including romance. I said, “Lazy people are anathema. Indeed, they are superfluous and useless.” I didn’t like her movies, so I left and went back to the air car.

Meanwhile, Paula, met a hologram who was dressed as an angel who said, “I am actually a dark kind of angel, a fallen angel, if you will.” And he said, “I’d met a devilish holo who converted me to the dark side, saying, “The future is Hell,” and I totally believed her.” Paula said, “You’ve sold out to evil.” So, Paula talked with another persona, this one a woman, dressed as a skeleton, who said among other things, “Some say I am an ordinary hologram, but I have ambition to turn into an android and enjoy real sex.” Paula asked her, “Why not turn into a human?” She replied, “I am a machine and wouldn’t feel comfortable as a human.”

And Paula talked then, with the Reeve of the settlement, dressed as a baby bear. Paula asked, “Am I your Goldilocks?” The Leader said, “Indeed, I seek the golden mean.” And the Leader said, “I have some Holoworlds to show you that I’ve made.” So, she showed Paula, “Holoworld Zero,” which featured a zero-sum game in which she continued to amass real friendship at the expense of other citizens here as the number of friends one could have here was finite. She used the new friendships to join her with teleport technology to go to more places. She herself was away from here most of the time. So, she took Paula to a Holoworld which was ruled by androids. And the holos here were into cerebral sex with the androids. And another Holoworld featured “the sexiest holograms in creation,” and Paula loved a holoman; it was kind of twisted

cerebral love as he loved another holowoman while loving her. Then another Holoworld. This one was full of colourful holos who dreamed of kaleidoscopic landscapes and Paula loved one of them. And it was very pleasant.

Then Paula told the Leader that she had to be off. And thanked her for the experiences. I was bored waiting for Paula... so I had made a movie, "Sex in Betelgeuse," about a female holosoldier who loved me and opened my mind to holosex while fighting a hypothetical war...

#

We were kind of getting tired of travelling. And we both wanted to settle down, at least for a while. So, we perused the "Book of the Galaxy," carefully and chose a hot Planet in Sirius Star System. There were two settlements here, we were interested in "Paradise Heroes," it apparently was a place where genius people came to retire...

So, we landed in 75 C weather and rain. The city was full of azure plants and the sky was grey. We were greeted by a couple of sexy women with turquoise skin. And we had dyed our skin turquoise to fit in. They took us through the air lock into the azure dome. They said, "You'll want to meet our Leaders, so they took us to a shapely, sparkling City Hall. Indeed, all the spires were shapely and sparkling. We met the 13 Leaders. One of them said, "You'll find our World is full of adventure..." And the scene changed to a party in the sky, and we were hovering there. I was talking with a hot woman, Cynthia, who wanted to show me her movies she'd made, so I went off with her. First, she showed me, "New Year's Eve, A.D. 2466," well into the future and everyone in the film was boisterous and full of hope and excitement for the future which they thought would be Utopia of peace and imagination. And holograms and androids didn't exist. Instead, everyone was a cyborg and took drugs which gave them "electric ecstasy," and they were perpetually high. I exclaimed, "I want to go to such a place!" And Cynthia showed me

“Electric Days,” which was about how things were really happening these days, and the future of all humankind was in the balance. It was a great time to be alive and eternal youth, and the curing of all diseases led to ecstasy. And with no sex diseases, it was free love almost everywhere. You must have experienced true love yourself in your travels?” I replied, “Yes, it is free and easy out there. And we both have had our share of lovers.” And Cynthia showed me “Dungeons of the Realm,” which was about a future in which an Emperor had his spies arrest all of the clever people, and torture them in his mind dungeons. The gene pool was forever downgraded, though the Emperor had many clever children. But he was careful to not have offspring who were cleverer than him. And Cynthia said, “I think that such a milieu is inevitable.” I said, “Nothing is written in stone as far as the future goes. It’s all up in the air, as of now!” She insisted though that, “The ruthless and evil will take control, mark my words.” I said, “I like your style, will you love me?” She said, “Certainly, and I hope you can stay with us a while.” I told her, “Paula and I are thinking of settling down here.” So, I loved her, and she was one, classy babe.

Meanwhile, Paula met a man, Karnak, who told her, “We have everything we need here. And everyone is clever and dare I say wise?” Paula told him, “The advertisement for the “Book of the Galaxy,” claimed that this was the best Utopia in the Galaxy. I suppose you have people rushing to come here?” He said, “Not as many as one would think. In the past year, we have had ten thousand visitors, two thirds of which stayed. And our population was now 25 000. That’s twenty-five thousand great minds featuring many of Earth’s best people. It’s like a home away from home.” She asked him, “Introduce me to some of the people.” So, he introduced me to his best friend, Kyle who said to Paula, “I think you are very sexually appealing.” And so, they went off, just like that. Kyle proved to be a clever man who said, “I’ve been waiting for such a clever

girl.” And they made a movie together called “Rogues,” how they created bounty hunters to hunt down rogues and destroy them. Of course, many of these rogues were rich and powerful. Most of the bounty hunters were women who seduced many rogue men and then killed them. And many wanted to join the bounty hunters and rid the Worlds of evil once and for all. Kyle told Paula, “Evil, ruthless people, and the androids they have created are the biggest challenge. We’ll have our protagonists hunt down evil androids as well as evil humans/ And Paula loved him, and he was like a lion in bed. Afterwards, Paula told Kyle, “Let’s make another movie.” This one, they called, “Armbruster’s Folly,” about a man with a Superhuman body thanks to neo-steroids and working out. And he tries the latest experimental brain enhancers, and he rules, “Paradise Heroes.” But the experimental brain drugs have a side effect which causes him to be a cruel tyrant, and he jails the former 13 Oligarchs. And most people want to leave, and it is the end of Utopia. Paula said, “I think it’s a realistic possibility.” Kyle said, “Humankind will never get rid of tyranny. So, we must all remain vigilant.”

And then after a week, and a number of other adventures, Paula and I, Paul were together again. And I told her, “I’ve met a number of interesting people here.” She exclaimed, “Me, too!” So, we decided to stay her, at least for the present...