A Kind Society

You awaken after a restful night's sleep and glance at the monitor on your wrist. **[RED (-3)]** How? You've been sleeping for the past seven hours. How could it possibly be red?

Then you remember. You drank two cups of Fairtrade tea before bed. Went to the loo in the middle of the night. You didn't flush. The next person to use it (your husband, Ansel) will look into the bowl and cringe. You quickly spring out of bed to right your wrong, only to disturb Ansel. He groans in his sleep. **(-5)** *Damn*. You tiptoe to his side of the bed and gingerly pull the responsibly-sourced duvet over his shoulders **(-3),** then creep to the bathroom and rectify the loo situation. **[ORANGE (0)]** *Phew*.

A repurposed fabric tote bag sits near the front door. You'd filled it with perfectly good items to donate to charity. The pre-loved dress you wore last summer. A box set of mint Enid Bryton classics (the non-offensive version) your adult children don't want cluttering their homes. Ansel's locally tailored suits he no longer wears now that he's retired. You set the bag on the curb **[GREEN (+5)]** and peer down the street. You notice Kathy from three doors down is donating an antique sideboard and mahogany bureau. Those have got to be worth **+20**, at least. Why didn't you think to clear out the guest room wardrobe? You sigh, pick up a discarded Coke can from the pavement and toss it into the recycling bin. **(+6)**

Life was less complicated during the 2020s when your Uber rating and daily step count were your biggest concerns. But ever since Artificial Intelligence discovered altruism and selfishness could be quantified, and that Elon Musk fellow (R.I.P.) developed the technology to track them, life hasn't been the same. Through a government initiative, everything you do, from what you buy to how you speak to your plumber, sends impulses from your brain to the monitor you must wear if you wish to reside in a kind society. The alternative? Live in one of the self-governed walled cities in Earth's most remote, environmentally hostile regions, where criminals rule, and average life expectancies are a joke.

You've long given up your aspirations to reach Platinum Status [**+100** for ninety consecutive days]. Too many hours wasted liking Facebook posts and leaving positive Goodreads reviews. Besides, you love bacon sarnies. Meat-eaters rarely reach Gold, let alone Platinum. These days, only vegan hippies who lead self-sustained off-grid lives attain Platinum. So long as you stay in Green and maintain a positive aggregate score, you're good.

You look out your double-glazed front room window and see the donation collection van drive past and take the wing mirror off of your second-hand electric vehicle. Without thinking, you storm out the door and shout, 'Get back here, you fucking idiot! Who's gonna pay for that!' **[RED (-21)]**

Shit.

Perhaps your visually impaired neighbour Matilda could use your help in her garden?