

FLEAS ON THE DOG COMPLETE ISSUE #1

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EXCERPTS FROM “TALES OF MADNESS” BY TOM BALL

FOR THE THEATER OF WOMEN

It began in the air: drifting, I was a spirit or soul without material form... As the scene began, I was thinking back on many of the cherished ideals of my youth... or rather they were haunting me... I writhed and turned away from them...

Then they were gone, and I was floating upwards very slowly. And I drew visions of hunters of various kinds upon the ethereal canvas... Once envisioned, the hunters took on a life of their own...setting out upon various quests apparently...

As time passed I went through various regions, which differed somehow...and as I progressed it seemed that I could feel the presence of others... Gradually they began to materialize, they were women, and as they materialized I slowly ceased to drift... until suddenly I stopped, realizing that I was in a huge amphitheater, on the stage. The amphitheater was filled with silent women. They were all watching me.

I tried to move but I could not, I had become a statue, frozen in time. I wanted to say something or do something, but I could not.

How long I stood there, I do not know; it seemed like eons. But as time passed the women started to disappear, and I was left there all alone. I am still standing there today.

THE DANCE MEDIEVAL

It might have been about the year 700. At that time there was, somewhere in Europe, a certain clown, or shall we say joker. Now the man was bizarre, in every way, and his jokes often unnerved people, though often they were deep indeed. His general philosophy was "when it gets desperate make a joke".

Now one day, drunk and dejected as usual, the joker, as he sat upon the road, saw ahead of him a man with a most devilish grin, who looked tired and burdened with earthly worries. He was ordinary in appearance otherwise, but as he approached, the clown himself was unnerved (though this was nothing new). The clown said to the man, the tired man before him, that if the pace gets too much for you, run faster. In pace requiescat."

They fell into conversation, and it became evident that it was the man's job to tattoo people according to their wish... Well that stimulated the clown, and stimulated him to pour forth his sad story. He said that he was a man of no wishes... but he'd like a tattoo that would clearly state his message.

For some time the carousing went on...much later the clown awoke.... he felt pain...knew that he'd been tattooed on the face and roughly it seemed... He walked the streets, people avoided his gaze and looked shocked...from their mumblings he deduced he must have something obscene tattooed on his face...aggressive too perhaps...

He left town the same day, and on the way managed to acquire make up to cover his face, and eventually he found an inn, which had a mirror. As he looked in the mirror he saw that he indeed had not an obscenity tattooed on his face, but rather the word "Imagination".

However, a few weeks later it happened that on a hot day much of his make-up came off. A passerby noticed it and spread the word...."Devil" was the conclusion of the villagers...

So there he was on the stake, with a circle of fire closing in on him...

GOATS OF THE HERD

You know Nietzsche once said, in his superman book, "They have a thing they call culture – it separates them from the goatherds."

Well this is a true and inspirational goat story "told to me straight from the goat's mouth".

The story was that a certain guy, X, was traveling in Pakistan and one day he was in a restaurant where he dined upon goat. After dinner he went to the washroom and discovered the toilet was just a hole in the floor. Anyway he squatted down and did his business, but as he did so he felt something licking his ass! It was a goat!

Well you know the experience was so pleasurable that X had several girls lick his ass, but he still wasn't satisfied. So, he went out to the countryside of Pakistan, where he would venture unto the goat fields, and get the hungry goats to lick his ass, and eat his shit. He was in heaven!

So, then he resolved to live forever in Pakistan, and buy his own goats. And of course, he kept them hungry. And he decided to get castrated so that he could be true to the goats.

As time went by, he practiced selective breeding among the goats, as some goats were better ass lickers than others. And X wanted super goats. And he felt like a superman of the future.

He also spent time going around the countryside extolling the virtues of getting your ass licked, and also of licking ass. He told them shit was good for health, helped people lose weight, made men strong etc. etc.

And X called his goat farm “The US of Goatica” – here man and goat are equal and all must obey his arbitrary dictates (and lick his ass of course).

THE FALLEN TOWER THAT WAS HIS MIND

It began with me alone on a featureless plain. I was walking in a random direction, curiously disoriented. Long did I walk without episode or panacea. White, flat and monotonous it remained.

At last something came into view. Approaching eagerly, I found that it was some strange kind of ruin...

On closer inspection I could see that it was the foundation of some tower with blocks strewn about... The blocks were semi-translucent and of bizarre shape. To put them

together would require a great effort of will. I noticed that I could move a few of the blocks by such a great effort of will...

It gradually occurred to me however that I belonged here and that the tower was my mind. I was condemned to live out my life as a shadow of what I might have been.

For I knew that I could not rebuild this tower that had never been built. To do so would be to reach the ideal, but I was doomed to a life of isolation and misery. I did not fit in, in the society I had left behind so I could never even approach the ideal.

Perhaps one day in the far future the game would change and someone like I would be tolerated and welcome and this person could realize his/her potential.

SEVEN 'LITTLE FICTIONS' BY NICK NORTH

L'ENVOI

I died and came back. To my wife and kids it's everything. I like it but sometimes you'll find me sitting by myself with my head down. I miss where I came from. What I notice is it's so dark here. Even at high noon under a blazing sun...it's so dark. Nov. 23,

16. 8:04 pm

OH WHAT I WOULD DO!

In Piranesi's impossible prison the jailers tortured their prisoner. They cut his flesh with whips; they threw a cauldron of boiling water in his face; they broke his fingers and toes with hammer blows. He cried out during his torment, 'You've got the wrong man! I'm innocent!' At last, he died. 'Heart attack,' grumbled the prison doctor who was there to witness the atrocities. Later, when it came time to harvest the prisoner's organs for sale on the black market, his scalpel slipped. When he cut through the heart, he found a note inside. 'I felt everything,' it read. 'I ended up attacking him but what I really wanted to do was attack you. I just couldn't get out.' April 8, 16. 7:21 pm

POINT TAKEN

Pam was always a thin woman. She ate like everybody else but never gained weight. After a while she started losing. She got thinner and thinner. Her clothes went from size small to XX Small. 'Next thing you know, I'll be shopping for infants!' When she died a few weeks later she was no bigger than a speck.

People looked everywhere for Pam but it was me who eventually found her. If you look very closely she is the dot at the end of this sentence though you may need a magnifying glass to see it. Oct. 23, 15

1:27 pm

NICK SAID (Metafiction)

Nick said... 'They are here (like all of us) for the sole purpose of building an edifice to their own grandeur. And that's OK, that's cool, as long as you remember there isn't enough morality in the Universe to save us.'

'And edifice to their own grandeur?'

'A structure mal-appropriate to the immaculate conscience.'

'L'architecture megalomania, La tour diabolique.'

'Uh-huh. Not every apple is an orange.' Oct. 10, 16 6:12 pm

HUIS CLOS

I shot him dead, just like I wanted. Then I shot myself. But it never leaves. I shoot myself every morning and every evening and I'm still here. Sept. 12, 16. 3:06 pm

HERE IT IS

The slaver awoke from a dream of redemption. He got up and unlocked his shackled workmen.

'Redemption!' he cried. He released one man who was forced to squat in a cramped cage.

'Redemption!' he cried. 'I have seen the light!' He shoveled the earth away from a slave he had buried up to his neck. 'Can you not see it?' he asked. 'It is the light of the soul!'

At dawn he fed all his hands a lavish breakfast. His men, disbelieving, ate without

speaking. When the sun rose he ordered himself to be hitched to a plough. He said, 'Goad me with whips and scourges.' He was giddy and fire-headed. He pulled and grunted. He sweated and groaned under the weight of the heavy yoke. He screamed, 'Harder!' when the lashes came down upon his bloodied back. The slaver closed his eyes to better see.

With each stroke the light grew brighter. Aug. 21, 17 10:11 am

UNCERTAIN

X: It's still dark out.

Y: It's only three a.m. It's dark everywhere.

Z: I bet it's not dark in Australia.

Y: No. It's not dark in Australia.

X: Is so. It's dark in Australia.

Z: What if we run out of light bulbs?

Y: We won't run out.

Z: Are candles as good as light bulbs?

Y: Yes.

X: What if it stays dark?

Y: It won't.

X: But what if it does? It did yesterday.

Y: I know.

X: What if it will be dark forever?

Y: No. The sun will be up in a couple of hours. You two try and go to sleep.

X: (after waking up)...What time is it?

Y: Six o seven.

X: It's still dark.

Y: I think it is lighter. I think I can see the smallest bit of light. The sun is beginning to rise.

Z: I don't see it.

Y: It's just beginning,

X: How long do we have to wait?

Y: Not long.

Z: What if it doesn't come up?

Y: It's getting lighter.

X: But what if it doesn't?

Y: The sun is all set to rise now.

Z: But what if it doesn't rise like it didn't yesterday or the day before?

X: ...What if it doesn't rise again? July 2, 16 9:15 am after meditation

FOOD CHAIN BY CHARLES PINCH

Strong had a big heart in a big chest that a boy's trust in humanity broke at least once a month. Riff (aka Reefer) was already aloft in the atmosphere hydrating on rum fizzes and champagne cocktails at thirty-five thousand feet plus the extra three or four inches it took to get through the straw. Strong had been the last to see him the night before. Strong had stood at the employee's exit like the good store security staff he was. He checked purchases against receipts. Even if they bought nothing he checked bags. Sweaters and worn at the heels shoes mostly and visible odors like sour breath. Riff was the exception. He flashed the watch in Strong's face with un-Marxist brash.

"How long you had that on hold?"

"Three months, two weeks, four days. How many hours I aint sure about."

"Didn't Momma tell you never to say 'aint'?"

"Momma said don't say fuck, neither, but fuck man, what are you gonna say?"

A shrunk runt; closely related to rodents but closely related to humans. Riff's hair was a self-styled shipwreck where both sides met in the middle like a wet cockscomb. For all that Strong thought he had a good face: the eyes were gray and noble and content to be out of place in that rat-like countenance. Below the neck lived a body like a bent wire hanger.

"You got a bill of sale for me?"

Riff groped inside his pocket. He pulled a condom out. Inside the condom was the sales receipt. Strong's eyebrows snarled. He scratched the head that in a few years would shame him into a hair transplant.

"Don't you have a wallet?"

"No. I got my wallet stolen two times."

"The same wallet?"

"Two different wallets. I had a box full of these on the top of my dresser. I figure recycle. In my other pocket I got a condom full of change. You should see the look I get when I cash out anywhere."

"A box full of unused condoms tells me you got the kind of weekends the rest of us should be lining up for."

"Sure, officer. Can I go now?"

"What time's your flight?"

"Three oh five in the morning. By the time you've had your wet dream I'm on a beach with a boner. Palm trees. Tits and ass. Tropical sunsets. Tits and ass. You know how it is..."

"Yeah. That's how come I need my wallet."

He reached out and rubbed his hand through Riff's younger hair and mussed it up. "You stay out of trouble, kid. I'm glad you finally bought your watch."

Riff flashed his wrist under the lone cathode above the door. Platinum pretension verged on the polished rhodium-plated steel band.

"It took me long enough to save for it. That and my upcoming junket and I'm a poverty statistic."

“Get out of here and go have some fun!”

Satisfied, Strong folded the sales slip, the receipt of purchase and felt like a fool stuffing it back into the condom but figured he couldn't appear any sillier than the man who took it.

That was the last he saw of him and ever would. Riff walking through the open door with his hand raised like he was taking an oath but not looking behind him.

Boomers had cut back like every other business in the recessive slump. Those who survived the purge double dutied. Andy used to come in to do the cash and deposits (week nights after his symbolic logic tutorials) but now conscription included things like a vacuum cleaner and Windex. When Strong wasn't blending into racks of Polo shirts to watch a junkie stuff his pockets with ill gotten gain, he was billeted to multi-task. One or two tons of incoming merchandise off the loading dock. A gun that shot plastic thread-like ammo and harpooned gloves and scarves with price tags.

Andy looked up when the big man ambled into the basement office.

“Hey, McStrong.”

“Andrew Gordon. Just because you're a laddie doesn't mean you have to 'scotch-athize' everything.”

“Why Mac Not, bro?”

“Yeah,” Deepa said. “Why do you do that, Andy-O?”

Strong returned in a caring, brotherly baritone. “You don't hear Deepa saying sah-heeb after everything.”

The young man, dark skin, dark flashing eyes, glanced up from his laptop.

“Hey, you. Get off my political correctness!”

They all laughed. Then Strong said, “Whatchya workin’ on?”

“Philosophical ruminations on the food chain.”

“I knew it was a mistake to bunk with you college guys.”

“Ruminations is a good word.” Jill opened the cap of her bottled water after coming back from flushing the last intake. “Ruminating. Cows ruminating.”

“Chew their Mc Cuds...?”

“It’s a good verb given your topic, Deep. We eat cows.”

“Hindus don’t.”

“Deepa and deepa the defiled virgin screams at Deepa the Defiler!”

The young man blushed. “C’mon, Andy. Knock it off.”

“What have you got?” Strong asked him. Cogs and wheels beginning to grind upstairs.

“Did Riff finally pay for his watch?”

“Yessum. I saw the bill.”

“Where does he get the money?” Andy asked.

“Workin’ minimum wage for Boomers, stupid.”

“Like I said. Where’d he get the Mac Money?”

“What’s a watch cost...?”

“What’s a watch that he takes three months to save up for and a trip to Cancun cost?”

Strong said, “He’s not spending it on lube. I know that much.”

“Listen up, white people. The food chain, right? My micro-thesis thus far is that civilized man---“

“Footnote! Citation required!”

“Shutup. Civilized man has usurped the role of nature by becoming the prime mover in the food chain. After that I’m stuck.”

“Didn’t God used to be the prime mover?”

“Okay,” Strong nodded, stepping up to the plate. “He’s usurped the natural modus and artificialized the food chain. Example. A cat no longer picks off birds and rodents. It relies on man for its food supply which has been de-naturalized in the form of canned pet food.”

Deepa smiled with double eyelashes. It was good enough to write down. He started writing.

“You forgot kibble.”

“No I didn’t. Kibble in fact is your de-facto example, Deep. Why? Because there is no natural equivalent for it. Kibble is neither plant nor animal. This usurpation is expressed collectively by the pet food industry which has become the cat’s rung on the new food chain.”

Andy frowned at the stack of sales receipts. “We’re short nine hundred and forty-three dollars.”

“Link,” Jill corrected.

“Link, what?”

“Chains have links. Ladders have rungs.”

“Are you getting this down, Deepa? You see, Man is gradually extinguishing the operandus behind existence. Man’s gradual elimination of the need for nature. Parallel, congruent operations replace the old order. It eventually leads to pure hybridization.”

“Shit,” Andy scowled.

Jill snatched up a handful of sales receipts and started eyeballing.

“Nine hundred and forty-three dollars? That’s what Riff paid for his watch.”

“Did you see the Mc Bill, Strong?”

“Yes, McAndy.”

“Then why are we out?”

“Here’s the receipt.” Jill leaned against the desk in a way that had all her clothes off in Deepa’s mind. She waved the piece of paper. “Nine hundred and forty-three dollars and seventy-five cents. He paid cash. Register four. Transaction number two seven three.”

“Right. So how come we’re McShort?”

“This is your territory, isn’t it?” Jill squinted at Strong like a tourist in Tangiers sun.

“I saw the bill. He paid for it.”

“Wait a minute. Register seven. There was a voided transaction.” Andy thumbed through a pile of stapled slips. Deepa had stopped keying.

Strong’s suspicion woke and surged. He rubbed the sweat forming on his hide-bound cranium. Oh Jesus Christ.

“You know what the guy did?”

“That little fuck!”

“He bought it on register four. Puts the cash in or not. Then he refunds himself on register seven. Takes the cash out or not. We’re short because four thinks seven owes it nine hundred and forty-three dullah.”

“What a fucking little FUCK!”

Strong, the 'Strong Man', Mister Security Man placed his hand against the wall just under the light. Mini-spectrums unlocked in the translucent hairs of his blond arm while his soul quietly crumbled.

Andy was laughing now. "You're in the wrong line of work, boy!"

Deepa told Strong, if it was any comfort, "It's your name should be on my diploma, saheb. I got an A on the last essay you wrote."

EXCERPTS FROM FABLES II: THE ANIMAL MEN BY EDGAR ALLAN MONAGHAN

INTRODUCTION

The animal men all had a body of a human and half a human brain and half an animal brain. And most had vaguely human faces that still resembled the original animal.

All animals were humanoid with a head of the original animal, so for example a lion appeared like a living sphinx. Sea creatures like blue whale men and dolphin men had a body of a humanoid except with fins.

Whales to mice they were all there.

The creators apparently tried to end animal instincts such as greed, power-crazed, furtive, predator and prey and tried to replace them with kind emotions and logic. And the scientists were working on new brains for the animal men.

Some animals wanted a bigger brain.

And some animals prayed to the creators.

Archaeology had discovered a long history of humans and animals. But now there were no humans and no animals, just animal men.

Some said they weren't on Earth. But it looked like Earth with graveyards and ruins.

Others said they lived in a parallel universe.

Still others said that humans had left Earth for space and left the animal men to take their place.

And others said there was a catastrophic war that destroyed virtually all trace of humans.

And the animal men were all mutants.

Most animal men were given intelligence increases proportionate to their original IQ. So, the chimp men were superior. But animal scientists vied with one another to create more intelligent animal men.

All animals lived in cities settlements with a number of food depots in each. It was considered backwards to live in the countryside. The cities were mostly multi-species settlements. But some were for one kind of animal only.

APMs (automatic production machines) combed the surface and blasted the rock to get raw material for food, metals and so on. All land was either APM or housing for the animal men.

Arms races existed for the animal men and there was a lot of spying, informants, agent provocateurs and so on. The spies used MRT (mind reading technology) on one another. There was an uneasy peace amongst different groups of animal men. And every day there was a lot of fighting and sometimes there was war

Population of animal men was 1.1 billion. It was about 50/50 males and females=animal men.

It was the year 1 of the space age. Chimp scientists had sent the first ship to the moon.

THE LAST TREE

So, it was that the use of Automatic Production Machines had eliminated all the trees. The day the last tree was destroyed by the APM was a sorry time for the animal men, many of who had lived in trees and built wooden houses.

Henceforth all homes were to be constructed of stone, brick, steel, plastic and concrete.

There were no trees or plants in the cities either. Just animal men.

The wildlife parks were destroyed and the APMs moved in.

Many animal men said it was sad, but was great progress.

It was highly civilized to leave the forests behind. Many animal men hated trees.

Moral: Nothing lasts forever.

TV

About 67% of TV channels were for multi-species. The remainder was for specific species. There were tragedies and comedies, mostly the former. Everyone had their own favorites, and some were highly intelligent. Many tried to watch the intelligence channel, which made one more knowledgeable.

But the most popular shows were duels between different animals. They fought with swords and shields. The loser had to be killed.

Also popular were romances and sports and video games.

Most animals watched TV/played video games for about 5 hours a day.

Video games were mostly simulated war.

Many animal men led a voyeuristic existence and lived in a “cave.” Many were lazy and obese.

The chimp authorities were thinking of banning TV. But it would probably lead to a revolution.

Moral: Future animals will be largely indolent.

ANTI-HUMAN PROTESTS

So, it was known that the chimp men were using DNA from human graveyards and cloning them and experimenting on them.

Outside the secret lab traitor chimps had organized a multi-animal protest. The protest got ugly as many of the animal men were protesting against the protest. So the two sides collided and 1000s died.

The chimp men proclaimed an end to human research, but they just made it even more secret and used MRT (mind reading technology) to search for traitors.

Moral: MRT will solve a lot of problems in the future but it will also create a lot of problems.

DINOSAUR MEN

Dinosaur men were almost extinct and were only found in wildlife parks.

The bear hunters snuck in to the parks and shot the rampaging dinosaurs with lasers, killing them.

Moral: The dinosaurs went extinct once and now again were going extinct. They were just too big.

GIANT ELEPHANT MEN

The chimp scientists had developed an animal man 200 m (about 200 yards) tall. She was kept in an enclosure of walls 300 m high and 100 m thick.

Some bird men hovered over the elephant and then rode it. It was all great fun.

But the giant elephant was unhappy. It was lonely and isolated. The chimp men gave it some opiates in its food.

Moral: Freak creatures are seldom happy.

CHIMP MEN ON STEROIDS

So, it was that the chimp man generals of the army were beefed up with steroids. They were also taller than previous chimp men, standing at 8'tall. Everyone admired these magnificent chimp men. The women were on feminine drugs that made them into wondrous creatures. Most animal men though cared more about weapons than strength. But steroids were available to all and many took them.

Moral: A strong body is always good.

THE CHIMP GENERAL'S MENAGERIE

He was rounding up graceful creatures to color his palace. He found an egret woman and a goldfish man on this trip. And he got new ones everyday. The goldfish man was very rare, and he knew he would get compliments. His palace was a pleasant menagerie, and everyone liked it. He trained many of the animal men to serve his guests.

Moral: Rare and unusual animal men are of use.

PUPPET MASTERS

The dog puppet and the goat puppet fought as their controllers hated each other.

Finally, the goat man ripped the dog men to shreds. And then their controllers fought.

Moral: Often creatures fight their battles using others.

SASQUATCH

The chimps made this legendary creature. He stood 8'tall and was covered in fur. His IQ was 120. The chimps experimented with him to make him cleverer, but all they got was a total mad man and had to terminate the experiment.

Moral: Not every chimp experiment turned out right.

ACTING CRAZY

The bear man was going to attack the fox man with his laser, but the fox kept running about madly. The bear was spooked and left.

Moral: Sometimes acting crazy is your best defence.

THE FUTILITY OF CAMPING

Since there were no more trees animals who camped out brought a fire dome with them. The countryside was barren from the work of the Automatic Production Machines so there wasn't anything to see, and camping was pointless. And one was away from the many conveniences of the settlements.

Moral: Take away the animals, insects and trees and all you have left is animal men.

BEAVER MAN LOVE

Said one beaver to a female: "I love you."

Female: "If you want to love me you'll have to try harder."

Male: "Why is love so difficult?"

Moral: In the animal kingdom you may have to court your love for some time before she loves you.

LAST ANIMAL

Animals were hated by the animal men for the most part, but were on display at several zoos. And so, finally, the zoo animals and insects were only found in zoos. Then one day the chimp high command ordered all the insects and animals killed, leaving only animal men.

The animal men had no use for foolish animals. Animals were an embarrassment to the animal men.

Moral: There was a certain mean streak in all animal men who struggled violently to survive.

BLACK'S ARCHIPELAGO, BY EDGAR ALLAN MONAGHAN

MRT (mind reading technology) had been forgotten. So too hypnosis. It was everyone man for himself, so the future looked bleak. Without MRT how could we control the planet?

But some said we were finally free and life was independent and good.

This world, Planet Screw was a far-flung planet many light years from Earth. People here believed they lived in benevolent anarchy with no obvious leadership. Rumor had it that an oligarchy of 10 women ruled, but no one seemed to know much about it.

People told themselves it was a free world. No one was older than 80, but even the oldest couldn't remember anything different. Rumors were that it had been over 1000 years of peace and anarchy. Benevolent anarchy was the original state of mankind...

But I suspected that the true leader was the "wandering trader" who paid gold to workers in the gold mines and had a lot of gold stockpiled. His name was Black, and he apparently had many children. But the children were all different in different living environments. Some of Black's children turned out to be real bad asses, but for the most part it was said they were tolerated by Black who even egged them on. But if they showed disrespect to God (him), they would get mind torture. What can you do for God today? The good people asked.

But in all his cultures people worked hard at something. Some were athletes who played the game of killer rugby. Five-team rugby with 5 teams each competing on a pentagram field.

Black bet heavily on the games, it was believed.

And Black's casino was very popular. Some people won big and became a high-ranking noble for a time. Some said better to be humble and just play blackjack. But some were obsessed with gambling and lost their shirt and so were given jobs such as latrine cleaner and so on. Black couldn't believe so many of his children lost everything in gambling, people said.

My job was assistant manager in a gold mine.

On one day in particular I met the wandering trader (who I later identified as Black II) and was amazed by his clever dialog. He asked me if I knew who my father was? I said I didn't know. He said: Well, I know.

This led me to believe that he was the true ruler of men. I decided to follow him around.

I didn't know what to think about Black except that he seemed crazy.

The next day I followed the "wandering trader." I figured he must know a lot he wasn't telling. So, I hid behind trees on the main island. And he passed by walking quickly. Then he came to an old lighthouse and pushed a rock and a secret stairway appeared. He made sure no one was following him with a good look, but I figured he hadn't seen me.

After 5 hours he left, and I wondered what he had been doing down there.

So, then I pushed the rock and went down the stairs. I was struck by the immensity of the underground vault. I found a journal open at his desk and some books of thousands of faces in photographs, each with a number. And a couple of machines of some sort.

So, the next day I arrived earlier and sure enough he soon came, and he was accompanied by a woman who looked a lot like him.

I hid behind one of the shelves of books of pictures and numbers.

I saw him put on headphones and press something on the machine and then talked and he said desist from your idea of killing Margaret or you will go crazy. And so on. He talked with 20 different people. Then he had a talking machine which he gave orders to his security to watch out for certain people.

Then he seemed to be getting ready to leave and I came from behind a shelf and cut his throat. And hers too. I figured it was a patricide, but it had to be done. Black was too evil and against progress.

I wondered what would happen. So, the next few weeks, nothing seemed to happen, but then people started acting up, committing murders and so on. And then one day, three weeks later, I went down to the hidden chamber and saw Black again. It must be a clone I figured. And I shot him with an arrow.

After more searching I found a door to a freezer and there were 12 clones waiting there. One clone had just had his bubble heat up and presumably he was next. So, I grabbed an iron rod and smashed the bubbles killing them all instantly. Afterwards I wondered what I'd done? He got in the heads of all at least once a year. From age 14.

But then I put the numbers in as I had seen Black do... and I found myself in that person's head. This person was a friend of mine and I just sat there listening to his

thoughts. But I figured I'd use the other machine to talk to the spies. As Black had done. I asked for the news and a voice came on saying Black had not appeared at Corny Island as scheduled. I told them I needed some time off and told them I'd talk next week.

In the journal which was a three-book set, Black II (the most recent incarnation) wrote that he didn't care about dreams, and preferred to get into wrong doers, heads in the morning.

But in the case of a murder, the mob usually executed the murderer, but if not, he Black would eventually find the culprit and had his goons execute him/her. I figured Black elaborated so clearly in his journal in case the wandering trader was somehow killed.

On weekends he went by boat to one of the islands, and he had a modest palace on each island as befitted the master of breeding. He traded luxury goods for gold in the gold mines. He paid the workers in gold and collected all their gold production.

There were 49 gold mines scattered over the 30 islands Each island had at least one and the main island had five.

It was the year 2290 and the total population here was 25 000 people.

After perusing the journals, I finally I found my picture and file. The file said basically I was not a threat and was a model citizen, and a child of Black. He had drawn profiles of all the people and that contributed to the files. He drew the pictures from memory apparently. I didn't know if I could draw or not.

And the journal revealed that he had had sex with his female children and occasional clones. He reveled in it, he wrote. And he believed Black I who he murdered was a great leader and so was he.

And there were curious disks I didn't know how to use them. But I looked in his journal some more and found they were Spy reports on the populace and the history of the archipelago.

And there was a pile of files of young boys that he planned to have his doctors give them a vasectomy. And he had MRT needle guns in all the daycares. When a young male got in front of it, he would pull the trigger. The tot would cry, and it was assumed he had been bitten by a horsefly or a wasp.

State babies were all babies, and all were shot in the head with a needle.

And he had anticipated being assassinated and wrote that he had done what was best for the world and that his successor would carry on his good work. He explained how to monitor the populace and how to use his goons etc.

And he wrote in his journal that he was producing mostly clones of himself only they were female versions (who were almost the exact same as male clones). All had a unique face which made them different. And it was true, 9 of the 12 clones I had killed were women.

Doctors were partially in the know and did vasectomies and test tube babies and clones. Clones all had their own memories and were born in an adult body with the ability to read and write and do basic math.

And Black I and II and myself, (I called myself Black III), controlled the money supply and that gave us a lot of power.

Now I, Black III, was 69 but still looked youthful. In Black II's journal he stated that the scientists who discovered eternal youth were killed by him, Black. But there was a 200-year supply in one of the secret rooms of the lair. So, it was said scientists were

afraid to invent anything. But as the new Black I got in their heads and demanded they produce new science. It was then, in the secret lair, that I realized Black I and II were control freaks. Recently there had been rumors that God would appear and all would have to worship him and be humble. God wanted a world of peace, it was said.

According to the diary he was experimenting with the humans, trying to make people “good.” By good he meant worshipful of him and humility. Somehow that seemed like déjà vu.

I figured MRT (mind reading technology) got into heads and changed peoples’ ideas. That was how he could live in a world of benevolent anarchy.

In his notes, he said he only had to kill 491 in his 12 years of rule. Usually getting in the heads of wayward progeny did the trick and put them back on the right path.

And he noted that he had used the MRT (mind reading technology) from ancient humans who had gone to space. And he said all governing should be done behind the scenes. Keep people wondering and quiet. But by the time I was born 80% of all those under 18 were Black I and Black II’s children. And among adults 60% were children of Black I. Just like me, I was a child of Black II.

I got in the heads of some scientist and ordered them to do archaeology. So far, my archaeologists had found computers and air cars in the blackened ruins but didn’t know how to work them. And they said there were huge ancient cities and that the population would have been over a billion!

Now it was just 25 000. But some argued that many of the sea monsters were geniuses.

And I was opening mines weekly and had the geologists find more.

And I gave orders to his goons and spies wearing a balaclava. So, they didn't know who I was. I talked in a voice like Black II. In any case most orders came over the radio.

Each of my (Black's) 33 clones had a job as manager or assistant manager.

And were well paid when they found a lot of gold and other metals (the islands were rich in metals).

"Doctors" changed faces of the new Black's clones. That was me!

Some said this was ancient technology.

There was said to be one law only: no murder. Black got in the heads of murderers and turned up the volume until their minds exploded.

According to his journal, there were no 10 female rulers, like most people thought. He was the ruler. And people that demanded to see the big 10 had Black get in their heads and told them not to question the powers that be using a deep man's voice.

Each gold mine was run by some of Black IIs 1000s of children and his 33 clones. Black had sterilized all the men so most babies were his and I continued to do the same.

I gave them a DNA test in their youth to confirm if they were really my new kids.

My kids received an A-one education in maths, sciences, reading ancient books and so on. I, Black III, had designed the curricula. But the remaining mass of people just got physical education and kept their bodies in excellent condition in preparation for a gruelling life in the mines. But after 5 years in power 65% of children were mine, the remainder Black I and IIs'. And I, Black III lived for power, sex and the thrill of exotic drugs from ancient times.

And one day I discovered another secret door in which there was a huge pile of platinum pieces. So, I told my mine managers, the spies and the goons that they would

be getting a raise. And on the two-way radio I talked with the goons and told them to seek and find more dissidents. It seemed there were a lot of them as the goons arrested 100 in a week. I matched them to their picture and file and got in their heads and if they were really a problem I executed them with my goons. The goons didn't know what Black looked like as I always contacted them via radio. The radio voice was not the same as that of the wandering trader. I altered his voice to be deeper on the radio.

And I discovered that the goons checked in at noon every day waiting for orders. Black I and II listed the spies desires and ordered the goons to carry out their "judgements." So, I did the same.

In his journal Black I, stated he had to keep a close eye on his children. Sometimes they were too greedy for gold, other times greedy for sex and drugs. But he got in their heads and straightened them out.

The goons had names like Blackie, Black Dog, Black and White Dog, Sir Black and so on.

Some said the goons were evil, but such people were just doing their job. Many people were, "hearing voices," which was me inside their brain. People told them they had to go see one of the few doctors that we had. The doctors just gave them opiates and sedatives. And this seemed to help them. But they were rattled and confused. Many of the best scientists were "hearing voices."

However, most people found many "kindred spirits." After all they were mostly Black II's children.

Communication with other islands was dangerous as the leaders, the scientists, had dumped huge freaks into the sea and they were known to attack boats and were multiplying at an astounding rate. They ate most of the native sea life.

However, he went to the various islands once per island in every two weeks. In a large boat equipped with multi fire ballistae. He had spies everywhere who illuminated who was a dissident. Spies didn't recognize his voice as the two-way radio obscured his voice.

Islands they were all inhabited, and all were controlled by me, Black III. But as time went by, I had the women come to visit me in my palace and had doctors implant the needles. I was in their head and so made sure they followed orders.

Seafood was poisonous, and most settlements were inland. But it was rumored that radicals had some undersea domes in which they lived in. I often fished with nets for sport and caught all sorts of monsters. And I harpooned the ones that dared attack our boat. Anyway, I had lots of good trophies and the people heard about my prowess.

The domes did not show light, their domed rooftops were painted in dark colors, ironically Black had high tech glass buildings. Everyone child of his was a scientist. Technocracy.

Sometimes the sea monsters tried to overturn the boats, but I fished in the largest boat known to the islands.

Some of the sea monsters could crawl up onto the beaches and grab people in the night. There were thousands of types of sea monsters and they had eaten up almost all the native fish.

Swimming was a no go.

But the sea monsters kept people in check, kept them frightened and as Black I had said the alternative was anarchy. But Black II, knew more than he said in his journal. It was clear to me he was setting up a dynasty to rule forever.

Island #2.

Then there was the island of steel. People designed imaginative steel houses and kept working on them and people wore light steel mesh. They were judged by their houses. If they were imaginative they were given workers to help them build. If not, they became workers.

Island #3

Another island culture was based on donkey Gods and Goddesses.

People could only “bray...”

They brushed and washed the donkeys and fed them honey and sweet grasses. The group that had the best donkey in the eyes of the appointed judges were promoted to donkey supervisors and so on. The month’s best donkey wore a golden crown.

Island #4

On this island everyone was gay. Their culture was to never do the same things twice. But gays were dying out. Only 2% of Black II's children were gay. And none of the clones were gay.

Island #5

This was spy headquarters. It was right in the middle of the archipelago. Black II, told them who to hire as spies, and most of them (55) were his children. Black II had been in power for many years...

But in his journal, he said he had eternal youth with his clones. In fact, it was me, Black III who had killed Black II, and then his replacements so there was a murderous trail of his dynasty and that was why he made things so clear in his journal, in case he was assassinated the world would go on.

Island #6

But I decided to adventure on the nearby large Black island.

Some here looked forward to the past, where everyone was equal, they were Utopias.

All the ringleaders of this dissident movement got the MRT treatment from Black and their followers were hit too.

It was a calm and peaceful island. Yet there was no leader or so it seemed to most people. People assumed people naturally wanted peace. But I knew better.

Some historians however knew that there had been wave after wave of anarchistic settlers. These were mostly peaceful anarchists, but some were violent. But now for 60 years there had been peace, under the secret Black dynasty.

One of the spies/ Black's child was named Edward and he wrote about space where it was said we had all come from. He said we are destined to build space ships and go to the stars. I got in his head and learned of his project. We are all in the same boat together I said.

#

50 new babies a new sub-race of mankind. Different colors and different thinking, imaginative.

Black II, had encouraged people to be optimistic and dreamy.

Black II was missing a hand and a blind eye so he wore an eye patch.

And he was black, whereas most people were orange or blue or green. I too was a black man.

Food and drink had been changed to black in color.

Girls adored me, I was so handsome, they were brainwashed to think. One girl told me I was the best of all possible lovers and another said to me she and her female friend wanted a menage a trois. Another girl said it would be Armageddon without me.

But once a girl reached menopause I wasn't interested in them anymore and gave them a good pension. After all I had a lot of gold and platinum.

And the best women also received a great education, but it was finally all my children were well educated. But they also had traditional educations such as fashion, make up, plastic surgery, physically fit and so on. Beautiful, clever-looking faces and brilliant bodies...

But one girl cut Black I's throat with a knife, or so she said, and there was violent anarchy for a while, but finally Black II's spies calmed the "revolutionaries down. That was 20 years ago, and no one really knew what happened. And it seemed that the wandering trader drowned, and another took his place. That was me I went to the varying islands just like Black II.

Trader Black (II) would go "in public," usually with his 20 goons for protection. Even though he was just the wandering trader. The goons had laser guns, no one else did as it was forbidden. No one seemed to be able to compete with the wandering trader.

But the overwhelming majority said that Black was the richest man in the world. But most agreed he was a great boss and paid them well for their work (which they mostly squandered gambling on "life.")

Sometimes the goons framed a dissident and executed him/her quietly telling others that he had drowned. The body was never found.

And it was rumored that God himself was in peoples' heads telling them what to do.

And some went and bet on the behavior of others. A few got rich, but most people believed it was all fixed.

And some of his children were heads of aerospace, head of cloning, head of spies, head of food production, head of drugs, head of unusual behavior and so on. And they were the bulk of the scientists as well.

Junior members of Black II's progeny worked as mine assistants to start. But all were told that children were a magical gift of God. Only the lucky ones could be born.

Black II, had sex with many of his scientist women but never slept with them, as they were conducted back to their quarters in the palace.

As the years went by everyone had met Black in person as well as in MRT.

The palace was beautiful with spires and bridges, and workers were adding on to it. The bureaucracy only increased and so too his secret harem. The harem was only 10 years old and the women there had disappeared from their families and weren't allowed to contact their former loved ones.

But they thought they were in the harem of the wandering trader, and didn't know Black II ruled.

He had his best lovers train the young ones to be great lovers.

But I took over it all!

#

Scientists hoped to die of old age and have new clones of them taking over.

But scientists were kept in cells of isolation, typically 3 males and 3 females.

For defence scientists had the "Spin technique," firing lasers in all directions which destroyed any in its path, except the goons wore protective plastic armor.

#

Years later...

I, Black III, was 101 years old and still youthful. I had ruled for 69 years, but some of the historians were silenced for some reason. Many believed I undoubtedly had the secret of eternal youth, but I wasn't sharing.

People mostly died of old age, no dementia, no heart attacks. I was working with the doctors to make people live longer but not eternally youthful. But the doctors were in some cases immortal like me. It couldn't be helped.

The new doctrine was that I had ruled for over 2000 years and now most people were my children, and children of Black II, but just had different faces. And about half were females whose brain was similar.

But people kissed ass with one another and worshipped one another. It was a perverse society.

And people had many hobbies such as dabbling in science and the arts. Or improving food, drink and drugs. Or party science. Or fishing and gardening.

And I, the new Black, kept increasing the salary of everyone, drawing upon my massive gold and platinum reserve.

In particular I kept upping the salary of the goons and spies to keep them happy.

I, Black III often appeared as a humble trader and traded gold for slaves to work in the mines. Most of my lovers were monogamous and didn't notice the difference in the New Black.

The new Black, myself, had plastic surgeons give me a face like Black II, a different face but no one could see it for what it was. Most people assumed the wandering trader had been replaced by his son.

People still didn't know what leaders they had, though it was agreed by most that it was 10 women who had spies everywhere.

And I got into people's heads using Black I's MRT to change the behavior of some wayward souls.

The old Black, Black II, wrote in Black's journal that the journal was so detailed that it was easy for one to slip into Black's life. Some of Black's women were wondering why he didn't whip them or slap them. I told the women that I had changed my face, but the voice was the same. I had changed my ways I told them.

Black II's main hobby was to design the perfect woman. He figured the key was education.

And he said one great mind can be an island...

Some people said to themselves that the wandering trader was a megalomaniac.

I was black himself, but I liked the yellow and orange people above all.

And he had many of his servants drink the "yellow elixir" which turned their skin yellow.

So, then I went to a doctor and asked him about Black II. He said off the record that he had clones and so did a number of doctors, but the vast majority were children of Black.

And he gave me a DNA test which proved I was a child of Black, only with a slightly different face.

I knew then for certain that I was guilty of patricide.

One thing led to another and finally there was open revolt and we were supported by the people of the sea. But they wanted me as leader, and so I was released. But there were numerous attempted coups, but finally I was able to restore order...

Spies watched spies, it kept them busy.

I moved people into White City, which used to be called “Black city.” It was the main settlement of the archipelago.

Even farmers lived in the city. It was easier to keep control of them that way. Typically, everyone belonged to a cell of 3 men and 3 women or 6 of one sex for the gays. And everyone lived in one of the 14 tall organic tower blocks, with 400 people in each one. The buildings were organic growths and we were all sons and daughters of the trees. And I made peace with the people of the sea who had far more genetic variety and whose sperm and egg banks we utilized to enhance genetic selection. The sea people were good in math and had sent several space ships into space. But they were pacifists... And they produced a limitless amount of seaweed which could be converted into meat and rice. And everywhere there were edible flowers on the lands.

And we built mental hospitals for Black II’s most horrible victims.

But computers were illegal. Only simple devices like odometers were allowed, even on their space ships. The space ships were top secret but only a few scientists were involved (along with huge numbers of robots). But they did have powerful microscopes. And genetic science was advanced...

And their math ability allowed them to make numerous songs on various instruments.

#

Many years later...

Finally, after 100 years of rule, I pronounced myself King. And said I was an immortal God and the people must worship me. But when I appeared in public, I wore a mask which obscured my voice. Everyone tried to appease me.

My lovers now were my children's children's children. The older ones were put out to pasture. And virtually everyone was my child...

And I built a harem of my favorite lovers, but still had sex with all other women of child bearing age or had the doctors implant my seed for the ones I didn't really love.

If they were not in my harem they were required to come to my palace and give their sperm/eggs. Until they reached menopause whereupon they didn't need to come to the palace any more.

They were all my children now.

And I continued to appoint new managers from the brightest.

A few doctors and spies knew what was going on, but I got in their heads and preserved the status quo.

I felt the urge to confide in someone, so I told my favorite lover all about it, and showed her how to use the system in the secret lair.

But I was careful, I locked the door with a chain and had a laser gun if necessary.

I didn't want clones, only children and children's children's children.

#

18 Years Later...

And I gave all my children above the age 15, a job to do, some worked in the mines but didn't have to work hard. It was the same with food production, logging, breeding, marketing and business, doctors, civil engineers, geologists, archaeologists and so on. I had only 100 scientists and progress was slow, just how I liked it. All the scientists were youthful and my children like every other young person. And the scientists were working

on building computers and space ships. It was said that hundreds of years ago humans went to space. I had the archaeologists looking into it.

I watched the doctors and scientists very carefully though.

And I was careful to go to my secret lair. I extinguished my torch when I got close and felt my way into the lighthouse and the stone.

It seemed I would go on ruling forever.

And then one day, a cross bolt hit me in the chest. And I died with my secret.

#

My best lover tried to take over and knew about the lair, but she was burned alive in the lair and that was the end of that.

#

100 Years Later...

Doctors were in demand and had undid vasectomies 65 years ago. But there were a number of nobles and Queens and Kings. The population was now back up to 50 000, but it was anarchy. The Kings didn't have much control over their subjects.

And doctors did plastic surgery. Most of the nobles were doctors and they shared eternal youth.

NON-FICTION: NEW FREEDOM SAYINGS FOR THE MODERN AGE, BY ELEANOR BEERTON

People who say they are free are often not... The wisdom that comes with freedom seldom leads to bragging.

They say children are free, but to grow up is to be freer.

Don't confuse lust with love. Lust is liberty and health, love can be a nightmare.

Crazy love gives more liberty than ordinary love.

Conventional wisdom is old people's wisdom. It won't usually lead to freedom...

Always be on the alert for chances to make you freer.

If you surround yourself with people that are unlike you, you may learn a lot about life.

To have a lot of knowledge can make you free, but only if you really know how to use it... Trial and error is not the best way... Using your imagination is better...

One of the worst things that can happen to a free person is to lose freedom due to the rule of a tyrant... But you can always go elsewhere....

Always give people more freedom than they give you. It leads to happiness...

In the country of the blind, no one is king. And no one is free...

Some say freedom is not for everyone. But everyone wants more freedoms if you talk to them.

A lot of things in this earth happen behind the scenes and things are not what they appear... Life could perhaps be compared to a short magic show...

If you are truly free the world is your oyster. But it will not come easy to make this world your oyster.

It is good to be free in your mind, but it is better to be also free where you live.

For some people they can never be free enough. Freedom is addictive.

If you truly live free many people will call you crazy. Anything unusual that people don't understand they call crazy.

To be free you need to change constantly.

Some people say we are all living a lie. But everyone has a different idea of what kind of lie it is.

If you retire to an undeveloped country, you can live like a king/queen for small money.

Also you can work online from an undeveloped country and also live like a king/queen...

Some people discover freedom quite by accident.

Money can buy you a lot of freedom and success. But a lot of rich people are not free at all and a lot of poor people are free...

Some say wanting freedom too much is a kind of greed... But greed can be good.

Surround yourself with free people and you will never despair...

Don't waste time trying to make stubborn people free. People are either open-minded or they are not.

Be sure that you have a useful educational background so that you can go to any country and live and work...

One person's freedom is another person's poison. There are many ways to be free... But if you don't try you will never know things.

Better to have never known freedom than to have had it only to lose it.

Sometimes people put a price on freedom or getting to be free requires a great sacrifice...

The one thing that is uncertain in our world is the future... It seems things are happening so fast people can hardly keep up... People need to think long and hard about the changes that are coming.

Some say dancing is freedom. But there are a very limited number of dance moves, none of which mean anything...

And the same beat goes on and on.

Some people have a great fear of being free... They want to depend on others for everything... But the young generation wants more freedom generally speaking.

Life is a gamble. Marriage, kids, work all can be hard to predict... Some people love to gamble on romantic affairs.

If you want to be really free push the envelope as far as you can...

All the world's a stage, and everyone is playing roles in the script though sometimes they don't even realize that they are acting...

Some say they have found freedom, but it is bittersweet. But that is better than no taste at all.

It is true that fools rush in, but it is also true that geniuses rush in before anyone else...

Great thinkers are always looking at things to rush into; some say it is passion...

Most people want peace, but many who seek power want war.

Some people love themselves so much that they could live like a hermit all alone for years and enjoy it.

Some people think that some freedom is good but they are afraid of total freedom... It is fear of the unknown. Virtually no one is totally free...

Better to live all alone than to be totally not free.

Many free people are unhappy that they are not freer.

Some people hope that being free can eliminate their troubles but actually freedom makes your life more complex...

If you don't give your lover any freedom it means you don't love them...

For some opposites only attract after they are sick and tired of people who are like them.

Some people claim possessions make them free. Others claim just the opposite...

Some people have too much free time and get into many bad habits.

Many people on the road to freedom love to make mistakes.

Children need to be taught to struggle for freedom and they need to be given lots of adversity. Otherwise they will be spoiled.

Some people feel getting married is like dying. Perhaps such people have lived too long...

Don't tell someone you love them (and really mean it). It gives them too much power over you.

Feel free to do whatever you like and you will never be wrong.

To make people love you is a remarkable gift. Such people should be politicians... But often such people lead seemingly normal lives...

Freedom can be like a lion. Very hard to control. If you take the teeth out and drug the lion to perform for society then the lion poses no danger.

Sometimes you try too hard to be free and end up even less free than before...

In the future there will be new freedoms that we cannot even conceive of today.

They went to the moon and "proved" there was nothing in space. Even today few people can think of any use for the moon. Maybe put all the crazy people there...

There's no greater freedom than advanced thinking.

A lot of people sell themselves short. They claim they are happy, but they could be far happier.

Some people don't realize that it is freedom that makes them happy.

Some say imagination is more important than freedom. But more accurately imagination is only possible if you can free your mind. Creativity is freedom to do.

Many people think the world is getting crazier. But sometimes crazy situations can be very interesting.

In romance don't reveal your whole self... You need to keep a mystery around yourself...

The more free friends, you have, the happier you will be...

Early to bed and early to rise makes Jack a dull boy.

The old saying, "The grass is always greener on the other side of the fence," is true. If you stay in one place too long you will have cabin fever...

Sometimes it is good to do things in haste; passionately...

Others say you must think long and hard before acting...Both can lead to liberty...

Some say ignorance is one kind of bliss, but freedom is a much more blissful experience.

People who fight for freedom should be praised and abetted in any way possible.

Sometimes to be free is to do what others consider wrong. Freedom can be great or it can be deadly.

There are many fish in the sea but some places have much better fishing than others...

If you meet someone with many good qualities, try to beat them... For example if they are generous, you should be more generous.

The person who laughs at opportunity is a strong, free person indeed.

Some freedoms are very simple, but some are very complicated. Generally speaking it is better to have more complexity as it is more interesting.

It is your duty to find out what is going on in this world as much as you can. Knowing leads to liberty for yourself and others...

Many free people can laugh at things and don't take life seriously. But others are very serious about freedom.

It's a true fact that today progress is the "religion" of many free people. Much of the progress is due to scientists being free to develop our world.

It is of course natural to fear death... But don't fear death so much you can't live.

Some think that sometimes hatred can be a noble emotion. And it can be for example to hate a ruthless tyrant.

It's not a bad thing to be bored... It makes us think more about life.

There's a fine line between freedom and slavery. Today many people work like slaves...

Nothing is written in stone these days. Indeed many people who are not free can become free.

If you love someone romantically don't make the mistake of moving in with them.

Freedom is a challenge and we need challenges.

There are many people out there who will take away your freedoms, e.g. your boss, your lover, your friends and even the government. Therefore those who have power have the most freedom.

In a crazy world, the crazy people are the leaders.

Kind people are likely to make you freer than others. Don't underestimate a kind heart.

Many of the world's problems with being free are caused by a small minority of people. For example criminals and ruthless dictators, and just plain jerks.

Don't be afraid of being crazy. After all it is a crazy world.

If you do something crazy, who knows how it would end up...

Loving everyone as your brother can be an enlightening experience, perhaps worth trying. You may find you get much more than you give.

Some people say that modern love needs to be redesigned... Perhaps people are unrealistic in their goals for a soul mate. Or perhaps they don't try hard enough...

Open your mind and you will constantly be surprised by people.

Learning how to be free is like learning everything else: it takes time...

Some people want to be free without deserving it. They expect it to come easy to them, but that seldom happens.

Some people are tragic figures who are destined to be not free and unhappy...

You can't be free if you don't have enough food to eat and shelter.

They should have a freedom Olympics in which the world's freest people face off in various games.

Life is a numbers game. You need to meet many people in order to be free and happy.

If your lover always argues with you it is best to move on, don't get into a relationship and have kids with someone you don't even like.

When in a free conversation tell them what you know and how you know; it will make for free and interesting conversation.

In hell there are many nice, free people who made some mistakes... Not all freedom is good....

In the cosmic scheme of things we know very little, so no point pretending that you know everything. But all knowledge can lead to freedom for us mortals here on earth...

Science fiction is the world's philosophy, but these days it seems that no one has any revolutionary ideas. People say it's all been done. But more likely it is just not a very inspiring period for some people these days...

Some people's idea of freedom is to live off the land like a wild animal. To each his own.

Today there is no morality, only the law. As long as you follow the law everything is possible.

You don't learn from talking. Better to listen and learn if you want to be free...

When you meet someone it is good to challenge them and determine if they are a free person or not.

Some people assume they are ordinary and can't have an extraordinary life... But why not?

Sometimes illusions can be fun. Sometimes illusions are better than the truth...

Some people are freethinkers but they lose themselves along the way; after all, there are no footprints in the sand for us in this modern world...

People always think they are reasonable, and if you were in their shoes you would probably feel the same.

The future belongs to those who are really interested in it; most others just enjoy the ride.

Freedom is like illegal drugs; you get addicted quite easily and feel good but most people never dare to try it. But the feeling of freedom trumps everything...

Freedom is to not do anything you don't want to... If you find other people who know that then you will be free...

Some people equate freedom with madness... but that just shows that they don't understand freedom...

Freedom is telling people what they wanted to hear, only they didn't know that they wanted to hear it.

Some say freedom is to tell someone you really love them (and you really mean it). Love can be a great liberator... But of course love doesn't last long, maybe a few months, tops....

Freedom is the ability to interpret history in the way you want, not the way your teacher tells you...

In the future people will just take freedoms as a matter of course; there will be no wars or other reasons to lose their freedoms...

In the future people will laugh at our time and in turn they too will be laughed at by future generations. To err is human...

In the future people will laugh at our contemporary vices as child's play... But what can we do; it is so hard to see the future...

If you understand even a little of the future then you understand more than others... To be so free and knowledgeable is rare indeed...

Even today most people worry about surviving... In the future everyone will be able to survive without much difficulty which will be a real step forward for the human race...

In the future people will make killing time into an art... playing advanced games that require all their ability... Life is just a game, after all....

In the past people's greed was limited by their imagination. But some people today have no limit to their imagination or their greed....

Today people are too busy. If they were less busy they would learn a lot about themselves and how to be freer.

Today the greedy people think they own the world, but all they have is material things, which any wise person knows are largely unnecessary.

Wisdom changes over the ages. But many people these days are leery of wisdom of any kind... They think it is better to find their own way...

In the future the most intelligent people will all be working for the government in one way or another. This is a remarkable change from the past when intelligent people had little use to the king or leader....

Perhaps the happiest people are those, who in old age, can say they've made a difference...

In the past people have always struggled to survive, but in the future life will be much easier in every way... This is probably going to spoil most people... Being spoiled and being free are definitely not the same thing...

In the past people said they were free and happy and God cared about them, now they still say they are happy; with less and less thinking God can free them.

Most people are happy with their life... After all we live in a world of dreams; you can have almost anything you want if you are willing to pay the price...

Some say you have to fight for freedom, but in fact freedom is in your mind. The vast majority of people are happy to be free in their mind... But what if they develop MRT (mind reading technology)? If so they might take away people's presence of mind...

If you seek freedom, be prepared for multiple failures... And indeed you might try your whole life and fail. At least it is worth a try however...

If you are not free maybe you could try moving to another city and starting all over again.

Sometimes all we need is a fresh start...

Some people really believe when in Rome do as the Romans do, but in fact you will be more exotic and appealing if you stick to your culture and its ways...

You can't say that money won't buy you freedom; it can. But there are many other ways to be free...

Freedom can be an addiction, like anything else. But if you are addicted to freedom it might be a good thing.

Freedom is like a game of poker. You have to work with the cards you are dealt with. Some people are bluffing. Others are hoping for some good luck...

Many pretend to be ladies and gentlemen when in fact they are wolves in sheep's clothing. If you fall in love with them you will lose many freedoms.

Freedom is like climbing Mt. Everest. When you conquer the peak there are no higher freedoms regarding mountain climbing... Except perhaps Olympus Mons on Mars.

Of course those who strive hardest for freedom are generally the most free. Freedom is often something you have to struggle for... Most people don't think it is worthwhile to try to be free... But they have never tried it.

Some people are like vampires, they prey upon free people and take away their freedom... Some people are free and innocent...

There is no end to complaining in this world, but to those who would be free: action is the only option... But some people say they are free without believing in freedom...

Some people are on the road to hell but they suddenly see the light as the fire gets too hot for them. There is no freedom in hell...

Some people's life is a living nightmare for others. Some people can adapt to anything, even a totally non free life...

Some day they will study free and happy humans and sell their type of brain chemistry to others.... Everyone wants to be happy and free... The government will approve as it is in their interest to keep everybody free and happy...

No one knows much about future people... except they will all want to be free and happy but will perhaps be free and sad.

Everyone knows that jail is a bad place. It is a place where no one has any freedom... But some people like it there as they don't have to do anything... For them jail can be a paradise...

It's a fact that many people pretend to be free in order to catch a lover. Once they've caught them, they hang on and don't let them have any freedoms...

In the end most people get what they deserve... Often they complain about their plight even though it was they that got themselves into the situation in which they live...

When faced with a choice between the old and new; take the new it will be more liberating, more interesting...

To find what kind of freedom is best for you requires a lot of experimentation.

Some say happiness is more important than freedom, but you can't have one without the other in most cases...

In the past many people had the instinct to settle down and have lots of kids... But now we seem to have lost that instinct. A lot of people have lost their instinct to be free also...

Searching for freedom is kind of like fishing, you never know what you will get...

Some people never reach their full potential and so will never know who they really are....

Some say they can feel free anywhere, in any country...

There's more to life than freedom, but freedom is an essential stepping stone to a complete life.

Becoming free is like building a skyscraper. It is worth nothing much if it is not completed.

Imagine a future world in which everyone is "greedy" for freedom.

To be always be able to tell the truth is real freedom. But it is very difficult to meet people who also admire the truth...

One of the knocks on free people is they are not organized into any group. That is why freeists (mentioned earlier in the book) would be an excellent thing.

Don't take your freedom for granted. For example if you have a ruthless and cruel leader you need to overthrow him/her one way or another.

Some people feel so free that they feel guilty looking at others who are not free... But it is very hard to change the world alone.

Some people who are totally imaginative and free cannot be understood by normal people.

Every person is like a diamond in the rough, some rough diamonds are bigger than others, but all can become beautiful...

A lot of people fear standing alone and being outside the box but they have never tried it.

Many people are convinced they are free even if no one else agrees...

Some people are so afraid of mistakes that they are paralyzed and unable to do anything.

If everyone was free in their minds, society would be a much more interesting place. Too many people exhaust themselves at work and can't enjoy quality free time...It should be when you have exhausted yourself during your free time, then you go to work...

Some say what is needed is people who are free to try and convert others to believing in freedom.

People used to see ghosts and now they see UFOs; it's a world of hallucination. It's a world of illusion just like they say... What you think you see is not what other's see...

And magicians won't tell you how they do their tricks...

Some would play the fiddle while society went down... Let's face it all civilizations last for only a limited time... There are so many things or people that could bring ruin to us all...

We went from a civilization that was basically based on slavery (the past) to one that is based more and more on freedom and dreams and wishes. Kind of like going from a terrible type of world to a great type...

There are many levels of freedom... No matter how high you go there will always be higher levels to go to.

What is the difference between a clever poor man and a foolish rich man? Perhaps the poor man realizes that possessions are not the ticket to freedom... But society says the foolish rich man is right; the more he has the better he is....

What if you could put yourself in another person's shoes? (e.g. through Mind Reading Technology.) Would this change your outlook or would you still be the same person....? Maybe some day in the far future, they will be able to swap minds...

Maybe one day they will print money and give everyone in the country a million dollars. And inflation would be kept at zero. Would that make people more free?

Would you know how much freedom is right for you? Most people think they do. But this is debatable...

Sometimes a really free person will not tell others about being free since if these others wanted to be free they would have become so...

Some of the most shy people are also the most free. They keep their own counsel.

It is good to pursue liberty as much as possible... But don't burn all your bridges as our plans for free living often don't work out...

Don't expect to find totally free people in ordinary places: they will be in very large cities or in places way off the beaten track...

The freest people are probably scientists since they are free to create new technology and hence a new world for all of us. Of course science is becoming very dangerous and some scientists need to be watched as was mentioned earlier in this book...

Some homeless people refuse shelter as they only care about being free...

We need bad people to create adversity: something for us to struggle with to try and find liberty.

If you had the liberty to use MRT (mind reading technology) and read everyone's minds, you'd likely believe the human race is completely mad.

Your level of freedom depends on how hard you try to be free and also your imagination...

Some people mimic freedom by taking all sorts of illegal and legal drugs... The drugs can be euphoric but so too liberty...

Some say to be totally free would be god-like. Who knows maybe scientists are already working on it...

Some rich people insist they are free and they probably are; at any rate few of them give their money away...

Human freedoms can change overnight; one moment you feel free the next moment you are not. Trying to be free is like a game of basketball that continuously goes back and forth and what matters is how many points you get and how many you allow...

If you are free you should seek political office and help your country to be more liberated... Especially in developing nations... Why not give it a shot?

Some people would be free but they are so shy... If you really want to though, you can force yourself to overcome your inhibitions.

In the future many people will regard the real world as cruel and be cruel themselves...
tough love they call it. But there is little doubt that the future will be kinder than the past.
At least there will be less violence... Or so it would seem...

Some people are easily satisfied and will say their country verges on perfection.... Others
will moan and groan about their country's shortcomings... But it takes all kinds to make
a world of liberty...

Some people say liberty is to have nothing to do... But there is a lot of good work to be
done in this world...

Often times the truth is the opposite of what some people say... If they say yes it is
probably no and so on... It's a topsy-turvy world...

Too often love becomes possessive... Love should be an emancipating experience not the
other way around...

Conversation with someone who lacks imagination is not much fun... Many people get sick of parties and conversations and so settle down... They blame the world for being boring when actually it is they themselves that are boring....

Life is like a giant masquerade in which many people's mask indicates freedom... but in fact such people are often not free at all...

Some people say they are searching for meaning as well as freedom... But of course meaning will prove elusive, but freedom is real and can be assessed...It is relatively easy to strive for freedom... Others say happiness is where it's at, but this is also elusive... Better to just be as free as you can be and see what happens...

Most people's idea of love is to be entertained by their lover... so you need to have travel stories and other stories of experience to tell to keep your lover entertained...

Money can buy almost everything including many types of freedom, but there are some great freedoms that no amount of money can buy...

The important thing is to try... Some people seek freedom but cannot find it, but they have a lot of fun on the way...

For some people freedom comes easily, for others it is an impossible dream... Some people are too greedy for freedom... Knowing as they do, that all freedom is good...

Some say to be free is to be spontaneous, but freedom is more complicated than that...

Freedom can be a virtue; many of the freeist type people are virtuous at heart... freedom is good...

Some people think freedom is something you seize and take... but in fact it takes two to tango...

It is difficult to know if you are free or not... But in hindsight it is easy to see the truth about your freedom..

Rousseau said everyone is born free but everywhere people are in chains... Indeed some people are masochists, who will trade their freedoms for a song... Others put little stock in freedom...

The future is likely to be even more competitive than today... Everyone loves to be competitive... Some people today would even say they live to compete... Even compete for freedom with the Joneses...

Some people dislike the human race on the whole, but some of these people are great thinkers...

In old age the people who made the most mistakes will likely be the happiest...

If the world was to suddenly end for you, for example a car accident, would you really be happy with your life...?

Bizarre things are generally underrated, but if you really get to meet a strange person you will often be rewarded with good times...

Some would say telling the truth indicates a lot of finesse; but many people are great liars...Of course it is nice if you don't have to lie, but most people demand to hear what they want to hear...

Some areas of this world are very dangerous, but since there are few tourists in such places you can have a lot of fun meeting the locals...

If you don't understand something it is best to get to the bottom of it and find out the truth... The more truth you find, the greater you will be.

Racism, sexism and other kinds of discrimination are disappearing... It kind of looks like a future of peace and stability... But there will be new problems in the future that we can only guess about, e.g. some people will be too free and upset the status quo...

Some people are so imaginative and free that they can have fun anywhere.... For instance looking at the clouds for hours, seeing many shapes...

Some people say that for them freedom is like poison...But of course like everything in this earth all things have their good side and bad.... You have to take the bad with the good...

Many people are like beautiful flowers... They are beautiful and that's it... They say "Isn't beauty enough for people?"

Just who are the best people? Everyone disagrees... And they will never agree...

All of us make mistakes sometimes, but these mistakes are no reason for giving up... You can learn a lot from your mistakes... In fact some things can only be learned through making mistakes...

Many people are like vampires: They take all the stories and experiences of a person in and then dump them into misery...

Some people just enjoy their own greed... They claim they have a life sublime by being greedy for more of everything....

Some say the world is as good as we can make it.... But many people fear the future as it is a big unknown....

Some say we are pursuing some lofty goal, others say we are just a race of dreamers...

Some say we live in an ass-kissing world... As mentioned previously people will be ranked by the powers that be, likely using MRT (mind reading technology) in an annual review... Some people won't give a damn about ranking but most people will go along with society as is usually the case in most countries...

Some say curiosity=freedom. But really in a world where more and more people watch each other it gets to be nasty to know everything about everyone...

People who love freedom the most are the ones who do not have it...

Some people throw their youth away as if they would always be young, by the time they realize their mistake they are too old to do anything...

There comes a time in most people's life where they have outgrown everything and there is little pleasure... Some say if they could have eternal youth it would be a different story, but who knows?

If MRT (mind reading technology) is allowed, people might be entertained by "thought debates" in which people would have no shame... and reveal their innermost thoughts...

Many people in the future will have their one-night-stands, it is something that some people will never tire of...

It is likely that women in the future will feel they have something to prove and will end up richer than men...

You can't tell someone they are not free; they won't listen, and will say they are free...

There are many kinds of freedom... But politics is a very dangerous subject for a free person...

Sometimes people feel free doing nothing at all... They say that life is like riding a wild bull for most people and they themselves prefer peace and quiet....

Perhaps most of the world's best people are never heard from... They do a good job in their career but typically value their family above all... And maybe it could be said that most free people don't believe having power is really freedom....

Everyone though who seeks power is to some degree against others being more free than they are... They want to be the cock of the rock...

Perhaps the future currency should be "frees" which are based on who is rich and free... Everyone wants a part of wealth and freedom...

Those who do not know themselves, know nothing about life... But many people would rather do anything than sit by themselves and think... They like to keep busy in silly pursuits... Always busy...

People often say one thing and do another... They are often not honest with themselves or with anyone else either... I suppose they believe the right to lie is God given...

I don't know anyone who is healthy that is hopeless... There is always hope...

Some who say they are free meet others who say they are free but sometimes quite clearly neither of them are. It takes two to tango, as they say...

No one knows about love... It is different for everyone and differs at different ages and differs also in different places... You just got to put your best foot forward and hope for the best in many cases... Love can be like a roulette wheel of potential freedom... You have to go to spin the wheel...

Everyone knows that freedom is valuable. Maybe in the future people will be judged as to how free they are (MRT etc.)...And people will be desperate to become freer and hence improve their status.

Actually one day everyone will be free and then people will cease to talk about it: it will be a given.

Of course freedom spreads like a virus for some world leaders... But it is difficult to stop in some places...

You say no one knows the future; but some secret agents know more than they should...

Some people try to be free but are disappointing failures, but if you keep trying you will likely be free in the end...

For free people, old age is as fun as youth.

Some say no one knows what they are doing. But the important thing is what do they THINK is good and free. Some people are like hidden codes; it is difficult to say what kind of person they are... And some are masters of deception...

Sooner or later everyone on this earth will be free. But what will they focus on then? Perhaps they will think creativity is the thing to strive for... And if they become creative maybe the next step is to try and be a superman.

Of course some passionate people love living more than most... But a lot of people have no confidence which has been with them since school when the teacher told them they were no good with their "grading tyranny."

Some people are good at bluffing... It is a very useful skill to get people to fall in love with you for instance... And convince people to hire you and so on....

Absolutely there is no one who is perfect... But to try to improve yourself everyday requires a lot of thought and a lot of action...

For some people nothing is true and freedom is bogus and they become uncontrollably insane... You have to be careful you don't pass the point of no return. Once you are gone you are like a baseball hit out of the park... No return...

How many people can truly know about freedom... It is undoubtedly a small number... Sometimes it may seem like an esoteric cult...

Happiness goes to the ones who are lucky some would say... But it is more likely that happiness comes only from freedom...

You will say that some people sell their freedom for money or fame... But fame and money can be good if you don't lose your liberty...

Of course some people who want emancipation come to the conclusion that it is nowhere to be found... In such cases move to another country and hope for the best...

But those who are free are good mates... since they will want you to be free like them...
Such people really have something to say... This type of person you should seek as best
you can...

But it is always good to have friends who are wiser than you... But if you want such
friends you need interesting experiences and tales to tell....

Some people say that a difficult life is best as it provides more adversity and challenges
to you... If everything comes to you on a silver plate then you will be unprepared for the
real world...

Some people go to the grave laughing their heads off... It is a good way to be, but hard
to mimic in practice...

Most people are like apples; they are easily bruised, but if you can forget the bruises they
are still a good apple; other people are bad apples however...

No one knows how good the future will be... For example if everyone was the equivalent of a modern day millionaire due to automation, there will be so many happy parties and fun...

Freedom is not something they generally talk about in schools... Usually they just talk about an independence or national day and leave it at that. But they don't teach people how to be free...

But freedom like anything else requires hard work and discipline... You have to struggle for freedom...

Although most people say they like freedom, most are afraid of it.

If you are wise you will change yourself depending on who you talk to, which is how most wise people deal with people...

If you want to be free you have to pay the price. Sometimes, in some situations, it seems the price is too high so go somewhere else...

Although it is important to be free you have to try and work within your country's system... In some countries there is no way to be free, but this is not true in general... In the vast majority of countries you can find freedom especially if you are a foreigner.... Since people will be curious about you...

But to many people, most people who demand freedom seem like mad people who want to be free for no good reason... Just being insane... At least that is what some people think...

It is not enough to say you believe in freedom, but rather you need to show clever free people how free you are....

No matter what always act free... So many things in life conspire to make us not free... Your knowledge may be illusion but you must always be free....

If you believe you can change the world start with easy ways like helping the poor and then graduating to help eliminate poverty world wide.... It is easy to you yourself make thousands of people free... If not more...

No matter what always look for free people who need help...

And help them if you can...

No one knows about the maximum freedom... But there do seem to be limits... But in the future, for some people, there will be no limits and people will feel free to do anything they want....

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THE END

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