

STORIES OF SPACE AGE **HORROR**, PART 3

BY: Tom Ball

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WHY WE LIKE IT: *First off, by 'We' we're not including Tom. We (again) published Parts One and Two (Issues 8 & 9) of this quirky speculation into the future lives of those who will follow us and we got several (really) readers asking us if we were going to publish the second installment. After pleading, begging and finally coercing Tom (yeah, right), he finally relented. Now aren't you glad? It's a fascinating cluster of stark vignettes, some horrifying, others just perplexing, all written in Tom's masterful dry prose, full of subtext and subliminals that both facilitate and enhance the narrative as well as our pleasure.*

QUALITY QUOTABLES (for the love of language...)

I said, "It's a World of thorough evil. Evil deeds are rewarded, and good deeds make one end up in the morgue." Our chancellor was an evil woman who took all the most handsome men to be her slaves. The rest of the people were slaves to her dictates too and toiled for her, to build her new palaces, new statues and books about her and songs about her that she liked. And if you didn't do what she pleased, there was only death. And it was typically a slow, painful death.

I wondered how did we ever wind up like this? I knew the little history that was permitted and therefore I knew that better times were behind us. Now there was only woe. And the chancellor was just doing what crazed people of the past did when they had total power. Some things never change.

Before I passed out, I reflected that the plight of the poor, was horrific indeed.

there was another revolt and this time they were successful and liberated me. I was covered in infections and sores, but I was soon cured. And I was a hero to many, and they made me their King. There were few neo-Jews left and we took away all their money and reduced them to beggars. Now they were the ones living in horror. But we showed them no mercy.

Trophies

I was in the World of Virtual Reality which was filled with monsters and I was a hunter. I had powerful weapons and the monsters were no match for me. I brought back to my home World some trophy heads of the monsters. The trophies appeared to be made of light. Then I went into battle as an officer and ordered the slaughter of millions of holograms. Then I was being mentally abused by my lover, so I killed her. And the court, which was corrupt, and I had bribed, found me innocent.

There were some local girls who wanted to hear about my adventures. I told them my stories in the best possible light. But they were only convinced I was completely mad and didn't want anything to do with me.

So, I suffered as a lone wolf, without love or succour. And I was miserable.

Just Another Revolutionary

There can be no doubt that the case of Alphonse S---, was a landmark case.

Alphonse said, "He would go down in history as a lawyer for the miserable. He represented all kinds of miserable cases and each one was important to him, culminating in a grand class action suit, suing the government for more money and psychiatrists for the poor. And he won, making himself famous overnight. But he had made a lot of enemies and there were several attempts on his life. Finally, he went into hiding and took on no more cases in person and did it all Online. But he won case after case. Despite the fact that we lived in an enlightened age, many people were abused and repressed. Life would never be fair and just." "But still," he said, "Life goes on."

Many poor people didn't have enough food to eat especially in the former Third World. To him it was unbelievable horror.

He said, "It is fine for people to be rich, but they had to help the poor to at least lead a noble life of luxury, just like they did." "It should be a World where everyone is well-off," he said.

But, he said, "Some people consider themselves above the 'masses,' and want nothing to do with the poor and just want to hobnob with the rich and famous."

He said, "It's all snobbery."

But finally, he was arrested and tried for treason. Many of his supporters protested outside the courthouse. But finally, he was executed and many in the populace ran wild and crazy but were in the end put down.

But the powers that be were satisfied they had put down the revolution and the future looked bright for them.

Another World of No Love

I said, my World was one of horror. I lived in the depressurized tunnels of Venus and we were ruled by a tyrant, a female madwoman. She said, "All of our population of 20,000 had to sleep with a different partner every night. And there was an increase in population from new immigrants of about 250 per month. So, there were many people to love. Most people here learned that all love was good. And were totally open-minded.

But I fell in love with a girl here and only wanted to love her. But this was not allowed, and I was punished for my "obsession." They told me I couldn't see her again and that bonds between the State and me were all that mattered.

I said, "It was an outrage and that the State didn't matter." And I said, that, "Love was the highest state of being, etc." But they told me I had another thing coming.

My World was one of horror. I was forced to love prostitutes and have sex with as many women as possible. The authorities figured it was a good life.

I said, "We were all forced to be cheap and shallow and the government was a group of misfits who had never been in love and were very weird."

"How did it get this way," I wondered aloud.

And then one girl told me, "I was a 'dinosaur.'" "And wasn't keeping step with the feverish minds of today."

I said, "There's no end to the infamy. It is a World of evil and pain for the thinkers!"

Just Another Tyrant

I said, "It's a World of thorough evil. Evil deeds are rewarded, and good deeds make one end up in the morgue." Our chancellor was an evil woman who took all the most handsome men to be her slaves. The rest of the people were slaves to her dictates too and toiled for her, to build her new palaces, new statues and books about her and songs about her that she liked. And if you didn't do what she pleased, there was only death. And it was typically a slow, painful death.

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Crime Against Humanity

It was a true World of evil. Our leader called himself, "The new Hitler." And he successfully waged war on the rest of the World in surprise attacks. Blitzkriegs. And he hated "morons," who didn't agree with him, and had all "morons" killed. It was hard for leading intellectuals. They fled the USA, the new Hitler's country only to be arrested elsewhere. There was no place to hide and the new Hitler, had eternal youth, a brand-new thing, which he shared with his assistants and lovers only. Everyone else was mortal and doomed to die, sooner rather than later. To know that eternal youth was out there, and one was denied it, seemed like a crime against humanity. The horror!

Corrupt World of Horror

Everyone knew there was a link between madness and horror. But when they introduced Mind Reading Technology (MRT) most people went mad and said life had become a horror story. But as always, the strong survived or so the authorities claimed. Loving relationships though were full of honesty as well as madness and many said love had risen to a new level. More than ever many people sought true love with MRT.

People needed permission to get into your mind, but some people were not so careful with who they let into their mind. Mostly the common person couldn't handle it and cracked up and had to go for Rehab. The authorities had miscalculated the capacity of the commoners to handle MRT. The authorities figured they could handle it by baby steps, but many people preyed on one another for money and sex and the commoners were lost. Many said the elite were the future anyway and that cyber men would take over soon. The common people had to just bite the bullet and get through this difficult period. Some said though that they couldn't even sleep, evil people had given them unforeseen nightmares. There was so much abuse in the system.

It was a corrupt World of horror, was the general agreement. But everyone agreed there was no turning back now.

Space is a Horror Story

Our Moon culture was evil. Evil Prince Harold had usurped power and Earth had no police force to police the Moon. Harold even deployed anti-spaceship missiles to discourage any attacks from Earth.

And Harold, had all the best-looking women in his harem and the best quality men were just slaves.

Finally, the slaves revolted and reasserted control over the Moon.

But after that, Earth was more careful in its vetting of potential space settlers and everyone destined for Space needed a UN passport certifying that they were a person of good character. But the horror of the emptiness of Space changed people sometimes for the worse.

Famous Moon writer Erasmus II, though, chronicled the goings on in the Moon colonies and found the vast majority of people couldn't handle space. There were many pioneer spirits here, it was true, but the lawless emptiness drove most pioneers crazy in one way or another. Erasmus II concluded that space was a horror story for humans.

Pipe Dreams

I said to the girl, "Her future dreams were just pipe dreams. She was hallucinating and her imagination was out of control." And I added, "Everyone knows that androids will take over Earth one day and everyone will be required to be a cyborg. But people weren't being prepared for this eventuality. It would be sink or swim, just like jumping into an ice-cold lake in which one couldn't survive for long." And I said, "Her dream of a Utopia was mistakenly thought out. The World just didn't work like dreams. Space was a cold, hard reality and was not for dreamers like her. But of course, many people had dreams of Space, but they were all naïve. Indeed, Space and horror go hand in hand."

She said, "Space is open, space is free, and is not written in stone." She added, "Perhaps the dreamers will be proven to be right. And Space will be a kaleidoscope of dreams. We just need our best people to lead us," she said.

Sycophants in Space

I said, "This is a World of horror! The government of the UN insisted their leaders be the one's who would colonize space. But these leaders were not so imaginative, but rather were ass-kissers and sycophants.

I added, "That the sycophants were there, but they needed the leadership of a writer or scientist of substance, not a sycophant. The best writers and scientists are the best people," I figured.

She said, "But the UN leaders are masters of compromise and worry about the welfare of mankind." And she added, "Space will not be for maverick madmen like you. Rather it will be a continuation of Earth civilization." I said, "Earth civilization is sick and needs an injection from new thinkers. We don't need ass-kissers running Space." And I said, "For the thinking human, they are in a World of horror already as the spies are running all over them with impunity and no one steps up to say it's wrong."

Everyone is a Slave

I said, "Our reality is one of horror. The most evil and ruthless man has seized power on Moon Triton, Neptune's Moon."

"And all the best thinkers here have been forced into sexual slavery. The leader was bisexual and wanted to have sex with everyone here."

"And the commoners are forced to labor in place of robots. Our leader had decided it was best if all had a job. Commoners liked the weekly paycheck and took pride in their work."

She said, "If you can't deal with the reality of Space, you can usually kill yourself."

Bad Luck in the Future

I asked the man, Henry, "If he would do me a favor, and stop playing so loud with his rock band. I liked them, they were good, but I couldn't sleep at night even with ear plugs. I was going mad and told him to stop playing at midnight. Otherwise, I'd call the cops." So, he sent a girl to me to make up for it. And she was really hot and good in bed. But the band played on. So finally, I moved. But in the new place there were audible arguments and even gun shots. I learned there had been 3 separate murders in the building in the last week. So, I moved again. I was too poor for upmarket housing in a nice neighborhood and could only afford to live in a slum. And the next place I went was to a 50 sq. feet home near the downtown. This seemed better but there was a break in, in my humble abode and they stole my ID. This led to a nightmarish future for me. I received bills I hadn't incurred and court challenges for offences I had supposedly committed, and my computer was hacked destroying my files of the books I had been working on, lost forever it seemed. And they took all my money, what little I had. And I was so miserable, I killed myself.

Before I passed out, I reflected that the plight of the poor, was horrific indeed.

Evil Regime on Mars

In this evil regime on Mars, everyone had to do at least 2 evil acts in a day. Sometimes it was murder, sometimes it was just a broken heart. But the alignment of the leadership was lawful evil. So they had respect for the law. But murder wasn't a crime, whereas falling in love was. However, I was having a secret affair with my true love. We met clandestinely and outpoured our grievances to one another. We knew that just two people couldn't do anything about the unstoppable juggernaut that was our government.

And we were good souls and so were hard-pressed to do evil acts. But we had a lot of people who wanted to kill us, so we would kill them one by one. Finally, the two of us had murdered 30 people between us and were each given a promotion. I was promoted to Baron and she was promoted to Duchess. In our new posts, we forced evil people to kill one another and now the population was down to just 200, from an original 1,100.

And the King wanted new recruits, and got some evil minded perverts and potential murderers to replenish the ranks and these new recruits were abused and finally, killed here, for the most part, though a handful of them were promoted and lived on.

The meaning of life here was just to survive. And enjoy the luxuries of life.

Assassination of the President

Tim was a stalker and stalked and killed men he didn't like. For example, he didn't like those in power. So, he started murdering nearby mayors who were easy targets. He'd go to their rallies and shoot them and then disappear in massive smoke screens. He wore a balaclava with sunglasses and so could not be identified.

But after he had killed 7 mayors, satellite imagery led authorities to his house. So, he came out firing his laser and killed a few police before being gunned down.

However, there were many copycat murderers who read his manifesto which stated, the people in power were fools and something needed to be done about it. And to foment chaos and undermine the constitution. And basically, raise hell.

So, politicians everywhere were afraid of being assassinated and so, finally they stopped appearing before crowds altogether.

But one young man who'd read the manifesto got 30 men together and they stormed the walls around the white house and gunned down with laser guns, the guards and finally, found

the President in the west wing and killed him. It was the ultimate terrorist act. And of course, the marauders were gunned down themselves, but they died happy.

Desperados

I said, "We live in desperate times, people are falling all over themselves to be happy. Many of them courted one another, looking for love, desperately. Some believed in true love, but most said, love doesn't exist, and happiness was bunk."

For those that believed in happiness, the goal to life was to earn a lot of money, and live like Kings and Queens, surrounded by riches and glory. And also, to find love in passing.

But there were also many desperados who would do anything to gain cash or its equivalent. Some would even play Russian roulette, winner take all (of the loser's money). Or fight duels or even limited wars to gain cash.

The Tables Turn

My World was one of horror. Our rulers forced us to worship Yahweh and were bad neo-Jews. And they forced us to work in labor jobs for a pittance in payment. Finally, I organized a revolt of the "slaves," and we killed the leadership. But the leaders were quickly replaced and finally they put the revolt down and as the ringleader, they put me in a gibbet and pissed on me and threw rocks, but kept me alive, so as to suffer more. But then there was another revolt and this time they were successful and liberated me. I was covered in infections and sores, but I was soon cured. And I was a hero to many, and they made me their King. There were few neo-Jews left and we took away all their money and reduced them to beggars. Now they were the ones living in horror. But we showed them no mercy.

Horrors of Anarchy

It was a World of horrors. All the compass points were horrors. This whole World.

Where I lived, in the south, the life expectancy was only 20; people murdered one another for no good reason and many committed suicide.

I tried to lead the people to a World of peace and quietude, but it seemed that everyone was chaotic and mad. Indeed, this World had been settled by chaotic types who wanted the freedom to live in anarchy. The initial settlers thought that it was possible to live in benevolent anarchy, a World in which everyone was free. But it turned out that they couldn't agree on the structure of society and so it was a wild free for all. Gangs sprang up everywhere and ruled the masses. The gangs were ruthless and evil. All women were sex slaves, and most men were slaves, too!

Gangs were run like pirates and fought their enemies ferociously.

And now there was nothing much left to loot and pillage.

So, one of the gangs attacked a police ship sent from Earth, but were defeated. And that was the beginning of law and order.

None of the good people of this planet now believed in anarchy. And the experiment here with total freedom set a precedent in that few would want to end up like we had. But the survivors put together a sane, lawful World. and eventually created progress and a robust economy and many tourists came here to hear first-hand about the horrors of anarchy.

Leaving Mediocrity

Ours was a World of maddening mediocrity. People refused to do the right thing. And refused to use their brain to maximum advantage. They took the easy way out. No one here wanted to apply themselves to a goal, and just lived off generous welfare generated by the Planet's robots. They spent their days stoned and drunk and laughed the days away. They had some poets who everyone respected who wrote about the easy life and what a pleasure it was to live in this World.

I was a woman who wanted more from life. But everyone told me they all lived in paradise. And they had all been educated in the horrors of history and were glad to be in peace and to be rich people of leisure. It was a socialist paradise, many said.

Then I found a man who also wanted more. He said, "There were many people who could achieve success in the arts here. And he intended to inspire them with his plays." She said, "She would like to make plays also." So, they collaborated on a play about the future in which life becomes hard and cruel and is no longer free and easy.

But many said, such changes to our society would come from people like us two playwrights. We were some of a small minority of dissatisfied people.

They said they had created a Utopia, Paradise, and nearly everyone was very happy.

In our next play we tried to suggest improving on Paradise to make it more intellectually stimulating. But many of them said it was a rocky slope we were on and it might bring everyone disaster. And many boycotted our plays. But some were curious and interested.

My man told me, "Our best bet was to go elsewhere. This World was ignorant and foolish, and our talents were wasted on these people." It was maddening and even I daresay horrific here.

So, we left on the annual spaceship and a large crowd came to see us off.

Painting for the Masses

Ours was a World of horror. Mistakes weren't tolerated and you'd be punished for your errors. I fell in love with a woman who hated me and tried to make her see the light, but she started a campaign to oust me from my post as reporter and succeeded. And then I was punished for trying to love an impossible woman. The punishment was no sex for a month. They figured that would teach me. I was miserable and forlorn. And I had to find a new vocation. So, I chose to become a painter and paint beautiful things and beautiful people. I studied the new art of physiognomy and made my subjects' facial expressions, and indeed faces themselves, have meaning.

But the vast majority of people didn't like my paintings and wanted me to paint horrors instead. There was plenty of horror here alright, to paint.

So, I painted devils and angels, with the devils always triumphing over the angels and people liked those paintings.

I appeared in the paintings as an angel of light and progress.

But finally, the authorities said my paintings were a big mistake and henceforth I was to be banned from painting.

The government was so authoritarian and cruel. I hated them and they hated me. But at least they let me live.

World of Sickness and Disease

There were countless Worlds of horror out there. I was glad I lived in a bad World, not a really bad World. Our World was devoid of doctors and medicine. The government liked the "natural way." Some of us were crippled physically and emotionally and couldn't get help.

Yet there were a lot of diseases running rampant. Old diseases like smallpox appeared and killed many and in the case of smallpox disfigured people's complexion, if it didn't kill you.

The average life expectancy was only 28. So we lived for the day and partied every night, most of us, anyway.

But some of us were so fearful of disease, they lived like hermits and so no one. Not since Covid-81, had our World been so sick.

My philosophy was to work to change society and train doctors. Other Moons and Planets had universal health care and we had a ship come into our Moon, Caliban, orbiting Uranus, every month. So finally, everyone was so sick, they finally acquiesced and let in doctors.

On Caliban, we figured we'd wasted our lives in ill health and now wanted to make amends. And be productive citizens. And believed in progress.

Androgynous Human

My World of horror was I was a female trapped in a man's body. And so, I got a sex change. But at first men thought I looked too manly and didn't want to love me. So, I had a lot of plastic surgery and gene therapy to look gorgeous. I had a friend who said, "You just loved women so much you wanted to be one." I thought that was a fair statement.

But when I was a woman, I missed having my penis, and considered turning androgynous. And so finally, I did. The best of both Worlds I figured.

But I was persecuted by many who said I was a freak. They said they wanted me dead and that I was a bad influence on the youth.

Finally, they cornered me in a bar and cut off my head.

Fine Line Between Madness and Imagination

I said, mine was a World of Horror. Here people wouldn't listen to reason. And insisted on constant masquerades every night. I asked, "Why can't you just show your face?" They said they believed in mystery and imagination. I said, "Why can't anyone be real just for once."

They said, I lacked imagination. I said, "With my books of madness, I was a first-rate imagination individual." They laughed at me and said, I was just a madman. I said, "Although I am mad there is brilliance in it." They told me to f--- off and get real.

I said, "There's a fine line between madness and imagination and I walked that line."

They said I was a preposterous individual.
And I lived like a fish out of water, miserable every step of the way. People even started to condemn my books and me, as a person.
Some wanted to kill me. And finally, someone did.

Monsters

I said, this Earth is a World of horror for me. It was a parallel World, sure. But it was my reality. This World was populated with monsters of all kinds. Most appeared human but had a frightening mind. Others, looked like dragons, orcs etc.

The raison d'être, here was to acquire gold which could buy love slaves or other human slaves.

The monstrous "people," were responsible for all sorts of cruelty to one another. Some were masters, others, slaves.

Typically, one had to do the evil bidding of one's master such as attack and enslave others.

There were many outrages. Like rape and pillage. And sadistic humor towards the slaves.

There were no good people here.

And people came here to this World because they were bored and wanted to put some action in their lives, especially evil action.

I figured I was a decent man though and had only come here because I was chasing a girl who was bad for me, but whom I nevertheless loved. And she told me, "To get lost." So, I was lost in this World of monsters without any gold to get out of here. And I deeply regretted my decision to come here. Finally, I was enslaved by a cruel master. And then I killed myself.

No One Was Sane

Ours was a World of horror. Every one of us had a demon inside. Most people here behaved normally, most of the time. But then the demon would come out and reek ill and chaos. For example, falling in love was very dangerous. You could lose your life or be driven insane. Everyone here was driving all the people they knew, crazy.

Many tried desperately to stay sane and tried to have stable friends and lovers. But the demon inside them always came out sooner or later. No one here was sane.

And we built a World that we imagined was Hell. It was uncomfortably hot, and everyone looked demonic in their face. The horror.

I Filled Her with Loathing and Madness

My life was crazy. My true love told me, "I was a moron and boring." But I kept trying to convince her, I was the best man for her. "F—you," she said, finally. But I stalked her and ruined some of her dates and wouldn't get out of her life. So finally, she arranged to have me killed, but I was ready and shot and killed the would-be assassin.

I interrupted her phone calls and threatened all of her friends. But I told her, "I still loved her." She said "You fill me with loathing and madness." I said, "Why not? It's good to be mad and assholes all have a role to play in this crazy World."

So in the end, she took me back, unbelievably!

Lovers Change

I went all the way to Pluto's Moon, Charon, just to have a date with my soul mate whom I had met on the Internet.

She said, "It's nice to finally meet you. By the way, 'she,' was a man!"

I had come all this way to meet "her," and was so disappointed. I said, "You are truly evil to have led me on like you did; we even had Virtual sex prior to our meeting.

And I had spent my last dollar on a passage to Charon and now was stuck here. It turned out to be full of transsexuals and I wanted no part of it. So, I lived alone as a hermit here, just finding enough food and oxygen to survive. I was miserable.

But then one day a new immigrant came here and took pity on me and loved me as she was, a woman. I enjoyed loving her, but she too, gradually turned into a man! Quel horreur!

Death without Fanfare

It was a World of horror. The girl I loved was gunned down in front of me. I figured my enemies had killed her, just to spite me and torture me. Then I found a new love who I loved even more, and she too was gunned down right in front of me.

I figured something had to give. Either they killed me or not. But they broke into my bank account and withdrew all my money. Leaving me destitute.

And they sent diseased lovers, who had new viruses that couldn't be cured right away by modern science, to love me.

Finally, I killed myself and died quietly, without fanfare.

Ugliness on Mars

I said, "We live in the worst of all possible Worlds. Everyone here is ugly and do nothing but do ugly deeds. I myself was ugly and did ugly things. I preyed upon innocent virgins who were new recruits to our World and then dumped them and got a lot of satisfaction from that. But at least I didn't kill them."

But our World was bad, and people mentally tortured one another. It was as if we deserved each other.

We got in one another's heads using MRT (Mind Reading Technology) and drove each other off the deep end.

Some of us said that MRT was the end of the World. But our World was Mars and we really didn't matter.

Insatiable for Love

Our World was Mercury. And the people were dark and mercurial. Feverish minds. They were on the dark side of life. Some were famous poets; others were great scientists or businesspeople. Falling in love here was deep and noteworthy, but one had to be careful not to get burned. People here were fiendishly clever...

And I knew the mindset of the women here; they were all basically insatiable nymphomaniacs. No one man could satisfy them. It was the same for the men here, they were also insatiable for new loves.

And new colonists were courted by everyone. The new kids in town were the flavor of the week.

I told my favorite lover, "That love here was just a passing fancy, nothing more." She said, "It's never been any different."

And many of the new colonists said, people here might be deep, but in their love affairs they were quite shallow, and this World was a nightmare for deep thinkers.

Tyrant of Australia

I lived in Australia and now it was the year 2046. Everyone had turned nasty here in recent years after, Don Juan had seized power in 2030. Our nasty leader though kowtowed to the Americans and so they didn't intervene in his coup. He forbid people to fall in love, and if they publicly claimed they were in love, they'd get five years in solitary confinement. People asked why he was picking on lovers, and he said love was an illusion and foolish. And he made many new laws to enhance his own wealth and prestige. He wanted people to respect him as a man of power and those who denounced him were sent a one-way ticket to the insane asylum.

Then he went too far and attacked New Zealand. Finally, the Americans took military action against him. And in the end, they forced him to kill himself, which was hard for a man who loved himself so much!

An Overbearing, Innocent Lamb

I lived in a World of my girlfriend's love. Her name was Trudy, and she claimed, "She'd never loved anyone more than me." I basked in the sunshine of her love, but finally I realized she had other lovers while loving me. I confronted her about it, and she acted madly and told me to, "F—off and leave her alone."

I said, "What about the chemistry we have together?" She said, "You are overbearing and an innocent lamb."

My heart was broken, and I felt miserable. And I never got over it. And finally, I killed myself.

Planet in the Crazy Star System

My World at first glance seemed happy and full of glad people. But knowing this World as well as I did, I figured it was a giant nightmare for thinking people. People here all had a shallow idea of life and love. And couldn't be changed. Everyone was so polite and nice, it was maddening.

But they made me their King and my first act was to demand, "Every person find true love in my first year as King and psychiatrists determined who was in love with who, though some people were excellent liars." So neo-lie detectors were brought in. The new lie detectors were infallible, and everyone had their own personal detector. So then, no one could lie. Lies were punished with prison terms and some people said it was maddening. It was a World of horror.

My next demand as King was, "For the people to be deeper. And towards this end we gave them brain surgery. Recently new technology had allowed for changing brains for the better. And suddenly, it was a brand-new world in which people talked deeply about life and love. But many people had a hard time with their new brains and had to see a psychiatrist. There was no shame in going to a shrink. But remarkably, most people were sane after the surgery and said it was like a whole new World had opened to them."

Then I insisted that the people, "All try and get rich, so I stopped welfare payments and forced them to get a job, that was meaningful and clever. Some opted to be writers or directors or actors or businesspeople or scientists. And I reflected that it was good. Science in particular got a shot in the arm, we wanted scientists to design colonies of the future. Along with architects."

Our Planet was in the Crazy star system. 100 light years from Earth.

But we never saw androids, holograms, conscious super computers or freaks. Just humans, with their brain altered. Into homo superior.

Many people were surprised humans had maintained control of Earth. But everywhere people were starting to get used to the new world men.

But my friend Peter said, "Other places were more advanced than we were, using artificial intelligence." I said, "We were the true inheritors of the future and not machine-designed beings."

I said, "We needed to preserve humans and try to eliminate their faults." But everyone had plenty of faults...

But we believed in the perfect man.

However, then as King I forced everyone to reach, "Perfection of their soul."

Some said, "I'd created an anathema. And they didn't want to progress, they just wanted to live and be happy." Others were behind me 100%.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *Once an ugly man told me, "It is a World of Horror." And life in Space will be full of freak humans and egregious disasters and madness and violence. Some say Space will be peaceful and kind, but it is likely that ruthless types will come to Space and make war and repress people. The horror will never end. Space itself is mostly empty and will be a lonely place for pioneers. And people will get cabin fever and go mad and Space will have infinite options for horror.*

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