

Welcome To My Utopia!

Walk down the clean, solid grey streets, and you could not miss the little girls who looked and sounded so good. They were very pretty. All like the plastic dolls they carried around, with chiseled facial features, merrily flashing purple and pink Handlights, shampoo advertisement-worthy locks, and sculpted figures. When they talk and laugh it sounds so impossibly perfect, even if they talked about nothing at all, and went on and on about how wonderful each other looked, and denied whatever was said about themselves, which was mildly amusing because they all looked the same anyway.

Their young, cream-white wrists are encircled with bracelets with all those shiny little charms that are like shackles of barbed wire and wonderfully high heels shaped their feet. Initially, many complained about them being forced to grow up and suffer too fast, but all have come to know now that they are doing what they love and look oh-so-pretty, so everyone is happy. They even stick the Magicmasks with a smile on their face, because although it hurt while all its tiny particles magically changed the surface cells, it looked infinitely more natural than make up and they loved it to bits.

There are the grey roads and the grey pavements, the grey oxygen generators, the grey everything. They have tried to invent so many paints and colourings but they somehow just never adhered to surfaces, because the chemical compositions did not allow them to. But of course, it was a blessing in disguise, for now the whole city was in the classy monochrome! Everything is the same and it is wonderful, for did not scientific research always inform everyone through the papers that seeing many different colours at once could cause a serious headache?

Everything is well planned, efficient and simple. No waste of time, simply press the buttons and voila! The job is done! We have time to be happy. There are the fantastic machines that do all our work. The silent Dustsuckers which consume even the freshly fallen dead skin cells, floating robot chefs which zip around and bring cooked meals on demand, and thousands of other efficient helpers. They are so quick, smart and able, and could think for themselves so well that the scientists are contemplating the idea of defying death (one of the few annoying things that we somehow have no control over) by uploading one's consciousness onto a microchip and inserting it into a supermachine.

We are very careful with our precious little children. Children are young, children do not know things, and therefore they can be very dangerous, and we must be very careful. They must think correct things, not destructive, opposing thoughts. They must be happy. They must listen to us and do what we say, lest they sow seeds of destruction.

With the marvellous system that we have, the solutions are simple. Keep the children busy doing good and happy things. Give the young boys lots of games and toys to play—not the boring ball, book and plane, but the Supergame World. Let them feel, see and hear the wonders of virtual reality; let adrenaline course through their veins. For the girls, fill their lives with sparkles, pink fluff and glitter and let them be little princesses. Let them do whatever adult women do, for growing up quicker can do no

harm. When all these little darlings grow up they will not change, and will continue being exemplary members of society.

Give them what they like. If they take to learning new things they can go to school if they want, where the magnificent robot screens will teach them things to memorise everyday. Fill them with information and keep them busy. If they enjoy theme parks, there are many Wonderlands to choose from, with music coming from seemingly everywhere around them and thrilling rides and cotton candy, and it is free admission so that they may have fun anytime they want.

They will be sorted accordingly into Groups where they can meet people with similar interests. There are 16 Groups. Largegroup 10-16, however, follow their parents' Group, and they have been given many sessions with trained specialists to learn to enjoy learning the complex workings of machines and ultrahigh technology. They will embark on a wonderful journey of invention and discovery, and will have the unexplainable joy of contributing to society. To keep matters from becoming complicated, children will grow up and stay in their individual Groups for their entire life, and may only marry within their Largegroups. This way, they will not have to go through the hassle of changing their lifestyle or be unnecessarily influenced by others' differing opinions. They will stick to one way of life and maybe one or two beliefs for their entire life, and resulting in less disagreements and conflict.

Single out all those wayward children—they pose great harm to society. In our perfect utopia, they too have an important role and should feel happy, but we cannot allow them to do so at our expense. They are the different, clashing colours, the dissonant notes, and should be corrected, or if they prove too hard to handle, taken away. The Waywards are those that say silly things they should not, or ask questions that are unimportant. Questions, especially unusual ones, are not good signs. They signify a rebellious nature which may cause the destruction of the utopia.

There are various methods of correction. There are the hypnosis therapy sessions with trained specialists, Corrector machines (which are essentially highly complex virtual reality machines which have the ability of changing the content of one's subconscious), or Group 16. In the last option, the individual will simply be reassigned to that Group to live with the others there at a special closed place.

So, everyone's happiness is assured. If someone wants something, another person will give it to him. There is no need for a monetary value. The different Groups specialise in different services as well. They are all free. Important choices are all made for us by the Group Head, and of course, they would be the best ones because no one could understand a person's interests and fears better than he.

As we all know, sometimes the human body acts strangely and one would feel depressed for no reason at all. In such cases, the negative emotion and the different bodily state would trigger an alarm on the individual's Handlight, causing it to become pitch-black and alerting the Group members around him or her. The members can then

kindly bring the distressed person to a special Happyfier machine, where metal clasps will be secured around the person's limbs and forehead and remove the negative energy by means of extremely tiny amounts of electricity. The metal clasp around the forehead can also obtain much information from the person's brain, and project a vague representation of its content onto a screen. The projected black areas which represent negative or undesirable thoughts and feelings can be selected and deleted. Happy hormones will also be administered to the person. After the entire process, the person will be revitalised. The use of such machines is absolutely free. This way, everyone can feel good anytime!

We have taken great pains to sterilise every square inch of this beautiful city. Dirt can do horrible things to the body and make us unhappy. All diseases have been eradicated and cannot survive in our sterilised environment, so fret not, you will never fall ill.

Please enjoy your stay here. I am afraid you would not be able to leave, however. Once you enter, the amazing Detectorgates will record your personal information to be stored in the system and embed a Handlight on the back of your right hand with the MegaLaser. This beautiful thing is the mark of a citizen, and will blink and flash in a multitude of dazzling colours and patterns as you spend many happy days here. The only little problem is that if you near the Detectorgates from the inside, the waves emitting from there will cause the Handlight to explode and release its deadly contents into the body.

But really, why would you *ever* want to leave?