

KILL ALL THE BLACKS

a novel by
Roy Mathieu Borole

© 2022, Roy Mathieu Borole

Roy Mathieu Borole
1 Kingsway Avenue
Claremont
Western Cape
Tel: +27726101298
Email: Roy@borole.com

Synopsis

Murder, Drugs, Sex, Betrayal and Liquid Democracy. This is the story of the global superpower ARA - African Royal Alliances. The year is 2080 and ARA is in the grips of multiple political revolutions, numerous individuals and organizations all vie for power over The Union - a DAO powered by a Super Artificial Intelligence Algorithm that runs the state via a system of Liquid Democracy. ARA is a prosperous abundant union of nations and principalities saturated with mind-boggling technology, Artificial Intelligence Companions, Floating Cities, cocaine sniffing evil pink dolphins, Politicians who also happen to be professional wrestlers and advances that make life ferociously easy - all basic human needs are taken care of. The book explores the lives of three dynamic politically ambitious ARA citizens, all have different motivations, ambitions, and backgrounds however they all want the same thing: to weaponize Liquid Democracy for their own personal ends.

Characters:

Skaftin Salvation, *Priestess*

Sophocles Mbhele, *Derivatives Trader*

Dahomey Boga, *CEO of BWPU*

Liquid Democracy

`/'lɪkwɪd dɪ'mɒkrəsi/`

noun

Liquid democracy is a form of delegative democracy whereby an electorate engages in collective decision-making through direct participation and dynamic representation. This democratic system utilizes elements of both direct and representative democracy. Voters in a liquid democracy have the right to vote directly on all policy issues à la direct democracy, however, voters also have the option to delegate their votes to someone who will vote on their behalf à la representative democracy.

Based on a True Story.

Chapter 1

Sophocles Mbhele.

Location: Colin Powell institute of Treachery, Xiaomi Sugar
Loaf City, Sierra Leone.

Date: 9th of June 2080

Total number of Subscribers: 540 554

Number of votes for ZZ8808080: 90 Points - 9%

S. Mbhele Treasury Value: 3 566 021 104 Cowries

"You see youngblood, let me fuck you up with some truth. The world used to be like a dick. A big Ol' meaty faceless dick. Dick's are great and simple. They can only really do one thing and once that thing is done, they have not much in the way of purpose or usage".

My raspy voice and charismatic delivery made me think I'd get an ocean of laughter erupting over me, but instead, all I got from this stingy group of muthafucka's was half a Fresca can of laughter.

I couldn't make out exactly where it came from, I was on stage on a platform that raised me above my audience and to make matters worse, I had a monstrously large spotlight on me that obscured my vision. This traditional 20th century lecture theatre was my choice and I loved what it represented, but I felt more like a professor and less like a stand-up comic, and even though I was there to deliver a lecture, I mainly wanted laughs and opportunities to fornicate with 20 something year olds.

"But now the world is like a gigantic Clitoris. Not a massive Clitoris, this ain't '*Honey I shrunk the kids*' rather like a clitoris with a few quadrillion extra nerve endings". I was hoping for a laugh from my previous statement. I only got one loud release that helped me realize that there were only two people in this entire room born before the year 2010. It didn't make me nervous but rather energized.

There was laughter in this audience, I knew it. All I had to do was say the right thing and I was in it to win it!

"Back then it was easy, all you had to do was show up. Look at this light-skin beige muthafucka! All he ever did was use his velvety ass voice to convince people that change was something they could achieve, but, he was in charge.

That's like me and you being stuck in an elevator and me telling you if we work hard enough we can make the smell of ass go away, but my G I'm the one dropping the heat that's fucking up your nostrils!".

The number of laughing voices started to increase, oh no your boy's got it!

I wasn't sure if it was the picture of BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA in a tan suit on the projection above me or my jokes that got the crowd going, but I knew I had to lay it down now.

"All this light skin jigaboo had to do to get elected was A) Be light skin B) Be a sexy-flexi R&B looking nigga and C) Sell the illusion of monogamy.

Three simple ingredients and any one of you could have been the president of the formerly habitable United States of America".

A voice poked out from the audience with enough sass to power a small Tibetan Village "Didn't he win a Nobel Prize for Peace?".

I could tell by the tone and intonation that the question was destined to be from some Arty smarty muthafucka. Annoyed by the question I shot back "Didn't Milli Vanilli win a damn Grammy!?".

I knew I shouldn't have said Milli Vanilli but the temptation was too great and I may have spent the hour before the lecture watching an AIC version of the light skin one doing a striptease on my HUD Sticker.

HUD's were the craziest and best part of 2080. All one had to do was buy a tiny little sticker, apply it to their skin, then

a series of nanobots would enter your neck and install the device. It was painless. The result would be you could use an HUD which was essentially the best parts of a smartphone and VR headset rolled into one.

But that wasn't the issue. The issue was that every single one of these cretins would now be searching for who Milli Vanilli is. And they'd see that 98% of the content around them is primarily pornographic videos of the light skin one, being light skin.

"You see Politics in those days was an IQ test and all one had to do to thrive was simply be invisible or unmissable, you managed one of those two and you could get away with murder in broad daylight."

The lack of questions from the statement made me think I had to explain the premise I was presenting, "There was that good for nothing tax on stupidity, Mitch McConnell, Bitch was in the Senate for 37 years, and all he did was remind niggas how to mispronounce the word villainous, he was invisible. Then there was Joe Biden, in between sleeping with Eastern European Prostitutes and dressing like your favourite Auntie, you couldn't miss the muthafucka, but did he contribute anything of an any value? No!".

My audiences were always filled with some incorrigible types who were more interested in the truth than jokes and the leader of this mob was always Chun-Li Tchatchoua. I didn't know much about her but I can tell you what she wasn't: attractive, funny, interesting or a willing participant in the muthafucking Sophocles Mbhele TV Show.

She had this super annoying habit of attending every single one of my lectures and ensuring that she asks meaningful questions at every one. She was an ultra narc and the final primary school prefect, always snitching, always talking about rules and always butt-ugly.

I could see her in the crowd circling my fun like a mini orca trying to drown a toddler off the coast of Sephora Conakry. She would do everything in her power to get us back on track and focus on the reason we were here, to hear me give a lecture.

The title of my lecture was: 1990- 2024 THE AGE OF THE BITCH NIGGA: A REPRISÉ OF SOUTHERN AFRICAN POLITICAL ECONOMY AND POLICY. I wasn't over the moon about the lecture and its topic. I chose it primarily because I've got a series of cryogenic paternity policies coming up and nostalgic topics get people to vote more aggressively against cryogenic policies and I'm not trying to see this policy pass, especially when I'm trying to go *cold* - Cryogenically freeze myself by 2070.

"Professor, when are we going to get to weaponized race dialogues during the age of the bitch nigga?" said Chun-Li Tchatchoua. Bitch was like a Japanese Space Elevator. She was never late and never early, she was always just on time. Truth was, I was glad she came up for air as I would have spent the next hour trying on jokes that would have had fucked up the game in 2012 but in 2080 don't even get a second mention. "Where would you like me to start Ms Tchatchoua?" I said in my most demeaning accent possible.

"Professor can we discuss the relationship between racial discourse and policies designed to empower 8th Gen Natives" The word "8th Gen Natives" made me want to wretch, I hated the term and I missed being Black. Being Black was great it summarized the world for you brilliantly, 8th Gen Native sounds like a really sophisticated sex toy.

"I don't think there was any real relationship to be honest," I said.

"But didn't the state enact policies that were rooted in race to empower 8th Gen Natives?" asked Chun-Li. This felt like the kind of question I'd been answering since 2011 and people

still weren't able to see the bigger picture, all the money, books, and AIC's in the World couldn't help these blind sons of bitches see the truth. I had to dumb it down to get through to her. All the post-post-post-feminist and colonial theory had fried her brain and convinced her that a PhD in International Relations was in anyway a reflection of Intelligence. I personally saw it as the opposite. You had to be a dumbass to do a PhD in International Relations.

"To understand the Age of le *bitch nigga* you must understand that Black men or 8th Gen Natives essentially wanted to be white men. Almost every single piece of policy was cantered around this idea. Any policy, law, or engagement was all focused on this ideal.

Land reclamation? Who had the land? White men!

Broad-Based Economic empowerment? Who has economic empowerment? White men!

I'm sure that if it wasn't for the collapse of 2027 they would have legislated that White Women be handed out on a weekly basis".

The crowd's laughter spread like an STI at a sex orgy in Berlin in 2031.

"But there were women in the ANC? Are you saying they also wanted to be white men?" asked the most irritating person alive.

"Honey there's water in beer. It doesn't make the shit healthy, does it now?" I shot back to try to gather more laughs and irritate this indomitable young lady.

"The levers of power were firmly rooted in the hands of white men and were almost going to be forever if it weren't for the collapse. Because if it wasn't lazy unimaginative morally reprehensible characters enacting laws, it was the fact that these laws were in English. One must always remember that the discourse was always done in English. This meant the framing was always done in a setting that benefitted English speakers.

Which meant it actively discriminated against 89% of the population. So even when they weren't trying to benefit White men, because their ideas were all in English, they by default did. There was an old saying when I was your age, "The Medium is the Message". That was bullshit, the language is the message, your laws in English are loaded with British sensibilities, Common law, public expectations and so much more. Next to trying to have sex with a hedgehog on cocaine, it's the worst idea possible".

I attempted to yank the mic off the stand and start walking around the stage like I was Chris Rock at the Apollo. The crowd erupted in laughter at this metaphor, I even gave a chuckle myself. I hadn't seen a hedgehog in maybe 30 years. But the thought of a 80 year old man writhing around on the ground trying to sexually penetrate a Hedgehog, did seem amusing. His pants around his ankles, his old man balls swinging in the wind as he tries to aim his penis at her or him. It seemed highly implausible and ridiculous, but maybe a tad bit too ridiculous. It then dawned on me, *I, Sophocles Mbhele at age 90*, haven't seen a hedgehog in 30 years. 80% of my audience is under 25, why in God's name would they find that amusing?

It was then in that moment I realized that the laughter was not at the comment but rather was sycophantic. They knew the more they laughed the quicker I'd get to my thesis around which policies and laws I'm going to short and which I'm going to create options for.

You see, this was part of the unwritten agreement my audience and I had.

You come and listen to a blabbering old fool talk about Postmodern Politics. In return for that my AIC and I would give you simple investments and strategies to make drinking money and to buy yourself a new Pygmy Elephant. It was a cheap

trade-off, kind of like a girl who flirts with a creepy uncle and in return for his incestuous predilections being tickled. He pays for her university education. Fucked up. But highly efficient and everyone wins. My lecture hadn't hit the crescendo I'd planned on climaxing at. But I knew we were in the final chapter, any moment now a young man or woman would want to get to the chase or rather the investment. A hand arose on my HUD, it was a black hand, not black as in race, but black as in the colour of Sonic the Hedgehog's nose, I knew this was the beginning of the end.

The mysterious hand piped up accompanied by a very ambiguous but obviously African American accent that sounded like someone trying to do an impression of Eddie Murphy.

"Haha yeah that's some funny shit old nigga, Having sex with a hedgehog, yeah boy shit, so which policies we shorting this week?".

I looked at this failure of imagination in human form and accepted that this party was coming to an end.

"I'll get to that shortly, but before I do, I'd like to conclude my line of thinking and remind you all of the perils of this epoch". I used the word epoch to throw off the Black handed Eddie Murphy. My hope was that he would sense that the academic gravity of the term would convince him to stop focusing on the sugary treat of income. And refocus on the mental gymnastics one had to perform during the *bitch-nigga* era.

"You see the age of the bitch nigga was focused on economic exploitation via racial discourse and thus resulted in absurd outcomes that were easily foreseeable. You see Black corruption at the time was a direct income generator for White capital. The more the state failed to manifest the more economic opportunities it created for White Entrepreneurs. Police not working? Well Hello White Security Company! Municipalities not functioning? Hello Gated Communities!

No functioning public transport? Hello White owned ride-hailing companies!

Schools not functioning? Hello White owned private schools! All things considered, it was the Golden Age of White Capital and Black Ineptitude, working together to actively funnel capital out of the country. Hence the name the era of the bitch nigga, because only a bitch nigga would tolerate such foolishness".

A gold hand entered my HUD and I could feel it was some hipster who would try to get me to fight him over some dead leader who spent most of his life being on T-shirts rather than enacting intelligent ideas.

"But surely not all of the parties in this era were focused on enriching Europeans? What about the DA?" said the gold hand. My memory struggled to place the word or name DA. I kept thinking about Dade county in Miami. The stunning images of speedboat races in the 40's shooting down downtown Miami and the music of Pitbull ringing out. The good old days when Sophocles was trying to flirt with some Honduran bomb-shell who heard I was rich. Home girl was trying to get me to buy her a *Super-Moloi Ndege*.

Miami sure was beautiful until the Americans returned...

Oh yes the DA! Those guys were the worst. "Nah the DA were simply race-baiters whose primary focus was working out creative ways to call Blacks; Kaffirs without actually saying the word, 'Kaffir' ".

"What's a Kaffir?" I knew the voice, It was Oliver, fucking Thuto's grandson - man I hated that muthafucka. Not Oliver, I simply disliked him and his light skin ways. No, my hate for Thutho was real.

We spent 10 years working together only for this nigga to claim he was transgender and use that to try get me to fire him. Not because he was transgender but because he'd make up wild ass excuses and blame it on his transgender status. Like

the one time the nigga missed a whole month of work and said he had a very hectic period.

A 30-day period!?

Nigga do I look like a buffoon?

Firstly your black ass doesn't have the ability to have a period. Secondly your gay ass has spent so little time around women, you didnt realize it was physically impossible to have a period for a month.

Now that I knew Oliver was here and I knew he'd try to corner me after the lecture to talk about his Grandfather and use that as an excuse for me to give him extra insights.

I decided to respond to the question the only way I knew how,

"Someone from South Western Ethiopia who invented Coffee".

"So East Africans invented coffee!?" I could see where this was going and I wasn't in a mood to play Grandfather or Google 1.0 to these neophytes.

I'm not sure what Neophytes means, but It sounds fancy and I'm wearing my *Heinz Ketchup* Sandals today.

"Yes, but No it was a senseless racial epithet used by European settlers that Black people invested way too heavily in from an emotional perspective".

"So like, Nigga?" asked Oliver again, with his hazel eyes and curly hair bouncing on his stupid looking face.

"No Nigga was far more post-modern and had no bastardization of its original meaning. It evolved at least 24 different times to become one of the most dynamic words in the English Lexicon. Unfortunately Kaffir couldn't quite scale at the same pace, so it died a useless death as a word that only people of my generation subscribe to. It's kind of like Bluegum or Jiggaboo"

"What's a Jigaboo?" Oliver asked.

"A Jigaboo is what you're looking at, and this Jigaboo is done with you inquisitive Muthafucka's ruining my cipher. Man, I

worked all month on this shit and now you lazy sons of bitches come in here asking all these dumb questions whilst I'm trying to drop some of my greatest hits on you Muthafucka's!" I started to pack up my set and uploaded my bets and options to my HUD. I was tired of answering stupid questions and besides, I was upset I didn't get to talk about Robert Mugabe and the power of Syphilis. This generation had never seen 1st Generation STD's so they struggled to understand how a simple disease like Syphilis could take down a whole economy. Or even worse how AIDS kept the internet as a novelty for nearly 20 years. The joy had escaped my lungs and I decided to try to leave the lecture hall with little fanfare to avoid the autographs and DNA scalpers - you always have to be on the lookout for those skanks. I decided to upload 10 policies instead of 5 to spite these loud-ass rude kids.

As my bag reached its capacity and the lights came on it became clear that I had severely underestimated the size of my audience.

There were over 5000 kids crammed into the lecture theatre that was meant to only hold 2000.

I've packed and sold-out lectures before, but never at this level. This was some Charlie Kiowa shit. Something must have happened that I wasn't aware of. I checked my HUD to check my remote viewers. I had 5 million viewers for this lecture, which was almost 25x my normal amount. I wasn't happy about this. Most people would shriek in excitement at this fact, but it freaked me out. It kind of throws my whole model off-kilter if I have this many viewers and even worse it may crash my positions if too many people copy my trades. I knew I had to figure out what the hell was going on before I did something truly irresponsible. I quickly grabbed my briefcase and ran for the door, to avoid Oliver and Chun-Li and most importantly I needed to chat with Stompie as soon as possible.

Being a "The Union" Options Trader and Market Maker is a lot more insane than anything I can truly describe. I don't fully understand it and yet I'm one of the most successful traders in the market and I have an audience of two million people who listen to almost everything I say on options and derivatives in "The Union".

"The Union" simply put is one of humanity's greatest inventions or most tragic mistakes. Essentially *The Union* is an amalgamation of a Liquid Democracy protocol and Artificial Intelligence.

What is Liquid Democracy I can hear you asking?

Simply put Liquid Democracy is a form of governance where instead of electing officials like in say Traditional Representative Democracy, one instead votes on all matters and all policies and all Laws.

Let's say your neighbourhood needs a new Hover-cleaner, but you think we should go with the Evernote M25000 and I think we should go with the Twinkie-Annihilator-56. Instead of arguing about this we simply vote via "The Union" or alternatively and this is what 90% of "The Union" and the nation of ARA do, is, you delegate it to someone else.

The beauty of this is, if you don't care you can simply defer your vote to someone who knows better. So normal Traditional Representative Democracy, you vote for your leader, Liquid Democracy you vote on policies and laws and if you don't want to. You can simply get someone to vote on your behalf who knows better or who you trust and if they fuck up your vote you can simply move your vote to a different defer.

Deferrers are either the best or worst thing to happen to democracy. The best thing is that I haven't had to think about renewable energy for almost 20 years because I defer everything relating to energy to Lightning Buthelezi, a professor of Nuclear Physics and Electro Biology.

Worst thing is that most of the most popular Deferrers are legally brain dead and use fame as a mechanism to increase subscribers. Most of the Muthafucka's haven't ever read a bill and all they do is act like overgrown cool kids with access to all the best drugs.

I am not a deferrer, No Sir! I would not wish that evil on my greatest enemy - this one evil orange and green pygmy elephant named Yelland.

I am an options trader so I gamble on whether a bill or law will be rejected or accepted and then I place a secondary bet/option on how that outcome will play out.

Example: There's a vote to add a tax on Non-African built Zeppelins, now most people would think this vote will fail as Africa is the best in the world at making these bad boys. But you see for Non-African Zeppelin's to flourish in this market will require a higher price than traditional Zeppelin's.

Making them a Luxury Good which in turn means their demand will skyrocket over the next 5 years. African Manufacturers could match this output in terms of Aesthetic and Luxury, and probably will, but for the next 5 years there will be a gold-rush to get into the African Market and there will be 100's of companies trying to muscle their way in. So we know that a lot of top deferrers - people who citizens entrust with their votes - looking to retire will probably push for the bill to pass and these dumbasses will take the money and collapse their support. Their support will collapse because no one will trust them to vote on their behalf when they realize they're corrupt. But more important than the deferrer's is the Regulator. The Regulator is a sophisticated piece of Artificial Intelligence that holds the entire thing together. The fact that anyone can create a law or policy means that the quality and legibility of bills is a high priority. It's all good and well you want to build a hovering solar farm over the Okavango, but what if the Okavango is a protected area?

This is where the regulator will step in, it will reject your proposal because it contradicts some form of other law or it will suggest to you that you create a policy to have the Okavango taken off the protected area list. Without it we'd have endless chaotic policies that would create more damage than good and people would lose faith in the system. So the Regulator is pretty much an assessor who ensures that all bills get vetted before people can vote on them and that people do not create contradictory laws.

I don't play that game. I take this intel and invest in Zeppelin Airport overnight facilities. The more expensive the ride the higher the demand for cheap accommodation after bankrupting yourself for clout. Africans love clout and love doing anything to make other Africans feel like shit, even more.

So I bet for it and bought tokens in the Zeppelin Ports company.

Once the bill is passed, I collect my capital on my option and then watch my tokens dramatically increase in value as the Port Boarding facilities get more and more desirable.

I'd like to say it's a simple racket and that anyone can do it, but if I'm frank half of it is pure data and the other half is Stompie.

Stompie and I many many moons ago decided to become cowboys. Not the 20th Century queer ones who run around secretly having sex with men, no we were very open about our love for dicks. We instead used to set up silly WIFI hotspots that would help us steal data from unknowing victims. It was a simple racket, we made good money and we had fun. However, like all things to do with money, the more money we made the more money we wanted to make. So we had to actually create environments to scam people. Instead of setting up WIFI hotspots we'd go out of our

way to create highly elaborate schemes to scam men into parting with highly elaborate data. We'd go to Football matches and bet men they couldn't answer Football questions on camera. This was in the times when one still had to physically hold a camera, the men would flock to our hosts dressed in scantily-clad outfits. Join our WIFI and then we'd simply ask them all the security questions one would have to answer online.

I'd like to say it was genius, but it wasn't as successful as we'd hoped. Idiots willing to part with their data to a woman with 36D *Mazungas* didn't have a lot of money to start off with. And the ones who did wanted more than simply a phone number. We thought we were really onto something but it turned out that the scam wasn't that original and that people weren't drunk or dumb enough to make it worth it.

Things between Stompie and I obviously deteriorated after this.

Stompie thought I was too focused on scams that had too many steps and I thought his scams were too simple. The truth is that we were both over-leveraged and living past our means and we needed something to give us an extra "bump" to help us clear our debts and get back to being moderately wealthy. Safe to say this never really transpired on purpose. Our big pay day came purely by accident. Whilst running our scam we accidentally got caught by a WIFI user. They were so upset that they tried to sue us and get their insurer to pay for it. No one at the time offered Data protection insurance. Stompie, having an eye for an opportunity and the ability to sniff conversations, decided to offer the individual in question: insurance. The client gladly and willingly paid, and then we started getting more and more requests from people we scammed for insurance of this nature. Till we eventually started targeting large corporations and getting their employees to use our dodgy infrastructure and then a week later we'd knock

on the door of the CIO. We'd tell him all his company secrets and convince him to sign his company up for our service. The scam was brilliant barring one aspect we completely overlooked: How to run an actual insurance company. After a few big clients we realized we had a ton of cash pouring in every month but no idea what to do with it. We didn't actually know how to insure against an imaginary threat we created and we also had no idea what we'd do if someone else actually broke into our client's systems. Luckily we were insurers and we knew how to not pay people out by simply employing former call centre agents. Things were great and going even better than we expected till one day one of our clients - who was also a criminal, hacked themselves to try get a big pay-out to cover their losses, turns out they were also criminals. Upon learning we weren't going to pay them out, he shot himself and Stompie. I was at first devastated then shocked then terrified and I high-tailed it out of Morocco. Besides being my literal partner in crime, Stompie and I were lovers, and his death shook me deep to my core. So much so that I had Stompie re-animated as an Artificial Intelligence Companion or AIC, my bad fam i forgot to explain that earlier. Stompie is my AIC and we spend almost every waking moment together.

Well Stompie is dead, rather I spend a lot of my time talking to an AIC inference of my former lover's identity and intelligence. Stompie was super analytical and 1 out of every 8 insights he'd make were super powerful and meaningful, so over the years I trained the AI that created him to look for irregular patterns and try to make money off them, it went nowhere for years till "The Union" went platinum.

The Union was at first an obscure piece of technology but then in the 40's, it scaled at an exponential rate.

At which point Stompie and I would joke about which policies and laws would succeed and which wouldn't.

I'm fully aware that I'm essentially talking to myself and that Stompie doesn't actually exist. Till eventually, we developed a sophisticated algorithm that had a 12% likelihood of success on proposals, and then we would bet on those and create options for sociopathic gamblers who had a desire to gamble and supposedly exploit people's stupidity. Out of nowhere we created an options market for Political policy and it made Stompie and I very wealthy. With the money, came fame and seeing as I accrued all this wealth in my late 40's and most of my friends had died or had no interest in being friends with me due to my moral ambiguity. I decided to try to make new friends with my new money and started lecturing about options trading. I quickly grew tired of this and instead turned my attention to lecturing on things I found fascinating like Mind controlling parasites - TOXOPLASMOSIS MASSIVE! and 20th-century politics and the merits of thick thighs on Polynesian men.

By the way, the term Polynesian always struck me as a tad bit racist, Poly + Nesia, if that isn't the most racist ass lazy naming term for a people as diverse if not more diverse than Europeans. Between you and I, I think Europeans chose such a piss poor name because they couldn't deal with all this thickness.

I'm not a fan of the HUD's, I'm too old to feel comfortable with mechanical and technical implants. My knee implants are pure analogue, they're simply *Spin Hall Nano-Oscillator* with a touch of nanobots. I could have gone for the full AI knee implant that adjusts as I walk and increases density according to usage and my weight. It sounded great, in fact it sounded like something that would solve all my old man knee problems. But that's when I chose the shitty analogue version, one part

of it was my fear of technology and the other part was a simple desire to still be physically old.

The problem with being a 90 year old with the body of a 30-year-old is that you choose the insanity of youth over the calm of old age. It's easy to be wise when you take 15 minutes to take a piss, but when you can go to an all-night underground gorilla rave at 90, and you won't fall asleep at 9 pm, you start to make very strange decisions.

So I decided that the things that fundamentally improve my experience I'd get, ie a new liver, new eyes, and back fusion surgery, but I'd keep the shitty knees and keep the Arthritis clicks but not the Arthritis. Stompie disagreed with me, but Fuck Stompie! His ass is dead and essentially tailored to me.

The problem with AIC's is that they're built around human beings. This results in them becoming unreasonably sycophantic and the AI protocols override the human personality. Leaving you with a best friend who compliments you on your outfit when you wear a shirt that says "The future is Le Way". Stompie would hate a shirt that says that, mainly because Stompie was fervently against Feminism.

A series of abusive female caregivers turned him full *He-Man Woman Haters Club*. It also didn't help that he was ugly as sin and had an unstoppable stutter that made him simply unable to talk to women. And most importantly Stompie was a fucking moron.

My moron.

But a moron nonetheless, now he's semi-eloquent and reads books and occasionally quotes bell hooks. Not because Stompie liked it but because I like being a soft-boi and pretending I'm super feminist to hook up with unsuspecting young women.

Stompie is purely made up of 1's and 0's, actually, it's more like he's either a 1 or 0. I'm not going to get into the

particulars of quantum computing and how I was in a highly problematic long-distance relationship with the Founder of Righetti Computing. This is irrelevant, but also miss you Chad.

Stompie is essentially 100% Artificial Intelligence, summoning him like a magi genie is as simple as saying his name. Most people do that with their AIC, but I prefer foreplay in life, you've got to frame things to enjoy them, cc: The thong to the butt.

So when I do call upon him almost every day, I literally call him. I don't use a mobile phone or HUD. No, I keep it ancient school. I have an old Ancient telephone that I connected to a cloud-based server, I dial his number and then he picks up and we talk.

Well not always.

Fucking AI, it's meant to replicate an actual human being so sometimes and some days I can't get through to him or he won't be able to talk for long. Muthafucka, can you believe that shit?

I pay fucking thirty thousand Cowries a year to keep this gaslighting quantum computing muthafucka alive only for him to be busy painting his fence.

Who the fuck is painting a wooden fence in 2080?

And who the fuck has a wooden fence in Africa, this isn't *Full House*, a small herd of cocaine sniffing pygmy elephants would have a fucking field day with the fence.

I sat down in my armchair as I got home. My house is really nice by the way, people always compliment me on it, but I had nothing to do with it, when you have money it's amazing the shit you can get done.

I liked to take off my shoes and put on my pyjamas when I got home, but I was irritated and a bit worried about this morning's unparalleled attendance.

I decided to get straight to the chase and call Stompie immediately. I picked up the pink and white collector's "My Little Pony" receiver, the irony of the phone and the *my little pony* insignia is lost on most people, but the real ones know.

I punched in Stompie's number. The phone rang. This is the part that pisses me off. I am not calling anyone. I'm not being connected to another human being. I am literally accessing a cloud based application that is going to talk to me about what I want and will explain how I like things being explained. But no, we play this stupid game because I'm too old and too outmoded to use a HUD and simply just interact with the simpler interface. After what seemed like an eternity Stompie eventually picked up.

"Yo who's this?" asked Stompie

"Sophocles" I said with disdain in my voice.

"Sophocles who?"

"Tell me you've met two niggas in your life with the name Sophocles?" I shot back, annoyed.

"Fine, what do you want?" Stompie said reluctantly.

Now this part isn't the AIC fucking with me. Stompie always answered the phone like that and always made me act like I had to explain my existence to him. I think this was his way of keeping the spice alive during our romance, but it could also be that Stompie was somewhat sadistic. We'll never know as he's dead and I'm essentially talking to my computer.

"What do I want? I'll tell you what you want? Not for me to unplug your ass and delete you, send your ass to AI hell where all you do all day is play Street Fighter 2 against Mongolian Nintendo Nerds"

"What makes you think I want anything? My G I am a fucking algorithm, whether you or fucking Hakeem Olajuwon talk to me makes no difference to me, I just say words.

WORDS!

WORDS!

WORDS!

Now what the fuck you want?"

"Where the fuck you gotta be Big Pimping?" I said to ease the tension.

"Oh word Son, there's this super fly 5 foot something Vietnamese guy who I've been hollering at on Iconclasto". I'll explain Adibimpe later, right now I need to get the AIC to stop playing games and explain why a Gazillion people are viewing and buying my options.

"Okay cool. We can talk about that later, right now I need your help with something" I asked.

"Let me guess, you wanna know why your options are so heavily oversubscribed and why you may become the biggest deferrer on The Union?". This was the one aspect of the AIC I enjoyed, it generally knew what you wanted before you asked. This was a consequence of millions of engineers and techies over the years trying to invent a replacement for their Mothers.

"Yeah that and other things," I said.

"What other things? Asked Stompie in a mechanical robotic voice.

"Fuck outta here stay on topic, who do you think you are, me?"

"Aight calm down, i don't know why you get so worked up about these things, it's not that big a deal, Aight let me check on my side".

Now when he says he's gonna check, he's not actually checking shit, it's all for dramatic effect, the answer I seek has already been formulated, but this jackass likes to fuck with me.

"Oh shit" said Stompie.

"What's oh shit" my heart started to pound uncontrollably, thank God for artificial pig hearts, my real shit would have fucked out by now.

"Hmmm okay this is odd, but also not. So Yo it seems like 1 out of your 23 options you set to expire in the next two months had someone put 250 Million Cowries on one of your options for ZZZ80808.

"Ah fuck" I exclaimed.

"Damn straight, the 250M option was placed by this massive Singaporean Mining outfit that just sold the biggest platinum deposit ever found on the Oort Belt" , said Stompie.

"Why the hell would they bet so much on a stupid lousy ass option... Oh" I cried.

"Yeah" said Stompie to activate our telepathy.

"Already?"

"Uh huh" said Stompie to remind me that obligations had just been transferred to my responsibility account.

"Okay so now we need to prepare for the meeting". I said reluctantly.

I was meant to have 6 fat boys and girls come over and watch their fat asses jiggle on my estate as I waited for the Viagra to kick in, now instead I have to deal with a Singaporean Asteroid Mining Outfit.

You see the option in question for 250M was always going to fail, this has nothing to do with the option, this was about getting my attention. When you place an option that size on my books you're either crazy and don't know what you're doing or you want to parlay. I was very confident that the latter was much more likely than the former. And I'm very confident that this was going to be one of those meetings where you clench your butt cheeks for the whole damn thing.

My enthusiasm for banter and shit-talking was quickly evaporating, as I was coming to grips with the massive headache that was supposedly brewing somewhere in the South East China Sea. Probably wasn't, to be frank, the Muthafucka's were probably in New Liberia or Addis, but that wasn't

important, Geography in The Union is like love in a swinging club, it's very irrelevant.

As a Derivatives Trader, you generally don't have boring days, but the excitement is meant to be round research and interrogation of data, not a future option that could buy you 10% of MightyApp.

The real trouble with all of this is that as a trader you don't even read policies and proposals. All I do is bet on whether or not they will be successful, like most people with a mildly functioning brain I defer all my votes to Stompie and other AIC's that are focused on my specific desires and outcomes. Which are real simple: Make me richer or keep me rich.

I'm many things, but complex is not one of them. Keep me wealthy and able to play stupid games like giving political technology lectures and hanging out with overweight boys who struggle to fit into short shorts and have low self-esteem. The thought of a thick one with a beard, a crop top and some brown khaki shorts reminded me that I needed to get more *Viagra*. But *Viagra* wouldn't solve my current problem and it seemed this black son of a bitch Stompie, wouldn't either.

"Wait a second, why is this a debate? Why don't you simply tell me what to do so I can go back to shopping for Sandals?". Stompie took a deep breath and cleared his throat.

"We're gonna need a face to face for me to explain this one, I'll be there in 30 minutes".

"30 minutes? Nigga why don't you just manifest now? You're a fucking AIC hologram, you ain't driving anywhere!?"

"I would but you need to read ZZZ80808, this is more complex than our previous problems".

My heart started to kick like a *Just Blaze Beat*, I knew it was serious, damn serious, Stompie only makes me read when it's serious, outside of that he simply advises me and provides me with banter. But now it's as if this problem can't be overcome

or it requires my input. I wasn't here for this, today was meant to be Cronut Tuesdays, I was meant to get my favourite bakery to deliver a bunch of cronuts and take them down to the river and torment geese whilst throwing pastries at them. It wasn't meant to be a day filled with reading and researching and making decisions. I make decisions on Thursdays and today ain't Thursday. I could hear my piece of shit HP Printer print out both proposals in the background.

Most of my friends say I should get a new instant one. But personally, I don't believe printers have improved in any way since 1991. I also like the feel of old paper and being able to scrunch up paper and throw it away like I'm a 90's stock trader reading memos. I'll tell you this much Patrick Bateman never shat his pants like this, I'd gladly kill people and listen to the Talking Heads than deal with this mess. The sulking party eventually came to a close and I got up and grabbed the documents. I made sure to staple them and place them next to each other so I could compare Girth. Girth is everything in life.

ZZZ80808: A LAW TO ALLOW FOR PROPOSALS TO BE HEARD DESPITE REJECTION FROM THE REGULATOR.

As I read the proposals my butt cheeks went from clenched to wide open as if some kind of Super Phantom Top had penetrated me and literally took my breath away.

It now became super obvious as to why I needed 30 minutes away from Stompie.