

Welcome to my Utopia.

"Eager souls, mystics and revolutionaries, may propose to refashion the world in accordance with their dreams; but evil remains, and so long as it lurks in the secret places of the heart, utopia is only the shadow of a dream"

- Nathaniel Hawthorne

He gazed out into the night.

Theoretically it is night. But nowadays, are not night and day just figments of his illusion? Night or day, winter, or summer, are they not just the work of the projetrix?

Ah, yes, the projetrix, one of his wonderful inventions, his pride. The wonderful machine that brings you the weather and surroundings of your choice, at the mere thought of one's fancy. Where you want to be and when, all without the need of leaving your chair. Of course, it is all just an illusion; the wind or snow, the heat of the sun or coolness of night, all just simulated by the work of digital intelligence. The electrical pulses that are programmed to push against your palm when you clutch at thin air, leading you to think that you can touch the object you see, that it is real. When, in reality however, it does not even exist.

But the people do not care. They do not need to care. After all, seeing is believing. And many are eager to just believe that the own little paradises they create with the projetrix are substantial. Excusing the 'minor' fact that when the power sources are gone, all their cute pathetic little worlds that they spent all their lives creating would just vanish.

He laughed a cruel laugh in his heart. Oh, the stupid people of the new age! He gazed out into the night from his sky balcony. Beautiful, illuminated blotches of light dotted the night sky. He felt eerily peaceful watching them. Each splash of light was moving in its own circle, not going anywhere, just going round and round. He was detached from that sky with the moving lights. He was the audience, and the sky was like an endless black stage of ignited dancers, playing out for him.

He remembered reading about the old age. It seemed that they also had lights in the sky, something they called 'stars'. But these lights were different; each light was a floating room in which a person lived in. The lights used to only come on in the night, each slowly flickering on, as each person plugged into their world of projetrix, like a well-choreographed dance. But now they constantly remained on. The people had long stopped all contact with one another. There were no wars, no animosity, no time for anything else except his projetrix. It took a long time, years of work and no acknowledgement. But now no one would argue back, no one would disobey him. They were all under control. Oh, the stupid people!

Generations of government in the old age and the ages before that, years and years of propaganda, all could not reach this, the ideal society, perfection at its helm.

But he did it.

He promoted this invention, he made them need it so much they could not live without it, and now they were all his. All under his, complete control. He smiled; they were all like gadgets for his very own Projectrix! This sky of pure Utopia and obedient lights was his.

This was his Utopia.

But standing there, in his self-indicted glory, he did not realize, that he was in his own world, no different from the stupid people he mocked at. For his world of Projectrix was and will forever be just an idea, a figment of his imagination.

A mere illusion.