

In The Year 2185

by Marilyn Reeves

The robots are busy working around the clock assimilating a new batch of Superclones. Superclones have evolved through the manipulation of DNA into the most perfect specimens of humanity ever to exist on earth. They communicate via electronic thought, eliminating the need for speaking, writing, and other archaic forms of language. Each has a comely face, and a shapely, muscular body that would rival the gods of Ancient Greece. But occasionally a few Imperfects crop up and need to be eliminated during the annual event known as the Kill Time.

The Imperfects are a result of some of the DNA from the First Donors, or the so-called Old Ones – the Human Ancestors – having gotten mixed in with that of the Super Clones. The Imperfects display such disgusting things as moles, wrinkles and creases ... even hair! Hair on their arms and legs and flowing from their heads. Some of the male units even have hair on their chests that primitive women somehow found attractive. So hard to fathom that thousands of generations of our predecessors actually *admired* such unsightly outcroppings!

And being closer in DNA to the Old Ones, the Imperfects also seem to have retained an archaic Emotional Component, experiencing phenomena known as ‘feelings’ ... like ‘love’ – a concept beyond our comprehension – and ‘anger,’ which manifests during the Kill Time as ‘passion’ while fighting, rather than their simply eliminating one another on a calculated, impersonal basis as we do. They’ve even killed some of our perfect Superclones who were there to help eliminate *them!*

As a result it has been necessary to produce a new harvest of Superclones, as the population must be kept at exactly five billion in order to maintain a perfect world. At one time, Earth’s population had risen to an unsustainable nine billion, but the Final War reduced the number to a more manageable five, and we intend to keep it that way!

Fortunately, war itself has also been eliminated. The primitive weapons utilized by the Old Ones were so loud and messy. Body parts blown to bits and great amounts of blood spilled. Even the landscape suffered, as their guns and bombs also destroyed the trees and other flora.

Nowadays, we simply utilize The Beam, which is implanted inside the infant clones, along with their Knowledge Chip, before the child is even harvested. When a Superclone wishes to eliminate a lesser being, all he need do is cast a Beam from his eye, and the unit evaporates instantly, so no messy clean-up – the inconvenient unit simply ceases to be. So clean, so swift, so efficient!

What a wonderful year in which to live, 2185! No more work. No more tears. No need for one another. Everyone is self-sufficient and perfect in every way. Except for those few remaining Imperfects that still retain some of the blood of the Old Ones. But we’re eliminating them as fast as we can.