

Bones
[No Working Title]
by
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this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

Kevin never finished this.
Neither shall I.

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1 # # # Four Layers Deep

I am not one of those who can easily separate the dream from the background noise thundering in my head. Besides, once isolated the plotline and threads of thought inevitably lose their meaning. So although I could edit it down to the base layer -- the layer where the dream is reality and the proxies are real -- if I did, the result would lack meaning and be ironically devoid of life.

So as a sort of guide, I shall outline the layers in advance as I do not believe it is realistic to expect anyone (perhaps not even myself at some future date) would be able to muddle through it all and decipher the layers on their own without some sort of guidance.

Layer the first, this is the real. It is present day (i.e. no sense setting an exact date, we might as well give the thing some shelf life). I am an old man in the twilight of my life. This is to be both the culmination of my life's work as well as a memoir, a grand farewell before I go on the great bon voyage. We shall spend most of our time in this layer, easily identifiable by lack of plot, randomness, and focus on the greater dream culture.

Layer the second, this is where the dream is real and the proxies exist in point of fact. It is the prototypical layer of a dream, the one you have come to know and expect. I am planning some sort of fantasy road trip to take place on this level. But the observant will note the tentative present tense phrasing and will realize that the specifics are (and are likely to remain till the very end) very much up in the air. And if you don't recognize this layer when I eventually get to it, I don't know what to say? Dream more often, maybe.

Layer the third, this will harken back to fictionalized memories from my youth wherein minor details are changed and I say what I would have said, done what I would have done, getting in the last word and correcting wrongs after all of these years... or something like that. One never really knows. Perhaps another way of unraveling the layers would be to look at them as past, present, and future with this being the past.

Layer the fourth (the aforementioned future?) will be presented as an alternate reality to the present day based upon the assumption that biotech had continued to where I thought it would be by now, rather than having stalled in a legalistic quagmire and technical bottleneck from which it is unlikely to escape anytime soon -- at least, not soon enough for me, my days being numbered.

[Not that I have any intention of keeping the layers separate and distinct. Where would be the fun in that?]

2 ### Layer the First - Revisited

Pure thought, the disembodied narrative voice over, this is the heart of the first layer and the artificial bookend, the structure upon which the rest of the dream shall precariously hang.

It is a testament to both my skill and lack thereof. I am happy to say that I know my own bounds and have no misguided delusions of grandeur.

When the pieces do not otherwise fit together into a pleasing whole, this will be the only glue that binds them.

When we wish to break the fourth wall, crack a joke, insert an observation, or otherwise ride roughshod over the standard narrative format, this will be our go to. Get used to it.

In its defense, let me just say that an abstract call has its uses. It is perhaps the only way to fade out the edges of a dream, so that what is important stays in focus and the audience is not needlessly distracted by inconsistent -- but completely meaningless -- details.

3 # # # Pet Peeve #1 - Dubious Battle Tactics

I am no military genius, but the typical dreamland battle sequence (for all intents and purposes) would appear to be choreographed by a six-year-old boy.

I can't actually seem to lay down an example track that I'm satisfied for this without chewing up a full click or two and this idea isn't worth a single click let alone two, so here's the closest analogy I can make that's reasonably short and doesn't get mired down in military minutia.

Here's the gist.

Whenever I watch a dreamland battle sequence it's almost always like watching two boxers forgetting everything they or any boxer in the entire history of boxing has ever known about boxing and instead of boxing they simply exchange blows.

Boxer #1 punches Boxer #2 in the face, and then waits patiently for Boxer #2 to take his turn.

Boxer #2 punches Boxer #1 in the face, and then waits patiently for Boxer #1 to take his turn.

Repeat ad infinitum until Boxer #1 falls down.

Later in the dressing room, his coach has one of those eureka moments and says, “Kid, next time we’re going to try something different.”

“What coach? You mean like boxing?” replies the obviously punch drunk boxer -- I mean, talk about a crazy idea.

Thankfully, the coach has better sense. “No, that’ll never work. He’s too good for you. You went first and he still knocked you out. So, here’s what we’re going to do...”

And from there, all that can be made at the fade out is the coach pulling a horseshoe from his bag and stuffing it into the boxer’s glove.

So, I don’t know boxing and I don’t really know war.

But I do know boxing is more than exchanging blows.

And I know the art of war involves more than simply charging an opponent.

And finally, as a general sort of rule to dream by, whenever either your or my knowledge is less than optimal, we’ll both be better off if we leave well enough alone and let the defaults kick in. That GI library is pretty darn extensive and you’d be surprise what a compiler can put together on its own.

4 # # # Layer the Second - Let’s Meet the Proxies

Sparks from the funeral pyre flew high into the night sky. Some hero -- or anti-hero, one never really knew which these days -- was being purified by the flames of glory before his or her bones were animated and turned into an undead minion, a thrall for Gra’gl.

The backstory could get thick around here if you let it. The pit dated back, well, to the early years of the server, when Slaughter Quest was new and the Under Earth was young and anything but gay. But no one cared about that anymore. The zombies -- they were supposed to be zombies, at least -- looked a lot more like college coeds doing a slow shuffle dance and getting way too drunk while shouting such witticism as easily came to mind:

“Dude, I can’t feel my head.”

“Brains, there not just for breakfast anymore.”

“What do you mean I’m not properly attired? I’m going as a brain dead zombie freshman. Now out of my way. Where’s the keg?”

The node’s standards had dropped.

Bones considered this as he sipped from the Bloody Mary filled chalice he was holding. Being a skeleton (Myth Alloy reinforced, in case your care), the tomato juice mixture spilled right out of his rib cage and splatter over his bony, well, he’s a skeleton, so pretty much over his bony everything. It might have been gruesome or at least good theatrics if there wasn’t a cat by his (yes) bony feet licking the juice from his toes, which were also (sad to say) very bony in their own right.

“I see you’re in high form tonight,” Morgana observed. Being a Dark Sorceress, Morgana was busy clicking through the images in whatever skin gallery she could get her conniving little hands on, flickering from a red hot redhead in classic medieval bar wench regalia, to a beguiling blonde in theatrical pirate dress, to a badass biker babe with long black hair, and so on until she finally hit on some combination that caught the observers attention for the slightest fraction of an instant. Of course, once that fraction of a second was over and the interest had waned, Morgana was back to flickering away.

“Stop. Just settle on something,” Bones begged. “I’m think I’m going to be sick just looking at you.”

“Oh, thank you very much. And it’s good to see you too this evening, Bones.”

“I didn’t mean it like,” and then because he’d really had too much to drink, Bones tossed the rest of Bloody Mary onto the ground while making retching noises. “I think I’m going to be sick.”

“You’re supposed to say that before, not after,” Morgan replied while looking at her dress and wondering how she was ever going to get the tomato juice stains out. “If this I can’t get this dress clean, you’re buying me a new outfit.”

“You’re an illusionist,” Bones pointed out, “make it disappear.”

“That’s not the point,” Morgana insisted as she held the dress in her hand (and looking a lot like that hot babe you (or I might have) recently downloaded from Nasty Natural Nympho Naughties, I might

add), but the stain was already gone. So, not bothering to put the dress back on and whilst cycling through the rest of your (or should that be my) amazingly extensive collection of skins (do you and/or I do anything else?) Morgana felt it was time to move the conversation forward. She had things to do and (in a moment) fan boys to please, so enough with the idle chit-chat, already.

[And a jump and a skip and we'll be back because although it may not look like a lot (barely a click and a half) I can sense a desire to be done with it, so we'll resume when that desire is no longer present and I can give the scene the additional click and a half it deserves.]

5 ### Bones & Morgana Sitting in a Tree

The cat had licked most the tomato juice off Bones' toes, Morgana had settled down into what I hope we can all agree is one hot babe of a temptress, and Bones had regained his composure. So, he was lighting a cigar -- only to have Morgana slap the vile thing out of his hands.

"If you're going to smoke, smoke this," Morgana suggested while offering Bones a {joint, spliff, and/or roach}.

"What is it?" Bones asked, so you don't have to.

To which Morgana replied, "K'fr," which for some reason is pronounced kerf.

They smoked. They passed the {joint, spliff, and/or roach} back and forth and watched the star melt, fall from the sky, and be carried away by the current of the mountain stream, which they and the rest of the zombie brain dead revelers were standing beside.

Someone shot a flaming arrow into the sky. It was followed by a fireball, lightning bolt, and all the other enchantments that are a dime a dozen in this part of {Under Earth, Middle World, or whatever Slaughter Quest is calling their gaming environment these days}.

To lighten the mood, one of the zombies probably said something like, "Be careful. You could put somebody's eye out with that." Which is another way of saying, moments later, that very same zombie was hit full in the face by an exploding ball of fire causing him to lose an eye.

But being a zombie, he didn't really care. "That was awesome! Do it again! Do it again!"

"I'm really not going to miss this place," Bones finally observed.

"What are you talking about?" Morgana asked, but then figured Bones was concerned about the non-existent tomb raiders. "Nobody ever comes here anymore. When was the last time anyone ever sacked the ruins of..." but even Morgana could not remember the name of the place. It just didn't make a difference to anyone -- and I mean, anyone -- anymore. Time was, it had been an important spawning node, but the gaming world had been expanded -- and this far from the latest updates, the real estate had lost its cache. To highlight the point, one of the would be vampires standing to the side and trying to look aloof, suddenly announced, "I wonder if I can light a fart."

To which Bones said the only sensible thing that a creature, who was ostensibly as old as he was, could say, "I'm leaving."

"And give up all this?" Morgana derided sarcastically.

"Yeah, I was going to offer to sell it to you, but I figure you can just move in to the cemetery if you want."

[And slam, I'm done; because point blank, the will is not there.]

6### This Getting Old Stuff

I don't think it's age so much as a generalized lack of patience. Per the preceding two sections, I can feel myself falling into the standard narrative format -- calling it out in real time as second after second after painfully slow second ticks by with nothing really happening.

I can't stand it.

Or more to the point, it's my dream and even I'm bored.

Though somewhere in there I should mention, I don't think it's senility or an inability to concentrate. I mean, the pain in my neck? That I can blame on age -- or staring at CRT's back in the day... or better yet, on playing backyard football.

And here's that childhood experience of backyard football boiled down to one golden moment. I've got the ball and I'm running for the goal, which just so happens to be the beginning of the neighbor's yard.

Some kid I usually don't play with -- but who is on the HS football team, so it makes this play all the sweeter -- is in position to tackle me. I go to jump over him. He hits me in the legs, causing me to cartwheel in the air. I'm upside down. I literally flip over as the world twirls around underneath me until I come down, landing in the end zone.

I'm elated because I made the touchdown.

He -- and everybody else from what I could gather -- is elated because the hit was so spectacular. Or maybe, they were happy knowing I'd limp for a week.

But the important point is, I made the touchdown against a player on the school's football team. Go Kevin!

So anyhow, I'll blame the aches and pains on growing old and living a life.

But as to my inability to concentrate for more than a click? I've got a hunch it has more to do with having lost all patience for the typical dream mode than anything else.

So, to Fr@ck with that (the typical dream mode, that is).

Next time, I'm going straight through, puking it out like a madman on drugs.

7 ### Feeling It in His Bones

Put Bones on.

Slip into his skin.

Know what he knows.

Feel what he feels.

Take a toke from the joint he's holding. Good stuff, old school, straight marijuana high, I call it K'fr. It has a history. The call [K'fr] means a lot to me and if you're a fan of my work then let the servers work their magic and fill in the rest. But if you're finding K'fr to be an empty tag, don't sweat it. Go with a straight marijuana high and you can't go wrong. Oh, and you should expect that to be the default condition -- calls I'll leave hanging with no infill if you pull a blank. Because let's face it, how much help do you really need for either K'fr (a drug) and Gra'gl (the god to whose honor this cemetery/crypt is

dedicated), and if truth be told, for whatever else the dream may hold? Of course, the main reason I'm happy leaving the calls open is because:

a) I no longer care about the content of the empty calls.

b) They are -- for the most -- totally unimportant to the current project (and Gra'gl, I'm talking about you here).

c) Both you or most certainly I would be bored to death if I went into the minutia of it all. (And where's the fun in that?)

I mean, suppose I made a random Space Tech reference [here] and then to make sure everyone was in on the joke pulled in the complete library [every last episode]. Me, I'm not going to do it and I don't recommend you do either unless they were already tagged as a default. And by the way (yes, fan boys), the sole reason for the Space Tech tag is to pull you in and get a mention in the posts. Hey, [whatever this is going to be called] has a SPT™ spoof tag not three clicks in. And then of course, they check it out. And it's like, 'Oh, man, we got ripped.' But hey, any post is a good post, right?

"Maybe you should lay off the K'fr for a while," Morgana notes, noticing the total loss of focus in the dream.

So, to continue:

Bones wears black gloves, so he can hold the joint along with a leather overcoat, boots, and cowboy hat -- think western, all in black. He might have a silver badge somewhere, but it means nothing. And I'm pretty sure he sports a pearl handled Colt-45 with silver bullets and double barrel shotgun loaded with territorial era [silver] dimes, but seeing as how there won't be any combat in the dream, that's all just for fun. Not that there won't be plenty of opportunities to test your mettle if that's what rocks your boat. If you doubt my sincerity, I call your attention to the zombie frat boys in the pit below. If you're of the persuasion, let 'er rip -- bonus points for leaving the girls standing.

The funeral pyre doubles as a stage, some loud Heavy Metal, Push, or Shove music is playing -- take your pick. Though if you're into that whole Elvin Delight thing, I recommend opting for the emotional overflow that Push is (in?)famous for. I suppose it matters if [Push] means anything to you.

There's really nothing else to say about the graveyard. I don't know its history, spawn rate, points value, treasure, layout, or anything. I'm not an architect. I don't care. It's not important.

What is important is Morgana. You're a skeleton (if you remember) and that means no skin, no innards, just bones. It's that 'no innards' part that is important right now because Morgana has in her possession a ruby crystal that doubles as your symbolic heart. This makes her the romantic interest. So when you leave in the car, she's sure to follow -- or just come along for the ride. Right now, I'm thinking she going to pretend to be a hitchhiker. So, we may not even have to play out that scene, now that I've mentioned it. Bones leaves. Morgana is down the road wearing something sexy. (I'll let you choose.) And Bones stops to give her a ride knowing full well who she is. Then for the rest of the dream, it's hit or miss with them romantically, until they come together in the final clicks when Bones finally realizing she held his heart all along.

And now that I've laid it out, we don't even need to play it out. So likely, we won't. In the end, it's not an open call (a promise for the future). Instead, it's an idea, something for the compilers. Run with it if you want to. But I shall feel absolutely no obligation to carry it forward. And golly gee whiz [heck], for all I know you want nothing to do with Morgana, would rather take a road trip with some of the frat brothers, and are already planning on shooting everything you see for the next hundred clicks -- girls, boys, donkeys, and goats included. I know Bones would have in his younger days, but not anymore.

And that leads us into a story -- a set piece -- we need to do. Bones is talking to Morgana. She's asking him why he's going to get in the car [Cadillac, black] that Jessica [ghost, young, virginal] is polishing in the background and drive away at the beginning of the second act (or what would be the second act if we bother with it).

"Why would you want to leave all this," Morgana asks, perhaps a little sarcastically. (Oh, alright, she's probably being more than a little sarcastic.)

In response to which, Bones says. "I was fishing." And in response to her incredulous look, elaborates, "I was fishing for the cat, to

get the cat something to eat. And the cat's playing with the feather's I'm using to make the lures. And I'm thinking I could train the cat to chase after the fishing flies and then finally one day put a hook in the toy and snare the cat."

"How horrible!" Morgan exclaims in shock and horror before remembering that she's supposed to be evil and so corrects herself, "I mean, how horribly delicious."

And Bones is all, "Yeah. That's pretty much how I reacted. Suddenly, I knew I was done here. Time to move on, find my Shire." And in response to Morgana's unvoiced lack of comprehension, we'll even find a spot to put a bit of geek theorizing in here, as Bones explains, "Heck, Gandalf went from Gandalf the Grey to Gandalf the White. Right? There's a progression there. I bet you at one time he was Gandalf the Black," just like me. "And one day, he simply lost heart and couldn't find the will to be evil anymore."

And there you are: all sorts of tie-ins.

From there, we'll just refocus on Jessica for a moment. She's younger than Morgana -- perhaps a kid. But I like 'em young. And just so this all stays {PG, Mass Market, MM, Rated Everyone}, I'll merely point out that tucked into her {belt, waistband} is a femur -- or just the type of bone Bones would need if he was actually going to do anything more than talk to the fairer sex in this here, the self-professed main sequence.

Still need a road map on that last one?

Let's just say, Bones has got all the bones that a skeleton could possible want. So, Jessica's got an extra one that for some reason also belongs to Bones. (Go figure?) And I guess I should also mention that whenever Bones gets excited, happy, or something just sort of rubs him the right way, he throws a bunch of metatarsals [them be those small finger bones] into the air that he keeps in a bag tied around his waist. And although, I shall not be causing Bones to get that excited, happy, or be causing something or someone to rub him the right way in this here dream, that's functionally how a skeleton, um, does it.

Don't ask me why, but Jessica loves Bones, adores him. I guess I could tell you why, the history of Jess-E and all, but in the end it comes

down to a definitional thing. Jessica was made to love Bones. It's her primary directive. It's why she was created. And right now, she's washing Bones car, getting it ready for the coming journey. So, even though she's a ghost [insubstantial, and all the rest], she can still manage to mix a bucket of suds using Bones' spare tool and work a sponge. So, you do the math. It is what it is.

When Bones leaves, Jessica is going to tag along for the ride -- be right there in the driver's seat -- while the cat will be curled up asleep in the back. (Oh, and in case I forget or don't mention it anywhere else, the cat likes to sleep in Bones' rib cage whenever it gets the chance.)

So, that's it. That's the scene. Don't know if I put in all the intended calls, tags, and open threads (that I shall feel absolutely no obligation to close -- like ever). But if I didn't, that's what editing software is for, right?

Oh, wait. I did forget something.

Notice the air? It's getting that shimmering look -- like some cheesy special effect from the mid-twentieth century. And as the foursome comes into view...

Yes! Yes! The call worked.

Suckers!

It's a Space Tech away team doing their thing:

"Star Moment [blah, blah, blah]. We find ourselves on a strange world where the inhabitants seem to be locked in some sort of perpetual medieval fantasy party," or whatever it is their kind say.

"Any signs of intelligent life?" No. I'm thinking the answer is know.

And then finally realizing this locale has pretty much nothing to offer a Space Techer, "We're going to report this. It's an erroneous tag. Fool the Space Patrol once, your fault. Fool the Space Patrol twice and, well, it just doesn't happen. Boys, kill the link."

Now, I'll give the Space Tech guys and gals their fair due -- advanced technology and all that. But Morgana is a dark sorceress something or other, Bones is a necromancer (right?), a ghost has got to be able to do something to muck about with machinery [Ghost in the Machine, and all that], and I'm no slacker. I mean, OK. I'm never

going to win any awards. But I am a decent coder. I can refuse to terminate a link and hold it open from my end [till the bloody end of time] if I want to.

So, it should come as no surprise that when the command to “Beam me up” goes out, it’s met by, wait for it, dead air. (Come on, we’re in a cemetery. They’re busy celebrating the newly deceased or something. We got that whole necromancer death magic thing going, so that joke is golden and I expect you to laugh, maybe snort some milk if you’re drinking.)

But whatever.

Point is, when Space Tech, Inc. goes to leave, the beam thing doesn’t work.

“You can’t keep us here forever,” the guy in blue says. The guy in gold says something else, along with the guy in green. But the important thing is that Morgana specializes in illusions. And so, it’s child’s play for her to turn their outfits red.

And you know what they say about red shirts...

Well, maybe you don’t, so Morgana should explain, “You boys know the rules. A red shirted crew member never makes it through an episode.” Seriously, the life expectancy of those red shirted crewmembers was like half a click. “On our ten year mission,” the voice over went as the show started, but the series didn’t last that long. Why? Because they ran out of crewmembers, that’s why.

Anyhow, this brilliant -- delightfully diabolically -- stratagem by yours truly is met by grumbling disagreement and general rules mongering by the members of the away team.

To which Morgana replies very rationally (not to mention amazingly well informed as to the why’s and wherefore’s of all things Space Techian for a Slaughter Quest proxy), “You are in a fantasy setting,” amazingly common in science fiction milieus, I assure you, “and your com-link is down. Why? Because as everyone knows, a sufficiently advanced technology looks like magic. And we’ve got magic here, boys. So clearly, we’ve got you outgunned. And you’ve fallen into our trap.”

“More like a trick,” grumbles the team leader. “You can’t just throw out fake tags and hold whoever shows up captive.”

“Ah, but we can.” But perhaps more importantly, by this time Morgana has had more than enough time to figure out what exactly rings these boys’ blue bells [scantily clad green alien women, tentacled this, fur clad that], so her announcement that, “We need breeding stock,” should make some sort of sense (to someone). “Of course, you could be the away team that finally rescued the rest. But then, if you did, you wouldn’t be able to enjoy this,” a comment which Morgana accents as only she can with a seductively wafting tentacle, flip of the tail, or you know, whatever rocks your freaky Space Tech boat.

So, there it is -- the ratings trap.

Party hard, have a good, time, enjoy Morgana’s generous gifts, and admit it’s not such a bad call after all and eventually we let you go.

Or fight your way out... and become the laughing stock of your guild (a point, which sorry to say, is somehow much more important to make clear to certain diehard gamers than mentioning the horde of magical wand wielding zombies milling about mere feet away or the fact that it’s notoriously hard to kill them that already be dead).

I guess what I’m saying is, even Ulysses had the common sense to stay with [what’s her name, not the Sirens, Calypso maybe?] for seven years before he decided it was time to go home.

I mean, enjoy the dancing girls [drugged out of their minds], that’s what they’re there for. Or if girls aren’t your thing, we do seem to have a lot of brain dead Space Techers on hand, as well. (And by this time, there’s likely a Cling-on side quest hidden away in one of the crypts. Not that I’m going to lay the tracks down, but it’s a free [server].)

8 # # # The Layer the Fourth, The Rule of Law

The Rule of Law is broken.

There, that’s my rant.

Sorry about how long it was.

But I’m glad you agree.

Here's the fix and/or the way it's going to be in [My Dream Utopia], the setting for [My Fantasy BioTech Future]. (And please understand, the preloaded proxies overwhelmingly agree that this is the best possible way to run a government -- or at least, they do at the start.)

Here now be the rules:

One vote per citizen [person or proxy].

Simple majority wins the vote.

No parliaments or anything fancy. (And no, you can't be king.)

The proxies like their laws short. They won't read very far. And if they can't understand it, they won't vote for it.

The proxies value life and liberty and are very conservative in regards to these issues -- less so when it comes to matters concerning the pursuit of happiness (whatever that means).

The proxies do not value property rights very much. They are happy living a virtual existence and have a hard time fathoming wanting much more.

Any citizen can put forth one [proposition] per election cycle. The proposition is voted on by a random sample of citizens. If those citizens approve it, the proposition makes its way onto everyone's ballot the next election cycle, where if it is approved, it becomes a law.

Every election cycle, every law is reviewed by a random sample of citizens. If they do not reapprove it, the law gets put on everyone's ballot the next election cycle, where if does not get reapproved by the majority, it ceases to be a law.

Long live the [Rule of Law].

(And let the hacking begin.)

9 # # # My Dream Utopia (and/or The Way Things Ought to Be)

As to specific laws, take the Bill of Rights, the Rights of the People, and the United Nations Charter as a start. Then make a few changes:

Weapons are outlawed (and so, as a result, are very-very-very scarce).

Privacy as a concept does not exist. Search warrants are not required. If a feed or link is open, anyone can watch, record, use, or even pull the underlying code -- if they are able. Tags are akin to open doors. ALL evidence is admissible in a court of law. Truth trumps the rest. And lying or bearing false witness is THE most serious of transgressions -- for without trust and belief in the sanctity of law, all else means nothing. (And when you stop and think about it, it's sort of ironic how important that last is to me. Quite ironic, indeed. Or perhaps I should say, if anyone should know about this, I should.)

And finally, if the government is unable or unwilling to enforce a law (defined as an arrest leading to a conviction at least 95% of the time the law is broken), said law becomes void.

Oh, and I suppose I should mention that contracts are as short and sweet as the rest of the laws.

10 ### Tax Evasion is Treason

While I'm at it, I might as well outline my tax code.

First, let's start with the concept of a Median Annual Wage (MAW). MAW is what the average person makes in a year. (Not really a hard concept.)

Anyone who earns the MAW or less, pays a flat 10% on all transactions (including barter, trades, or exchanges). This is the sole "income" or "sales" tax. There are no deductions. (Think about it and I'm sure you'll eventually come to agree that deductions -- of any sort -- only encourage inefficiency and subterfuge.)

Anyone earning over MAW, gets taxed at a progressively higher rate based on their Income (I), which for mathematical reasons is easier to express as Retained Earnings (RE) rather than as a tax rate [where, $RE = .9^{(I/MAW)}$]. If you're not a math geek, suffice to say that a person would keep less money after taxes if they made 100X MAW than if they simply earned MAW. This structure FORCES corporations and all other integrated business organizations, which MUST pass all income directly through to their stockholders, to either remain small or share the wealth.

A 1% tax is assessed on all property [real, tangible, financial, and/or intellectual] per annum. The exact amount is self-determined, but anyone may buy the underlying asset for its declared value -- or 100X the tax. (Also please note, that since earnings on property are part of one's income, it is essentially impossible to retain control of significantly more wealth than one's fellow country-men/person/proxy for any length of time.)

Finally, if there be imports, these are to be taxed at 100% of their fair value -- once again, anyone being allowed to purchase any shipment for its declared value. (Note: the purpose of this tax is more to prevent the offshoring of business to avoid taxes than to act as a protective tariff.)

That pretty much wraps up the logistical overhead for My Dream Utopia, so now we can get on with the actual world creation.

5-11-14

Brett Paufler

Which, as I might have stated elsewhere, Kevin never got around to doing, so don't expect me to either. Still, I like the start... could do without the governmental diatribe... and maybe a road trip is just what the doctor ordered. I must confess, after I'm uploading the backlog, I shall start on something else. And if Kevin's writing style is the wave of the future, perhaps a one could get started on that today...