

# Magic, Indistinguishable

Do you sometimes wish you could wake up to a city, a magical city, of that magic that is indistinguishable from technology? The magic of the future. The strangely shaped buildings are of the gentler hues of purple, blue, and light-headed grey. The rays of two suns, or perhaps even three, reflect off some glass-like material, of infinite endurance, and other unfathomable qualities. The city shimmers with the late afternoon suns-light, in gold, and bronze that stretch across the sky, in a joyous madwoman's canvas.

You walk along the city streets. Clean, tidy, in commune with nature. Strange and wondrous trees. Flowers of all shapes and shades. There are animals – they are not afraid of you, and simply ignore your presence. There are no cars. The people walk, cycle, and lightly teleport from one place to another.

You visit schools and nurseries. Children are presented with a personalized well-paced curriculum by benevolent, sensitive, doting robots. Infinitely patient, they bestow more than knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and on and on. With gentle enthusiasm they speak of how to be a good person. How to not judge. How to be helpful. How to be a source of inspiration.

You come upon beautifully designed communal halls. There are no disagreements. There are no wars. There are no abusive husbands, explosive wives, uncles with guilty hands. There is no violence of any kind. There is no discrimination by anyone towards anyone. There is no hunger. All the meals are excellent, delicate, soothing. There is no overpopulation. Human afflictions and illnesses have been eradicated. Death is a choice. Gender is a choice. Body shape is a choice that ebbs and flows like fashion.

You pass through astonishingly built facilities, for artists and creators, all allowed to pursue their talent, calling, passion. There is no grunt work. Somehow, through that magic in technology, all is taken care of. There are no paychecks. No tyrannical bosses. No insubordinate employees. Only enjoyable activities, all pleasantly carried out by volunteers. Different people find pleasure in different things, to form a perfect

balance, achieved by the quiet optimized machinery humming beneath it all. There is all that one needs for sustenance when and where they need it. All that remains is to explore any avenue one might consider worthwhile spending their time on.

There are no reasons for anxieties, depression, concerns. If they do occur, because it's not really about reasons, they are curable. No side effects.

Do you sometimes wish to wake up to that place, that time, a place of perfected harmony, where there is no drama, no trauma?

That place terrifies the hell out of me.