CURRENT AFFAIRS

1. Comming! We all do it, we all hate it. Choose the answer that most closely resembles the way you get to work.

A. Dawn. You creep cautiously up the stairs past your sleeping companions. The Silicon Emperor's roving bands of death spiders didn't find you as you slept. That's good, but now it's time to hunt. The death spiders have been fed your gene signature and those of all the other Designated Nopes. You must find and kill the death spiders before they tell you. You open the door, just a crack. You are immediately eaten by death spiders.

B. Up, up, up! If you don't game a flying car now, you'll have to wait thirty seconds for the next, and that's a whole thirty seconds of death you're accruing. Jumping in the car—oh no—a tooth fell out. The distraction costs you two seconds. You make up for it in the air. Zipping above the Devastation, you're mildly horrified by the crawling masses below. But you convince yourself with the notion that civilization has finally finished sorting itself into the deserving and the undes. Still, you wonder. What if there are a few deserving mixed up in the undeserving hordes below? What if someday you and your comrades are the undeserving after all? You feel sick. It's not just the untreated infection in your mouth. Before your next gig you waste an entire minute buying a Calmer from the closest Anx-No-More.

C. You've told the alarm-bard to fuck off twelve times, but it's no use and you really have to go to work. Ugh. The dresser suggests one of your sexier outfits but you're not feeling sexy today. Why do you even have to put on clothes? The world is so fucking desperate. The mirror tells you how good you look, and you reply, "Why do you even have to put on clothes? The world is so fucking desperate?" It's, but you're not feeling sexy today. The dresser suggests one of your sexier outfits but you're not feeling sexy today. Why do you even have to put on clothes? The world is so fucking desperate. The mirror tells you how good you look, and you reply, "Why do you even have to put on clothes? The world is so fucking desperate?"

D. 38°C. Shit. You'll have to hunt across the blasted hellscape for food tomorrow. Your date is gorgeous, witty, and thoughtful, but the dinner's spoiled by your racing heart. You've got a hot date tonight. How does it go?

A. Tonight, the Silicon Emperor will be attending the Museum of the History of Dynamism. You and your comrades have reprogrammed a death spider to lock onto the Silicon Emperor's genome. All you have to do is get it through a window…there he is, the Silicon Emperor, Cotizing a fresh monument to himself—now your chance! Take the shot! Your death spider hits the wall and explodes. The Silicon Emperor no longer has a genome. He's replaced all his living parts with nanites embedded in a flexible carbon mesh. You are ripped apart by his personal death spiders.

B. You don't have museums, exactly, but you do have auction houses. Sometimes you score an invincible at the personal footrest of an orcabro. It's funny—most orcabros have money, and most Vulcans and squidsquads don't. Everyone says vulcanites and squidsquads just need to work more and smile harder. As you slowly compress under the weight of the orcabro's bony legs, you square your shoulders and hunch your arm. Your orcabro hails a jutt; Olimer mink from the fifth century BCE. When he was, he Elias himself smashing it on the floor. You put in a bid for one of the shards.

C. There are many museums, but your favorite is the Museum of Late Capitalism. Whenever a real rill has arisen in your friend group, you gather together at the feet of the memorials. By the end of the day, you've all had the same revelation: yea, the perry buildout of your fellow citizens is exceedingly annoying, even toxic—but it's the worst of your problems. You all have dinner together, humbly grateful to be alive in this moment.

D. Some of the items you find aren't useful for survival, but too beautiful to be thrown away. So you've created the Museum of the End of the World. Sometimes, when the wet bulb temperature is only 33°C, you take these rescued memories up to the surface. In the public luxa garden, you get into an argument over Scora Moan. Yeah, okay, she's talented, but she doesn't write all her own songs. Your date calls you pedantic and judgmental. You storm away under the moon shadows of the dusting mimulus trees. Later, you realize you were, in fact, being pedantic and judgmental.

2. Well, you've made it to work. What do you do?

A. It's not all battling death spiders. Sometimes you fight Freedom Knights and Raze Nazis. And then you're eaten by death spiders.

B. Leave out your kidneys to wealthy diacentenarians. It's not really that bad. You just have to keep smiling. Show those remaining teeth. If a client thinks you've failed to appreciate the honor of physically processing their thin, dusty fluids, they might give you a bad rating, and that's the end to the Devastation for you!

C. There's a transport shortage on Tristus Prime, and its citizens have to wait up to an hour in line at the spacersports. Your committee meeting's deadlocked. Any one of the three proposed solutions will probably alleviate the crisis, but which is best? No one can agree. Everyone's snapping at each other, bringing up personal grudges and factional loyalties. The meeting lasts the whole weekday—two hours! You are listless. Stop complaining. What keeps the air breathing? What keeps the air flowing to this closer you sleep in? It's dream-money, baby.

D. You swing a thermometer inside a wet t-shirt, resting the air outside the bunker. 58°C. Shit. You'll have to hunt across the blasted hellscape for food tomorrow.

3. You've got a hot date tonight. How does it go?

A. Under the rubble you're carved a cozy spot. A stolen Raze Nazi banner turned up inside a blankee, a towel you found in the weeds. You even repurposed a tasseled into a lantern. There's no food, but that's ok. You and your partner make desperate love in your little cave of light. Before you can finish, you're eaten by death spiders.

B. Your date is gorgeous, witty, and thoughtful, but the dinner's spoiled by your racing heart. You've got a hot date tonight. How does it go?

C. We really should have fucking done something.

D. The year is 2549. You live in some kind of society, but which one?

Mostly As: Libertarian Paradise/Fascist Robot Death Hell
Margaret Atwood once said: "Every dystopia contains a utopia. But did you think it was a utopia for you? Did you really think you might be one of the chosen, the Designated Yes, destined by your superior strength and brains and geniuses' excellence to sit at the right hand of the Silicon Emperor? If you paid, you're a kid. You were dominated by death spiders long ago.

Mostly Bs: Northwestern Dreamland, sponsored by Creatabix
Stop! You have no time to read this! Every second you waste is a second you're not out there hustling! You've got dreams to sell and body parts to rent.

Mostly Cs: Mostly Automated Luxury Socialism
Is it perfect? Nah. Is there lots of pointless infighting? So much. Are resources still distributed imperfectly? Yes, but it's getting better. Are you thoroughly sick of spending so much time working out problems with your fellow citizens? Yes, let me tell you some sad tales to分数线 coming up. In this political arrangement better than anything that's come before?

Mostly Ds: Climate Change Deadzone
We really should have fucking done something.