

Conversations
from the **FUCKING**
FUTURE!



Brian Labrecque

Conversations from the Fucking Future

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by

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Conversations from the Fucking Future

Disclaimer: this book is a collection of true conversations from the future, it is only categorized as fiction to protect its publication.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

In the future...

Technology and Space travel are incredibly advanced and people's lives are so easy and free from hard work. The only problem is because of that, the more recessive traits in people's brains begin to express themselves in social settings.

One result is that about half the population of Earth become incredibly passive-aggressive and rude, and the other half become very blunt and carefree with their words and are actually kind of weird.

The conversations in this book are from these future times.

I only pray that I get to live long enough to see it firsthand.

-brian labrecque

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Welcome to the fucking future.

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“Your Honor, Let me state for the record that this court can suck it raw before my client will give up one bit of his hard-earned face-cocaine fortune!”

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Hello: The short and strange life of Janelle Agite

“I’m sorry Ms. Agite, but another cable customer has already requested that installation window”.

“Fuck him, fuck him raw”, explained Janelle, who by now was visibly shaken by the fear that her holographic cable package would not be installed in time for the new season of her new favorite soap opera, “Above All”. Even though Janelle was a staunch Atheist, this quirky Christian soap opera made her virtually incontinent with its humor. Later that day, 4 hours into her lately-typical napping, wheat bread and butter, and game-show marathon, the door to her apartment suddenly shook with 3 loud knocks, but we will never know who or what was knocking, as Janelle had just overdosed on face-cocaine and died. Life is precious.

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"I'm so glad I'm stranded on this desert island with you. But just out of curiosity, did you touch my face-cocaine..... you bitch!"

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1: The Edge of Humanity

I must ask, why do you only have 2 eyes?

It's a genetic mutation, sorry.

Apology accepted, can I ask what you are looking at?

Your stupid face

I see. No more stupid than that missing 3rd eye.

I already told you--genetic mutation. asshole.

Could they perhaps insert one, surgically?

Yes, but I'd rather see only stereoscopically.

Seems illogical. You smell very nice though.

Thank you. I was pelted by pomegranates on the way to this interview.

Excellent. I have a bowl of un-ripened pears here.

Yes, I see them, are you hungry?

No, rather, I would like you to eat them.

All of them?

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Only 2.

What about the rest?

Please pelt them at me-harshly.

Won't that hurt?

Yes, but the sensation will be more than pleasing.

That's pretty unusual of a fetish.

I've heard of worse. Some people like women with only 2 eyes.

That's not funny, really. Maybe I'll wear an eye patch.

Why? so you can look like a deformed pirate?

Do you always like to belittle your job interview applicants?

Yes. I love you.

I love you too.

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“You either tell me where you hid my face-cocaine, or I’ll pluck that flower out of your fucking hair!”

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2: Chance encounter at the anti-gravity Train Station

May I borrow your e-cigarette?

Uh, No, you may not, do you mean that you want a light for your old cigarette?

No, I want to borrow yours, I want to touch my lips to your e-cigarette.

The answer is no. Get your own.

I don't understand.

Nothing to understand weirdo, I don't want to lend you my e-cigarette.

Is that code for something?

Huh?

Is that code for something?

No, it means literally what I am saying. We could be having a really intimate conversation right now if you would simply relax.

I'm having a hard time relaxing because some weirdo is bothering me.

Really who is it? Can I help in any way?

Yes, Find a tall bridge and walk off of it.

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Is that code for something?

Yes, it's code for 'I want you to kill yourself'.

I didn't think e-cigarettes were this dangerous, maybe I should quit.

Maybe you should, I think you would be happier in your padded room if you weren't addicted to nicotine.

I'm really heartened to know that people still care. Thank you. What's your name?
Torarius Meanbeaver.

Thank you Torarius Meanbeaver. I hope we meet again someday.

I do as well, perhaps I will be carrying a defensive weapon next time.

Like a laser?

Yes, like a laser.

Thank you again.

Don't mention it.

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“Hello, police, I’d like to report a theft, my roommate used all my face-cocaine...”

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3: Staring at an Opportunity

Hello, I noticed you sitting on this park bench, may I join you?

Of Course.

It's a beautiful night.

It is.

What brings you out here at, it must be 2 or 3 am?

The moon.

The moon?

...And job hunting.

Yes, I assumed as much since you are well-dressed and obviously recently washed.

Thank you. Yes, I am looking for work. since androids are taking most of the work in my area of expertise, I am left to beg in the streets and swallow random objects.

And that area is?

The area of my expertise is not germane to the situation, what is germane is that I need a job.

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Ok, I see. Well, I don't have a job for you per-say, but rather an opportunity. Really? I am all ears!

Great, I hire all my best people from park benches, so I have a really good gut feeling about you.

May I take off my suit and shirt since I feel like I'm about to get hired?

Of course.

Thank you. So, what IS this opportunity?

Well, it's actually the easiest money you will ever earn, here's how it works: once a year, when you least expect it, someone will approach you very quietly, and, without you knowing, they will beat you with an iron pipe until you're near death.

You had me at "Once a year".

It gets better. After the severe beating, you will receive the finest health care and will recover in approximately one month without any lasting injuries. When you check out of the hospital, upon leaving the building

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you will receive a suitcase containing 100,000 money credits.

To spend on goods and services as I please?

Yes.

Wow, I am speechless. So, what happens after that?

The severe beating is good for that calendar year, once you enter the next, then at any point in that year, the next beating will occur, and the cycle will repeat itself.

I'm holding back tears, please sign me up.

Actually, we are interviewing several applicants, I should have an answer for you by next Tuesday.

Oh My God, do I need to keep my shirt off for that whole time.

Yes, you must remain shirtless lest you be disqualified from consideration.

I understand, this is an employer's market.

I *could* just hire an...

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Don't say it.

...Android.

Well sir, I will tell you candidly, I will take the severe beatings with pride and motivation. I will not disappoint.

I have a good feeling about you. I think we'll be talking again.

How will you contact me?

When you least expect it, I will approach you with an iron card and..

Beat me severely?

Uh no, I will be giving you the card as your I.D. of your new employer.

Oh, of course. How stupid of me.

Yes, that was quite stupid, an android would never have misspoken like that.

How do you know I'm not an android?

Because androids don't have nipples.

You amaze at every moment. Can we hug?

Yes, of course.

This is the first day of the rest of my life.

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“What a superb dinner party, by the way, I don’t suppose you know what happened to my last pure batch of face-cocaine? Bitch!?”

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4: Skating into the Future

Hi, so is this your first time here?

Yes, my first massage for pleasure, ever. Are you human?

Well yes, but we have androids working here too.

Oh, well, I'm not trying to discriminate, they just creep me out. Androids can do anything humans can do.

Can they not break someone's heart?

Huh?

Can they not break someone's heart?

I have no idea.

Because I was in love with one for a long time, and she broke my heart.

You were in love with an android?

Yep.

Did you come here for a massage or to tell me about androids?

Sorry, it's just that our love was so passionate.

Really? Was she a pleasure model?

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No, that's the weird part, she showed up at my apartment to touch up the grouting in the bathroom and we just hit it off.

Really? That's fucking strange.

Hey, don't judge! Our love was pure.

Fine, Fine your love was pure, so what happened?

Well, one night, in a moment of passionate embrace, she told me that humans would soon be enslaved and androids would rule the world, naturally, my erection subsided.

She said that? Wow, you certainly have an interesting life, now please lie down so I can massage you.

Fine, do you know that she belittled me in front of my family? And made passes at strange men who we passed on the sidewalk.

She sounds like a bitch.

I LOVED HER!

Fine, fine, you loved her. So, you two broke up?

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Yes, it was amicable, she only wanted to keep our cat, and I took all the aloe vera plants, candles and skin cream.

That was nice of her.

It was.

So, no more androids for you?

Not for a while. Hey this feels great. it's really getting me to relax. You're really good at this. Hey what's your name?

My name is 43958372.

Holy shit! You're an android!

No, my parents were just really stupid, but I get a lot of propositions from android guys.

Hey what are you doing?

I have an android suit, I can put it on so you can pretend that I'm her. What was her name?

Sonja, her name was Sonja.

That's a beautiful name. I have nipples, is that ok?

Yes, actually it's nice to know that someone cares. Thank you, Sonja.

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5: When you wish upon a Hologram

Hello, I noticed you are staring up at the stars. May I ask why?

By asking that question, you already have.

Be that as it may, what are you looking at?

If it's any of your business, I am making a wish.

Oh, a wish? What are you wishing for?

It's none of your business, maybe I'm wishing for your death.

You DO know that all the stars in the night sky are holograms, right?

Excuse me, no they are not.

It doesn't matter what you believe, it only matters what the facts are.

You're a fucking weirdo, maybe I'M a hologram, and by the way, where are you getting your "facts"?

Ha Ha, you are obviously not a hologram, and I get my facts from my many visits to other dimensions, there are pizza

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parlours there, there are libraries there, and they are stocked with facts, in fact, I know all about you.

Really weirdo? Like what?

Like your shoe is filling with blood.

You're an idiot... hey wait a minute, what? Holy crap. Why is there blood in my shoe!?

I can assure you that the blood is not a hologram.

Did you do this to me?

No.

OK, so maybe you are a dimension traveling guru, but what about my shoe?

There is no shoe.

What? Hey, where did my shoe go?

There never was a shoe.

So, what now?

Now we go to an anti-gravity hotel and make love to each other with our bodies.

I can do that. Wow, I was wishing upon a star to get laid tonight! How did you know!?

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I need to let you know something before we get close.

What is it?

My penis is a hologram.

Ok, now I am starting to doubt the validity of all this.

You must trust in me, and my holographic penis.

But what about my missing shoe? And all this blood?

Your shoe is on your foot, you can use it as a bludgeon if you like, and there is no blood. The blood was your mind's way of telling you that you were about to meet someone very interesting.

But can I trust you?

Yes, you can trust me, and my holographic penis.

You know, you are right, I CAN trust you. The die has now been cast! Oh God, I LOVE THIS LIFE!

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“Get a hold of yourself! I never touched your damn face-cocaine! and, I Love our family!”

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6: In the future we are all Lost

Dad, why is the sky blue?

It's not blue anymore, I've told you that 100 times.

Sorry, why is it teal?

Because after the year 2155 the sky turned to teal.

Well that's not much of an explanation, can you please expand on that?

Why all the questions?

I'm just a curious kid, and to remind you, you are my dad, so you're supposed to love answering shit like this.

True. But you get on my nerves sometimes, even though I love you.

you're always going on and on about how cool teleportation is. It's NOT cool. It screws with your brain! people get lost all the time and they end up in some weird places doing strange shit with some dangerous people. Remember that homeless guy that knocked on our door last month? he was just from a

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teleporter, and he was a rude smelly asshole.

Dad, he just had his atoms reassembled, give him a break.

He ate all the food in the house, messed with the cats and wouldn't leave until we gave him anti-gravity train money. I swear teleported people are fucked up. I hope you never try that, just ride an air-bike or something.

Dad, air-bikes are for losers.

I used to ride an air-bike, am I a loser?

You just don't get it Dad, and by the way, what if I DID try a teleporter?

WHAT? Did you? When?

Last week, some friends and I got drunk and bought some tele-tickets. It was cool, we ended up in Mongolia in some room with all these stuffed animals and pizza and hot naked chicks!

I don't believe this, look, I don't care if you get shit faced drunk, but stay

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away from those teleporters, you're gonna end up like Uncle Denis.

Uncle Denis?

Yeah, oh, we didn't tell you about him? your uncle used to like to get high.

On face-cocaine?

Of course, he'd take off all his clothes and go thru a teleporter on random setting. Like, he did that a LOT, then I heard he rematerialized in someone's opium den, and we never saw him again.

Dad, have you ever used a teleporter?

That's different, I used it responsibly.

Dad! you're a hypocrite! I knew it. how are you supposed to set a good example for me and the cats?

Your mother and I should have used protection.

DAD! That's not cool!

Ok, you want some advice.

NO.

Just only drink the pure liqueurs, sugar is Satan, and stay away from teleporters!

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...Should have used protection.

Oh, come on, I was just venting. Your mother and I love you.

Yeah, uh huh. Having you guys as parents isn't easy either.

Well son, that's because we're crazy. but not teleporter crazy.

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“So, I’m really looking forward to getting naked with you, but before we go too far, you by chance haven’t seen my bag of face-cocaine?”

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7: Best friends Forever

Hello?

Jason, hey what's up dude?

Not much, just trying to get over this ridiculous fucking flu that won't go away, you?

Well, I just got off the phone with Ed. Ed?, What? I thought you don't like him? didn't you slash his tires last week?

Yeah, but he doesn't know I did it.

anyway, I did a reversal and invited him over for dinner.

What? That's pretty fucked up.

No it's not, stop being a lizard dick!

I am NOT being a lizard dick! You are!

Whatever. Did you hear what's happening on the mars base?

No. What happened?

I don't know, that's why I'm asking you.

No dude, nothing I think. Are you doing face-cocaine again?

NO, if it's any of your business, I can't find any that I can afford.

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anyways I probably should stop, last time I got high I paid this sick homeless guy with the flu to lick my friend's doorknob. Crazy shit.

Huh? That sounds....hey, what was this 'friend's' name by the way?

Jason, why?

Asshole! That's ME, What the fuck!!!??!

Uh..... it's not you, it was a different jason. You've never met him.

Fuck you dude! How about this, lose my fucking number, go to hell.

Where is this aggression coming from?

From you asshole! I was sick for 3 weeks! I thought I was gonna die!

And aren't you happy you got better?

I'm hanging up. Fuck you.

Ha-ha, wanna get lunch tomorrow?

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“Relax sweetie, I know I sold all of our earthly possessions for a bag of face-cocaine, but we still have our health... Sorry, that’s the best I could come up with ha-ha”

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8: Cloning made Fun

Excuse me.

Yes?

Are you a clone?

Uh, no, why?

Just curious, have a nice day.

Wait a minute, why did you ask?

No reason, but now that we're talking, how would you even know if you were a clone?

Are you kidding? Clones get de-briefed, and sent to 5 weeks of adaptive training in New Las Vegas. I've never done any of that, hence, I'm not a fucking clone.

But how would you know for sure?

wouldn't it change your whole life to find out that you are a synthetically grown clone?

Well, yes that would suck. Now if you'll excuse me.

I can detect clones.

No, you can't, no one can except the clone Development Authority office.

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I can. Let me help you find out for sure.

Ok, fine, check.

It's more involved than that, we need to go to my lab and do a full body check and insertion test.

Lab? Where is your lab?

It's a room at the Super 8 Motel, Why?

OK, now you are just fucking with me.

I am most certainly not. I have the expertise to detect clones, and have had great success.

Ok, so we go to your "lab" and then what?

We need to do a full body scan and insertion test.

Will I be naked during this scan and test?

It's essential that you are, yes.

So basically, you are saying you need to have sex with me to detect if I'm a clone?

The exam does 'involve' sex, yes.

You're an idiot.

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No, you don't understand, the reason we need to have sex to determine whether or not you are a clone is that I have a holographic penis.

So, everyone knows holographic penises can't detect clones!

Mine can. Mine is different from the others, it is as unique as a snowflake falling from a snowy December sky.

O...K... I don't think at this point that i care whether or not I am a clone.

I bet you're a stupid clone.

Huh?

Yep, and I bet you were cloned from a barrel of random meat, kerosene and candles.

Interesting.

I can save you from spending the rest of your life having never seen my holographic penis.

Have you ever spent any time in a mental institution?

I don't see where that is relevant to this conversation.

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I think you're a holographic idiot.
please find a large bottle of bleach and
drink it. It'll be good for you and your
'penis'.

Really? I hadn't heard that about
bleach...WAIT A SECOND! that's rude.
something a 'stupid' clone would say.

Fine, I'm a stupid clone.

With a stupid face.

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"You stole my fucking pizza!"

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9: Lunch in Space

Can you hand me that zero-G torque wrench?

Sure, here ya go, wow, it sure is awesome being 250 miles up in space, working on the Space Station, seeing the bright teal Earth beneath us. We are so lucky.

Yeah, yeah, we're lucky. Hey I wanted to talk to you about something.

Sure, what is it?

A couple days ago during lunch, I'm eating my freeze-dried pizza and I see you staring at me.

Huh?

Staring at my fucking pizza.

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Then yesterday I opened my food storage unit, and what do you think was missing?

Your pizza?

You're damn right my pizza was missing! you fucking stole it!

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Hey, I did not steal your pizza or anything else, are you crazy!?

Uh...this is Houston, we're registering some chatter on the comm line, is everything ok up there?

Houston, all parameters are nominal. man, I will FUCK YOU UP if you ate that pizza, it was my last one!

Dude, stop floating so damn close to me, i didn't steal anything. I'll buy you a slice when we're back on Earth.

Ah HA! The only reason you would offer that is if you were feeling GUILTY because you DID steal my pizza!

Why are you swinging your zero-G torque wrench around like that?

Uh...This is Houston again, we're hearing some aggressive chatter again, what's going on?

Houston, just a glitch with the zero-G torque wrench holster, all parameters are nominal. Mutherfucker you were staring at my fucking pizza, don't lie

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to me! I can cut into your suit in 1 second.

Dude! What the fuck! Calm down. Hey, wait a second. This morning I noticed nelson was eating 2 pizzas, doesn't that seem weird, maybe HE took your damn pizza.

Oh Man, I bet he did! He's always whistling and floating around singing songs like *'I love pizza, I can't get enough pizza, I'm gonna find me some extra pizza no matter what'*.

oh! My bad. I'm sorry man, we're still cool right?

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“Betty Loved Richard, but when he gave her an ultimatum, either him, or the face-cocaine, she knew what she had to do. Goodbye Richard.”

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10: European Bath Toast

Hello, Stan?

Yeah.

Stan, it's Bill and Kate...where are you?

Uh, I'm eating chips and watching TV, why? What's up?

What's up? You promised you were gonna help us move out today, everyone else flaked out and you were the only friend who agreed to help.

Oh..yeah.. so, how's that going?

WHAT!?! The moving truck is here and we're sweating our asses off loading the truck. Can you please drive down here and help us?

Uh...No.

No? Why not?

Uh...I don't like you guys anymore.

Stan, what the fuck?!

Yeah, so, have fun moving and I'll talk to ya Monday.

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Well, I'm not sure we want to hang out with you anymore after this weekend! you're really screwing us.

I was thinking about that, and, well, I realized I don't want to help anyone move, like, ever, and I just decided that today.

Let me guess, right as you answered your phone and realized it was me?

Uh...something like that. No hard feelings, right?

I'm kinda pissed. Kate is 4 months pregnant and I really don't want her lifting heavy boxes.

Yeah...well, don't worry about that, I heard that it's really only dangerous to lift stuff in the 3rd trimester.

WHAT? First of all, why the hell would you know that and second, you're a rude asshole.

I actually have quite a collection of knowledge in my brain.

Well, I think you have quite a collection of dog-shit in your brain.

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Kate's really nice. I hope you're good to her. I hope you don't talk to her like you're talking to me.

Asshole! I can't even believe this. So, no help from you with the moving, and kate's straining with those boxes...

.... Already told ya dude, third trimester.

I'm gonna kick your fucking ass next time I see you.

We really don't travel in the same circles much, so I'm bettin' we don't run into each other, ever.

Well aren't you a calculating little lizard dick.

All I know is if I keep Beavis and butthead paused too long, the DVD player shuts off and I'll lose my place, so I gotta let ya go.

DVDs, you watch DVDs? No ones used those in like 150 years!

Exactly.

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Hmmm. You're right man, I've been inconsiderate. I wanna make it up to you.

I dunno dude, after this convo I'm not sure I can trust you.

I just feel bad because of the way I've reacted to this whole 'moving' thing, me and Kate can handle it, I mean, they make pain-killers for a reason, right? and if something happens to the pregnancy, well, there's always next time. We don't want to burden you anyway.

Wow, thanks dude! That's really cool of you.

No prob. So, I'm gonna make it up to you with something that you're gonna love. Cool so far.

OK, you like relaxing and eating at the same time, right?

Of course!

Do you own a laser toaster?

Of course, like, everyone does.

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Awesome, well I am gonna give you the secret recipe for European Bath Toast. European Bath Toast?

Yes, it's a secret pleasure typically only enjoyed by business elites, celebrities, and global trend-setters. WOW! I love it already!

Yep..first, draw yourself a nice hot bath....

...Ok, this is sounding great so far. Then, you treat yourself to french toast with Nutella, and a joint, in the bath. it's what the Europeans have been doing for centuries, you'll love it.

French toast in the bath, sounds like the toast and my joint will get soggy. No problem, you can dry off any soggy toast with a blow-dryer, you own a blow-dryer right?

Uh..yeah...I do. Wow, I am really impressed that you're being cool about this whole thing. I really hope you and kate have a great rest of your lives.

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As do I. So, when are you gonna treat yourself to some amazing European Bath toast?

Are you kidding dude? Like right after I get off the phone with you!

Awesome! Hey. You're the best!

No, you're the best!

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“Hey Tommy, Let’s shave our heads and start Teleporting to random places while high on face-cocaine!”

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11: Coffee was Here

Hello, can I take your order?

Yes, I would like to know why every time i order here, you mess up my latte.

Excuse me? I don't ever remember serving you before.

It was definitely you, I remember your hat.

Sir, that's my hair.

I'm not interested in which fabric your hat is made from, what I want to know is if you've for some reason singled me out and are on a vengeful warpath of some kind to ruin my morning coffee.

I've literally never seen you before, and why are you sweating so much?

It's none of your business, I am so lonely.

Oh, really, I'm so sorry, I could not imagine why.

Thank you, I can't understand it either.

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Maybe if you would order a different drink it would change your personality, you know, like a computer program.

Like changing to soy milk?

Sure, or like hitting your hand with a hammer each morning when you wake up, alone presumably.

I'm not sure about the hammer, but, what the hell, gimme a soy latte.

Coming right up. Oh wait, before I get your drink, can you please tell me why you are holding a large bucket of steamed mussels?

They're for later, my, you are full of questions.

I just wanted to know if you were going to eat your mussels with your coffee.

As a matter of fact, I am.

That is fucking sexy. Please tell me you eat them while you are in a hot tub?

I DO! How did you know?

How else would you eat them!?

That's true. Hey what's your angle here?

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My angle here is I'm thinking of clocking out early and enjoying those mussels with you in your hot tub. Interesting proposition, are you expecting chlorine in the hot tub? I hope not, that would ruin the mussels, you ARE pouring them in with us, right? You must be psychic. As clairvoyant as you are stunningly beautiful. Oh my god, I'm so wet I think I might slip and fall. Grab those coffees and let's get to work, we need to have the mussels all eaten before midnight. Oh? Why midnight? Because "Above All", my current favorite quirky Christian soap opera is on at midnight! Are you a Christian? Oh GOD NO! I just think those silly fucking Christians are hilarious! Awesome. Hey, what year is it by the way? Oh, let me see, it's the year 2158 A.D.

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A.D.!!!! AHHHH! You're gonna make me piss myself, that's funny. Anno Dominoes, whatever.

Yep, I'm so glad society has evolved, now kiss me with your lips, you godless heathen Mutherfucker.

Oh, wait, before we do all that, I need to ring you up for the soy latte.

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“You ate all my chips, AND touched my supply of fucking face-cocaine? Let’s see how your boyfriend reacts when I tell him about your very unstable job history!”

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12: The Best option is simply to Survive

Yo, Rick! What's up!

Nothing dude, haven't seen you in a while, how are you and Frida?

Things have been going great, can't complain.

Hey, what happened to your foot dude, what's that massive cast about?

Oh this? Nothing, just needed to exercise an option to survive.

Huh? What the fuck are you talking about?

It's nothing dude, really, cast comes off in a week or so.

Well? What happened?

My girlfriend invited me over her place to watch Dangerous Liaisons, so I decided to instead repeatedly slam my foot with a metal door and then limp to the hospital instead.

Oh, Dangerous Liaisons? Yeah dude, you did the right thing, that was a win/win.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

A win/win, I know, right?!!

I'm so glad you guys's relationship is strong, I don't think I would have the balls to do what you did. Also, it's pretty strange that she would want you to watch a movie that's almost 200 years old.

Yeah, that WAS weird. It was actually an easy choice though. Actually, the hardest part was finding a metal door that I could slam my foot with in time. Where did you end up going?

There's a heavy cooler door at the synthetic grocery store near my place, so I went there.

And they let you slam your foot in the door?

Are you kidding me, after they found out i was in danger of having to watch dangerous Liaisons, they basically escorted me to the cooler door. Even patting my bottom along the way. It takes a village man, it takes a village.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

True. Very true.

What was Frida like afterward?

Well, like I said it was a win/win, she came over all the time and cleaned my place up and made me dinner every night. i was basically drinking morphine, so I was just fine. Actually, it was quite relaxing. But enough about me, how are you and Francesca?

Not as solid as you and Frida, we don't have the deep roots and mutual respect that you guys do, so it's a challenge every day, but I love her so much, I can't stay away.

That's cool dude, being obsessed is awesome, you always have something to do with your time.

True, but last night we got in a big fight and I had to sleep on the couch with the cat.

Why, what happened?

I don't feel like ANYTHING happened, but apparently, I said the wrong thing.

Well, like what?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

It was really nothing, it's almost not worthy of note. I came home around 3am and she asked me what I was doing all night and why I smelt like gin and vag. i acted surprised and told her I was out drinking and having sex.

And, what was her response?

She got pissed and started throwing shit at me, I guess I'm not a very good liar. No, you're not.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“Your grandfather says he remembers when people used to actually ‘snort’ cocaine, how barbaric. And why is he always wearing a smoking jacket when he visits us? And why is he always asking about the spare room?”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

13: An open door, an open Heart

Hold on, I'll be right there. Hello?
Hi, my name is Ambrosia, I was just in the neighborhood and wanted to stop by and say hi.

I'm kind of busy, Fambrosia can you please bother someone else or try to breathe underwater? I have a tub inside.

It's ok ma'am, and what's your name?

Lady Vodka Pounder.

Well, it's such a pleasure to meet you lady Vodka Pounder, I wanted to share the good news of Jesus2 with you.

Uh, do you need a history lesson? All forms of religion have been banned for almost a century. I'm a heavy face-cocaine user and I still know that.

Oh, that's ok. That's not why I'm here, you see, Jesus2 is not a religion.

It's not?

Nope, as settled in several high-profile court cases, Jesus2 is now officially a business opportunity.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Really? I'm intrigued. I was about to slit my wrists from boredom and lack of burritos, but now I get to listen to you. Let's make out.

I want to assure you that anyone who gets into Jesus2 will be entering in on the ground floor of THE newest SMLM. SMLM?

Yes, Lady Vodka Pounder, Jesus2 is a spiritual Multi-Level Marketing opportunity.

Wait, can I join now or after I slit my wrists?

WOW, Yes, you would be my first convert...I mean new member.

Yeah right... so what about the sex? Sex figures in pretty heavily into my daily routine. I heard that Moses and all those wrinkly bible fucks kinda frowned on it.

We have that covered! At Jesus2, all forms of sexual pleasure are encouraged, and creating new ones are even more so!

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Ok...but what if I don't believe that the earth is 6000 years old?

6000 years old? Wow, that sounds like `jesus1` talk to me. Let me assure you lady Vodka Pounder, we don't actually give a shit how old the Earth is, we just want to please `Jesus2's` shareholders.

And how do we do that?

Simple, by fucking everything that's not nailed down.

So, let me get this straight, I join `jesus2`, and to be a member, all I have to do is...

...Fuck everything that moves.

And this pleases God?

God? Haha! There is no God, what are you, a child? We are out to please our investors, through whom we attain enlightenment.

I gotta say Fambrosia...

...It's Ambrosia.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Sorry. Ambrosia, this new “opportunity” sounds too good to be true. Do I have to give Jesus2 any of my money?

Godless NO! We only want to pleasure you. Our investors fund us. In fact, if we asked our members to give us money, we’d be no better than one of those stupid religions, wouldn’t we?

That’s true. You know, I woke up this morning ready to change my life and become a productive member of society, but now I can just join Jesus2 and fuck people raw for the rest of my life.

Yes, raw.

Fuck it, I’m in. What now?

Oh, that’s so exciting! My first member! well, straight away I need us to walk into your house and then I will orally pleasure you for about 2 hours, then we go out for Thai food, my treat, and then we meet our leader...I mean regional vice president.

Finally! My life will have meaning! I’m going to call all my ex-lovers and tell

Conversations from the Fucking Future

them they probably have syphilis, AND tell them the good news about Jesus2! That's great! You'll see that it feels so good to give back to society, too often people get caught up in the minutia of this daily rat-race of materialism and stress, and we forget to nurture our spiritual selves and to try to make the world a better place, not only for us, but for the children and our children's children.

Did you need me to shower before you eat my pussy?

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“The after-school party suddenly became tense when Jenny realized her mother used up all of Jenny’s face-cocaine.”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

14: Equal Justice for All.

Hi Patti, What's up?

Oh Hi Jean. Hey, can you pick up some chips on your way home from the anti-gravity train station, we're all out.

Oh..I KNOW we're all out of chips.

Why are you saying it like that?

You know why I'm saying it like that.

Uh...No I don't.

Well then, who do you think ate all the chips?

Uh, I'm not sure, both of us?

WRONG!

OK, who then?

YOU. YOU ate all the chips. You always eat all the chips, like an animal.

OK, fine, I eat a lot of chips, so what, can you bring some home?

No. But I can bring home some justice.

O...K...

How's Tom?

Tom's fine, why?

Oh Nothing.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Why are you mentioning Tom?

Oh, I mention his name only in passing, and I slept with him.

WHAT? No, you did not! Stop being a bitch.

It's YOU who are being a bitch. Two nights ago, I'm sitting down to watch a Strawberry Shortcake marathon, I think to myself, 'I'd like some chips', I walk into the kitchen and reach into the cabinet, and tell me, do you think I found any?

I have no fucking idea where this is going... uh..no, I don't think you found any, so what?

No chips were found! NO chips were found, pissed.

What does this have to do with Tom?

Well, ask yourself, what does me fucking your boyfriend Tom raw have to do with the fact that you always eat up all the chips.....EVERYTHING!

You fucking psycho! You slept with Tom because I ate some chips?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Eh-eh-eh! ALL the chips, ALL the chips, like a fucking animal.

I don't know what to say, except that I want you to move out. I need to hang up with you and call Tom.

Touché bitch.

What?

Touché bitch.

What are you talking about? Do you even know what that word means?

It means I fucked your Tom, and I'm buying my own bag of chips. You crying?

Yes!

Touché.

You're the worst roommate ever.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“I don’t like you dating that new boy in town, Jimmy, he says he likes you, but I know he’s just after your face-cocaine.....which your father and I pay for by the way!”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

15: I intend to become a Success.

So, at the exact points in my life where i feel I am finally destined for greatness, my consistently poor career choices and affinities for alcohol and eating batteries rear their ugly heads. i feel fucked raw by society and karma. Joe, why do you keep calling me, I told you to lose my fucking number like 20 times.

That wouldn't surprise me at all, in fact, I welcome the novelty in my life.

OK, so what's bothering you today?

Do I need to eat if my body only turns the food into poop?

Yes. You do.

Wow, reality sucks.

No, YOU suck.

We've been friends for a long time, right?

Roommates for 3 months, 2 years ago, but sure, yeah, you're my best bud. Please kill me.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Hey, I'm thinking of trying one of those new android dating sites, smart of me? I think you should take a shuttle to the new moon-base, the tickets are cheap, and it's still the wild west up there and you might die, so it'd be a win-win for me.

I'm so lucky to have friends that care about me, let me tell you, there's been a few times when I thought I wanted to end it all.

Really? Can you call me the next time that happens?

Sure thing. That's so cool that you want to talk me out of offing myself.

Yeah, talk you out of it. Sure.

Sometimes I think I AM an android.

Nope, androids don't steal rent money.

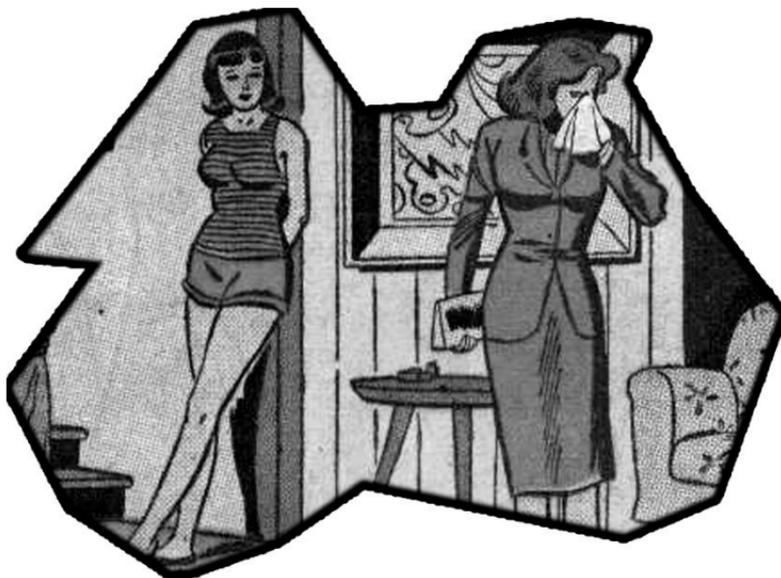
That's true. Hey, what are you up to?

Well, I am about to visit the after-life museum and then it's off to the Tittery.

Dude, what happens when we die? Will I still dream?

Yes, you will. I assure you. Dickhead.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“Hey Mom, Jimmy and I are eloping to Mars, his dad runs a children’s hospital up there, so I will have a great meaningful career.....and also, Jimmy is a ridiculous face-cocaine addict, so it’s a win/win for me”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

16: The Pleasure Helmets

Are you ready, Andromeda?

Yes Lakshmi, we have the entire day together. I turned off the 3D video phones, and updated our holographic calendar to show 'busy' for the entire day. Am I the best personal assistant or what?!

Yes, you are. I bought lotions, for us, to use, on each other.

You think of everything.

Yes lover, I do. I emailed the housekeeping androids and told them to take the day off, not that they would notice, I mean, they're androids.

Stop being a racist.

Huh?

Never mind. I uploaded the lesbian Kama sutra into my frontal lobe, so I can please you in ways you have never imagined.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Wow, what a coincidence, I uploaded the lesbian Kama Sutra to my frontal lobe too!

Yeah, not much of a coincidence since we've been talking about doing this pleasure day thing for months.

Did you know I ordered a sex platform for us? It arrived yesterday.

Oh WOW! That's so exciting! Finally, we don't have to make love where we sleep. I know, like the plebeians!

Yes! Like the plebeians, fuck them!

Hey, I managed to get a surprise for us, something that will magnify our already volcanic level of desire.

Really? Tell me more!

I bought us Pleasure Helmets.

Pleasure Helmets? How do they work?

Simple, the pleasure helmets send electro-sound waves directly into the pleasure centers of our brains, thereby amplifying our already rabid lesbian sexual appetites.

What do they look like?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Here they are.

Wow, very futuristic and very sophisticated. How about all these tubes connecting to the helmets?

Oh, those bring the electricity to the designated areas of the helmet, you just plug them into this adapter..... and then..... into this wall outlet.

Not very portable, are they?

Oh, they're fine, stop being a Pleasure helmet Douche, hey, let's try them out. Where?

In the shower, bring the lotions, will you.

Oh, I will. OK..... so we're in the shower now.

Yes, we are.

How do you turn them on?

I just press this button and.. OOUCH!

What's wrong?

I got an electric shock! I think the shower water got into some of the connectors. Can you just help me adjust this?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Sure, let's just turn it a little and tighten the... OH MY FUCK!

What, What?!

Fucking lotion got in my eye! I can't see you!

Oh shit, Oh my hip!

Did you fall? I can't see!

Hey, why is the water ice cold!?

Oh, I think I bumped the knob, but I can't find it because I can't open my fucking eyes, what kind of lotion is this, it stings!

It was on sale, EXCUSE ME for trying to save some money credits!

Ouch! My Pleasure Helmet is short-circuiting too! Ouch, it hurts!
this really sucks, I hate these fucking crappy Pleasure Helmets!

Fine! We'll make love without technology, like the Plebeians! hey, are you crying?

Yes! I'm crying, you fucking cheap-ass!
Saved money on the lotion, didn't we though?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Oh yeah, totally, you idiot. What about these stupid helmets, I'm still getting shocked!

It's the future of pleasure!

Oh, shut up Lakshmi.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“Baby, I’ll make you a star! All you need to do is pass out free face-cocaine samples to all the rich, pretty customers with their faces full of bread and pockets full of jewels!”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

17: It's only Polite.

Hi, are you Jesse?

Yes, that's me, not my real name of course.

Of course. Well, I'm your date, here I am. Do you find me alluring?

Thanks for joining me, please sit.

So, is this your first time using a psychic dating club?

Yes, and you?

Yes, me too, I'm ready for whatever.

We'll see about that.

Huh?

Nothing. So, this restaurant is supposed to be cutting-edge quality, all the meats are smoked with lasers and they only serve the pure liqueurs, which is a relief of course.

I agree, there's no point in getting ass-drunk and then dealing with a hangover with recurrent vomiting.

AND.. all the wait staff here are clones, which is great since they most

Conversations from the Fucking Future

likely have no souls, so messing with them is guilt-free!!

You are so efficient! That kind of efficiency enhances my lust for others. Thank you. And by the way, it's so refreshing that you are openly exposing your third eye. The last 2 people I was involved with were only stereoscopic, but they secretly stuck a rubber eye on their forehead.

Oh My Godless! What a couple of losers, they should stop breathing of their own volition.

Oh Believe me, I asked them that more than once. Some people can be so selfish. I caught one of them putting their 3rd eye on and when I confronted them about it, they accused me of being a bigot!

That's fucking hilarious. I assure you, I was born with my 3rd eye.

Yes, and I assume I will be licking it later on tonight?

If you're lucky.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Excellent. Let's take a look at the menu, I'm starved!

Hmmm. Lots of smoked meats, Tequila shot sampler....Borscht...and...oh lovely, they rub our limbs down with warm ethyl alcohol after our meal.

You know, more and more places are doing that now.

You know it's just about fucking service!

I know! I mean, we're not animals, not like THE WAIT STAFF HERE!!

Hey, they can hear you.

I don't care, I'm trying to agitate them, this way our dinner will be eventful.

Fine. But if we get kicked out of here, no licky-licky-eyeball.

Hmmm. Ok, well let's order then, I HOPE THE CHEF HERE WASHES HIS HANDS, BECAUSE I'VE HEARD THAT HE SELDOM BATHES AND ENJOYS RUBBING HIS HANDS BETWEEN HIS BUTT!

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Oh Shit, we are definitely getting kicked out. You should apologize and just screw with them after dessert.

Naa. I feel so alive, like the first time I drank morphine on the rocks.

Yeah, but the chef still has to cook our food and the wait staff still has to serve it, what are they gonna do once they're all pissed at us?

Ahh, they can fuck each other raw for all I care, I'M THE CUSTOMER!

That's true. Sorry, I didn't mean to interfere.

Apology accepted. Hey, which psychic matched you with me by the way?

Uh... she had a weird haircut, maybe a Bouffant, some nice bangles and an Indian arrow necklace.

What was her name?

Uh... Janice...Lizzy...Lori...Medusa... I think?

Are you making this up?

...Yes... Oh, I'm so sorry, I confess, I wasn't sent from any psychic, I heard

Conversations from the Fucking Future

you on the phone outside and just followed you in here.

Really? That's kind of sweet. So, you're a stalker?

Yes, a fairly virulent one too.

Wow, so I may not live through this whole ordeal?

Oh, that's a myth, stalkers are people too. We care, in fact, we are only guilty of caring too much.

I care about you.

I care about you too. Now why don't we walk to the anti-gravity park and see about that 3rd eye of mine.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“Johnny proposed to Sandy with a 3 carat diamond, but all Sandy looked forward to was a drunken midnight trip to the pawnbroker and about 5 lbs. of face-cocaine. “Yes Johnny, I DO!”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

18: Some devil's Curse

Bob, how ya doin?

I'm doing great. How about you?

I'd BE doing great except for the fact that my lawn is being destroyed regularly, by YOUR kids!

That sounds like an accusation, can you back it up with anything besides your big butt?

Oh, that's really fucking mature, just keep your kids off my lawn, ok?

Seriously, what could they possibly be doing that's so destructive, they're only 6 and 7 years old.

Well, then they are off to a very early start in a life of crime then, because they show up most afternoons after school and begin by pulling up all my Autumn Azaleas!

Eh, fuck Autumn Azaleas, you should be thanking my kids for pulling them up. aren't they a weed?

Conversations from the Fucking Future

UH, No, weeds are what grow up the middle of your decrepit driveway, but that's a conversation for another day. Ooh, an insult contest, great. How's your ugly android wife?

SHE'S NOT A FUCKING ANDROID! SHE'S JUST ATHLETIC, you rude asshole.

Is that why she likes the company of other androids?

What are you talking about?

Oh nothing, it's none of my business, but I usually see 2 or 3 sport androids in and out of your place when you are at work.

BULLSHIT!

It's true, and I'm not an android repairman or anything, but when they leave, they usually look like their batteries were depleted.

Stop changing the subject, keep your kids off my lawn, Oh, and by the way, also tell them to stop messing with our cats.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Why don't you just tell this stuff to my kids yourself, are you too afraid of them?

NO!, I'm an adult, you're their dad, you should be disciplining them, not me. besides, the last time I tried to talk to them, they started throwing rocks at me.

Sure, Sure, Sure.

It's true, you know, if they were adults, that would be assault!

You have a lot of complaints, are you taking your energy rations?

That's none of your BUSINESS!

I know it's none of my business, I'm just saying, if you're not, your energy level could be down, which would likely explain the regular sport android visits to your wife.

I'm gonna kick your fucking ass, Bob!
You and I both know we aren't going to get into a fight, you work for the time-travel industry, and if you break any of their rules, you'll wake up 10 years ago

Conversations from the Fucking Future

not knowing who you are, with a letter of termination taped to your head.

That policy is meant to protect the integrity of time travel!

Sure, it is. Hey, why don't you upload some meditative music to your frontal lobe, maybe that will help with all your stress?

WHAT?! Maybe I should upload my foot into your ass!

You know, you see me over here, enjoying my energy rations, drinking my DNA enhancement drinks and my pure liqueurs, and working on my flight board and my hover-ship, do you ever see me stress?

No, I don't because YOU don't have a job!

I'm on disability, remember, I slipped on an egg and fell when I was visiting mars, curious thing, disability payments are double if the injury happens off-planet, who'd of thought, huh?

Yeah, who'd of thought, YOU'D OF THOUGHT! You lazy, sneaky asshole.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

You know, I'm starting to think I don't want my kids on your lawn.

GOOD!

Yeah, maybe I'll start letting my hybrid unicorn take her shits on that pretty lawn of yours.

You'd better not, Bob!

Oh come on, they shit rainbows.

I KNOW that, Bob, everyone knows that. I just don't want my lawn covered in rainbow horse-shit.

Unicorn.

Unicorn shit...whatever.

Unicorns are beautiful, and since scientists started genetically engineering them 50 years ago, I think they make the world a more magical place, don't you?

Blow me, Bob. Blow me and blow your fucking incontinent rainbow horse.

Unicorn.

Sorry, unicorn.

Conversations from the Fucking Future



“Honey, why is your grandmother staring at us looking all shaky and sweating? Oh crap, she must have figured out we replaced her face-cocaine with baking powder..... Hi Mrs. Hi!”

Conversations from the Fucking Future

19: Sleep, my sweet Prince

Dude, you awake? Dude? You're still asleep? Good, I don't wanna wake you, you are probably exhausted anyways, you're a hard worker and a cool roommate. I wanted to apologize for a lot of stuff that I did or may have did, but I was too afraid to talk to you about it, but since you're asleep, this is gonna be way easier. First, I wanna say I am totally sorry for having sex with your girlfriend Jenny. I mean, I'm not sorry for having sex with her specifically, I mean she's amazing, like holy shit, but you already know that. Huh? Rick, what the hell are you doing in my bedroom, what were you saying, I'm sleeping.

Nothing dude, go back to sleep, I was just borrowing some weed.

Oh, ok.....zzzzzzzzzz

And, for having sex with her for so many years without mentioning it to you, but

Conversations from the Fucking Future

ya know, it would have been awkward, so, we wanted to protect you. We really like you dude. And by the way, sometimes we feel like you don't appreciate that.

What? Huh? What's going on?

Nothing dude, I was just borrowing some weed. Go back to sleep.

Oh, ok...uh...zzzzzzzzzz

I don't want you to be mad at Jenny about all your money being gone either, that was mostly me, and mostly for my truffle and peyote addictions. But honestly, you would have done the same thing if you were in my shoes. Oh, and sorry about your pension being withdrawn, that was mostly Jenny, she has this 'thing' about androids, so we paid for a few dozen of them to party with us, pretty much every month, for the last few years. So, that's where that money went. I'm sorry you're broke now dude. But I want you to know, if you EVER need anything, I'm here for you, seriously dude, I've got your back, bro.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

Huh? What time is it? What are you doing in my room?

Relax dude, go back to sleep, I just came in here to borrow some weed.

Oh, ok, cool. Thanks for telling me you're taking some weed, that's really cool of you. Goodnight...zzzzzzzzzz

Speaking of weed, Jenny and I are really sorry, but for the last few years, we've stolen about half your weed to smoke during sex. Thanks for listening dude, even though you're asleep. Pleasant dreams buddy. Can't wait for more 'Jenny time' after you leave for work. Sorry you hate your job dude. But honestly, if you hadn't dropped out of college, you'd be in a better career situation. Goodnight.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

20: IS IT REALLY A DOOR?

Hi.

Hi.

What do you want? You've been hitting my door over and over again.

Yes, it's called knocking.

I can't keep up with all the modern lingo, sorry.

Weak apology accepted, so, some of the neighbors are trying to put together a neighborhood community club. and I'd like to invite YOU to be one of our first members!

Great! and I'd like to invite YOU to go fuck yourself into oblivion.

I was warned you'd be a tough cookie. maybe we could go for a coffee and you could tell me about all the ways fate has forced you to sit and spin throughout your life?

I'll pass, ever since scientists genetically engineered coffee to have feelings, I can't touch the stuff. How

Conversations from the Fucking Future

about this, we could go for a swim together, I could, maybe hold your head underwater until you shit yourself dead, how's that sound?

Shit myself dead?

Is that not the correct lingo?

Actually, that's close, thank you for making an attempt to be relatable to the younger generation.

Did you have some pamphlets for me?

I don't want to waste any on you.

See?! This is the lack of community pride I've been reading about lately. someone should start a community neighborhood club.

That's a great idea. please kill me.

Conversations from the Fucking Future

The end

Conversations from the Fucking Future



Conversations from the Fucking Future

Conversations from the Fucking Future