

Dream Maker

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“You can have the blonde for three grand.” The Dream Maker’s argument was convincing; it wasn’t every day a young man could invest in an unforgettable experience that would last life times. Jonny was down on his luck and into his second life refresh, still humming with the new life hormones of the treatment that restored vitality, and he wanting to make the most of it. When he did the maths, this was a good way to go.

A real life experience would be ten times more expensive and it was live, no changes, no modifications, you just held on for the ride and got what you got. A custom dream, however was something different. In the hands of a master, you could walk away with a detailed, experience that could change your life for the better.

“Ok, I’ll take it,” said Jonny. “But leave out the cheap stuff...and I’ll take the blonde’s friend as well. You are going to give me a good deal on both!”

“Absolutely, Young Master. You read my mind. I have the perfect scenario at the best price anywhere for you. Just relax and enjoy the ride. And you will be paying in Universal Credits, I imagine?”

Johnny lived at home with his parents and brother. He had two other siblings who moved out long ago, a move that left Johnny dreaming of better days in his own apartment. At the moment he shared an old house that smelled of stale tobacco, fried onions and swamp. On a good day he dreamed of getting a better paying job and moving out into his apartment. Fact was he had placed a modest deposit on just such an escape some years ago but couldn’t afford to move in on his salary, so he lived with his family and hoped for that big break. He had a few opportunities in the past. It wasn’t that luck, fortune and hard work were completely missing, it was just that Johnny was a dreamer and he always dreamed of being someplace else, somewhere he wasn’t present now, and he was dreaming this last dream, ready to blow a lot of money on a distraction on today, his one hundred and fiftieth birthday.

His friend Rachel had come along for the ride and kept him company as he glossed through the shiny holograms that advertised the business’s scenarios and what they offered. Some rides were for hard core dreamers and involved nearly unsurmountable challenges, but other dreamers, like Johnny, just wanted something to take the edge off, something for them to say that was mine and remind them of their dignity, if even for just one fleeting moment.

“Yes, here are the credits. Now let’s get started.”

Johnny laid down in the dream booth and was connected to the system by assistants.

“Your friend can watch for free from in here,” said the Dream Maker. Rachel obliged, a little excited at the same time.

The Dream Maker flipped a few switches, fired up the super computer and got to work. Johnny fell asleep on schedule and all that could be seen from him for the next half hour was smiles and twitches. The dreamer was dreaming once more.