

Dieter felt inspired. He climbed off Sophia and went to his drafting desk, his cock a compass needle pointing the way. He needed to get his ideas down on paper. Sophia was used to it. In fact it was one of the things that attracted her to Dieter – his drive, his determination. She sat up in bed and reached over for her thinking cap, more of a helmet really...red and safari like. Her journal and pen were waiting in their usual spot and she picked them up and continued work on her obituary. She was obsessed with the lives of the dead, and this included her own death. Her favorite radio station featured biographies of people who had died that day. She often found herself crying listening to the past achievements of the forgotten while she drove home from working at the haberdashery.

Dieter meanwhile was on fire. His brain synapsing here and neurotransmitting there...tiny explosions all over the inside of his skull. He was part of the NewPast Photo Club and the other members had recently emailed him some very interesting images. He kept seeing them in Sophia's eyes while they were having sex. Dieter didn't actually shoot photographs but his involvement with the Photo Club helped him see buildings, landscapes, and space in a different way. And he liked all the talk of f-stops, millimeters, and shadows.

His new client wanted something typical. She had even used the completely expected exclamation "bold", which made Dieter's cheeks hurt from smiling without exposing the guffaw hidden behind. She didn't even know what bold meant. Of course it would be bold, it would be positively heroic. He would design something for the people. Something useful and utilitarian that also commented on the nature of the future. Or rather, the nature of No Future. Or perhaps, the Naturelessness of the Future. That was it – something that spoke to the destruction of the natural...the end of nature.

"What was that?" Sophia asked.

“The end of nature,” Dieter replied. “The end of nature,” he said again, his eyes huge and his hands working the pencil, protractor, and ruler feverishly.

“Ah yes,” Sophia said, “The end.” And as she wrote it in her notebook she felt the slightest tingle in her breast.

Steven Salardino