

The Incorporated Future:

Running down the bank of a hill I see smoke stacks plume high, I hear the loud din of an intersection which is illuminated by an unnatural glow of bright electronic billboards trying to sell me anything they can. I felt my neck tingle as my RFID tag was pinged by the billboard. The urban landscape sprawls as far as the eye can see, for what used to be eastern rural Canada is now part of Zone 16. Zone 16 is owned by Pfizer, after making it big in the Nanotech sector they thought they'd be like every other corporate giant, and buy some large global real-estate. Of course, not everybody in this zone works for Pfizer. There are many districts in our 10,000 KM long cityscape, some owned by smaller corporations, but none smaller than 100,000 workers. In the year 2070 no such companies exist, mergers of transnational companies extend from here to Mars; any maybe even beyond with the Boeing fleet exploring the outer-rim of our galaxy. We all unite under a corporate slogan. The bureaucracy's of countries and the U.N. don't even matter anymore. Corrupt by corporate cash, democracy is only a lie. No man is above his keeper.

I remove my respirator as I enter the Amazon.com shopping district, I am on my way to meet Sasha-June. She was a victim of the 2062 branding wars, she has an ever-updating Coca-Cola ad playing across her chest. This year it's a spinning bottle cap, not as bad as the dancing polar bears. I see her near the food cubicles, her mouth opens before she forces down a hideous looking piece of Kikka wasabi. I approach from the side. Sitting down next to her, I tell her that she is just as ugly as ever. "Your such a big jerk Gage!" She responds, winking and smiling at me. I confidently threw my holo-emitter on the table and we are greeted with an advertisement looking for people to move to McDonald's/Nike/Sony Sector 5 formerly Tokyo bay . Then appears what I wanted to show her. She looks down, smiles, and lets out a sigh of near relief, I smile back as I turn off the map. "So we are finally going through with it?" she asks. "Sure!..!. It would look that way wouldn't it sweetheart?!?" I exclaimed rudely. "What are we going to do about the Electronic Privacy Guardians?" She said shuttering. "Those e-Pigs won't snort a thing" I shot back. "First we have to get to the Northern 16 Gamma Cavern". "Why? Is No Surrender ready?" she questioned pensively. "Ready as it'll ever be, but please don't take any of that smelly sushi with you" I said. "Lets go!" she whispered.

We found our way to a rift in the biosphere outside of an abandoned parking lot. I had already parked my hovercycle in a dark wet corner. Removing the tarp I signalled for Sash to grab my waist but she shook her head. "Do you remember what happened last time you drove?" she ask with a smirk on her face. Reluctantly I let her drive, luckily for me I still had to find where the hell our rendezvous was on NE-511. We slid under the green glowing rift, Sash's long flowing synthetic-like red locks flew back in my eyes. "Hey, I just about found our landing zone before your hair hit my face" I said, clenching my PDA. I

started scanning over all near-Earth asteroids. NE-511 was floating past Mars between the asteroid belt and Jupiter. I poked away at my PDA a bit longer trying to downloading all the survival information and entertainment I'd ever need.

We arrived at the cavern around 128244 Timex → time, after depleting 2 oxygen tanks and avoiding an uncountable amount of billboards trying to scan my identity and sell me something. Even out in the barrens there are ads. We jump in the cavern, sliding down a rope ladder, we said our quick, short, and sweet farewells to what used to be Earth, and now branded "Corporia". This of course, by those who disagree with such a way of life.

I tapped my PDA awhile longer and No Surrender appeared from a lime-encrusted cave wall. A euphoric cry is heard from Sasha-June as our spaceship is revealed. I smile at her, and she smiles back teary-eyed and joyful. We race to the entrance like children racing through a carnival. I open the titanium hatch to show what looks to be a humble but promising-looking cockpit. A holographic flight GUI appeared as we hopped in our ship. I laughed like a giddy kid as I powered up the quantum speed engine. It took me forever to file off the "Ford" logo on the engine. "Well lets hope this thing flies!" I said as I gulped down what would be the last branded energy drink I would ever consume. The ship shot off Earth faster than I have ever seen a ship fly. I looked out the hatch window to witness a green and brown polluted atmosphere shrink in the distance. It was hard to imagine there was some life left beneath such ghastly cloud. I had to get Sasha to watch, she came to the hatch. She couldn't, it reminded her of why she came to find me.

Her boyfriend and family were killed for trying to protect what little breathable air still existed in Shanghai. Shell managed to produce a synthetic gasoline replacement which was identical to fossil fuel, and just as destructive. They called this Setro. Setro was exported in great volume to China, as it climbed it's way to the economic centre of the world. Sasha's parents worked for Shen Zen Shu, a leader in the late industrial revolution of China. Shen Zen Shu was involved in using modified Setro as an alternate source of fuel for China's space program. This was killing everything that encompassed China and the eastern world. Sasha's parents proposed a less harmful alternative to Setro but Shen Zen Shu's board reject such a proposal. Dismayed by this, they threatened to quit and leave Shanghai if something couldn't be done to protect the environment. After they leaked this to the press, Shen Zen Shu executed her parents. Her boyfriend was killed while helping Sasha try to investigate her parents death. She forever felt guilt for being alive after that incident.

Our spaceship was just about out of fuel as we arrived in orbit around NE-511. We touched down on a crater on the northern polar cap. This was it, freedom. Surprisingly enough we were greeted by an android colony. They said "we are the Osiris, welcome to the our crater". They stared at my companion, Sasha. They touched the back of her neck. "There!" one said. "She is de-activated" another chirped. "What?????" "No!!!!" I screamed. "She wasn't real" I wondered aloud. I seen a glowing LED logo on the back of Sasha's neck. It said: Property of the Shen Zen Shu Corporation."

"Don't worry Gage, you will awake from chronosleep soon" I heard from an indistinguishable voice. I woke up on a stainless steal table in my boxers. I was in a ship. Groggy, I stumbled to my feet only to meet a built cigar smoking man. "We will be arriving at 22:00" he barked. I put on my clothes which were beside the table. I emptied the pockets of my shirt only to find a business card. It read: *Gage Boyd, intergalactic marketer. The best in the business!*