

DAVID CARR PRIZE FOR EMERGING WRITERS @ SXSW 2016

Jaime Boust, concerned denizen, presents:

The Year 2056: A DAY IN THE LIFE

6:24am: October 2, 2056

You are having that dream again. The one where you walk into Glorie's cube to report on the QuikComm issue and your BrightEye goes dark. There you stand, info-naked, as the woman redlights your brainfail, simulsending a vidsnip to your file, your boss, and your coworkers. REMSswap gets the gist and flashes you adblips:

Think QuikComm for Neurotext

Paul Canker, Redlight Litigation @StopRedLight

Anxiety Dreams? Set REMSswap to Dreamless + Try low-dose DeBlufomine

You toss and you turn. REMSswap scans your realms and curates the essentials.

INCENTIVES

\$10 DEBT REDUX today only if you wear: H&M PegPant, Nike dRiVe bYs, or GAP Touch Me

\$3/day DEBT REDUX this week to Eat & Tweet: Kellogg's Age-Erase® Goji-Flax B-fast Nibble Stix

Win \$50,000! eNRGee Addict Marathon: Drink-n-Blink UR psycho life – peeps crown king on Halloween!

MESSAGES

Glorie@Globos: 3 Documents, 2 Video Briefs, 16 Data Snips – own these b4 9am. Jayden in offc 2day.

AMInsights@DebtDashboard: Combined Credit Available: \$28,341.23 ConsoliDebt Balance: \$231,139.98

Mom@Comcast: Hi Bug. Jaxon and Olivia are bringing the kids here for Pre-Christmas dinner. I was hoping you and Lucas could come up on Wed so you can help w/the stuffing and Lucas can help Dad smoke the turkey? Plz let's have Pre-Xmas in person this year. The kids can't hug Nana thru the screen.

CALENDAR

7:00am: Jakarta check-in. Confirm lunch order

8:30am: QuikComm Situation Assessment with Jayden Stroke

4:00pm: QuikComm Report to Exec Team

6:30pm: Jakarta team dissolution discussion

7:00pm: Leave work early! Kids' Poekoelan expo!

6:39am: End REMSswap

Eyes open, it's time to get up.

You eat & tweet your nibble stix first so you can dress the kids in their incentives, feed them DeathMarch III Chocoblade Crunch with hazelnut milk, and lick their hair smooth as you usher them out the door to the neighborhood Learn-n-Earn. In the shower you shave as you swipe through your morning pre-briefs, blinking your right eye closed through the entire seven o'clock call so the jackholes in Jakarta won't see you tripping into your Touch Me's. Somewhere in your peripheral blurs your spouse, tripping into his and tipping Los Angeles to sell off all shares of QuikComm in splinterspeak. Your biodata dashboard already trends red as you order a line-caught nu-tuna panino with ginger aioli and heirloom pickles, wilted mustard green gel, and fair trade Schizandra berry ionized seltzer for the big man to delect as he reams your ass. While in that viewplane, you blink-swipe to Mi551N6, that fab crustless pizza salon with the 3D cartoons that distract the children and try for an 8:30pm table, but only a 10pm is available unless you set your profile to full-vis, which is impossible at the moment because any QuikComm user in Midtown would redlight you all the way into the building. So the nushi boat place the kids like will have to do.

The queues at the station are legend because there are three, count 'em, bodies on the tracks, your buzzplane reporting that none of their emoji quotients suggest suicide. All were likely BrightBlinded by the new Baby Gaga vidsnip leaked this morning. The sea of whiteshirts is equally blinding, and somewhere beyond your data you feel a pang, seeing how stretched people are, your BrightEye projecting a chiliad of offers onto the clean canvases of their backs. The woman in front of you must be downright desperate because from the back of her button-down the President is making eye contact, imploring you to sign a pledge of support for military action in Turkey. *You're a turkey*, you think, but temper your thoughts before Subway starts painting a sandwich across this poor woman's trapezius adspace and the IRS auditor comes messaging.

This is not good. You are going to be late. Your cortisol is at its 52-week high as you finally reach the turnstile, which, detecting your levels, asks you extra questions. If it wasn't clear before, now it's new, improved Windex that you will have to invalidate all of today's captured incentives and then some by paying for the express train and hailing one of those god-awful market research taxis to get to work in time.

You score a seat on the train and sit across from a very attractive person whose data throws a ten-point match at you, despite both parties being married, and through the newsblips in your BrightEyes you spy one another, both thinking it, each waiting for the other to act. The invite blips and you accept, quite willing to cyberfuck this stranger on the train as you hurtle beneath the city streets to what will most certainly be an unpleasant day. By Jay Street your shirt is off, your pants gone at Canal, and you shift in your seat, your goodies secretly throbbing, and just as you think it—this'll fix my levels—

your cyber lover sees your affiliation to QuikComm and detaches, sending your serotonin plummeting as the words **Seriously, Fuck U** flash in your viewplane. You ride the rest of the way with your eyes closed and your head down, attempting to mute the world.

Out the station you wade through the tides of untouchables crashing at you from all directions, their silent pleas scrolling and falling away faster than you can read them. The vast are GoodPerson-certified, so if you're feeling charitable you can scan their history, check their dopamine levels, and sponsor them at \$5, \$10 or \$25 in a blink. A lone woman stands amongst them, her right eye clouded, BrightEyeless, her palm out like some dinosaur who didn't get the newsblip ten years ago that currency was extinct. You break through, uncharitably—if you beamed a buck to every no-good, you'd be as broke as them—and cut your way through the subway steam into the pulsating city.

Your BrightEye flashes the ten-minute alert for your meeting and geos your distance: 1.1 miles.

OPTIONS

WALK: @ avg rate 3.1MPH, arrival: 8:41am @ increased rate 3.7MPH, arrival: 8:38am
RUN: @ avg rate 6.4MPH, arrival: 8:28am
TAXI: 92 persons seeking taxis in .5 mile radius, estimated arrival: 8:47am

You stand, the world warping past, surveying your options as the arrival times advance. Only when BrightEye makes its recommendation—RUN—do you snap from analysis paralysis and start motoring your ass.

The electric mosaic unfurls before you. The sidewalk squares glow in your viewplane—a CVS flu shot reminder, *BloodSweat—the new fragrance by BabyGaga*,

Prison City: Will Dickie survive the night?—and as you curl and quickstep through the persons, you inadvertently schedule a flu-shot for noon and wishlist BloodSweat, the latter setting off a cascade of illuminations in your viewplane of the people also planning to own the scent. The five-minute alert blips, and you swipe away your updated options and pick up the pace as two different Starbucks geo your approach and ask if you'd like the same as yesterday—Venti Fauxfat Sweet Curry Latte and No-carb Banana Bredd—but there's no time, so you blink no and leap over a squatting schnauzer and into the street, huffing sewer musk as you dodge two bicycles billboards to cross against the traffic, your building in sight, radiant with the new Globos mini-drama starring Buddha Cruise as a young whippersnapper eager to climb the corporate ladder. You can already see the line of kids outside the door, waiting to apply, and you will issue a fatwah on that fat fuck at security if he doesn't let you through before them. Your approach to the building casts a complex geometry of 1st-degree connections into your viewplane and delivers their updates. EMILY CHEN is wearing H&M pegpants today. MADISON KHURANA is enjoying her Fair Trade Single Origin Vaccum Press from HumaneBean. *Would you like one?* LIAM LEW just drank CalmCol for his ulcerative colitis. Glorie neurotexts you—WTFRU?—and you think you actually feel the tumor growing as you respond, just as your agent from Consolidebt tries to talkinghead you, as if you didn't know your payment is 31 days late. Your field of vision is so busied, by all of this and also by the scene playing across the Globos Building of Buddha making passionate physical love to his supervisor in the server room, that a delivery truck almost human pancakes you across the final intersection. Another neurotext—Seriously, he is actually in the room now—as you battle your way through

security, an angry mob of QuikComm users geotagging you and redlighting your entrance. You run as a herd of midterns hustle into the elevator. “Wait!” your voice cracks, the first word you have spoken today. You sacrifice your arm to the closing doors and they accept, releasing to reveal no less than thirteen looks of inconvenience. Your heart rate is red alert, your stress factor maximum as the gleaming stainless doors slide closed, and through the array of biostats and event alerts pulsing in your viewplane, you see yourself for just a moment, pink-faced and exhausted, and try to remember if it was always this way.

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