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SciFi Anthology #1

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Chapter 1

Over sized view screens hung everywhere. The technicians floated over their input devices with an air of mystique as the evening participants filed into the room. The smiling was overwhelming. It looked like it would be a fantastic day.

"Gentlemen I would like to give you some background details" the moderator said in a soft voice. "The history of this particular planet is not unique. However, the extremes they've taken it to are. I'll give you the basic list, and we will come back to the rest a little later."

This presentation deals with the planet Aerrasop in galaxy 1136 19 K 4. The planet seems to have about 100,000 years of evolution for the bipedal. It is safe to say it has been stagnant for the last 90,000 years. This is a result of the caste system that is in place. The caste system is stringent once born into a caste, there is no way out of it. The caste system breaks down into four separate groups, which are as follows.

Primary caste system or lower caste, approximately 65% of Aerrasop's population fits into this caste. The Primary Caste is the low-end labor force; they have extreme beliefs in a God system. They always hope to improve themselves but are unaware that there is no way out. Intelligence is very low and maintained genetically by the Echelon Caste.

Mid Caste system or middle caste, makes up approximately 20% of the population is in this caste. This is the working caste given the meager ability to make an inadequate living. They have minor beliefs in a God system. Most realize that they are stuck in this caste and merely accept their place in life.

Upper caste system or upper caste, approximately 14% of the population fits into this caste.. This is a non-working caste. They are born with money and very few have illusions about the world. They strive to achieve nothing. Their life is a tedious boredom, and the suicide rate is extremely high in this caste.

The remaining 1% of the population are born into Echelon caste, the highest caste system. They are a lot more than just the ruling caste. They control absolutely everything and have no moral code to speak of. Every action they take is justified by their own power with no regard for anything. This is the caste system we are going to look at more closely at little later in the presentation.

The caste system on this planet remains entrenched because it is ruled with an iron hand. Most offenses are punishable by death without appeal. From the Echelon Caste down each has jurisdiction over the one below them.

"Gentlemen, I would like everyone to proceed to the meeting room where we can review and finalize all the details of our current projections."

The club appeared lifeless as a few customers meandered about. The bartender polished the same glass for the hundredth time, his boredom an overwhelming force. He looked at the clock and muttered "Another damn hour until the gamblers showed up, this place will never be the same."

Trish, wearing her most provocative tight-fitting costume, examined her long fingernails and hummed a mindless tune.

The bartender slammed the glass he was holding on the counter. His eyes breathed fire. He shouts "Shut the hell up Trish. Nobody wants to hear that shit from where you used to live. You know you're only here because I pulled some strings, so you better cooperate, or it's back to the gutters for you."

Trish looked sheepishly at him, and stuttered "I'm really sorry Troy it it it won't happen again. I know you has done so much for me already. I'm just anxious because the last time those damn gamblers are here I didn't even get one tip. Those is the cheapest bastards I ever sees."

Troy turned away from her. He knew that he shouldn't take his frustrations out on her and besides, he really kind of liked her and the sex was just another bonus. He sighed. It was never going to be the same again; those bastards from the Echelon destroyed his business. Customers would not come here because the risk of running into one the Echelon was too high. Thanks to them he was barely scraping by. All these thoughts ricocheted through his brain. He knew he had no solutions.

"Trish" he said, "you can't talk like that, I taught you how to speak properly, and if you don't speak correctly we could both get in trouble. You know if somebody finds out you are from the lower caste you will have to go back there."

"But Troy you know that God is the one that help me to get this job with you, and He's protecting us cause, He loves us so much. He would never let you get into trouble for helping me" she said with conviction.

"There is no damn God Trish! even if he exists, all he would be is an evil prick" mumbled Troy.

Trish sat down and closed her eyes. She started remembering her childhood. The filth was everywhere. She lived with her mother, two brothers and two sisters in a small one-room apartment. They had electricity for only six hours a day. The wind often came through the walls and blew out the candles. There was never enough food. Her only salvation was that she was allowed to finish school. She was quite proud of her grade six education. She remembered all the fighting and desperation that surrounded her. Their church priest had been a particular focus for her. He taught her so many things about God, and she believed every word that he said. His desire for sex with small children was, as he explained to her, his way of being repaid for the knowledge that he gave. She could not possibly fault that. He said God said it required it of us.

She didn't think it was a horrible childhood, mostly because she had nothing to compare it to. All of her friends had lived through the same thing. Then Troy found her. Her life immediately changed. She no longer worried about food and where she was going to sleep. She lived with him and got to sleep in his bed. Like magic there was food in the fridge and cupboards and someone to cook that food besides her. He was also a much better lover than the priest.

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