

Sun Deck 2



Sun Deck 2. That's what my wall screen said this morning. Sun Deck 2. It's my appointment at one of my favorite spots - a special balcony with a clear cover that makes you feel like you are in space, out among the galaxies. Of course, the main part of the balcony is an infinity pool. 😊 Talk about a rush. In space.

And, on the Sun Deck, in this case the second sun deck, you have your choice of any of 100 stars to choose from to be your sun. Once chosen, that star is magnified to the size of a typical sun in a solar system, and then the sun deck creates a surrogate "earth home" for inhabitants.

It's a rather amazing piece of technology, combining projection holograms and recombinant molecular structures from the atomic level up. The result is a totally believable world that lives under a fabricated "sun" while hurtling millions of parsecs through space.

To think it is real is to dismiss the fact that it is the result of some amazing algorithms, massive computations and remarkable structuring capabilities, all driven by supra-intelligence, three generations after AI.

The result is a “world” that you can walk through, interact with, and even reconstruct by hand, if desired.

For millions of travelers this is the best distraction from the boredom of space travel. Sun Decks give you something to do in a world that you essentially make up. I’m told that in antiquity there was a game called Sim City, but it only was created and displayed on a screen. There was no actual physical presence. Sounds infinitely boring to me.

Sun Deck Caribbean is one of my favorites. Step through that door and you’re on a Caribbean island that admittedly has some physical limits in terms of size, but has all the other attributes, in this case ocean with waves, gentle tropical breezes, sea birds and other wildlife.

My first visit there was really amazing. I bought my ticket a year before, this being my first vacation ever. I saved up credits and when I had enough I paid for the ticket and sat thinking about what I was going to do.

Caribbean island. You’re kidding right? Breezes with fragrances of beautiful flowering trees, the sound of birds as they sing a symphony in the air, and a wonderful climate, outside the rare and sometimes refreshing tropical storm. Those were all of the choices I usually made, my figuring that anything beyond that would be gravy, but the meat and potatoes are really what it’s all about.

But now I’m on Sun Deck 2.

I got there on a Saturday, walking from one world, one life, one reality, through a door way and small transition room, into a completely different world, life and reality.

Honestly, I didn't know what to expect. First, there actually was a greeter when I “arrived.”

(I wasn't actually sure how this new world reality would unfold, so to speak, even after watching the introductory video.)

Okay, the greeter was assigned to meet all of us arriving at that time, marshalling us on to a Lanai where we were given a quick orientation complete with tropical rum drinks in little coconut shells with straws.

“Your bungalow assignment is in your welcome packet, along with a map of the resort and other essential information,” she said. “Your packet describes all of the amenities and options for your stay. Your time here is really what you make of it. Essentially, you make your own calendar schedule or use one of ours, and then you follow your interests during your time here.

“If you use one of our calendar schedules you’ll be paired with other guests that are seeking the same experiences.

“Any questions?”

Of course there were none. We were all settled in for a long journey and this was just a way to distract our minds from the actual boringness of intergalactic space travel.

But on Sun Deck 2, I found that all the necessities were covered. On offer were some very interesting and even gripping experiences.

For example, after I checked the calendar in my resort room I discovered that I could participate in a surgery. After a solid briefing, I would be operating on a 57-year-old male that needed his gallbladder removed. I was fascinated since I had never been involved in a surgery before. I booked an appointment for 3 pm and then proceeded to drink two zombie wombie’s to settle my nerves.

Now, I was ready for something, and I didn’t want to wait around until 3 pm. I was really ready for something.

So, I checked out the beach.

The waves were coming in with nice curls but no big surf. The water was ideal to play in and guaranteed to rejuvenate and revitalize tired or bored people. I spotted plenty of those two categories of people when I was checking it out.

Warm sun, and not hot. Sand that is warm but not hot to the touch. Gentle breeze that keeps humans cool, especially because it is flowing from the sea on to shore, and the water out there is kept perpetually cooler, designed to mimic the oceans on earth.

Two families were near me on the beach side of the path. The first was a nice couple in their early 30's, the second an older couple in their 50's. Both smiled friendly smiles when they looked at me which made me feel comfortable and not threatened.

I walked out to the water and then atop the rip rap wall for the maybe 50 feet to where I encountered the first couple. They were pleasant. As we talked they shared that they were from the planet Korder, from where every human is a descendant of earth transplants several centuries ago.

As we talked I told them part of my story. Needed to get away. This seemed like a good diversion. It had lots of my favorite elements. And this is an older model Sun Deck, which means it's discounted as it ages.

They described some of the activities they were going to do, and invited me to join them.

They keep inviting me to things and it seems like we're pretty good friends. That's when they tell me. "We don't want to hold you back and we couldn't keep up the schedule that you can. Let's get together occasionally, but let you have some time to find your equilibrium."

That's a relief to me. I'm a much more mellow person.

Admittedly, I was still a bit jittery when I got to the operating room. After a quick mask-ful of clarifying gas I was able to finally stand up straight and watch a quick tutorial on the procedure.

The next thing I knew I was waking up to the following voice:

"57 year old male, 5'10" tall, 242 lbs, presents with distended gall bladder, physician's direction – remove gall bladder and rehabilitate."

Wait, what!!!! I mean, WAIT WHAT!!!!

That was exactly the prognosis for the case I was going to observe, the one that had been depicted in the video we just watched again. Big problem - I'm not the observer, I'm the patient. Further problem - I have never been diagnosed with gall bladder issues.

I'm having trouble focusing. My vision is blurry and my mind is in a fog. How long have I been here? What's going on?

Then I hear another voice:

"As you observe, this male has not taken care of his physical condition. He has spent most of his life simply consuming and not contributing. He spent all of his available credits for this vacation and has little left for living once it is over. It has been determined that he is a drain on society and therefore will be used to provide parts for more actively engaged humans."

That is the last think I hear.