

The Supermarket

In the future people needed somewhere to take their mind off things. More so, than in the present as now was about thirty years in the past. These places were called Supermarkets.

They had food of every description. However, because of the psychosis phenomena affecting the world they had all manner of facilities.

The psychosis phenomena meant that social interaction was not safe in small numbers as small groups or individuals could turn into psychopaths with a very simple pattern of stimuli. People were disappearing and being found dead in horrible circumstances.

A group, or gang of relatively docile people could be whipped up into a violent frenzy simply by an antagonist throwing psychosis through conversation at the “wrong” (or right, depending upon your perspective) member of the group. By pushing his or her buttons. Sometimes illegal drugs, as shall be explained later, were distributed first to get the group in the mood for their frenzy.

It had been happening for a while, it started suddenly about 10 years ago. One day things were as calm as they had been for a while then overnight the thoughts started overloading certain people who were more susceptible to suggestion of a wrong type. Some thought that the rise of social media caused the phenomenon until someone found the formula they were using.

It was a scientist professor that found the drug in a blood sample which was sent for routine Diabetes testing. They thought the drug was an isolated case then they found a way of testing which showed mass deliberate poisoning of the food chain.

Who was behind this attack on civilization? Was it a foreign government? Whilst that was the initial thought it became less likely as the drug finds became so widely found. Finally we decided it was a group of Anarchists living in London. They were left over from the Punk era and had become mainstream enough to find ways of Scientific involvement in the design and distribution of the drug. We were sad to realise they had such a following of similarly disillusioned society destroyers.

The drug was an amnesiac performer and caused psychosis without memory of what acts were performed when administered. As it happened the drug tended to only affect some proportion of those “spiked” with it. It was not isolated to one country. The entire world was affected. The drug culture had got so out of hand and the people within it so organised and so devious and so greedy that they wanted to take the world and what it had to offer for themselves. They wanted control. They were everywhere, workers, management, government. They could devise ways of placing the drug without anyone knowing and they did. If you got “spiked” a sleepless night followed by stomach issues and then random behavior tended to occur. During the random behavior stage psychosis would cause the subject to want to release energies they had not control over. Their instincts would react in a heightened state and caused actions that could be either creative or violent depending on the character of the person in question.

Bill and Gemima used to go to the supermarket every day to take advantage of the various offerings.

Today they met at the Garage on the corner a few miles from the Supermarket intending to get a bus to the hub. The bus stop had some broken panes where someone had smashed them. There was also some minor tagging, or graffiti daubed behind the shelter on the wall of the building. It was mindless graffiti without any aspect you could call artistic.

Bill wanted to buy some shoes and both Bill and Gemima wanted something to eat. When they met Bill kissed Gemima on the cheek friend fashion. They would be lovers one day when Gemima was ready. Bill looked over her shoulder and frowned, "Don't look now Gemima but there is a suspish type staring in our direction." She did not look; however, her concern was noticeable and the vibe she projected was quite tangible. He linked her arm in his and walked towards the bus stop. A rather strange thing happened. The bus did not stop when he indicated that they wanted to get on. Despite being the only ones at the stop he was quite perturbed. He wondered whether it was something to do with the Suspish type over the way. Gemima did not seem too worried, although Bill remembered the person he saw when they met not so far from this place.

"What do we do today, Gemima?", Bill asked slowly, so she understood.

With Bill and Gemima he had to clearly define his conversation, or she would misunderstand. The Bipolar mind processes much more information than that of someone without the diagnosis. If allowed to complete the thought process they embark on at certain points, the bipolar mind can deliver a far more accurate result for the improvement of the consensus. This is another way of describing the incredible ability of the Bipolar mind to work a pattern to gain a community success quotient.

It is not patronising to say that speaking slowly is due to Bipolars having a disability. Bipolar is classed as such because people without such a diagnosis would use them too badly otherwise. The fact is a disability tends to be when there is a minority situation and to be Bipolar these days is becoming more the norm. The disabled label is so that they are "protected" from abuse. Gemima told people this when she felt it necessary or when she thought the person she was talking to was worth explaining some of her more heartfelt reasoning.

"I want to play Bonker ball, Bill., I need to reduce some frustrations,," said Gemima.

Bonker ball was a simple strategy game played in a zero G room with some other players. There are three teams who could play independently of each other or join forces against one of the others. In fact, the triangular nature of the game allowed several permutations and mechanisms. The payers pushed off from the side and glide towards the objectives. There were several Balls and the word Bonker was there to describe some people's inept abilities in Zero G, especially those that are new to the experience. Not all Supermarkets had Zero G rooms so the one in Battenburgh must have been a good one. Bill did not like the area the Supermarket was in; however, he was loyal to the Supermarket itself. This was often the case with Moderns, a type of person who loved the

technology of the shopping centres that had been built up to socialise the peoples of each district within the old borders separating areas in the world, they used to be called countries.

There were shelves being stacked by hover droids and Security guards carrying thunderbolts; semi powerful stun guns which if used carelessly could kill a person. Then with the psychosis phenomenon flourishing, anything could happen in the massive crowded building.

Everything was inside in the Supermarket whilst the ceiling was suspended about 50 feet above, the walls were only 15 feet or so high and were often just separators. The zero G area was a full 50 feet high and the walls quite strong steel compared to the plastic of the separator walls. The Bonker ball arena was very busy when they arrived, and they got into the queue for the equipment. It consisted mostly of armor which would prevent them hurting themselves if they hit each other during play. The helmet and armor were made of Tevlar a material quite recently invented and concocted from Teflon and Kevlar, the material helped reject the walls floor and ceiling so they kind of floated. However, the most fun part of the equipment was in the boots and consisted of a small propulsion device.

Bill suddenly stopped and looked at Gemima. Then he looked behind himself and then back at Gemima. Then he turned and confronted the man that he had noticed earlier when he kissed her on the cheek. Also, convey what is about him? He did not know the man; however, he knew when a someone was they were not handling their personal psychosis. He was walking quickly towards Bill and Bill knew he was going to have words. Bill saw the mans lips moving but did not hear what he was saying the blood was coursing to his head and he was frozen when the side of his head connected with the man's fist and he saw stars. He could hear Gemima screaming in slow motion and he fell to his knees.

Gemima was looking for security but there were none in eyesight. Then she calmly turned towards the man who was lining up another punch at Bill and before the man knew what was happening Gemima had hit him in his throat with all her strength. The psychotic individual made a gurgling sound and started to go red in the face. He backed off from the two of them into the net the two guards, who had appeared from nowhere, had ready to catch him. They used nets as this caught the person with minimal harm to other bystanders or the Security Guards themselves.

Gemima shouted at the Guards "Where did you come from didn't the scanners pick him up"? They looked at her and laughed, as they recognised her as Bipolar on their forearm personal computers, Bipolars often did not get taken seriously. The scanners would have picked her up as having a disability on the way into the building as every person had a microchip with a bio on it for reasons best known to the control. The control being the organisation which oversaw the population and breeding pattern.

Somehow, Bill was thinking this was some sort of setup to try and get Gemima to do something with her abilities. Either to assess her, or to criminalise her so they could lock her up. This was odd because there were rules in place to protect all citizens who pull their weight in this strange world we live in.

That is the moment she knew she could do it. She did not look for these moments they arrived at the right time always though. Nobody knew she did it. It was personal to her own belief and ability matrix. She could manipulate time and change the future from the present. How far into the future she could change things was relative to the situation. She knew Bill was for her then and needed to protect a point in the future when they would be tested as a couple. She travelled using a technique which was based on her DNA and allowed her to transpose her mind into others to inspect their understanding of now to extrapolate the future and find the manipulation point. All of this was happening real time and in a fraction of a few seconds as her amazing mind calculated the jump, executed it, performed the insertion, and returned to the present.

A singularity needed to occur in time for her to be able to influence the future. These happened when she is being abused in some way. People would work a pattern on her to give them an ability to commit a crime (not a man-made law crime, a Universal crime) within her sphere of influence. Her sphere influence would fluctuate although might be having a circumference of about 75 miles. Quite remarkable for any Bipolar mind. A Universal crime is one visible to other beings in the Universe, not always humans.

Bill was looking at her quizzically nursing his head somewhat, he had seen her facial expression and her eyes close momentarily before. He always felt very close to her when that happened as if she had done something for him which was more incredible than he would ever know.

Gemima was tired suddenly and another superior Security officer had appeared. They were going to have to explain themselves. He was scanning them with a portable device which was making some beeping noises.

He looked at the scanner with a frown saying, "Nothing abnormal we thought you might be an anottin, he said to Gemima" An anottin is a drug infested person who is then susceptible to psychosis. "We see you are a Bipolar, we might need to call you in for questioning to make sure the psych services are happy with your social behaviors". Gemima said nothing as she was used to this treatment and knew that what she had just done, manipulating the future, was more important than any of the bureaucracy.

The superior gave them a small letter asking that they come in to the security office to make a complaint about the man, who by this time, had disappeared.

The drug normally stays in the Blood stream for about 3 days. And the Psychosis wears off sometime on day three.

"I want to go home to your house Bill", Gemima said. I want to make sure you are ok tonight. Bill said "OK, but you have to remember my house is very lived in".

Bill took her arm and lead her from the Zero G room through some passageways into the massive food area towards the exit.

He could feel Gemma Vibrating next to him. Like shivering only a high frequency. She always did this after her strange "episodes". Gemima knew she was receiving psychic energy which was her reward for completing the future manipulation.

10 years later another man approached Bill as if to hit him, however, this time as he held his arm out it was not to hit Bill it was to shake his hand. Bill made his first anottin cure business deal and went on to become very well off. Gemima loved the way this happened happily remembering the strange event 10 years previous. She loved Bill.