

A First Date in the Next Couple Years

Lucy walked out of the house with the full amount of exuberance that her 18 year-old frame could tolerate. Under her arm was her deck, the Vizza-Vid[®] camera pointed straight ahead. In her ears, the Valdson[®] set's ear buds were barely holding on. Finally, one fell loose. She stopped.

"Just a sec." She said into her microphone as she skillfully reseated the ear bud. "Ok, so you're turning on Gloria now! You're half-way down already! So you're really close. How can you see my...oh my god! Brian!"

Brian sauntered in, staring at his deck, his Vizza-Vid[®] pointed forward. Neither made eye contact.

"Check out your deck, Lucy."

Lucy stopped, looked at the display of her deck.

"Me with a heart around it in real time. That's so sweet, Brian. Let me update my status real quick."

"I have to too." Both stood five feet from each other, staring at their decks. Lucy looked up.

"It's nice to finally meet you in person." Twenty seconds passed. Brian now finished with his profile, grabbed her eye.

"You're much more beautiful in person."

Behind blushed cheeks. "You really do have green eyes." They hugged, decks clanging together.

As he left the embrace, Brian skillfully flicked his deck to a pre-set and offered it to Lucy. It was a picture of a rose.

Lucy, speechless: "I...uh, you should meet my...That's *so* nice of you." They embraced again, this one lasting longer.

"We should go inside." Lucy motioned.

Brian followed.

"So this is the living room you showed me. Where's the "bad books?"

Lucy chuckled, pointed in the direction of the upper-left corner.

"Up there. Shh...Mom, Dad, I'd like you to meet Brian Vestman."

Zack and Marsha Brown were old to be Lucy's parents, both in their 70's. Lucy was their fifth child, and Zack had been married twice before. Lucy's exuberance was quite a drain on their older bodies, but the Robo-Walker helped.

Zack started, "Nice to meet you, Brian. I've heard a lot about you already."

Marsha didn't skip a beat, "Lucy said you were going into business with your father?"

"With all due respect Mr. Brown, you don't really know much about me. I'm really an artist." At this Lucy swooned.

"He made me this carnation, and a swan..." Marsha Brown cut her daughter off. Lucy lowered her deck.

"But you are going to work over at Vestman's[®], yes?"

"Mom, don't be so intrusive."

Mr. Brown assumed a fatherly intonation, his Robo-Walker pushing him up a bit. "Now Lucy, you know we love you and we want only the best for you. We're just

concerned with what Brian does.”

“You mean my age?”

“You’re five years older than our daughter. As a father, I have to be concerned.”

Brain began to recite his speech. “I do understand your concerns Mr. Brown. I would like you to know that I am an upstanding member of this community and would never hurt or use your daughter. I know I look a little different but that’s because I express myself a little differently. I’m an artist. If that doesn’t work out...

Zack cut him off. “Enough. Ok, you pass.”

“Thank you Mr. Brown.”

“Zack.”

“Zack.” And they shook.

“Well Brian, since you’re of age, would you like a drink?”

“Zack, that’s not a good example to show Lucy.”

Brain, still scripted started, “If you’re concerned about Lucy drinking, I’d like to let you know that I will not provide any alcohol to Lucy. If she decides to drink on her own, I’ll watch over her.”

“That’s exactly what I’d hope to hear from you Brian!” said Zack. A wry smile came over Brian’s face.

“I can grab that beer for you, Mr. Brown, if you’d like.”

“Uh...yeah.” Brian walked into the kitchen. “Oh, Brian, they’re in the refrigerator by the...”

Brian walked back out holding two beers. “A Molson® for you, right?”

A very perplexed look came across the face of the father. “How did you know...?”

“It’s on your Facebook page.”

“No...the...”

“Daddy, I sent him a vid of the fridge. I wanted to show him all the roughage you guys have to eat.

Marsha had gone into the other room and returned with a corsage. “They still do this in the mid-two-thousands, don’t they?”

“Mom, I was supposed to do that.”

“Well I don’t think you and Brian want to be here all night, now do you?”

Brain tone displayed memorization. “Mrs. Brown, I don’t want you to think in anyway, that we don’t want you around. Lucy tells me that you’re a great mother and that she always misses you when you’re gone.”

“Where the hell are you reading this from?” Marsha had become quite alarmed. She had struggled with depression and abandonment issues from a young age. Brain had just nearly quoted something she had written as a self-help exercise. “I want it to be known when I’m around. I want my daughter to miss me when I’m gone.”

“Was that too personal?”

Exaggerated “Yes.”

Zack was listening intently but frowned with confusion at this. “What’s he talking about, Marsha? Why’d he make you so upset?” She had never shown him the exercise.

Marsha was crying. “You don’t...I had a hard time after Tom left for school. Oh,

Brian, that was a really nice thing to say. I'm sorry I... That I got emotional. I just... no one ever said that to me. It was sweet." and she hugged him. "But I really need to know where you found that."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Brown. You can do a search on psifinder.peoplefinder. Peoplefinder® has a lot of tools that can tell you about people. I shouldn't have searched you. It is available to everyone free of charge."

"Mom, I'm surprised you haven't heard of PeopleFinder®."

Mrs. Brown was stunned. It was in her to enjoy being available for others to find, but she had never thought such a search was possible. "It must have been all those psychological tests I took online.", she thought.

"Well, Brian, it was nice meeting you. I'm going to check that PeopleFinder® thing." She began to leave.

"Mom, right now? Brian just got here. Oh well. That was my Mom."

Zack spoke next. "I wonder what's up with her."

"What's up, dad? That's so 90's."

"What is it today? Joko?"

"Yeah, but you always say it wrong. It's like, Joko Bitch. Whose farming."

"That makes no since."

Brian, who had been ignoring everything, suddenly awoke.

"I don't say Joko. Joko's for conformists."

Any possible inkling at that conversation was destroyed.

Finally, Zack broke the silence. "Did you get a corsage for Lucy?"

"Yes sir." He pulled out square the width of a playing card.

"A Cro-Sci®. Dad, it's just like *the* hot new green product. Swoon it. You just tap the bottom panel..." As she pressed the bottom, a perfect three-dimensional image of a carnation appeared. "It responds to body heat, so, when I wear it, it'll turn on."

"Cool. But how green is it really? How much CO2 do virtual corsages save?"

"Dad. It's beautiful, Brian." He pinned it on her.

Marsha returned, still stunned. "Did you know you can find the address history of anyone in the US, just by entering some information? Did I miss the corsage? Wait Lucy, let me grab a camera."

Lucy pointed to her deck, the Vizza-Vid® pointed at the couple. "Vid uplink. Real-time stream. If you guys want old-fashioned pictures, I'll send you some."

Brain added, "And well framed too. It really works with the Dali print in the background."

Lucy stared at the side of Brian's face, amour upon her features. "It was *so* nice of you to find that shot. This is turning out perfect."

"You mean the wallpaper?" questioned Zack.

"Yes, see how this shot is framed with the countertop and the Dali print. I knew it was going to work out."

"How do you know what my wallpaper looks like? It's Dali-print wallpaper. I didn't even know that."

"You can set up your Walkgo® page to show various information. In your kitchen, it says your wallpaper is Dali. Look it, it is."

"My Walkgo...?"

“Yeah, I set us up for Walkgo, is that ok Dad?”

“You haven’t seen Walkgo?” Brian grabbed his deck.

Walkgo loaded. Brain selected "1442 Gloria St" and up came a live shot of all of them staring a Brian's deck.

"This thing can’t be good.", said Zack. "You can virtually walk through our house?"

“Yeah, and I’ve set up two cameras...” Lucy was interrupted by an actually disturbed mother.

“You set up cameras? Where? You really have to ask before you do something like that here.”

“Oh Mom, you’re so 74. Everyone is doing it.”

Brian piped up, “I’ve got four cameras. Some people have like twenty. Oh, don’t worry, they censor nudity.”

“Lucy, we’ll talk about this later. You guys should get going.”

“It’s getting pretty late, Brian. You wanna go?”

“In just a moment, dear. I was wondering Mr. and Mrs. Brown, if I could have a moment longer of your time.” Again the monotone of memorized word entered his voice.

“Is this a sales pitch?” asked Zack.

“I like to see it as an opportunity. As Mrs. Brown pointed out, I am working part time for my Father, selling life insurance.”

“You’re going to sell us life insurance?”

“I just wanted you to know that I can save you over 25% from what State Farm® is giving you, and I can provide \$5000 more in coverage. Because what is more important than setting up your children, Lucy, with the peace of mind that comes from having good life insurance?”

“Brian, you were being so cool earlier.” whined Lucy.

“I’m sorry, dear. Here Mr. Brown. My card. I’ll call you on Monday to discuss this further.”

Zack chuckled but then a dark stare came over him. “How do you know what my current coverage is? ”

Brian was sick of all the memorized BS, but he gave it his final gasp. “You are aware that a lot of information is available online about you, though any number of social networking sites or information gathering sites. Vestman Inc®...” he stumbled for a moment, “I have used only information about you that is freely available online, in order to provide for your needs better.”

“That’s what your father’s company taught you to say. Brain, what do you know about us?” Marsha asked.

“Hmm.” the question took Brian by surprise. “Well, I’ve walked through your house. I’ve seen your Facebook® pages. There’s the income estimate calculators. They’ve got your net worth around 2 million. Um...”

“Don’t forget the public records stuff.” Lucy reminded Brian.

“Yeah. Anything on public record. Some tax stuff, like your jobs and names and stuff. That’s how we get the income estimate. Arrests. Pot possession in 2012 Mr. Brown? I think we can forgive you.”

Zack said to Lucy, "You know about my pot bust?"

"Duh, Dad. Everyone does an Arrestcheck[®] now days.

"I could find out pretty much everywhere Mrs. Brown goes because of her bus pass. That's sort of iffy legally, but you can still access those records. I can't access State Farm's database, but I can estimate your date of death and cross reference it with State Farm's price list. Factor in your income, uber, an estimate. I donno, that's about it."

"It? Goddamn. How do I know you won't use all this information to, like, steal my identity?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Or rob us blind?" added the Mrs.

"I would never do that Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Never."

"But what keeps *one* from doing so?"

Brain thought for a second.

"Nothing."