

Careers

Harmony wanted a career—she was just not certain what. She graduated with a B.A. in literature, which opened no career except staying in University for a Masters, then a PhD. Her liberal arts education was supposed to qualify her for a junior executive position. These days, she had worked as a server, driving a cab, not even clerk in an office. Harmony felt the system had stolen her life. Her education was irrelevant. It was still going yet timed to a much older era.

Harmony considered going to community college and learning a trade. She could be an electrician or plumber or even construction worker. But nothing in her education had been physical. Her hands were soft. Her education had been that physical work should be beneath her.

So was driving a cab or working as a server.

Society expected her to adapt. Harmony was now angry and frustrated. None of this had anything to do with what she wanted. She wanted work that was a career, that built to something. She wanted work that was useful, that was fulfilling. There was nothing out there. Harmony decided she had to start from scratch. She researched online and found the Web Wonder Institute, which offered courses on what would work for her: pseudoneurobiophysics, with a minor in braindrugcombos.

It took a year. Harmony graduated with honours. A leading AI startup hired her and knowing her goals—to improve society—gave her a lab and colleagues. Her first project was using subliminal messaging combined with drugs to encourage people to enjoy AI and use it instead of thinking themselves. It was a great success.

Harmony was promoted, to a permanent managerial position, leading a team. She had a career and was making people better. Proud of her achievements. No one outside the company thanked her—the work was secret—but their improved lives, no longer having to think for themselves, was reward enough.

And she used her liberal arts background to encourage people to read and look at art, but only if it was created by AI.