

The Cure For Boredom

Charlie was bored and did not understand why. He had plenty of diverting toys. TV, streaming, computer, gaming platform. Books, magazines. Two fish tanks, with guppies and cute cat fish. But it increasingly was boring and felt wrong. It was wrong to eagerly wait for the next TV show. Video games were repetitive. The fish? Colorful idiots with limited attention spans, never cuddly.

He should be happy enough. His work was good, his family life good, they kept him occupied, and for his down time there were the diversions. Anything else was sleep. Why could he not relax? Was he depressed? Disassociated?

Then he tried a virtual reality helmet.

First, he was immersed in a world of dinosaurs, passing them while on a roller coaster. He heard them, felt the coaster's turns. Then he entered an incredibly realistic city simulation, walking down a main street, talking to artificial people. When he took off the helmet, he saw two hours had passed. With no boredom.

He ate something, then put the helmet back on. Of the many programmes to chose from, he picked being on an alien planet. There was new territory to explore, filled with wonders and monsters. He emerged hours later, still excited. Charlie quickly purchased all the add-ons possible, including electrodes placed around his body. Returning to the alien world, his base only partly built after all, Charlie now felt pain when attacked, shocks when hit—and it felt incredible when he had sex with a voluptuous alien guide.

Charlie had cured his boredom, but only while wired and wearing the helmet, in a game or simulation. The cure was constant, mindless stimulation. He had no time to be bored. Yet, ironically, after a week he put the helmet down, bored by not being bored. It was still all the same. The only real cure for boredom was something new. New and engaging.

He realized now it started when he was a baby.