

Tired Of Being Tired (2)

Arnold needed a solution to the insoluble: aging. He had just turned eighty. His leg ached when he walked, he ran out of breath easily, he was youthful only in his heart. Arnold needed a solution to the age-old problem of aging—but unlike previous centuries, Arnold lived in a burgeoning science fiction environment: high tech, outer space satellites, new drugs. There were solutions!

His first thought was freezing himself until solutions to aging would be found. But that would be hope and hope was not a plan. He thought of transporting his intelligence into an AI, but then he would be ethereal. Similarly, he considered having his brain put in a robot body—but he would be trapped in a plastic and metal body where he felt nothing. He wanted to feel, to taste. So Arnold consulted with doctors about having his head transplanted onto a healthy body. That seemed the ideal solution.

However, Arnold then suffered a heart attack. He had days, perhaps hours. His doctors looked for accident victims whose bodies were perfect (except from the neck up.) They found none. His doctors chose a drastic alternative.

Ending One:

When Arnold woke from the anesthesia, he found his eighty-year-old head had been transplanted onto the body of a twenty-year-old woman. He looked ridiculous. Worse, the woman's head was next to his! The body had two heads! His doctors explained they could not find an appropriate corpse so an intern volunteered. He went home and did his best to make small talk with the other head. She chatted about the career ahead of her as a surgeon, he chatted about his past career as an entrepreneur. She appreciated his wisdom, him her youth and intelligence. He tasted what she ate, enjoyed walks with her, felt what she felt.

Arnold definitely felt younger but dating was an issue, as was using the washroom. They were rejected socially but Arnold, at least, no longer had an old body that ached. They got along well, all things considered.

Ending Two:

When Arnold woke from the anesthesia, he was a head in a jar. No transplant candidate could be found, so the doctors cut off his head and kept it alive. Arnold

was furious but all he could do was gurgle. Occasionally his doctors took him to parties and put him on a table where he watched people enjoying themselves.

Ending Three:

Arnold's head was fit onto the body of a healthy, twenty-five-year-old man. He relished his new body and immediately began overeating and indulging himself. In a year he aged rapidly and had the body of an eighty-year-old, but worse.