

Martin was a regular fellow. Unfortunately, people ignored him and his ideas, hurting his feelings. He always turned the other cheek. His turning the cheek was not based on any religious belief. It felt demeaning. He needed an alternative. Eventually Martin had artificial cheeks implanted.

The new cheeks looked like his real cheeks—but now when he turned the other cheek, the implants absorbed the emotional slap in the face. They worked on a higher level than his real cheeks, being computer enhanced. He went to work, shopping, family dinners wearing his new appliances. Each night he peeled off the used-up cheek, a fresh one waiting underneath.

It was good. When his family and friends saw the benefits—Martin was perkier, had more energy, was less frustrated—they had artificial cheeks installed themselves. Most of them could afford the most expensive cheeks.

Less well-off people settled for cheaper versions (which wrinkled.) As usual, the poor had to take more abuse. The class structure created problems but most folks knew you get what you pay for.