

## The oligarch's daughter that wanted to fly freely like a bird in the sky.

Once upon a time, there was an oligarch's daughter that had everything, but she was still not happy. She had always been told that she could do anything she wanted in the world, and so, her biggest wish was to fly freely like a bird in the sky. This was a literal craving, and nothing short of it would do. After she turned 18 and gained her independence, she used all her time, and her parent's money, on private planes to go parachuting, and trips to the Andes to base-jump. She hired the craziest inventors, to make her wings, jet boots, and drone gear for the body, but to no avail. Every time she tried it, it was not enough. "This is not like flying freely like a bird in the sky" she said. "It lasts too short, it is too cumbersome, and gravity is constantly pulling on me, dragging me down."

Her parents, that truly loved their only daughter, got increasingly worried. Not so much about the money, they had oceans of it, but because they wanted their daughter to have a healthy interest in life, to find love for herself. To meet a good man and settle down, and especially, to give them many grandkids. As long as she continued with this impossible quest, she would only get thinner and more miserable.

Then the mother got an idea to contact Elon Musk and make him take her on one of his spacecrafts, so that she could fly in zero gravity of empty space. It was all set up swiftly and with no friction. Soon the oligarch's daughter was floating in orbit around the earth. But while her weightless body floated over to the little round window of the spaceship, and she gazed down at the blue globe, she got a sinking feeling, and thought. "This is not like flying freely like a bird in the sky at all. I am stuck in this birdcage of a ship. And even if I could take the opportunity that NASA granted me, to venture out in a space suit, it would just be a smaller cage of oxygen, with an even more limited time frame. That is not free. I want to fly freely. Like a bird in the sky."

Full of despair, the oligarch's daughter locked herself in her quarters in the big family mansion, and retreated into a combination of Netflix, online shopping, and Crimson Skies. Her poor parents could do nothing but watch, as she grew increasingly thin and miserable.

Then one day, as she was lying in bed, splayed out amongst her devices, the teleprompter system on her wall started talking to her.

"Hey, hey!" A voice shouted.

The oligarch's daughter ignored the call, as it was normally the staff that answered the door. But the voice persisted, and finally she went over to the little screen. There she gazed down on a short, stocky man, with a quirky moustache, and a funny green felted hat.

"What do you want?" She said.

"I am Mr. R. Stiltskin, of Stiltskin Power CAD. Limitless supply." The little man answered, with an odd, indistinguishable accent. "Your parents subscribe to our heating and electricity package. Now, I might be of service to you."

"You cannot help me with anything" the Oligarch's daughter replied. "Try another line for maintenance and security."

As she turned to walk away the voice behind her continued:

"You want to fly, freely like a bird in the sky".

The oligarch's daughter froze.

"That dream is certainly tricky, but not entirely impossible to attain" the voice said.

Her eyes widened, as she turned, now with her face slowly closing in on the screen.

"I can help you" Mr. Stiltskin continued. "But it will have to cost you".

"Oh! Mr. Stiltskin, I'll pay anything you like!!" she exclaimed.

Suddenly the screen on the wall went black, and she heard the man's voice faintly from her phone on the bed.

"It is not money you will have to pay; money is such a primitive technology. You have to exchange something much more valuable".

The Oligarch's daughter rushed over and picked up the phone. She saw Mr. Stiltskin on her favoured video chat on the screen, tipping his head in a mysterious gesture. The Oligarch's daughter was an intelligent young woman, and she started getting suspicious. Now, she was just about to ask Mr. Stiltskin how he had planted himself on her device, when he continued.

"Have you ever thought about what truly holds you back from attaining your goal?" he said.

"Well" the young woman answered, "For one, I'm not a bird".

"Exactly!!" Mr. Stiltskin exclaimed "Your problem is your body. It is not made to fly. You wonder around on the earth, left and right, forever frustrated that you just cannot move up. The x and y axis are always taken for granted, but the z axis is off limits. However, not for everyone."

"What do you mean by that" the Oligarch's daughter blurted.

"Most people are too blindsided and comfortable." Mr. Stiltskin replied. "They don't want to search out the secret to true freedom."

"So, what is it I have to give?" The girl exclaimed.

"Oh, but it is a minor thing really. To gain the freedom of movement, you will just have to give me your z axis. You will have to give up your claim to the third dimension of space, a pretty bloated entity really, that you are not utilising fully anyway. If you can make this sacrifice wholeheartedly, the world of the endless planes opens up to you. You will be able to move as far as you wish, sliding freely in the surface of everything there is, without any obstacles. For ever."

"That sounds stupid, is it some funny new app or tech trick you are talking about?"

"No" Mr. Stiltskin replied, with visible disregard. "The Digital is such a primitive technology, a poor shadow of the real thing. However, it can be a helpful aid if you want to enter into

the 2nd dimension. No, what I am talking about is a real, embodied, immersive experience. Limitless movement in all directions that there is.”

The oligarch’s daughter stopped and thought.

“OK. I get it.” she said. “I don’t necessarily need all three dimensions, if that lets me fly freely in two of them. But how will my body be. Will I have a “me” to even enjoy this?”. “Oh yes for sure” Mr. Stiltskin said with a wide smile “It will only be a flatter and a somewhat more extensive “me.” It will be bigger, better. And you will have touch, touch will be all that there is really. One long caress”  
“But wait!” She replied. “What do *you* get out of this?”  
“I get your z axis. What I use it for is my business.”

“So how do we do it?”

Mr. Stiltskin clapped his hands together and came close to the screen.

“Now, the easy bit is this: You download an app, CAD it’s called, on all your devices. I mean all of them, also the old Mac Air in your closet. Then you chuck all your charging cables away. I will charge everything wirelessly for you. After that, you just spend time on your screens, preferably, while being plugged in with high fidelity headphones. Sound should be hyper-intimate, so it feels like its stroking you. For two weeks approximately, I think will do in your case. You have already turned flatter.”  
“You mean thinner?” The oligarch’s daughter interrupted.  
“No, I mean flatter. The important thing is constant digital visual and auditory stimuli, the next 14 days. Then I will come back. And here comes the tricky part. When I tell you the three magic words. You will, by all of your will and effort, let go of any claim towards the 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension. Here, the secret is the movement you do with your mind. It is how you let go. Just let go of the *craving* for a 3<sup>rd</sup> dimension, and you will experience how gravity swiftly loses its pull on you!! And swoosh, there will be endless sliding for you my dear. Like a bird that cruises on the warm winds of the Adriatic”

And so, it went. The oligarch’s daughter, Skyped her parents and told her about her decision. They were fast to support her, because they knew her heart, that nothing would persuade her otherwise. As good customers of Stiltskin Power, they could also verify his credentials, and they were already acquainted with his otherwise very secretive wellness retreats, that offered discreet withdrawal and unlimited release for a select elite.

The oligarch’s daughter stayed on screens for the rest of the time, actually making it into an enjoyable variation, with VR googles in the morning, video consoles in the afternoon, home Cinema Display breaks with full surround sound, and otherwise setting her affairs in order via social media.

When the day came, R. Stiltskin appeared on her screen again, and as she was zooming along in a good flow of absorption, he uttered the three magic words. CONTROL. ALT. DELETE. With a sigh of relief, the Oligarch’s daughter elegantly flattened into a thin paper sheet that merged with the bed she was on, and swished over the duvet covers, in layers of colours and sparkling laughter.

Of her adventures in the 2<sup>nd</sup> dimension, that is another story. Her parents had made her freeze her eggs before the transition and went on to merge them with a very allegeable bachelor with excellent genes. So, they got many grandchildren. Their mansion was always kept at a perfect temperature by Stiltskin Power CAD Limitless supply. Their guests were often very impressed by the cutting edge in-wall heating technology.

And so, everyone lived happily ever after.