



THE FUTURE  
WRITING.

DEAR MOM

# *The Future Writing*



*For all the writers in the world...*



## ***This is the Future Writing***

I am at the gym. Ascending a staircase that an app on my phone can't make heads or tails of, going nowhere, I write words on another app.

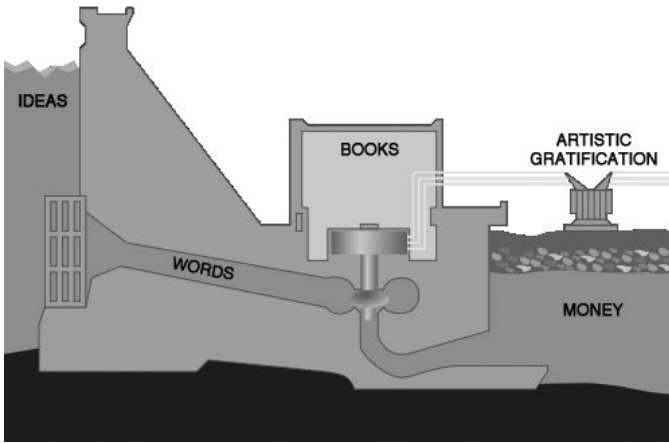
Maybe one day I won't have to move my fingers against the screen because it does feel like a battle sometimes. Thank god for autocorrect.

Maybe one day I will be able to think the words right into the digital void, creating spaces, both negative and positive.



Maybe with this future writing I'll be able to write a new book every hour instead of every day, every week.

Maybe the future writing will develop an algorithm for books I 'could've' written. And I'll churn them out like breathing, every second and eventually even quicker than that.



*Fig. 1*

[Figure 1: The Hydroelectric Dam Model for Future Writing, developed 2032.]

The app that controls my health will eventually control my creativity too. Actually, all humans will just need one, do-everything app created at their birth.

This app will be generated based on your genetic makeup. It will factor in every previous generation in your lineage, or at least those who were lucky enough to have been 'plugged in'.

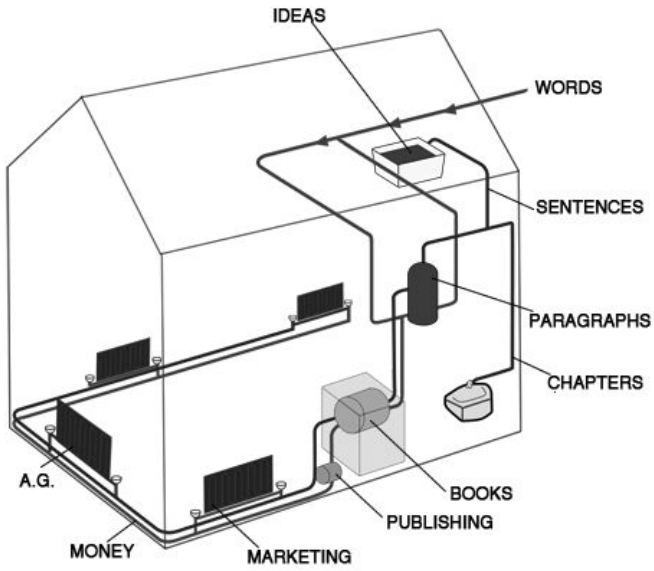
Who cares about family post-internet?

They may as well be dead cattle, only existing in images captured on film that were laboriously scanned into the digital world out of some weird sense of nostalgia and longing.



And some people will tell us that they had it better, but I know the truth. I know what it means to be able to create and connect with—as of this book's publication—minimal finger touching and pure, maximum thought, at the speed of fucking light no less. Hell yeah.

The people who tell us that might then throw their phones into a river in a grand display of said belief. That's why we'll need to hang out by the water.



*Fig. 2*

[Figure 2: The Model Home Model for Future Writing, developed 2039.]

You can never have too many screens and in the future every phone is waterproof.

I'm almost done with this book and it feels tremendous. I'm sweating on my screen though, which is slowing me up a little. I can't wait for the future writing.

With the future writing, I just wrote seventeen books and I didn't have to sweat on my screen at all.

There actually aren't any screens in the future. All of the computers/ phones we'll ever need are implanted into our brains at birth. It's pretty sweet, I imagine.



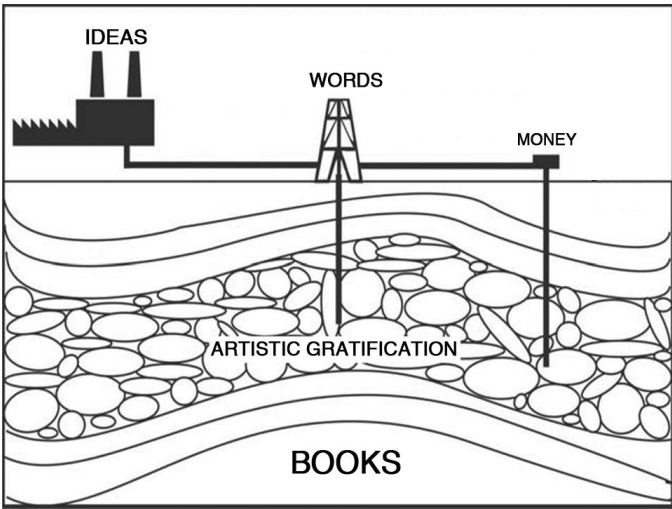


*Fig. 3*

[Figure 3: The Means of Production Model for Future Writing, developed 2066.]

But, nonetheless, we're not there yet. And I'm sweating on my phone atop the gym stairmaster machine.

Maybe we won't even need to sweat or workout at all in the future. Maybe science will have figured that out too.



*Fig. 4*

[Figure 4: The Geothermal Model for Future Writing, developed 2136.]

I'm not sure about that though. The creative arts are really my only area of expertise. Sorry.

I'm also not sure if this books need any more words, or other content for that matter. Maybe I should just get off and leave. Maybe I should insert a picture of a serene and beautiful river:



(A serene and beautiful river.)

My health app is pretty dumb actually. At least this writing app can count words. The health app thinks I'm barely moving at all. Duck that.

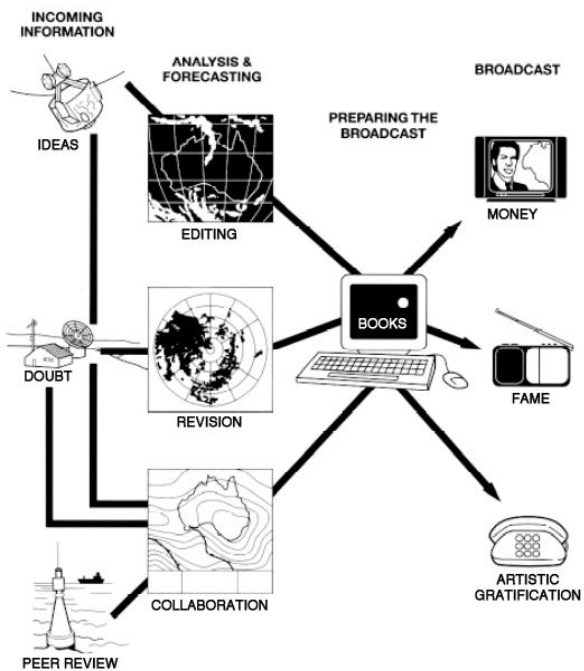


Fig. 5

[Figure 7: The Final Broadcast Model for Future Writing, developed 2777.]

Because I am moving, if not literally going nowhere.  
I'm actually feeling pretty faint tbh.

I think I might pass out. I pass out. It was actually a massive stroke. I'm dead. Whoops. This is the last book I ever wrote. I hope it was a good one.