A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE

PHILLIP DE CAUX NOVEMBER 2005

The Sentient Future



obz woke to the sound of a subdued, yet irresistible polyphonic cacophony. As his feet touched the carpet, the alarm clock, sensing his movement, curtailed its insistent racket and the radio came on to announce that yet more atrocities had been carried out in the name of world security.

His clothes lay in the same abandoned heap they had been left in the night before, and he cursed himself for not being more careful - now he would either have to wear a crumpled suit or, worse still, would have to wear the awful one that rarely made an entrance into the office. Now that he worked mainly from home, his suit collection had depleted somewhat.

Then he remembered that he had forgotten to 'phone Olivia - again! It hadn't helped that he had left his eLink™ off the base unit the night before and couldn't access his address book. It was only when he got home that the system had updated and recharged itself. Even though it was a sort-of valid excuse, when he tried contacting her the network could not find her. She was either out of range, or more likely he had been added to her "blacklist".

After showering, he took the best of the bad suit options and got dressed. He then detached the fully-charged eLink™ from its base unit on his bedside cabinet and wound it around his ear. Immediately, he was informed there was a problem in the kitchen.

As he walked in, rather than the familiar scene of a prepared breakfast, instead the table was decidedly empty and an urgent bleeping was emanating from the info screen on his

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With apologies to Jabra, GN Mobile

refrigerator. He had forgotten to approve the shopping order and so, to use a phrase his mother was fond of, the cupboard was bare. Perhaps he should set the system to auto-order. this was getting to be a habit! Yet a another preoffice visit to the extortionate breakfast bar beckoned! He added the detour into the autoSOHO™ GPS and selected some food and drink from the menu that appeared on the screen. The eLink™ issued a comforting bleep to indicate that the route details had been transferred, pausing only to pick up his rucksack, he left the flat. The door bleeped at him a couple of times and then the eLink™ let him know that the flat was secure. Hobz remembered when he used to rush around at the last minute trying to find his keys invariably making him late and stressed - how times have changed!

En route, Hobz' mind raced ahead to his first meeting that was due to start as soon as he got to the office, leaving his body far behind.

As he walked along the pavement, he progressed unheeded, totally immersed in his own world. He could have made his journey with his eyes closed, the quiet voice in his ear telling him which direction to take, when to wait at a crossing and when to cross. Any potential collision with a fellow pedestrian or lamp post was pre-empted by a gentle warning from the eLink's Personal Space Protection System (PS2)™.

He entered Penn's Coffee Bar and sat at a vacant stool at the bar. Within seconds, the assistant brought over his order, a bacon sandwich drowning in chili sauce with a huge, steaming cup of "builder's tea". Hobz thanked her profusely and started eating the delicious and, more than likely, toxic sandwich. Though incredibly bad for the majority of his organs, this was an excellent hangover cure! Once he had finished, the eLink™ prompted him to approve the bill. He pressed his index finger on the pad and, his identity confirmed, the

payment was deducted from his account.

Fifteen minutes later, completely refreshed, Hobz turned left, as suggested, into Broad Street and joined the crowd of people waiting to cross the road at the crossing point. He waited no more than ten seconds before the vehicles halted automatically to allow the mass to surge forward. He still found this disconcerting, but apparently accidents at crossings had been reduced by some amazing percentage.

A group of people, Hobz included, parted from the main pack and headed towards the underground. He walked through the estile, the voice in his ear informing him he had been charged five pounds for the privilege, and descended the escalator to the platforms below. Whilst directing him along the correct path to his platform, the voice informed him that the next train was due in two minutes and suggested he walk a little faster ...

