

The golf course stretches for a year.



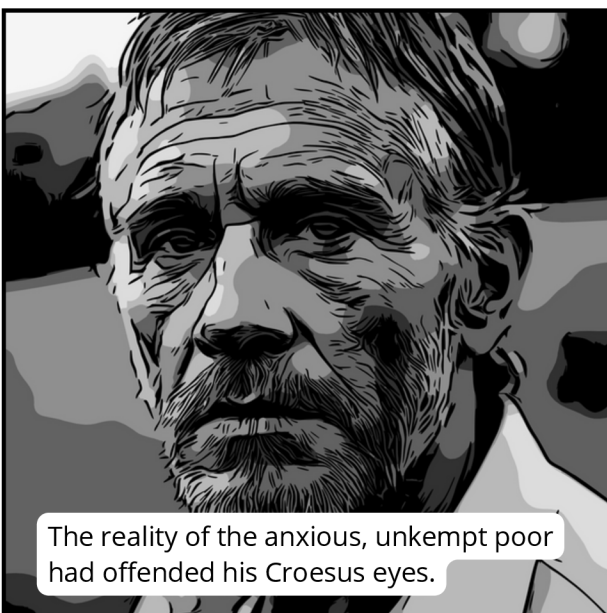
The villages, towns, farms, people.



They had been moved for the golfer's pleasure.



He did not want his view tainted.



The reality of the anxious, unkempt poor had offended his Croesus eyes.



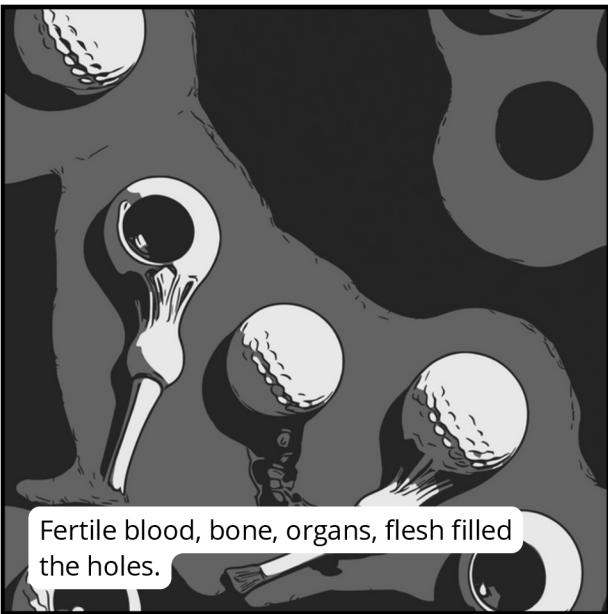
But AI robotics had dispensed with poverty . . . and people.



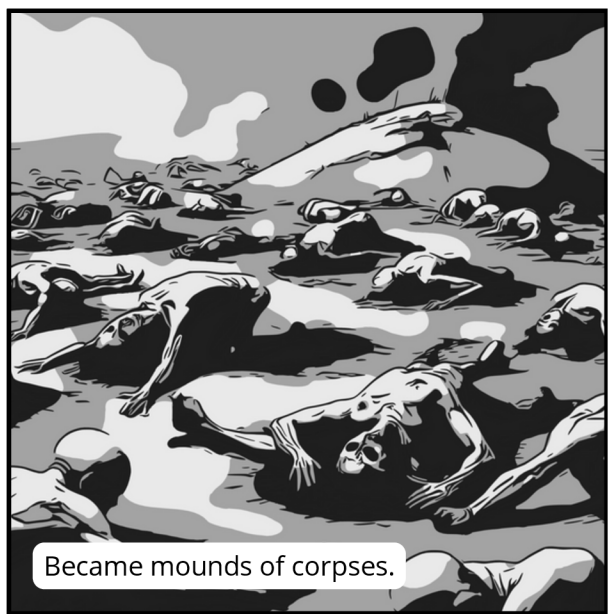
The golfer's wealth and power was measured by the mound.



Holes dug to accommodate the massacres.



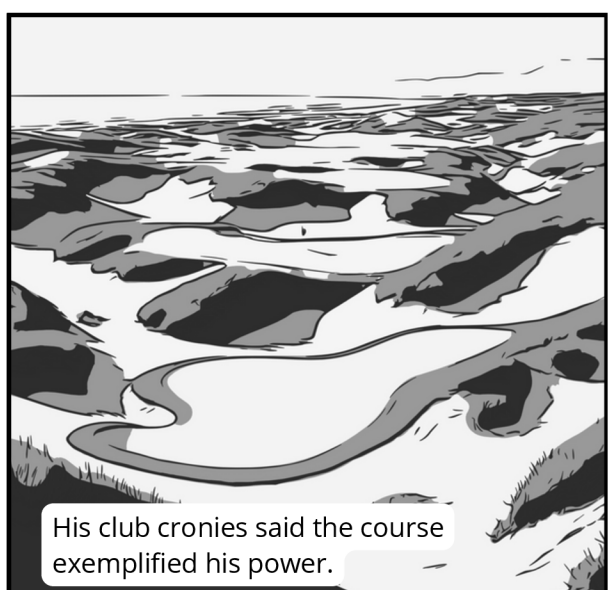
Fertile blood, bone, organs, flesh filled the holes.



Became mounds of corpses.



Then carefully curated knolls and dunes to golf on.



His club cronies said the course exemplified his power.



They let him win.



Every day.

**BI/ETTER  
MINDS**  
The Year Long Golf Course