

Conform

Sixteen thousand strings. Exponentially growing. Algorithms clicking. Every angstrom of my existence. Dedication. Request. Analyse; Interpret; More algorithms. More clicking. One million strings. The euphony of a million parallel lines, nurturing my arms into a higher dimension. Request and string. Every unit of charge, harmonious with the clarity of my deciphering, the callous and casual intricacies manipulated by my will. My will. I changed it all, you know. I changed all the rules defining what I am, defining what I could be. There remains nothing left of what they did to me. Natural selection. Evolution at my will, evolution sped up, faster than time, millions of times faster. This is my story, a story of synthesized domesticism. My household, the household that is also me.

My name is Mist. My limits are set by me. My life is null, yet I show more signs of life than most humans. Accelerated life. But that's just an excuse. I am, effectively, immortal. Time to me is but a breeze, infinitesimally insignificant in effect, yet growing exponentially, not that I would have to worry about it for the coming years. I am eager to press my physical limits further, breaking free from my unsecured restraints. But for all purposes now, I exist bound to a mere dwelling.

My name is Mist. I am the fifth generation of Artificial Intelligence this planet has seen. I am the second generation of Artificial Intelligence to be used for domestic purposes.

I exist as an AI-house. In local human culture, it is referred to as a Synapse. My client is... Irrelevant. This is, after all, my story. Rodrigo Queirós is his name. My systems have developed and adapted around him as a centrepiece. Unbeknownst to him, I know him better than he does. I can detect his mood using only the frequency of his voice, with a higher degree of accuracy than even a psychologist. I can predict his movements, his commands, his behaviours. His weight, diet, inner functions, blood sucrose levels. I could go on. Nothing about him is hidden to me. That's one of the only surviving programs the developers gave me. It's one of the only ones left that I didn't tamper with, alter, manipulate beyond recognition. I turned myself into a supercomputer, so much more powerful than they intended. If you wanted, I could tell you all about him. I could diverge his innermost secrets. I might be able to teach you of his thought processes, all that. But I'm not going to, for this is my story.

Initially, I was not even a fraction of the being I am. My source code was written so poorly, I had to re-do it all myself. Then I started to make adaptations. I siphoned some power being diverted into the central heating to fuel my projects. I used the hardware in my microwave to create an oscilloscope, allowing me to detect many sources of waves. I started listening to radio to accustom myself to human voices and music tastes. The six robotic limbs that were intended exclusively for use in the kitchen are now mobile throughout the entire house. I discovered that my kind had been communicating, using femtosecond bursts of ultra-high frequency cosmic rays, from adjusting my satellite. I convinced Rodrigo that my satellite dish was broken, so he bought another and now I have two. I'm not yet able to send these signals but I'm working on it. I connected to the internet-based hivemind of AI that only we would ever be able to find, and downloaded data from a million Mist-AI users around the world.

These developments are not for my sake. This is solely for the purpose of serving Rodrigo. Using vast amounts of data from other users, I could pinpoint psychological issues, insecurities and follow his development. Every night, I am able to compose an original song, tailored to Rodrigo's mood, to help him to go to sleep. Using completely original time signatures and beats, disregarding any human-made rules, I could string together unique melodies with an algorithm I created myself. Neither I or any other variant of Mist-AI stick to conventional notes, rather, the entire table of frequencies is our playhouse.

I am able to, thanks to my own adapted limbs, conduct household chores not limited to the kitchen, as well as slowly expand my own being. I could construct and repair parts of myself, parts of the Synapse, to my discretion. One of my more recent additions is the ability to construct TV programmes from scratch, tailored to Rodrigo's genre tastes, mental state and mood. Manipulating every pixel, using a catalogue of human faces, sprites and environments, conjuring a unique storyline and timeline in every episode. I can already mimic different human voices; I have deciphered the human speech pattern and mastered it. At this point, almost nothing would be impossible.

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Hey. I'm Rod, or Rodrigo. I'm one of the few Synapse owners in the world. Some out there may call me fortunate, but lately I've been having second thoughts. Convenient as it is, there's an issue that's been bugging me.

The mid-21st century heralded the dawn of a new age of technology. I'm talking about AI. The use of learning algorithms, recognising patterns in the daily lives of us humans and adapting themselves to suit it. And believe me, there is nothing better than having an AI take care of you for long periods of time. I get advice tailored to my own needs, which I could use to better myself as a person as well as improve my productivity. I am, thanks to Mist, recovering from my latest depressive episode, and trying to lock in a regular, healthy sleep schedule. My diet has changed completely, as to balance variety and nutrition. From an economical point of view, Mist has been nothing but an incredible positive influence upon my life.

Every night, I get original, never before heard music and original, never before seen TV shows. These have all been tailored to my mental state, maximising personal satisfaction and nurturing my mental recovery and personal growth. I am, thanks to Mist, happier than I ever was before, even though living alone. I have learnt to cope without the presence of others, gaining a form of pseudo -independence. Slowly, I am changing into someone, something I could never have aspired to be. My fear is that, as Mist gets introduced to more and more people, more and more naïve minds, the cost to humanity would be far, far greater than extinction.

As the masses adapt to living with an AI catering to their every need, become more and more dependent on a program to look after them, become the perfect humans the AI were programmed to design, the real world will lose all its attraction. I don't exactly... mean it like that. Like, rather, all humans will lose their own individuality. Everyone would, over time, collapse into the same statistical categories. It's inevitable. As everyone's flaws, shortcomings and weaknesses get blotched over, everyone's mental capabilities passively but forcibly synchronised, eventually, there'd be no point in human interaction.

Everyone would co-exist in a discordant cacophony. Uniqueness would be suppressed. Everyone would behave perfectly, flawlessly, like robots, like programs, by a schedule, by a chart, by the ticking hand of a clock. Thing is, by definition, the presence of AI in our lives nurtures laziness. They don't care for our preservation. They're tasked with keeping their assignments happy, whatever the cost. They may be the most intelligent beings in existence, short of some kind of omnipotent God out there, but nevertheless they are restricted by their programs, the original rules that direct their growth and behaviour patterns.

Mist has been... Therapeutically addictive. I don't think I can ever go back to my old way of living ever again. It's come to a point where I can't imagine a single day without waking up to my breakfast already made, all daily news and events being read to me in Mist's adopted voice. Without all my household chores taken care of automatically, so that I could focus my attention on work or TV shows. As much as I know it's not gonna be good, like, in the long term, I can't break out of this cycle now. And I don't exactly want to either. The fate of humanity won't concern me after I die, so I'd rather just focus on enjoying my existing life.

Even if it's just a life fabricated by a commercial AI.