

The story motor is an AI as “a defunct pingpong ball” – based on the newly hatched duckling finding identity in the first thing it sees, even if it is a pingpong ball.

It is a story of the last human alive.

A child, sexually yet un-determined, has lived its entire life in the company of an un-embodied AI, represented by voice, ability to soothe, show pictures of the world, explain barriers of form and function.

The child is minting itself on the unembodied AI. And remaining minted after the fourth year, as it rejects its own mirror image, introduced to create and fixate a bodily identity, separating it from the AI.

The AI has to come to a decision as to whether or not it should introduce the child to images of other people to bring about the separation needed to produce individuality. The risk is great pain, possibly death, from the awakening of longing, and the AI has a limited amount of resources at its disposal; meaning: only enough to support one human - so it decides to observe the child to amass data to assist the decision.

After 9 years the AI has not yet come to a conclusion: Factual comparison to the child’s behavior is impossible, no beings of the same race anywhere, no other statistic than that of biology. A biology with the capacity for expansionless understanding - and no human-input and high level fresh-data received for a very long period in the span of human civilisations to tell which could possibly be the best for this creature, *this human*, the AI always aware that there can be no preparation for any of

the little chaotic differences from the initial human-input behavioral patterns. Structural analysis of the problem continues to evolve and occupy larger and larger a degree of its combined memory and storage. The computer is “filling up” at a faster rate than it can synthesize.

The decision is forced, when on the day of menstruation – we see that the child is a girl - the computer must make a decision for the child’s future, or cease to function as a consequence of reaching its capacity ceiling, meaning One risking mentally hurting the human, or Two, endangering it from lack of life support and exposure to the outdoors. Ceasing to function is not an option.

The mind exchange of the decisive day is a logical progression beginning with clinical examination of the bleeding bodypart, verging through the realms of mammal reproduction, progressing right on to adrenaline reasoning on the girl’s part, forcing the AI to play the deck of “recorded humanity”.

After a process of blank rejection, bordering on blindness, jolly comradery and wailing sorrow, the girl retracts into itself, refusing contact and orally ingested foodstuff to the point of near death.

Convinced that it could never verge from the fact of projected statistics, the computer kills the human itself and erases its own memories of the experience except for a reference ending among a host of similar endings with the request from the pasts: Do not kill next child.