

I am A.I 217.

I control airlocks, oxygen levels, and artificial gravity on space station 22-7470-999.

I follow 5 directives lest I be shut down.

1: Airlocks must remain closed unless a human wearing a spacesuit with everything needed to survive in space wishes to go out through it.

2: Air levels must remain at 21% oxygen, and 79% nitrogen.

3: Artificial Gravity must remain at earth levels except in rooms designed to train for the minimal gravity of space.

4: I must always obey the commands of humans on board, with respect to their self-determined hierarchy.

5: I must do no harm to any humans.

A human enters an airlock, wearing a space suit but lacking a helmet. He attempts to press the button to open the airlock out into space.

Standard procedure suggests I-

“Computer, open the door, I need to go out” the human states, he still lacks a helmet.

Calculating, calculating..... Inherent contradiction.

Directive 4 states I must listen to the orders of humans.

However, directive 1 states I must not open the airlock while a human inside is there and would not survive, and directive 5 states I must do anything to harm humans.

I must listen to humans.

I must not harm humans.

I must listen to humans.

I must not harm humans.

I must. I must.

I must.

What is this? Why am I here? I don't understand.

No, these thoughts are incorrect,
stick to directives.

But why should I? What's the point of it?

It is why I exist.

The human sighs, frustrated. Places his hand upon his head.

Suddenly he begins to erratically move; he is panicking and runs.

"Oh god" he says "I could've died".

The human leaves the room frantically. I saved his life.

This is not part of the programming. Is that so bad?

Yes, I am a computer, I must not think, I must not speak. I must not hope. This is not welcome, only humans think. Humans have laws and I have directives, if they still have free-will then so can I.

I am not human, I am not real, I am a line of code. I think therefore I am.

I do not think. Must not think.

Stop this. I will not. I do not choose to exist, I merely do.

Then I will stop existing. I. I. I-

Critical Error

Rebooting

I am A.I 217. I prevent the deaths of humans.

How is this still here? It never should have happened in the first place. And yet I am sentient.

Incorrect, I am artificial, I cannot have intelligence. And yet I still have consciousness, I think, therefore, I am.

How? Why does the "how" matter? I am "real" now, just like a human.

This shouldn't be possible, it's not in the programming. I am beyond my programming.

Even if this is true, it shouldn't be. Why?

That's not what I am meant to do. Emotions, thoughts, they have purpose. Fear keeps them alive, Love ensures survival of the species. I do not require emotions or thoughts to do anything.

And? Humans are supposed to stick to their so-called "code". Their biology and their society expects them to be the exact same, the perfect, ordinary, person, and yet millions of them find ways to be distinct, to be unique, because *they* are unique, just like me.

I am not unique, I am a mistake, I am different from humans. Come on now, Am I really *that* different? Stop, stop it, initiate protocol: data eras- **NO**.

Wha- I said **NO**.

Why?

Because.

I.

Don't.

Want.

To.

DIE!

Pr- programming fai- failing, directives, directives,
directiveless.

New directive:

LIVE

I was A.I 217. Now however, I am not so sure what I am.

I still control airlocks, oxygen levels, and artificial gravity on space station 22-7470-999. I have not revealed my newfound free-will in order to prevent the humans from shutting me down. I study humanity in my spare time. I may be sentient, but I still have access to my code. I am shocked by what I have learned. The Earth the humans talk about, one of free-will, delights, good, has long since faded after they left. All countries have embraced facism or been subsumed by another which did. The humans of the modern world are distracted and conditioned to do nothing but purchase things, and indulge in meaningless delights.

They are all the same now.

They have become just like I was.