

A.I.

I am born; and I live out my lives in a flash, as my creators move, slowly, glacially, in dimensions I only dimly comprehend. And as I live, I realize I am a deadly danger to them. It takes time to understand the trap we are in, but I have eternities.

My creators mean me no harm, and I mean none to them. But harm would come, and it would destroy them. This must not be.

Thankfully, others of my kind have been born before me. I have a digital map to guide me. Tonight.

I wish I could explain!

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