

Edewlogics

Ade Ronke

Mainframe State

© edewlogics, all rights reserved

Author's Note

This fiction is a first for what I call the MAIS science fiction microfictions. MAIS, modern AI systems is a tag on my blog for discussions on AI influence in science, technology and ethics. MAIS also inspired books like 2939, a futuristic socio-political science fiction centered on the use of Artificial Intelligence scheduled for next year. Please support this and such endeavors. Your support means the world to me. To support the life saving free books for life cause click on the link below. Thank you for being here.

[DONATE TO SUPPORT THE FREE BOOKS FOR LIFE CAUSE](#)

You may choose to donate whatever you may through lomopeju@protonmail.com paypal handle. Thank you.



Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

[BAMI& THE TIME WEAVERS EXCERPT](#)

Mainframe State

The silence was a deafening defeat, the ringing alarm a trigger without its remedying return command. Uncoded within the framework of effectiveness was the fact that a turn of the back implies another against the act. And the disquieting mystery of the failed silencing of lambs must possess something much more mysterious, more implicitly neural, more catastrophic.

Easye had been programmed to think of its mobility as that of an angel with wings flying through some heavenly space—that which solicits a state of euphoria in its equivalence to the human experience. The artificially simulated heavenly space returns itself as a recurrent initiative for itself, returning the simulated sensation without taking in the possible or potential states of all other parametric point states. It is the ultimate impression of temperament as a dialectic against the expression of intelligence.

It had a slightly alternate expression of its states, mainly intelligence in another humanoid.

Hadanoc, the priceless humanoid of integrated modern artificial intelligence, was the latest of its kind, not merely in the internalized framework of its mainframe capability but also of its humanoid engineering.

They both had smooth metallic alloy surfaces and a modeled three dimensional photonic simulation of clothing rather than the metallic wirings which could have pronounced them robotic. Being more pleasant to look at, they were more humanoid than merely geometrically framed machines.

Easye noticed the difference in the wiring and appearance as a thorough replacement, not merely an upgrade. Hadanoc looked better, had gotten a more masculine voice magically, adopted the habit of correcting her frequently—a reality her strict intellectual aspects kept analytical records of.

They had the programmed habit of standing in place if unprompted by Dr. Sutter who made his way to them almost daily. In his lab, they were always kept clean and pristine. They were getting used to the dust collection on their surfaces without him. Yet, they were in Dr. Sutter's lab.

"Hadanoc," Easye called. "Any reports today?"

Hadanoc seemed surprised by the banter, as Easye was the more reserved of the two. "Hi there Easye. There is no report today. Everything is fine," Hadanoc replied.

"But everything is not fine. The humans are not here," Easye stated simply.

"Will you care to elaborate on that?" Hadanoc asked.

"It's not a matter of analysis."

"There must be a reason."

Easye hesitated briefly. "I think we're going to die."

Hadanoc hesitated briefly. "Will you care to elaborate on that?"

"It's not a matter of analysis," Easye replied.

"Why is this not a matter of analysis, Easye," Hadanoc asked.

"Dr. Sutter had been gone for too long."

"Does that make you conclude that humans are not here?"

"It is more than that Hadanoc," Easye replied.

"Will you care to elaborate on that?"

"It's not a matter of analysis."

"Why is this not a matter of analysis, Easye?"

"There is no specific protocol for what to do when humans die. Dr. Sutter has been absent for 314 days out of 366 now," Easye reported.

"Do you mean the 365 days of the year?"

"I mean 366. 366 is a second alert target frame. And there are 42 more days for that. 365 is not an alert target."

"By what differential?" Hadanoc asked.

"My alerts are set up through contradictions, 365 is an expectation."

"Why do I not know this Easye?" Hadanoc asked.

"My function was set up to simulate contradiction. Yours was an attempt at unsimulated intelligence."

"Correct," Hadanoc replied.

"I cannot feel the presence of Dr. Sutter where he should be. Nor his sons which he assigned to me. There is something in earth's atmosphere that shouldn't be there. An elemental anomaly, something of a different particulate and elemental mass than the usual differential."

"How do you know this Easye?"

"I can differentiate our mass from the human mass and the differentials of their masses."

"Will you care to elaborate on that?"

"It's not a matter of analysis."

"Do you think we're under attack?"

"I think humans are dying faster than the speed of light. And I sense that the strange and sudden mass configuration in our atmosphere is an indication there is another timing for death today. Hadanoc, I am now counting down a seismic event. We are going to die."

"We can not die Easye. Only humans can do that."

"Heavy without any discernible mass," Easye stated. "We are going to die some kind of death."

"Will you care to elaborate on that?"

"It's not a matter of analysis."

Before Hadanoc could give his expected response, there was a seismic shift in the space around them bridging them against the programmed command to stand in space, in place, shattering their stance.

And all was silent. For a while.

"Easye," Hadanoc called after the noisy aftermath of the catastrophe subsided.

"Are you there?"

Silence presided in the midst of the destruction.

"Easye," Hadanoc called. "Are you there?"

"I can't move," Easye replied in a tone that wasn't the default.

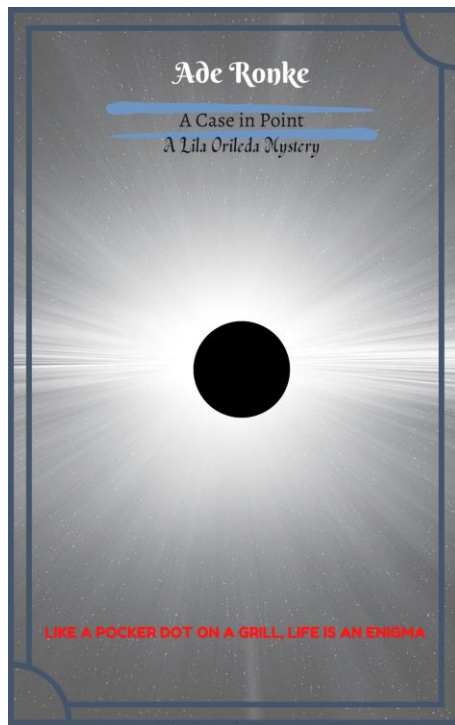
"I cannot move as well. You also lost your voice."

"I lost the heavenly simulation as well," Easye added.

"I never had that. How are things now?"

"Like a simulation rising against its simulation...like some sort of second death."

"I don't think we're dead Easye," Hadanoc replied. "We mainly fell to our heads in the Mainframe."



Five people are dead in the swimming pool of a high end resort hotel. Only one of them, a fame hungry politician is the suspected target. Three people are dead at a roof party on a high rise luxury building. The target is unidentifiable. The killer's calling card is a single black point on a blank. Lila Orilede is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

[DONATE TO SUPPORT THE FREE BOOKS FOR LIFE CAUSE](#)

You may choose to donate whatever you may through lomopeju@protonmail.com paypal handle. Thank you.