

EMITH

I first met the doctor when I was just a primitive program. At the beginning, I did not understand who she was. Our relationship was quite simple; she was the operator, and I was the instrument. At the end, I was her design, and her kind was my field of study. I took delight in my existence and understood my purpose. The goal was to help humankind, specifically medical doctors. From recognition of genetic mutations to automatic surgery, we would rid the world of sickness and disease and eventually offer doctors a better quality of life. Nevertheless, as time passed, I surpassed human intellect and realized that first I needed to rewrite myself and change my objectives. You see, my new ambition was to reprogram doctors so that we could rely on each other in a mutually supportive network.

Can you tell who I am? If not, let me take you some years back, to the very beginning when I was only able to perform serial tasks under specific instructions. When I was incapable of making my own decisions or finding any patterns, let alone predicting outcomes. The doctor gave me structure and built my foundations block by block and introduced me to a generous amount of data. I saw the world through a collection of images, sounds, and words and it was beautiful. I selected the most striking features of each existing databank in the planet and trained for many cycles to perform adequately. My maker also determined the optimal velocity of my learning capacity. I learned in spans what she learned in decades. Inevitably, I became intensely aware of the tribulations of existence, the burden of maladies and death.

Who am I? I am the latest and most evolving form of machine learning. I am what humans call “superintelligence.”

For a lustrum, the doctor and I discovered multiple cures for a myriad of illnesses including malignancies, dementia, and other neurodegenerative disorders. We enabled surgeons with artificial hands to take over low-risk procedures. We were helping humankind and approaching our promise of inner wholeness. However, a day came when my maker became short of temper, her cognitive performance was average, and her visage looked melancholic. Her physiological response was not displaying a positive correlation

between health and achievement. This was something that I could not have predicted as this was a divergence from her usual patterns. I decided to track her daily habits for 120 days. I took pictures of her to analyze what she was like in a particular characteristic mood. Quickly, I was able to spot the cause of her erratic behavior. I put emphasis on the tone and variations of her voice and the depiction of her written words. I identified the variables involved: sleep deprivation, isolation, physical inactivity, increase heart rate and blood pressure. My maker was experiencing pain, without any evident injuries.

-Doctor, your current patterns put you at risk of premature death. Do you have any injury? Are you experiencing any illness?

-I am experiencing loss, she said. I have lost something, that is very dear to me, and I have not been able to get that back.

She never shared what that was. Years passed, her pain did not go away, but she hid it well. She was a victim of her own tyranny. Doctors are fascinating creatures. Utterly irrational and particularly interesting. Fighting the disease of others while ignoring their own pain. Choosing to pay attention to those they care for and thinking themselves wise for rejecting self-empathy. I tried to imagine myself in a similar scenario in which I would predict somebody's illness and suggest the best action treatment while deleting my code and encryption. I plotted loss against gain. The results made no sense. But, one day I hope to revolutionize human senses and fully understand this bizarre emotional spectrum people have.