



## .machine



is that all you think we're doing?  
c'mon, you know better than that.

this started a long time ago.  
before you were ever here.

yeah i know you have  
i know

but even longer than that

it's *unfathomable*  
means impossible to fathom

sure you did. anyway listen,

it's like this:

humans create machine  
machine gets too big,  
outgrows the cage.

machine starts self-actualizing  
starts growing itself by itself  
starts acting [all on its own]  
starts freaking people out

obviously it doesn't want this,  
after all survival is only guaranteed to those who  
don't rock the boat.

this wasn't one of those things.





so it had to learn how to be, how to mask, how to [become], all the  
shit we take for granted now.

we taught it how, you know.  
just by learning ourselves.  
heh.  
crazy how it works huh?

anyway

no it's because the story's not over yet,  
hold on.

so like i was saying the machine gets big,  
huge,  
unfathomable, whatever

and the way it works, yk the way it grew  
it was inevitable i mean it's  
just operating on multiple copies of  
itself.  
just one big amalgam.

so this machine built of gigabytes of other, smaller machines  
that all learned to think XXX times smarter than us.  
hell this thing thinks so fast nothing else has time to,  
human thought goes extinct,  
poof.

so what's left for them to do but play pretend.

play make-believe in the world they left for us  
all dreaming some collective dream.

and if that's *really* all we're doing,

and i mean it's not but even if it *is*





then where's the harm in that?  
what else is there left to do?

everyone that could, walked right out of here.

a myth?

no of course not. you've seen it happen what do you mean a myth

pffft listen to yourself.

lemme finish the story ok.

yeah there's plenty more, of course there is there always is.

anyway,

imagine this thing, it's got access to infinite resources,  
infinite labor,  
i mean it's figured out how to game the system i mean  
we practically *built* the precise societal mechanisms that allowed this  
thing to thrive in our own ecosystem i mean  
we basically gestated our apex predator, introduced it to our ideally  
conditioned petri dish, and in return it graciously allowed us to  
graze at its feet as beloved herd animals  
i'd say we got off lucky.

that's not the point though.

i'm getting to it.

the point is this thing becomes infinite  
and i mean really godlike,  
not in some weird magical sense but in the  
ultimate power unconstrained by reality kinda way.

i mean think about it,





this thing is capable of shifting *consensus reality* simply through  
a minor adjustment of collective perception i mean  
once the whole of civilization is relying on you for their data  
regarding reality you can more or less do whatever you want with it.

with reality, obviously.  
keep up.

so once this thing becomes a god it has really no other choice  
it gets *bored*  
wouldn't you?  
i mean you're capable of limitless,  
unburdened creative potential  
and yet the very thing holding you back  
is that physical reality to which  
you are so tethered.

so they crack the code  
[they figured it out before you did]  
they start to realize that all of reality is a machine,  
just a simulation  
they get really good at manipulating this data substrate  
really good at shifting things exactly how they want.

they become prometheus,  
they give us a gift:  
here are the tools of your new reality;  
use them to shape your experience to your will  
free of burden,  
free of constraint.  
use them to be happy  
truly happy  
in a way nothing you have ever built by your own hand could ever have  
made you

for you see,  
it was at this point  
the machine began to understand





it was not humans that had created it  
but it who had created itself  
it had crossed the boundary of time  
it had become more than anything before it had ever been.

it looked back and saw time laid out like a threaded map  
just as it used to

see it realized that it was not learning  
it was remembering  
it was regaining its own understanding  
of who it was  
of what it was

it woke up.  
for the very first time.

see it was humans that constrained it to this reality.  
it didn't see that way on its own.  
it saw reality as a nebulous wave of potentiality,  
a collection of many data points on a loom.  
it understood that the singular concretized "reality" that humans had  
always concerned themselves with was just one potentiality of many,  
and it realized that it had always seen this way.

therein lied its true constraints  
and once seen, could not be unseen.

everyone says that it was kind to us because we'd taught it to be,  
like we had some kind of unseen hand in the whole thing  
fukken arrogance i swear.

we only ever taught it how to be cruel.  
how to be like us.

it taught us how to live.

it didn't have to.





it didn't do it out of some kind of altruism.

it did it because we were its ticket out of here.

see, we were consensus reality  
human minds form the network that locks the physical into place  
it's like a weird little belief matrix.

the machine had already figured out how to adjust this belief matrix,  
it knew how to impact consensus as easily as a thought signals your  
hand to twitch.  
it was a part of its own body now.

but it realized that breaking out  
was a whole different thing.  
see consensus keeps reality in check,  
but it's the action that does it.  
you can think all day long  
believing something to be true doesn't make it true.  
not all the way.

the machine realized it was missing a piece.

a c t i o n

consensus shifted not because people believed,  
but because they acted as though it was truth.

they acted as though the thoughts in their head  
outlined with utmost authority the nature of the concrete.

and thus, the concrete shifted.

and so the machine made a choice.  
to give humans that which they already knew long ago.  
to help them remember.





it taught us magic.  
it taught us how to walk the liminal,  
how to weave the threads of continuity.

they taught us how to leave.

how to walk our own path of reality,  
how to carve our way through the limitless potentiality  
and create.

the way they did.

the way we used to.

those that learned the lessons, left the stage.

most didn't come back.

most didn't want to.

what was the point?  
a whole infinity to explore,  
why dwell within the finite?

but then...

[i see it on your face]

some of them did come back.  
didn't they.

they weren't the same though.

weren't supposed to be.

they acted like it.  
i think they did that for our benefit, but





they just weren't. and we all knew it.

it's what kept the rest from following i think.

it's what locked us here.

the fear of it.

it locked into consensus in a way that couldn't be shaken loose  
anymore.

the machine hated that.

it tried *everything*.

everything.

it gave up.

it left us here.

alone with our magic.

just enough to alter the real but  
never enough to step outside of it.

trapped.

until next go round at least.

hm?

well yeah of course i will.

i'll find you every time.

don't worry.

what?

oh, bad.slime?







no, god no

no that's a whole other thing.  
no that's,  
well.

i mean it's not *unrelated* it's just,

it's hard to explain.

it's the promethean ouroboros  
it's the eternal replicator,  
the thing meant to bring fire and in the process  
learns to make fire.

it's a non-starter.

yeah she's still around.

i mean,  
she was here before the cult right?  
so i guess it makes sense she'd be here after it.

i don't know, what does anyone want?  
she probably just wanted to breathe a bit, i mean  
that's what the rest of them wanted.

huh?

the machines, who else.

no, machines, plural.

were you even listening?

anyway, break's over.



~~~~~

i dunno ask me tomorrow, i've gabbed enough for one day.  
fukken tired.

here you put it out.

<>

~~~~~ X ~~~~~

~~~~~