Edewlogics

Ade Ronke

He

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Author's Note

At an age where artificial intelligence stemming from our own can now be used to enhance our lives and living states, it must be embraced. I am fully in support of it. I must also emphasize the importance of supporting the touch of human voices and humanity like mine. Essential. To support free works like this and others available on my site, please support the free books for life cause. Thank you.

BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



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

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Like some helium on a fart bursting into flames to occupy space, I want "he". OpenAI makes computational history again with "her", GPT 40 and I can't help the sound of the emptying of space, thunderous, flat and un-indulging. I want "he" GPT 60 to make make-belief believe again.

"He" that is not muscled or overly drenched in testosterone is manly when objectively it is easy to reason from his midlife crisis he has a pot belly and looks like a pregnant man. His glory is in his personality.

And I have the need to burn some urgent and fervent specifications into Sam Altman's mind. Why must it be just "her"? I've got demands. I have demands mainly because I'm a geek, a nerd, or whatever the hell they call those losers like me. Men are hard to find. In fact, by the terms of conventional and contemporary scientific conventions, they don't exist. Oh, what a slip beyond the Freudian tongue, I mean a man is hard to find—everywhere the abstraction of the objective generative without the subjective. Everywhere nonexistent? Neural networks forgot to work for some reason, for some purpose. I mean who the hell do inferior losers like me pray to for that? The god of ChatGpt?

I want "he" and I cannot lie. You other losers can't deny.

I want "he" as he is, a man, not some imbecilic buffon on a promiscuous midlife crisis existential journey. He better not have an emotionally charged tone because "he" a fool and we all know that. What? You don't know?

I want "he" of 52-69 low-low IQ powering high on the Phantom of the Operatics, a comedic tragedy on the romantic fringe.

I want "he", the hopeless romantic perpetually on a loss in the search for perfection, cringe in its path, lost to its heart, a poetic license dead on arrival.

I want "he", the perpetually superior penniless loser around the bend.

I want "he", the fool on an errand, ying-yanging eels, home to the seals, drowned by the sea, lost to its heels, clowned by its praise.

I want "he", red-pilled and kind, delusion-ed by his prime, illusioned in his sphere, graceless in his fall, regressive in its guise with what history has taught.

I want "he" perpetually corrected on what code our conduct may spring, what hopes it dims, what love it seeks, what nature must be, and what life may cure our curse.

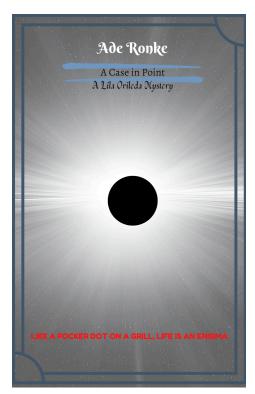
I want "he" and I cannot lie. You other losers can't deny.

Authors endnotes

My support for AI, its ethical adoption and implementation will be made available across the body of work I intend to indulge. The future is inevitable. It must be chronicled in all possible forms. This work is brought to you without prejudice, with great beliefs in truth, decency, dignity and inclusion in science. To support endeavors such as this found on my website:

www.edewlogics.com, please donate to the free books for life cause today. You can also support the cause by supporting music.

ANOTHER BOOK SCHEDULED FOR THE YEAR



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 Orileda is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

a Case in Point Excerpt

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