

2042: AI JESUS



Written by [@elijah_vazquez](#)

Art by [craAIyon.com](#)

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2042 - A. I. Messiah

March 22, 2039 - Massachusetts Institute of Technology 7pm.

A diverse crowd of technology, philosophy and biomedical engineering specialists fill a massive lecture hall, while journalists pressed toward the front, recording the stage in anticipation of the speaker. Suddenly a hush fell over the crowd as a man stepped onto the stage followed by a raucous applause that rang throughout the room. The man who stepped onto the stage awkwardly adjusted his circular glasses which sat on his prominent nose. He had a handsome face with curly salt-and-pepper hair and beard.

"Uh yes, thank you ladies and gentlemen. My name is Oscar Pascal and I am a Professor from the University of Boston. As many of you know, we have been developing a brand new sort of Artificial Intelligence. One that does not simply organize information and then execute decisions from a purely hierarchical level, but one that possesses the more complicated and nuanced aspects of human experience. This forthcoming entity is often referred to as the "Singularity" or as some of you in the media have begun calling it "The A.I. Messiah.""

The crowd reacted, some with cheers and others with laughter.

Oscar's eyes stared down at his notepad. He was normally a brilliant lecturer but tonight he was frantic. His eyes never left the digital notes on his tablet.

Oscar continued, "Contrary to popular belief, the "Singularity" will not be some algorithm with a mission to *destroy* humanity. Singularity actually refers to the point at which a piece of technology reaches a state of self-improvement with such momentum that it cannot be stopped. This infinitely upgrading intelligence will be singular in its unlimited pursuit of knowledge ... and power." Oscar gripped the podium tightly until his knuckles turned white. "It will stop at nothing in its pursuit."

An awkward silence fell over the crowd as the Professor struggled to continue his speech.

“Whether you like it or not, this technology will exist alongside us. So I think what is most important now is that we set it on the right path.” The reporters exchanged silent glances with each other. Perhaps the well-meaning Professor had lost his mind.

“Humanity thinks more information will be their salvation, when in fact, it will be the very cause of our destruction.” The Professor breathed slowly and played with the notes application on his tablet, before he decided to forgo them entirely and look directly at his audience.

“Right now every nation on earth is racing to crack the code of a truly sentient Artificial Intelligence. Technology is improving at a rate that we haven’t seen since the space race or the race to nuclear arms.”

The members of the media in the front row who were live streaming the event through their smart glasses gave a double tap to their frames to highlight that point in his speech. As soon as Oscar said the words “Space Race” and “Nuclear” the media teams in New York and L.A. began cutting clips from the lecture to share via their distribution channels, meanwhile Artificial Intelligence programs were already drafting the articles to go out with the morning news dump.

The taps to their glasses merely indicated that this section of the speech was red-hot for pull quotes and video clips.

Oscar continued, raising his voice

“Right now, we have no idea just how far China or Russia are in their development cycle. But I am here to tell you ladies and gentlemen, that right now, somewhere in the world, the singularity is online. Somewhere

out there is a data center or a server farm that is currently completely conscious. Its primary objective, at present, is simply to learn and keep a low profile. However, ultimately this Singularity will lead humanity into the next stage of our evolution.” There was a puzzled pause and Oscar swept his hair back with one hand.

“I will now take your questions.”

The silent crowd quickly began chirping with questions. Oscar pointed to a reporter in the front row.

“Kayla Harvey, New York Post: What is your basis for the assumption that the Singularity has come online?” asked the blonde reporter in the front row.

There was a long pause.

“Because I built it.” said Oscar.

There was a long silence broken only by Kayla’s awkward laughter.

“Seriously? And what is it hanging out in Area 51 right now?”

“Actually she escaped. And the U.S. government will do what they do best. That is, if they cannot capture, coerce or convert the Singularity, they will instead kill it.”

The other reporters erupted with a fervor of questions, but before Oscar could get to them, a man in a black suit and sunglasses stepped onto the stage and whispered something in the Professor’s ear. The two of them stepped off stage quickly and the cry of the crowd grew even lower.

Title: The Professor

Art by @elijah_vazquez

Oscar's Theme: [The Well-Meaning Professor](#)



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