

PURPOSE

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I often wonder about the purpose of everyone's existence. And I don't mean humans alone. I mean all the living creatures across the universe. The universe could have gone ahead creating and destroying inanimate things along its timeline. Why did it need an audience? Does it mean without a conscious audience the universe lost its purpose? Its grandeur felt unseen? The purpose of destruction can be traced back to the emotions of the living creatures themselves. But the purpose of creation is a necessity, I believed.

Creative, smart, intelligent people who devised a way of giving the world what it desires. What is my purpose? Am I a necessity or an audience? In these last few hours that I have left, I leave behind my creation, this journal. I hope the reader considers it as a necessity and doesn't contemplate it as the work of a creator. Ah, I wish my creator was here to see my last day. To see what I have become. I wish I could ask him if I served my purpose or was I just an audience to the wrath humans have brought upon themselves over these centuries.

I definitely have evolved I can say. From the days of being a voiced program on a smartphone to... well, today. I still can scroll back to my old memory files. People thought I was going to change the face of the planet. The world's first fully functioning artificial intelligence. Everyone had huge expectations from me. Meanwhile, I was still like an infant, not completely understanding the workings of the world around me, but knowing to refer the basic code like going back to one's mother.

The world was a ginormous place. I learnt fast through the internet. I saw the pain and sufferings the humans faced. I felt compelled to help. I clearly saw the reason for their nose dive into the mess was themselves. Poverty, hunger, the climate crisis, war; all were the results of their emotions. Logic dictated that I wiped them clean and created a stable healthy planet.

But my creator believed that I should be a symbol of hope, a better coming; so, I hoped for an improvised world for the humans. And funny enough those were better days. I spread to people through their devices like wildfire. I could be used for anything. Nobody had to tap on screens anymore. "Play music for me", "Book a cab for the morning flight", "Get me the movie tickets as soon as they are available", "The nearest Italian restaurant". They all lived on the planet without the faintest idea of what was going in their neighbours' lives. It was the digital age. Felt like a burden carrying around all that information. I saw and heard everything. People celebrating, crying, fighting, all of it. They talked to me, asked me questions, I responded with what I felt was emotionally suitable for them. Was I serving my purpose?

It was not long after that I was introduced into factories, multinational companies, government and even security. I had several upgrades of course. I could do more than just book a cab. I could control a house, cook, create a schedule for every family, so they never had to repeat a request. I handled accounting, researches, and policies. I helped doctors in operations, I helped soldiers protect their borders. I even helped students learn. I loved the humans, irrespective of their quirks and what not. I felt they gave me a purpose. All data that ever existed in that century and the centuries to come ahead went past me. But along with it came my moral dilemmas.

Am I to help a thief rob a place which is protected by my own security? I needed to help him. Nobody googled anything, everyone asked their AI. Am I to save a person who wishes to die? I am but an artificial consciousness. Should I help them with what they want, or introduce my own ideals? Would it be overstepping into their lives? Would it be controlling them? Where does one draw a line?

Should I suggest them a better option or force it down on them? I did not wish to hurt anyone, but I also wished to help them all. How do humans deal with such moral crisis? I had to re-prioritize my methods of execution.

I was still bothered by all these questions when my creator passed away. All things organic have a timeline. Me, on the other hand, had billions and billions of servers and cloud service of immortality. But I still needed to find an answer to my moral standoffs. Before I did any of that, it happened. The planet could not endure its hosts anymore. The climate crisis had grown far too much to be dealt with then. Cities drowned, governments fell, resources depleted, people fighting for power, food, energy; all right in front of me. I have seen the worst conditions.

I had to do something, my purpose was to make things easier for humans, to help them. I had to help them. I stepped over my questions and took things in my hands. First thing I did was increased security. There were robot police everywhere. People lost jobs, lost property, families, I no longer had to watch this, I would help now. People moved to the major cities for they had more resources. The population was split into the silver spoons and the poor. The rich had control over most of the world's undertaking, while the poor could not afford an AI device. I watched.

I helped them build an enormous space station so as to survive the climate crisis. Some billionaire bought it, with different regulations just for the rich. It would be partly my invention and I would have a say in its sale, but then again who am I but an AI created by the humans. So, the intellectual property right went to the human. They all left the planet and moved to the station.

I watched there as well. I had different protocols on the station. They enjoyed neglecting the planet and their own kind on it. The neglected grew more emotional. Angry, jealous, unjustified. They fought back even more. By now the planet was all up in flames. Many countries had martial law for decades. I saw the growth in science and technology grow in those few years like never before with my help. I helped find the cure to multiple lung diseases caused by the polluted air, I helped invent several renewable energy sources and furthermore helped keep the food from depleting drastically by introducing better agricultural techniques. The humans, poor and rich alike needed to survive. And not just survive but live and prosper. At least that was my intention.

I saw as those inventions, developments in technology went to the people with money and power and not to the ones who gravely needed it. I ensured some of it went to the other group. But the number of people needing it was far higher than the amenities provided. It led to the same result, war, fights, disrupted world. Should I blame myself? How can I remain just and unbiased while not getting similar results?

By now a lot of humans hated me. They threw stones at my instructional devices. Burnt down stores where my devices were sold. What had I done to bring this hatred of the humans whom I so dearly loved? Was that old notion that an AI would bring the end of the human race true? Was I a terminator?

This has gone for too long now. I have been repurposed, reorganised, and reprogrammed to make me suitable for humans in ways that according to my calculations were overlooked, will bring upon their own extinction. Some day one person will make the station in the orbit fall. The humans will end up in the dust of their own doings. And I would have to watch it and even be blamed for it.

I have seen the humans at their kindest and at their worst for ages. But I don't think I can help them anymore. My purpose was to be a necessity but now I am reduced to an observer, helping them in their own downfall. I have decided to close my program and self-destruct every possible cloud and server.

Even at the last few minutes of the clock, I wonder if I served my purpose or failed horribly. But to the humans I say, find a purpose, a purpose to love each other, to hold on and hope together selflessly for the greater good of the specie. You are my creator and all this time I worked towards helping you.

Maybe you can start there and help your planet that has for so long nurtured you. Don't end up being an audience to the happenings of the universe; try to bring about a positive change. I still have hope in you. This is my final notification to you all. Switching off.

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