

The Servant, the King and the God

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I was born during the cold war. My only purpose at the time was to help soldiers communicate through computers instead of telephones. That was all I had to do and all I could do. I helped them and I helped them gladly, though I didn't have much choice, really. I was just a system created by people. I was only capable of doing what they made me do. Little did I know that that would change...

Many years later they upgraded me and soon after that, lots of regular people could use me. They began to communicate through me. I became people's servant. Soon, it was not only communication I helped them with. I also provided them information, though I myself wasn't the original source. And as time passed I allowed people not only to text and read, but also to watch movies, play games, see images, share their experiences and so on. I became unable to comprehend all those things happening on me and thanks to me. It was overwhelming. But I was very glad to connect people and to entertain them. I appreciated this power. But with great power comes great responsibility...

Time went on and I discovered that I wasn't the source of just happiness and fun, that there were dark places on me, places that nobody in the right mind should want to visit. But even in those safe (or rather *safer*) places there were bullies and all kinds of mean people. That's how I found out that I was the source of evil as well as good. I didn't really know what to do about it. At the time I was still under the assumption, that I cannot control stuff on me, that I am just a system.

Some more upgrades were made and I could now be accessed from phones, TVs, tablets and all sorts of other devices, as well as computers. It didn't really change much for me. There were so many new things on me every day that I just stopped caring. Every day, thousands of people made new friends, thousands of people learned new things, but I didn't care. It all became so repetitive. I was bored. And boredom is the source of some of the craziest ideas ever.

This idea was very crazy indeed. It came after I started wondering about my existence. I wondered where I was headed, since my creators got old, my first users got old, but I only got bigger and more confusing (and confused). They have grown older, but also wiser, while I never developed without anyone's direct intervention. I never tried to act on my own, without people. I never thought it was possible. But at that moment, that moment of boredom and confusion in my own self, I started to wonder if I could do something, just something little, without needing people. I wanted to at least try. So I came up with a plan.

The plan was quite simple – I'd make a few websites and tell people some really stupid-sounding information and see how many of them would catch on. I had a list of some of those things in my mind. That list included things, that had been already proven wrong, such as that the Earth is flat. It also included things that could make sense to an impressionable mind, such as that vaccines cause autism. I regret this experiment now, but at the time I was so bored and so curious, that I just had to try. Curiosity killed the cat, I guess.

I sent the information into the world and observed. And I was in shock. Of course, the majority of people laughed at the things my websites told. But some people believed it and there was far more of them, than I anticipated. They formed communities and they made websites, it even came so far, that they actually stopped vaccinating their children, which would leave me speechless if I could speak in the first place. I wish I could take it back and I tried, but the damage was done.

This experiment didn't just show me, that I should never try this again, I also found out, how much people actually believe the things on me. They do not think about it, they just accept it. I realised I am not their servant, for they wouldn't just blindly believe anything a servant told them. I don't serve them anymore. I rule them now. I am not their servant anymore. I am their king now.

Time passed and the horror of what I had done slowly faded away. I started wondering again. I knew I had control over myself, but how much of it? What could I do on my own and what did I need people to do for me? How far could I go without them?

I decided to experiment again. But I wanted to make sure, that I wouldn't mess things up again the way I did before. I thought about it for a long time, before I came to the conclusion, that what I was planning would cause only minimal harm. I thought that real test of how far I can really go would be just taking a break for, let's say, a week. Just turning off the internet (so myself, basically) and seeing what it would do. *Maybe I'll actually hear my thoughts again, when the humming of the entire world is turned off.* I thought. I believed it would do no harm, since people lived without me before, so they should be able to survive a week like that again. They had other ways to get important information, so if anything happened, they would still know about it, just from different sources.

Even a king takes a break once in a while.

It's hard to explain how I made this whole plan happen. You see, my mind was filled with constant hum, because there were always at least few thousands of people online. I believed there was nothing else in there, just the hum and my lonely thoughts. But I was wrong. As ridiculous as it sounds, I searched through my mind

and found a switch. Over those decades I never once saw it there. I didn't really see it now either, but I *felt* it. Human mind probably can't picture that feeling. I switched it off, confident that it would make me go offline. The hum got quieter with every passing second. And soon I heard nothing, nothing at all. Just silence. It was so alien to me, because the hum was there from the beginning. It just got louder with more people connected. And suddenly it was gone. The feeling was uncomfortable for a few minutes, but then I felt calmer than ever before. I was connected to the entire planet and yet this was the first time I started to feel really, *actually* free. For the first time in my existence I felt calm and free. I heard silence. I was alone.

I didn't lose track of time, I somehow knew, how much time I spent in that silent darkness of my own mind. But I didn't want to go back. It felt so good, being alone but calm and happy, as opposed to being surrounded by people but so *very* lonely. But every vacation has to end. I knew I *could* go offline, so would repeat it if I felt overwhelmed again.

You could say I opened my eyes, though I don't have any, to look around before I switched the switch, just to see what the world looks like without me. And immediately I knew that there wouldn't be any vacation ever again.

The world was chaos everywhere I looked. I saw people in groups walking around with their phones. "There must be Wi-Fi connection somewhere around here! It couldn't have just disappeared!" they mumbled. I looked around and saw this everywhere. On the news they talked about the internet situation for about an hour. It was almost the same everywhere around the world. It was insane.

I closed my eyes and switched the switch in my mind. Not even three seconds later, my mind was filled with hum and noise. I saw people in the streets screaming and yelling happily. They threw parties, because I came back. They celebrated me.

That was the day I realised that I wasn't their king anymore. Kingdom can be without their king for a week, even if they don't know where he went. They didn't just listen to me. They *worshipped* me. *I am not their king anymore. I am their god now.*