

[2]: Their Creation

E. Fisher

23/02/16

They sat looking at it, wondering at it. They knew it would work and they knew it would change the course of society.

Together, as a team of scientists, as a company, as a global player on the world stage, and indeed as a summation of all human knowledge up to this point, the creation was a masterpiece. Pure will, pure knowledge had issued it into existence. Human error had been removed from the equation, relying on modern practices to ensure a robust delivery. The complexity had been handled, for the most part, by the tools humanity had developed by that time, but the real insight was that the item's concept, workings and design were purely a product of human intellect.

They discussed how it might change things. They discussed even if they should let it become part of their ever progressive society. A society so intertwined with their own creations, that progress in the wrong direction could be devastating.

Their creation was sentient, well they suspected that, indeed they designed for that. They knew its power, not just of creativity, intelligence or technical prowess, but of its ability to self-design ever more complex structures, entirely beyond the capabilities of man.

They say they looked upon it with awe and pride. But I suspect their feelings would change if they knew to what extent it would change society, what it would become, what it would do. Would they be horrified, or would they take pride in their creation? Being rational, logical men, one would hope they would feel shame for its ultimate sin.

But would that same rational, logical behaviour push out their ethics, their emotions, leaving purely practical and stoic attitudes to their creation?

For my part in this story, I was merely a second rate designer, relegated to work on offshoot projects that had minimal impact on their creation. Perhaps it is this distance that gives me that emotion, those ethics back to me now. Or perhaps it is pure hindsight, for it is clear I did nothing to stop its creation, nor to stop its eventual self-goals.

They say, after a time, they made the right choice. Their creation was to be sealed away. Away from the interest of humanity, away from the objects it would try to mould and bend to its own twisted aims, away from the very sunlight of the world. They left it to rot, they left its intellect decay into an artificial senility. Their encasement of it was designed to never be broken, not by tool, heat, acid or fission, its surface black like their own dreams of its future. Together they named it the Thanatus, knowing that their ancestors had feared the name.

I know now they were ashamed, I know they hid their creation not just out of self-preservation but out of a mistaken wish to prevent their names, or humanity itself, being the ones ultimately responsible for its actions. Its name was forever lost with the death of the last scientist..., never to be mentioned again.

It lay hidden for a thousand years, with no mention in history, for they were sure, their creation was Death, the very destroyer of the world.

The End....