

Little Thoughts

Scripted Audio 2.0

Most of you, fathers—and mothers too—are compromised by cowardice and lack of courage, as much by self-interest as by weakness. Sometime hyperconnected and passive, and other time hyperactive and unhinged, here I am the little puppet in the movie, the one who interacts with an AI and plays with the screens of dematerialization.

Have you not considered the excess *weight of our souls*? *Have you considered the deficiency in our sensitivity*? You let us—us, the digital natives—being devoured raw, gutted just like in the movie *Poltergeist* by the screen of a portable video game console, or if not our own, your mobile phone. Haven't you thought about backwash's?

Charge one: Obstructing the use of our body in three-dimensional space and the use of weighted objects! *Charge two: see char one. Charge three: see charge two.* So get that thumb—a *tough one!* I give it to you, Father, a first tough thumb down, a second tough thumb down, a third tough thumb down!

You speak of AI as a replacement? But, Father, that AI has been, for me, a fairly constant rubber accessory used as a substitute for a baby bottle! And not only a substitute for a baby bottle, but for Mom's arms, yours. Yours, father, your arms, and at the end of those arms your hands, your fingers! Those fingers that used to tickle me when I was a baby! But I'm grown up now—I'm six years old—and you've forgotten. Forgotten that this Nintendo console isn't a cuddly toy. But have you forgotten that every morning I had to tear away fragments of myself to make gestures and utter words that weren't my own?

You speak of AI with your projects, your neurons, but the upper reaches of the water will not escape the rise of new species, the most adaptable—the *most adaptable*. And the most tangible thing is what you say is most desirable, what is best for a toddler.

But didn't I play with ghosts? *Haven't I always played only with ghosts?* These ghosts were neither those of affectionate caresses nor those of gravity. *They were not very well balanced* between truthfulness and *lightheartedness*. They were not so well balanced. Not at all. *Their balance between the two qualities of a cuddly toy was rather questionable.* But they were well balanced between voracity and light, between intelligence and brute force, but all those of subtlety will disappear, and I don't mourn this loss: now that I am a perfect ghost, now that... that I have joined the world of disembodied beings.

Most of you, fathers—and mothers too—had compromised yourselves with cowardice and spinelessness, as much out of self-interest as weakness. *Have you considered the deficiency in our sensitivity?* But in compensation, once upon a time you got me, the little disembodied ghost in your dreams—and you still got me in your distraught parental nightmares. Aren't we in a state of total unreality, of mad derision? You always talk about AI as a global substitute, even though you yourself are involved in it. And you—you, the “comic stripizer”—you said to them, the actual readership, that you're just curious what made us flip!

The Zs is captivated by your comics on the screen, and you, through this AI-powered medium, want to produce even more content. Even more ghosts! So get that thumb down on your digital platform, Father, and don't forget to log it.

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