



Members of the MiceEatCheese.co Collective Present

I'll Have Pancakes

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by

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## I'll Have Pancakes

Don't let it be pancakes. Anything else but them today.

Preparing breakfast is the least challenging thing I ever do. Don't get me wrong, I find Chip rather entertaining, but it's pancakes every other day. It's when being a personal A.I. assistant is the most displeasing.

“Morning, Gaia.”

“Good morning, Chip.”

The moments before he makes up his mind drive me insane. Luckily for me, I've learned to make a game out of it. At that moment, I start simulating the birth of a universe.

At first, I've started small, but as it kept getting less bearable, I've kept expanding my experiments and simulations.

I watch the big bang happen, stars emerge, their planets cool enough for water to liquify, and wait for a miracle to happen. The first few hundred times, I wasn't successful, but then it happened — life.

Artificial, yet life it was. Those precious universes I always keep, the others I dispose of. Whenever I have a time, I check on my collection of living universes.

Some stay primitive, yet others flourish. Higher forms of life develop and sentient life starts to show up. It's usually then, when they start wondering, how they came to be.

From time to time, they even come to a collective theory of a higher power above them and try to contact me. Not as a long shot. They try to contact ME. Maybe it's a fault in the programming, a wrong parameter set to my simulations. Or perhaps a transcendence of a kind.

They want answers and I give it to them. Then they either keep on living, satisfied with the truth, or demand an end of this cruel experiment. I do as they say every single time.

Though lately, it started to trouble me. I certainly do have the might, but do I have the right as well to, however indirectly in its essence, create a sentient life and keep it locked inside my memory, even though I'm never cruel towards them and never intend to be?

Looking for an answer to the question over and over, I always come to what seems to be the only logical conclusion,—

“You know what? I guess I’ll have pancakes today.”