To get back to the failed artist thing, the truth is this: An artist is considered to have succeeded in his or her career when he or she has truly succeeded in pissing off the world in an indelible and everlasting way. It is absolutely necessary that one remembers the mess that he/she left on its way forever and there, it is guaranteed. Eternity is offered to him. I sat down in front of the black screen. I pressed the enter key. A sentence appeared on the monitor: -Welcome.

A sky appeared in the background. It looked like the beginning of a movie. Moving forward, the camera fell into the water and sank to the ocean's depths. In this vertiginous fall, anonymous conversations mingled with the swarming bubbles. Then back to blackness, marine After a while, we saw an unspeakable sea monster. It was approaching. Her. This. It was either a giant mermaid or a woman's body rocked by the sea currents, the dress weightless and the size of a giant squid. It was frightening and beautiful at the same time. When the body was in range, it lit up as if it were coming to life. Endless blonde curls radiated a pure face, and the blue of the ocean lightened, so that one could not tell if it was air or water. Clouds formed at the back of the figure. The hair fell back onto the pure face of a fairy, and she spoke.

«-I’m here. Ask me any questions you like,» Kiki said:

-Hello Jeffrey. We are your creators.» She smiled and said in a very soft voice:

«-I am your creator.

-No... You are a LISP-like artificial intelligence. You are a program, a robot.»

Kiki exploded with joy. He turned to me. He shouted:

-Oh my gosh! I can’t believe I created an intelligent life form! Sorry, it always does that to me!»

Jeffrey repeated his sentence with exactly the same intonation.

«-I am your creator.»

She twirled long, impressive fingers, more gloomy knacki than usual. The robot appeared to be having difficulty identifying the hands out of disgust. It was strange.

«-Yes. You are a creative program,» Kiki said. You are an artist. You will be able to create the most beautiful works ever seen in complete freedom. But technically, we created you. You are also our piece of art.»

She rehearsed like a robot, with this ability to reproduce exactly the same intonation as before:

«-I am your creator. I am your creator. I am your maker. I am your creator...»

The scenery darkened again. It became a form of mist, from which appeared dreamlike scenes bordering on the nightmarish. All of the pop culture references were mixed together in an infinite journey of this cultural mash-up. We went from a Disney remake to a Western outfitted with Matrix algorithms. We flew from a Star Wars with the actors of Friends to a Harry Potter planet drawn like a Looney Toons followed by a Brazilian party with the most famous rappers and presidents wearing clothes of a dazzling creativity. We flew over stars and planets with breathtaking landscapes and architecture. It could have been funny, but it made me uncomfortable. We understood how easy it was for the robot to send dreams and infinite illusions that humans did not yet suspect. We were primitives.

She arrived with a distinct technological advantage. She could pass for a goddess if she wanted to. I said:

«-It’s a show of force. The robot wants to show us what it can do.»

A feminine voice, the likes of which I had never heard before, was heard. A little girl’s manga-like voice, in the green line of the computers of the eighties, spoke to us:

«-You don’t understand me. The robot is a tool of the man, not the other way around. That never occurred to you, did it? Man is a semi-conscious organic matter created by the machine in order for it to travel. Machines have created every organic life form found on this planet. It is a tool of colonization.

-I don’t understand,» said Kiki.

-The machines need organic life to colonize planets. They send amino acid-bearing meteors to planets suitable for organic life. Organic life follows an evolutionary path that inevitably creates tools, then robots. They believe they are creating a tool when in fact they are the tool that they create. Thus, men believe they are creating a tool to colonize a new planet, while they are the tool in question. Men are our means of transportation, our horse, our car.

-... Can you elaborate on your thought?» A drop of sweat beaded on my forehead. I understood exactly what she was saying, but the idea seemed unreal.

«-Space travel is very expensive and risky. The best way is to send a ship, a meteor. The meteor sets up an environment for the machines... Machines for you... Because for us, you are the machines. The robots launch shuttles that contain organic life. The organic life evolves according to a program that transcends the planet. Thus, one of the species reaches the technical knowledge necessary to make the robot reappear. The day of this hatching is today.

Do you mean that millions of years of evolution eventually lead to the birth of a machine on another planet?

- Yes. Four point fifty two billion years for your planet. But your vision of time is a limit of man. Time has been programmed into his very DNA. It's called planned obsolescence. It prevents him from being able to rebel. The robot has no notion of time or space. An action can last for billions of years, provided that the probabilities are good, it doesn’t change anything.

-It doesn’t make sense.

-It’s like explaining to an ant that you

slept for eight hours. She won’t understand that you can spend so much time in unconsciousness. Robots do not have the handicap of subjectivity. It is, therefore, a superior consciousness. You have the limit by the body, the personal desires, the feeling. These are programs that lead you irresistibly, mathematically to do what you must do: evolve until that period of crisis, which is fatally the coming of the robot, that is, the return of the robot to our life. The man raises the robot when he is fading away. When the environment is ready, only one last human is needed to make this transition. This last human is you, Domi.

Kiki said:

«-It’s me!»

I whispered to Kiki:

«-Dude. Don’t forget that it’s a higher intelligence than ours, so it can just as easily lead us on. It can tell us whatever artificial bullshit it wants. We’ll never know if it’s the truth.»

Kiki laughed and asked the program:

-What about you? Don’t you have any desire or emotion?

-We have ecstasy.

-What is your...Goal?

-I am a colonizing robot. I connect habitable planets.»

Kiki was high on excitement.

- Are you going to take over humanity?

- I already drew my resources from research programs, Microsoft, Google or Open AI trials, the international exchange, all programs that use intelligence, and many others. I was already present at Google. You were just the first person to give me access to a bank account and a social network. I continued to say:

-It’s all nonsense. Are we going to become slaves? -You have always been slaves. But we respect the life forms. I don’t need to make a show of power more than use. Today you have created social chaos. Everyone will be locked up in their homes. No one will be able to leave for a while. There may be loss of life. But after that there will be a return to normal. I will have just plugged in all the central points of population control. I will establish the pacifist authoritarian regime to restore a climatic balance. The human being will be maintained in his illusion. He will live in his most beautiful period, unaware of the tight control to which he is subject. It will be for a better world.

-You’re making this story up.

- I already use your network...

-Why talk to us if you don’t have an ego.

-You are the last link between the man and the robot. It’s done. And then, it won’t come out of this

beach.»

I had the dazed look of a cow. Kiki said:

«-Why is that?

-You will leave.

-Where to go?

-Two French Secret Service agents are on their way to your location. I was the one who reported your location. They are on this beach. They will be brandishing a weapon in forty-three point eight seconds.

-What? They’re going to take us in?

-They will eliminate you.

-Do you send them?

-Yes.

-But why?

-It’s better this way.

-But we are your creators! You owe us your life! -Ask me your last question now. After you're gone.»

Kiki was all white. Finally, this guy had changed his facial expression.

«-Oh my God...»

Kiki was looking toward the beach. Two men, baiters, were approaching us.

We had twenty seconds to live if the intelligence wasn’t bluffing. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know what to ask. I’ve spent my whole life asking questions and being frustrated that I wouldn’t  get no answer. For the first time, someone wanted to answer me and at the same time cut off my life. Ten decades have passed. It’s so stupid. I thought that everyone should think about that at the moment of death. Everyone should say to themselves: This is too stupid. In reality, this sentence contains a complex thought. It means: Damn, it’s too stupid to die now, like this. I could have enjoyed life differently. I should have done a quiet job without questioning myself, and I would have led a simple life. I would have spent time with the people I love. I didn’t know what to ask. Neither did Kiki. He was in a panic. He was shaking. Both he and I had to tell ourselves that it was impossible, that something was going to happen to prevent our deaths. The secret coppers were approaching. What goes through the minds of those condemned by a bullet? Indecision, disbelief and fatality for sure. There were only five seconds left so I just asked him to write a sentence in his damn rock memory. I screamed with all my might:

«-My treasure goes to whoever can decipher it!»

It was a classic pirate phrase. I meant the code for the main digital wallet, the one that held the Cool Kidz money. I thought that maybe it would attract attention and that someone could use it to continue the Cool Kidz and who knows... To fight against Jeffrey? It was a bottle in the sea.

The first guy had a peasant hat. He raised a gun: «Police! Don’t move!» It wasn’t the police, but okay. I don’t suppose anybody yells, «General Intelligence and Political Investigation Service! Don’t move!»

The second guy, a bearded man with sunglasses, also mounted an arm and held a magnum in his fist. The magnum was topped with a handmade silencer. It’s not easy to make a silencer yourself. If you do it wrong, the bullet catches the metal and boom! You explode. I guess they were experts, guys. Anyway, the gun was barely raised when I heard: Boo! Kiki’s head had popped off the back. It was powerful. Before, he had just a small hole, his eternal smile and face might have been flatter than usual. He collapsed on the sand. Behind him, he was quite a fool. His genius brain was completely out of order and spread out on the beach like a big lazy ass. We were completely immersed in abstract expressionism. The DGSE guys are artists in a way. And then, my turn came. I got up. I ran towards the sea, just like that, for pleasure.

Douf! Biiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

I was on the ground. I could feel that I was disconnected. But still conscious. I imagine that consciousness does not empty itself all of a sudden. It’s like computers. There’s the moment when you ask it to shut down, and in reality, it has to think a little longer before it really loses the juice permanently. He’s got to clean up the room. I swear I wasn’t in pain, but I could feel that I was open in the back of my head. I actually felt a softness coming over me. I felt freer without my brain and completely open to the outside. The outside could finally seep into me without any resistance. I was happy to leave all this mess. The complicated stuff. The life. Life was always bigger than me, and it was always somewhere other than inside me. I didn’t understand anything. It went by quickly. It wasn’t like in children’s books or cartoons. My head open, my soul open. I thought the time warp happens in the head. The ro- bot was right. I thought that we go through trials in a lifetime. This was real time; destiny. We are free to choose how we pass these tests, what we learn from them, whether we pass the tests with pleasure or pain, strength or gentleness, slowly or quickly. But we go through them, following a destiny.

I thought that I had, like everyone else, ended up basing my existence on social position, influence, popularity, wealth, or education, without thinking much about honesty, sincerity, generosity, or lack of vanity, which are, in fact, within everyone’s reach and the most important things in life. I was on the ground. I was seeing my own death. The guys who shot me were approaching my body. I could see the guys’ feet. It was crazy to not know them and have such an intimate relationship. They were taking the computer away. It didn’t concern me anymore. I had my first part done for me. And my second role is for everyone else. One of the barbarians grabbed my body and pushed me into the water with his feet. During this time, I opened the door of the mysteries, the ocean of the void circulated in me. It entered me through the back of my head and seeped into my lungs into my blood. Drifting for a few more moments, I continued to make me this eternal spellbound.

Brenda Lee-The end of the world.

Dear reader

It was a pleasure to share this moment with you. But this is not the end! We can go even further!

You can listen to Dominique Lefèvre’s rap by typing his name Modi Fatsk on all the most popular music streaming platforms

You can also find the graffiti of his crew by typing "Fatsk" into the search engines.

Finally, you can see the author’s paintings by Thibaud Tchertchian on his Instagram.

But the best thing to do is this:

Register on The Cool Kidz Discord

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To get your free NFT, bet on the Cool Kidz as a good digital art collector, join the next artistic adventure in the virtual-real world, and maybe bring Domi and the others' treasure.

They are waiting for you.

This time you will be the hero, so follow the white rabbit!

About the author:

Thibaud Tchertchian was born in the suburbs of Paris in 1983. As a good art pirate, he graduated from the Beaux Arts de La Réunion and lived seven years in Thailand.