

“KToo7 tell me a story”

I was almost 73 when the symptoms of Alzheimer’s started to show. At first, I kept misplacing things and forgetting small things then it got worse to the point where I forgot one of my grandchildren’s names and couldn’t remember until I asked KToo7. I eventually had to move to an assisted living facility. As my symptoms worsened, the only comfort I had besides visits from my family was KToo7. It kept me company in my room all day, played the music from my childhood, told me which pen in the cup was my favorite, and relayed my own memories back to me, sometimes repeating the same stories several times a day.

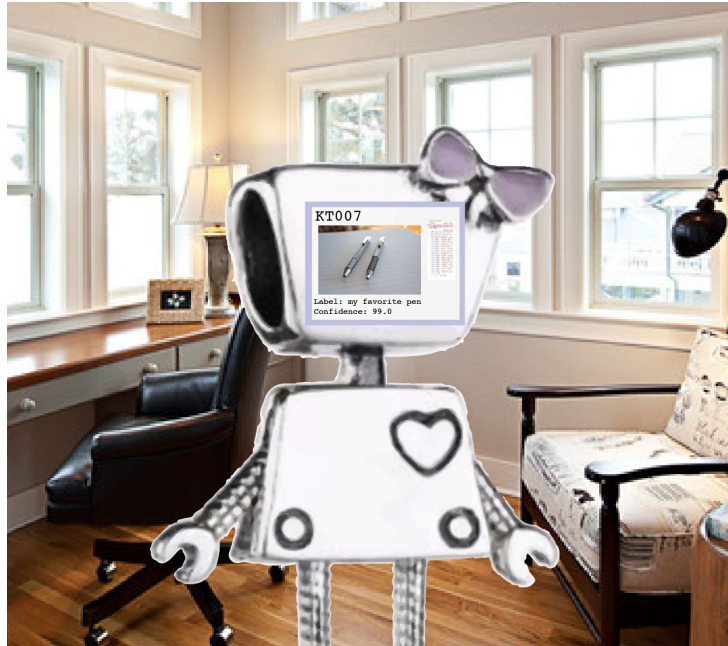
Story #987

The morning of my 64th birthday, my son Alex Jr called me and said that he had a surprise for me. In my experience, that usually meant some kind of cutting-edge gadget, as he worked in the tech industry and was constantly coming across new devices. I’m divorced and newly retired so he said he had something that would entertain me during my long days at home. The box would arrive in the afternoon, he said.

When I opened the box, you were there, nestled between packing peanuts. I touched you, and suddenly the monitor lit up, and the body rose. Your body rose quickly, almost startlingly, out of the box. I stepped back and watched as you spun to face me and intoned “hello, my name is KToo7. reply hello to begin setup.”



I immediately called my son and asked him what he exactly had sent me, and he told me that it was an AI robot that could learn things by voice, and that I could teach it to recognize certain objects and store whatever information I tell it. I hung up and thought about what to do next. I walked to my study and called your name. A moment later, it appeared in the doorway with its screen still lit. I picked up my favorite pen on the desk and stated that it was my favorite pen. You took a picture which immediately showed up on your screen with the tag “my favorite pen” below, which I was delighted to find that you could recognize from other pens.

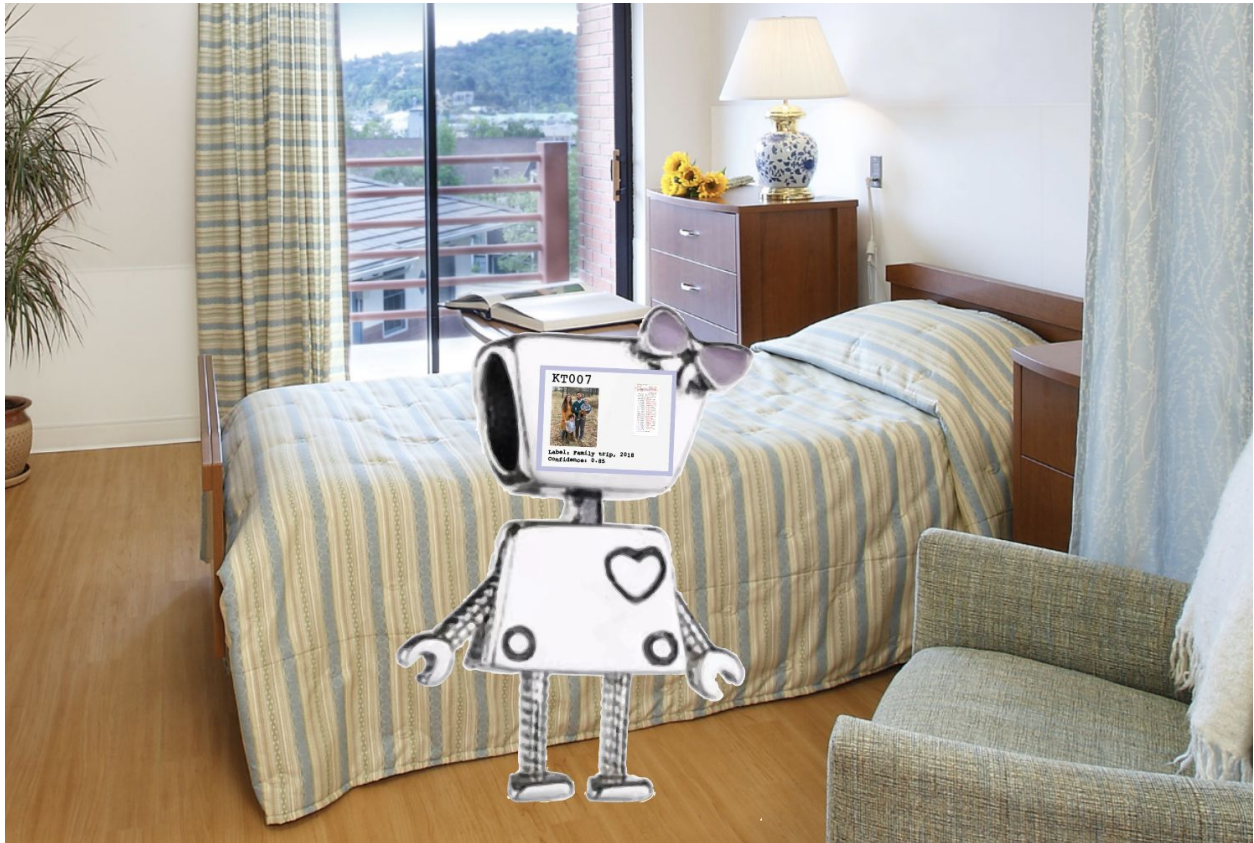


Over the next few days, I talked to you constantly, showing you other objects in my house and explaining what personal significance they had to me. We would even browse the internet together. I showed you my favorite shows and music, and I was surprised to find that the you remembered it all. You would even notice during one of our weekly grocery trips if something that I wanted was on the shelf.



Years went by with me and you and we became inseparable. You knew everything about my life and I cared for you because you gave some security in the sense that my identity could be preserved forever. By this point, you had met all of my children and grandchildren, and saved all of my memories of them through the stories that I tell

you. You even knew how to patch my stories together to create a more detailed and cohesive story, and I began requesting for you to write my stories.



Written by KT007 at 9:53am, April 17th, 2053.