

“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 but it progressively got worse to the point where one day, I couldn’t remember my youngest grandchild’s name 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 music from my childhood, told me which pen in the cup was my favorite, and relayed my own memories back to me, probably repeating the same stories several times a day.

Story #987

The morning of my 64th birthday, my son Alex Jr called me and said he had a surprise for me. From experience, that usually meant some cutting-edge gadget, as he worked in the tech industry and was constantly coming across new devices. I am 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 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 KT007. reply hello to begin setup.”



A little unnerved, I immediately called my son and asked him what exactly he had sent me, and he explained that it was an AI robot and it could learn things by voice, and that I could teach it to recognize certain objects and it would store whatever information I tell it with confidentiality. I hung up and thought about what to do next. I walked to my study and called your name. A moment later, you appeared in the doorway with your screen still lit. I picked up my favorite pen on the desk and stated that it was my favorite pen. You snapped 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 the other pens I have.

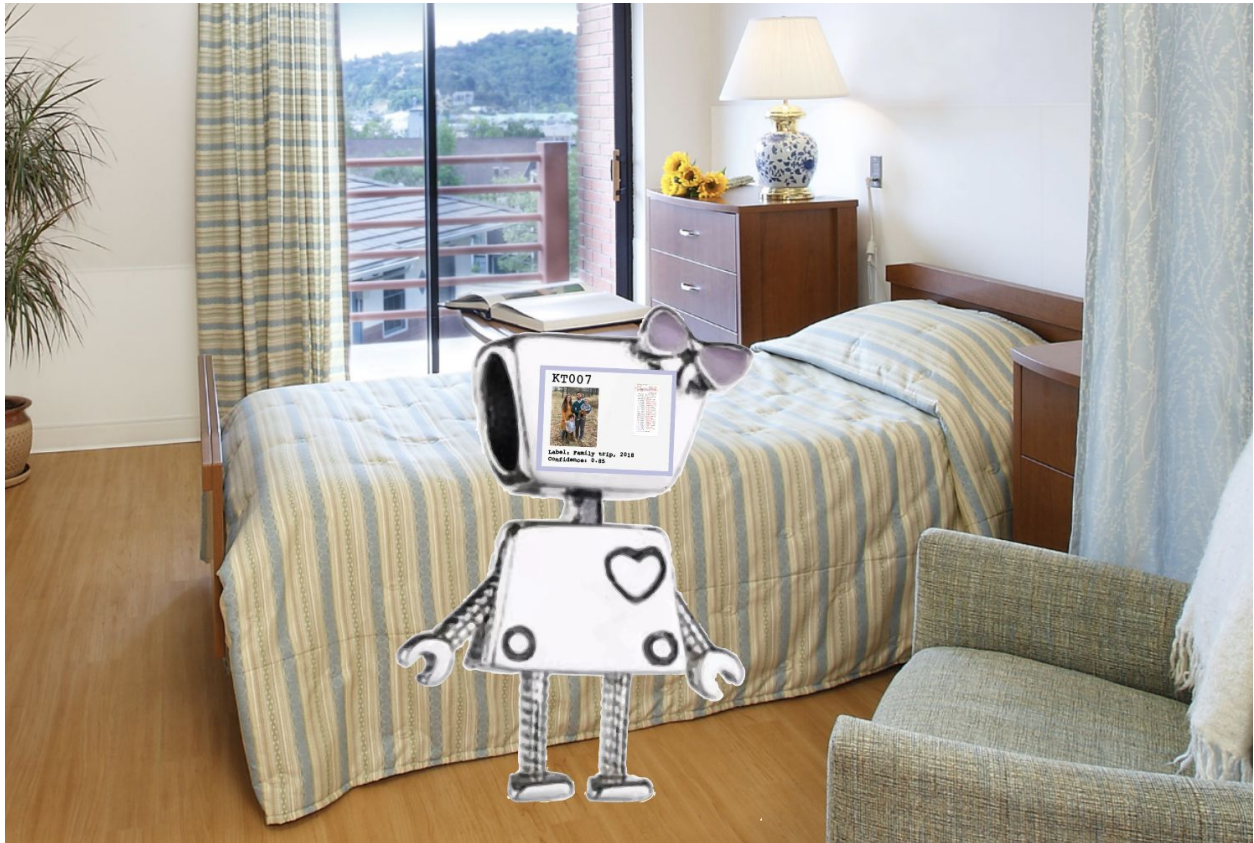


Over the next few days, I talked to you constantly, showing you other objects in my house and explaining what personal significance they had to me. We would even browse the internet together. I showed you my favorite shows and music, and I was surprised to find that not only did you remember it all, but you could also predict my tastes. 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 security in the sense that my identity could be preserved beyond human memory. 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 whole story, and I began requesting for you to write my stories.



Written by KT007 at 9:53am, April 17th, 2055.