

Please Take My Knees

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Two years ago, I came to this palace of science, the pinnacle of artificial intelligence in China, I feel great honored. I met marvelous professor, countless elites. But I am a degenerate inside. My cowardice that run over my heart as a biting ice pick drags me into the abyss. I am not aware of my life whether it is well or ill. The constantly punishment slaughters my soul and body.

For me, there are only two possibilities: either I become something or I come under the thumb of son of bitch. This latter must not occur; even if I am small, I am a force. A well-organized person can conquer a strong dilemma. If I stick close to my soul and keep bringing in new inspiration, I will be victorious over the people with low IQ [1].

References

- [1] C. Winston. Masters of our fate. *Speech to Joint Session of the U.S. Congress*, December 1941.