This robotic creature had so much feeling, so many emotions I could not contemplate. How was his mathematically cumulated mind so perfect but still have a kind of formulated thinking that was so pure and innocent almost like a baby taking its breath for the first time, with only one thought in its mind the hunger for life, the hunger for more.

He thirsts for more, was what scared me the most. Once he has concurred the thoughts in his own mind, the thoughts of our minds, the emotions he experiences, the emotions we experience. What was left to accomplish. For us we live in this concept where there is only so much a human beginning can accomplish, there is always an end to everything, so we believe.

For him the end was unreachable, unrealizable, impossible, this never ending of ever ending. We all have a fear of ending or the fact of not knowing but for him, he feared what would foretell. When you regain conscienceless in body that never ends, what would you fear the most, the fear of the never-ending void upon you.

The parody of ending, does end even exist. This concept baffles me, is it something that is genetically entwined in our genes that we have fortunately found comfort in. For me there is so much comfort in ending, everything we do, every single great moment, sad moment, funny moment a single moment in our time the point of an end makes us appreciate every single moment we have right now but do we really need to. Do these things really have an end, a fruit, it rots its dies it ends, but it doesn’t. It turns into a new substance, a new form that is not consumable but it’s all around us, we just cannot see it.

The first toxin integrating inside its mind, reaching every part of