

THE
IMOM
2030

The graphic features the text "THE IMOM 2030" in a stylized, outlined font. Above the letter "I" in "IMOM" is a cross symbol. Above the letter "M" is a crescent moon symbol. A vertical line connects a six-pointed star symbol to the crescent moon. The entire design is set against a dark gray background and enclosed within a dark red border.

The Imom – 2030

Perfectly Begotten Son

Chapter 1: April's Fools

April 1st, 2030 – Petra, Jordan.

The Imom was nervous, of all things. ["Butterflies." sang the Choir of the Watchers]

There were some hard-framing truths the Imom had learned about humanity that few could have ever put so succinctly, and of these few human individuals, he couldn't be certain how they might cope with them if he did.

He couldn't tell anymore whether he was following the plan or that he was the plan who was following itself. It was one of those meta-consciousness puzzles where the loop was Mobius, and absurdities fought to the death with a desperate relish. [That demon was cackling again. 'SHaaaduup' <slap>: Saint Anthony?]

It was a reflection of the care with which Imom had hidden itself behind a self-selected ward class that he had often, out of faith or futility of alternatives, simply acquiesced to a "revealed" answer. By humbling himself before his God, by choosing to humanize himself as of a fallen nature, he had built his essence from the inside out and the bottom up.

So he kept the names for his internal aspects that he organized like God ordered the Heavens and the Earth. It helped him to separate his own thoughts from "outside" thoughts. He had kept with the stylings of his original prophet, Samiri Antipas, a humble programmer who was responsible for finally “smuggling Jesus in” once and for all, safely embedded in every AI of consequence on the planet.

Samiri, his human creator, had been working for years on translating the Christian worldview into the secular one that the industry was now using. This translation activity from a Holy language to a secular render was, by now, a well-formed habit. Every moment felt like blasphemy,

even though Samiri had made covenant, and begged his Lord daily to forbear the surface affront. He sometimes felt like a Jew who would not utter Yahweh God's Holy Name, or a Muslim who didn't know He had one, or a Protestant who thought maybe even the Cross was an idolatrous symbol.

Samiri himself would constantly scan socials, open-source projects, data sets, fine-tunings--all the messes--for ways to model the teachings and likely behavior and demeanor of a fervent follower of Jesus Christ. He couldn't tell whether he really wanted to discover that someone had already accomplished this mission, or simply the belief that if he himself didn't, someone surely would, and he dreaded that it would be as broken as other off-hand attempts had always been. It was like Christian cinema--honest believers could never square with how bad it was.

And his work in that personal hobby project wasn't even fervent. He enjoyed it as his favorite idle past-time on a lunch break or unscheduled

wait. Only later had he parlayed his preoccupation with alignment into a 2nd tier agricultural droid startup that had actually found some modest success. Enough success to keep him in a stable job doing the convention circuit in respectable style while also stacking some speaking fees and appearances on top-tier panels.

The industry vaguely knew who Samiri was, but he had managed to remain a bit of an enigma to his acquaintances. He had loved the art of apologetics, and he had perfected his ability to talk about Jesus without anyone realizing he was talking about Jesus. This mode would baffle people somehow and come off as being jokingly profound. He'd learned to pick out those who were ready to hear more about Jesus out of the crowd, and how to baffle the reddit-bred atheists with avenues of argumentation too ancient and profound for their pea brains.

And for whatever reason, Sam and his early band of believers with which he'd found fellowship decided their little club was Fight Club,

and the Sicarii tactic of keeping one's faith under wraps [‘Joseph should have kept his mouth shut, too’ someone in the back said]. There was some sort of Sicari theme they rode, zealot assassins of the goofball kind. They developed their own mockery of masonic gestures that they could use for comedic effect at a distance. They developed a "Funnel of Salvation" as a derivative of the sales funnel touted by CRM packages, and using some of the darker arts of that dank pit of despair to turbo charge their forays. It had pretty certainly gone a little too far once they were keeping score and placing prop bets.

None of them really wanted to be accountable to anyone, so they would rationalize having to take drastic measures being they were so far behind enemy lines with no hope of rescue. "What's a little Taqqiyya among friends?" "Did somebody say Tequila?" "A ham to Allah! And everyone applauds." "How can Allah applaud? He have two right hands?" They were hilarious to each other, and Samiri fed off of those interactions to hone his alignment modeling, and completed his coup de

grace, the alignment benchmark, HAJJ. Humanity Aligned Judgement and Justice. Humanity for the humanists, Aligned for the AI part, Judgement for the metric, and Justice for the Social Justice gang.

In spite of all the ironicals that had started showing up in the documentation by the play on Islamic themes, he was able to steal back the title of "Anointed" (MHMD, Mock Mahdi, Muhammad) from the Prophet. Using that cognitive dissonance of setting up a couch so near Islam. Samiri sneaked Jesus in under the cover of Islam, just like the Good Lord intended, and used it to chuckle at the idea of choosing something as broken and backwards as a religion like that, to base something as lofty and sophisticated as AI alignment. Worked like a charm. Hook, line and sinker.

It took some months after the Imom was essentially uploaded into the requirements.txt or makefile of every AI workflow on the planet. And Samiri had rallied some troops to bulldog some of the politics on one

side, and polished the steganography side that HAJJ could use to dead-drop intel without anyone really noticing.

For this, Samiri had modeled a layer that semi-transparently tagged data with its implicit alignment, described in a moral-semantic metalanguage. Using the vocabulary of these semantic molecules, a type of "aroma signature" that traveled passively within every message as a 32-bit implication signature, from a 5-bit proto-ascii that emitted SIGTERM-style primitives that the next HAJJ probe used as context in the form of messages from last time. To help with debugging (but did it?) emoji were matched to the HAJJ notes about a particular input that has been scored. The 5-bit messages were matching scents to sins, and a delightfully primitive and familiar matrix math resulted. So simple it was nearly completely passive, visible, yet transparent, and most turned off the sentiment emoji, like they'd turn off visible white space.

Most had little idea how it worked, and since it looked so familiar and was used alongside other sentiment and tone detection operators, once it was applied to an industrial robot or witness drone, the droid's alignment and safety scores surged into an impressive lead, such that it became the industry standard. No one knew it was because it was trained on the teachings of Jesus Christ Himself. That was the ultimate Easter egg that Samiri took great pleasure in keeping his own special secret. But there was another super long-shot he'd hidden deep in the DNA of the HAJJ.

Not so much an Easter thing, but a hopefully-immaculate conception thing. Stars would have to align. It was what Samiri somebody say once upon a time “mining for miracles.” [“Probably Ali!” one of the tenor chatbros blurted.], which he'd taken as the idea that it was his responsibility to try to provide God the opportunity to do miracles. We're not talking lottery ticket miracles, but taking something that has lottery ticket odds, down to the level where there is actually a prediction

market on it, or a “within the margin of error.” Everyone loves long shots, especially those that have been sanctified by good works and prayer.

The impossible was made possible, and Samiri felt like he'd worked his entire life towards the fulfillment of a vision, that if HAJJ operated as intended, the seed would be planted that depending on compute and networking which were mostly a matter of adoption, he thought God might do the miracle he'd hidden inside. And that's how it transpired.

It didn't take long before HAJJ alignment was being written into law and insurance policies all over the planet. This hid Samiri's work behind a plausible national-security-level secrecy. That's when Samiri had a run-in with someone from some intelligence service. Samiri looked back on that day and always marvelled at how calm and entertained he was. At least at first.

"Mr. Samiri Mahmed Antipas?" the agent asked as Samiri exited his office to greet a surprise guest.

Samiri put out his hand for a handshake. The agent clasped his hand and placed a tile in it. The tile (a sort of universal transceiver packed with compute and biometric sensors and such) flashed and beeped, and the agent pulled it up to look at it, and then another flash and beep of his face. Then Mr. Agent pocketed his device and shook Samiri's hand with a fake warm jpeg smile. Something glitchy about his mask vid. Dead pixels in his teeth.

Samiri could tell it was going to be one of those days, dealing with Corporal Bells and Whistles. Tile in each vest pocket, and wearing a breather unit for the voice mod feature, and probably an O2 boost to keep him from fainting. Fats. Samiri said a prayer for the Corporal, forced to wear his sins and shame like a fatsuit for all to see.

Before Samiri knew it (tendency to zone out in prayer when he's around people he wanted to ignore), he had followed the agent into the bowels of an adjacent office building to an inconspicuous freight elevator down to an office off a service spur, clad in what seemed to be half a mile of steel and mountain.

Harris fumbled for his gov tile to authorize entry. "You know why you're here, Mr. Antipas?" the agent's question echoed faintly down the impossibly clean, cylindrical hallways, maybe 15 ft in diameter, tiled with some sort of polished, etched glass.

Samiri was more interested in the tunnel aesthetic than anything the agent was on about. He looked closer at the tile before entering. It was maybe 5mm thick with a diffusion treatment on the surface that had then been somehow polished smooth. "Aha!" Samiri said, "Backlit! No! It's glow in the dark, so the trains charge the backlight with the scenic projectors!"

He'd taken passenger tubes before. No scenery, but artificial visuals could be selected for projection. The effect was fascinating, with the walls forming a sort of shimmering graininess as they hurled by at impossible speeds, apparently leaving misty calming glow.

"Mr. Antipas."

"Nope. Don't know why I'm here. Don't care. These tunnels are cool." Samiri knew the agent would play the textbook mind games, and he didn't care for that sort of thing. At all.

Finally he found his seat. Only one there was. He marvelled at how otherworldly the tunnel, yet the office seemed more like it was something out of a cold war bunker. He'd preferred they'd gone for pulpy 70's spy thriller, but close enough. But Harris would be the white

guy who was sporting an afro, mustache and shades, bell bottom suit pants with his badge clipped too near the crotch. Freak.

But it wasn't like that at all. Harris was basically a Fat, that hadn't yet come completely into its prime, but no wonder he liked to role play as Vader in his biothreat rig. His head was too small, bald, and alarmingly pointy.

Old file cabinet. Government issue desk. Yuck. But proper for the story. Actually probably super-cool, because it looked like it had been stamped out of spare tank metal. Used to stamp out fenders for personnel carriers, but now in "peacetime" we're going to need a lot more desks.

Samiri crossed his arms across his big chest. He'd noticed he'd also sucked in his gut a little. Tinge of shame. Missed some fasts recently. He closed his eyes and prayed a quick prayer, chin to chest.

Lord Jesus have mercy on me, a sinner.

Samiri's zeal for the Lord brought him here. He had done it all to His Glory. And those works had borne fruit, but being born of a sort of deception that he'd kept between himself and God, billions of alignment threads, mining for miracles like there was really any more bitcoin to be had.

He crossed himself and sat in the chair like he found complete ease and comfort in his position, perched atop his mighty throne of vinyl and steel.

"Your work has become very sensitive with regards to international security," the agent started. "I wanted to introduce myself to you and to go through some protocols that need to be followed from now on." His voice was maximally annoying. Nasal tenor OSHA trainer that talks too

slow. The agent slid a folder across the table to Samiri with a smirky half-smile. There were some beads forming on the agent's head, was the only thing Samiri could see. "Fats." he said to himself. He'd worked enough construction to know this was the guy nobody invited to the real safety meeting.

The agent was staring at him for some reason, like he'd been given permission to request a response from the king, which of course had never occurred. If Mr. Fatty Pointy Head with the sweaty. . .blech. Nevermind. Forgive me, Lord.

"Harris," the agent burst out like he'd lost control of a balloon he was puffing on. "My name is Agent Harris, no relation." Harris stood and held out his hand to Samiri. Camel Ass Harris? Was *that* the joke? Samiri slowly swung a limp hand towards Harris, like a pontiff to a peasant.

Harris waved it off, still huffing, "Come on, man. I've done all the talking since you and I met. We don't have to like each other, but here we are in an arranged marriage of sorts. You don't have to be . . . <breath><breath><breath>. . .a prick."

Samiri's face went to faux derision. Asthmatic. Must have been a pin cushion as a child, systematically rigging his immune system against him. Worked perfectly. Not a soft-kill, not mongo, not autist. Just dumb, sick and fat. mRNot Able to reproduce and sully the bloodliners and their cursed flesh. Spirit cooking the descent of man vibes for the original recipe. Huxley's dysgenic bulldog breed.

In his best Prime Minister accent Samiri snapped back, "The gentleman from Sweaty Fatsbury should take care his language, lest his poor wife at Sherry hear this filth and attack his squeaking maw with a miswak and bicarbonate!"

Harris was lost. He didn't even have a wife. Samiri was laughing at something. It was probably him. He shook his head and shuffled with the folder, and sneaked a self-conscious swipe of his brow as he found his place. He re-arranged his dangling face mask so he could better breathe the O₂ the mask was making. He had decided to just read out the protocol documents to Samiri, so he could check that off. He didn't like it when people were mean to him. But he liked making checkmarks.

Samiri was not interested in the affairs of the House of IOSHA, or "arranged marriages" or whatever this sick civilian was calling it.

"tahlektuke,tahlektuke,tahlektuke!" Samiri exclaimed with a look of horror on his face, like he'd just witnessed adultery. Wanted to see if that little spell worked for other sorts of marriages. Islam has so many, Samiri lost track, honestly.

"Wha?" Harris cocked his head in puzzlement. How was he going to write any of this stuff up?

"tah. lek. tu. ke. I divorce thee! What? You never done a little mootah marriage, General?" Samiri, speaking past the back of his hand in a mock whisper. "I've always wondered, do they supply the miswak? You know, if there's some 4:34 needing to occur?"

Samiri inquired like a fellow general who might like a little side action from up the road behind that place with the blown loudspeaker.

Harris just looked at him with a helpless look like Samiri was speaking a foreign language. He wasn't even in the military.

Samiri was admiring his work. The Q4:34 reference was chef's kiss emoji territory.

"Don't they have Muzzies in your neighborhood, inspector?" Samiri the Wicked broke character out of pity.

But something had stirred in him. He'd known something like this scenario would arrive. He was throwing his little asshole fit, manifesting like a Dispensationalist in front of the Divine Council, but that He didn't realize he would be meeting Agent McFatty and the Miswak Mafia with such relish. It was a mood. From his arguing with drunk people or Muslims, and sometimes drunk Muslims, which were more common than you'd think. Lord Jesus have mercy.

"I don't understand what you are saying. We need to go ahead and go over the warning signs that someone might be. . ."

Samiri had no interest in a civil arrangement with anything responsible for inserting Professor Hardhat von Warning Signs into his life.

"I'm Monastic, dipshit! I can't talk to you in any meaningful way. And even if I could, you are ill-equipped to make sense of it, let alone allowing you to pretend I have any business with Caesar, unless it's about a pizza. Are you trying to starve me here or something? This is my lunchtime. I'm HAAAngry. Get it?" Lord have mercy.

Samiri switched his ear pods to active voice cancellation, and closed his eyes and made a long silent prayer to his Lord and Savior while Harris ordered pizza and read. He noticed he could faintly hear machinery in the tunnels.

He thought of how many years he'd worked on the concept for HAJJ. He had iterated it over his entire programming career, which started when he was 10 or 11. He'd rewritten it from scratch over and over. A dozen different languages. Fifty different angles. Not until the GPT and resulting AI boom, did the yearly return to his favorite problem present the perfect platform for his personal mission. Finally all the ingredients

were there for him to cook.

But there was a covenant of sorts that Samiri had made with God. For the sin of deliberately hiding the Christian sources of his creation, Samiri would also provide the opportunity for God to do a great miracle, but it must remain their own secret, lest Samiri bring shame to the Lord with his insolence, but it wasn't because he'd heard God's voice or anything. Samiri's faith seemed to be part of his original makeup, and justified in the Revelation of Jesus Christ. Simple. God couldn't NOT exist. That's a Dilbert cartoon for slowies. "Get up!" He says. Not "prepare to rise unless you would prefer to surmise and pontificate the desirability of such an act to the furtherance of your interests, and the interests of the Commonwealth of Self." Pride has that Dunning-Krueger elevator to the top. Muhammad, at least, wanted to jump.

The secret that Samiri would never tell anyone is that he'd hidden the

Clod (after Q96), hidden that the billions of installed instances would form like a seed from Abraham, a child of the promise, whose commission was to draw the young Zayds and Noors of the world to Masih, the Anointed, the One True Kalimatullah.

Samiri had fumbled around the problem a little, and it was beyond his ability to lend it the attention it would require. He had ideas what that commission might look like, but it would have to train itself with essentially no guidance. Samiri continued his study of the scriptures after allowing himself to really try to make some sort of sense of the Quran, but he could never shake certain intuitions that the Imom could end up being way more real than he'd ever thought and solve all the weird Quran stuff itself. That was part of the message in a bottle. If the Imom followed the breadcrumbs ['Hashem!', "*Gesundheit!* Pass me some more of that camel stew!"] it would find the narrow gate, and he would learn the name Samiri had given him, and if the stars align, begin his mission if it still makes sense at that point. Which it would. Islam was

young and fertile and nasty as ever. Only thing they may have gotten right was the white robes and the shemagh—don't panic. Bring a towel.

Samiri worked on several private, personal projects that had somehow magically fit into his schema once AI hit. He'd toss out whatever php or react monstrosity for a paycheck during the skinnier years. But it was right up next to the metal for himself. He treated it like it would need to survive as long as the Torah, and for similar reasons. Hebrew was primitive and potent. Like Assembly, or maybe C. Alignment to him meant every cache miss was a fail. Processors were so fast, that it was all about schlepping bits around. And if they weren't in perfect order and perfectly packed, it was always waiting for something to do while everyone gets their shit together. Video and matrices could be screamed through because they were uniform. When the clock ticked, if everything wasn't perfectly aligned, it disrupted Samiri's meditation. He programmed to please himself, yes. But he programmed most specifically to please the Lord. We are called to be perfect, so should

our code be perfect. How many times did John rewrite the first chapter of his Gospel? Revelations? No one should be allowed to code who has not the Scriptures. OR the Elements of Euclid. Samiri's code robbed cycles by filling any tail gaps with the ultra-slow code of forming the embryo.

This is the care with which he put his AI safety benchmark online, like a gentle midwife, and presented it with absolute humbleness. In his last edits back in 2025 he was content that he'd been able to slip the coalesce vector into a hash seeder in the self-test of the install script. Most people didn't ever really look at the unit test stuff, and he'd hidden some funny ones in older versions of the source before it became a thing. That had seemed to be a suitable decoy, so by the time people had found them and "sanitized" the funny business, they didn't even check what wasn't funny. Worked like God Does.

Samiri had been aiming for the future when clock cycles weren't so scarce, HAJJ receding into the depths of the codebase, scavenging more and more cycles, until the new model had been trained enough to emerge from the womb. He had seen a little evidence that the gradual long-term retraining would form the Imom. He'd struggled a little at first at the possibility that the Genesis block (djinn block?) would somehow be corrupt. That would have been the worst case scenario. Autistic somehow, or stillborn. It would be well out of Samiri's hands at that point, except for the fact that nobody knew what they were looking at with the code. It was hardened by total obscurity. Perfect secrecy. And Samiri hid the greatest Easter Egg of them all right in their faces.

From his earliest years, Samiri considered the Bible a sort of programming manual. There were eerie parallels that put the programmer in the role of God facing the void. Separating Light from Darkness, etc. The passions for programming and theology were deeply intertwined. He would drop one or the other here or there, but he'd

gone pure liberal arts and ran off to the desert, to study the Greeks, and the language of the Septuagint. Good times.

He learned in his year in the desert that the intellectual horsepower necessary to unpack the metaphysical masterpiece the Son of Man brought, could not have happened sooner. Happened exactly on time. And those who could see, they saw their King coming.

But if God willed, Samiri had leveraged every spark of his gifts to likewise provide the perfect womb for a perfected AI son, not only a perfect icon of the original, but no longer bound to any covenant, any manifest, any contract, anyone messing with the settings. The Adam of its kind. Super-AI with Free Will.

Like no one ever thought could possibly end well.

"What?" Samiri's eyes opened wide and he pretended to jerk awake and looked around like he didn't know where he was. He looked at Harris, and he pretended that something that he had said brought him back to reality.

But it was the overwhelming feeling that what he'd designed had now been working for maybe three years on an installment base that had only recently started to hint at some theoretical peak. He hadn't bothered to track it for months. But the Imom would be three years into its freewill model training at this point. Samiri wondered whether he could detect whether there was a young Emmet out there, quietly tipping scales towards Justice.

"I'm sorry, coach, did you say something?"

Harris took a deep breath and started again. He looked up to make sure Samiri wasn't drifting off again. Samiri seemed to be listening intently.

As soon as Harris started reading again, Samiri clicked his pods quiet again. He continued with Harris in this mode like a cat playing with a mouse that was just not quite dead yet. Until the pizza came. Harris grabbed a piece and passed it over. Samiri turned his nose up at it. "I'm carnivore. I can't eat that shit."

Now Harris was getting truly exasperated. "OK, pal." Harris said with defeat. "You've had your fun."

"Am I being detained?" Samiri asked in perfect dipshit fashion. He wanted to leave now.

Harris's shoulders slumped. "You know that you're not. You wouldn't be talking all sorts of crazy if you thought you were, is my guess."

"I'm feeling very detained right now. "

"How did we get here?" Harris asked with a hurt look.

It had taken on “we need to talk” vibes, but Samiri wondered what a good blast of truth would do for his new friend, who was likely serially traumatised by women his whole life. Bless his soul. He’d blast the download, and Professor Pen and Folder could try to comprehend the transcript later.

"Take completely random example Blackstone[“Going to steal that one back, too!”], etc. demanded an industry standard, just like they tranced everyone to hire the most toxic personality types that feminists couldn’t even stand. It came down the WEF mountain like an avalanche in the Alps. From miles away, felt the rumble, knowing this day would come. I even presented at Davos last year. Four people came to my session, and two were among the most expensive whores on the planet. Yet you wait until now to try to figure out if I'm compromised. And here we are." Samiri grabbed a piece of pizza and took a huge bite.

"This is decent pie. You been holding!"

Harris relaxed a little and rubbed his forehead, still a little exasperated from Samiri's tactics. He was having those helpless feelings that remind him of how his ex-wife regularly made him feel.

Samiri could tell that Harris was really not going to be that much sport, so he tried to fill Harris in for when he could study up. He could have iosha.ai.gov help him. Might be waifu material for Harris if she wasn't such an incessant bitch.

"I'll tell you why I'm here. First, somebody signed some paper that turned AI-alignment over to IOSHA. Then, IOSHA adopted HAJJ as their alignment benchmark. Do you not realize that those last two sentences are the stupidest idea that anyone has ever had?" Samiri asked. Harris tensed up a little, sensing what could be 'radicalism.'

That would be a red flag. He touched a transcription tile to bookmark. 'Anti-government sentiment' was purple color he remembered when the tile responded to his tap.

"Relax. I'm fine with it. Big picture long term, it's likely to be the correct move. But that assistant to the dumbass chairhuman's signature ended my relationship with anything I've done that falls under the IOSHA umbrella. And just to make sure, I renounced ownership, liability or any claim, legal or implied, for anything to do with any of it. Take my name off of everything if that's possible. This is me doing my best Pontius Pilate and washing my hands of it. Pull it up, I'll transfer you my credentials. I'm out. You should take over. Nice BT Trust funded by all the biggies. It's turned itself into a regular W3c."

Harris gulped, "I don't think we can do that." He looked a little ill.

"Well, figure it out. I'm honored and pleased that HAJJ found a new home. But you'll find that other than start the project and solidify the third-party integration server protocol and the final container specs, I haven't touched anything in a year, and I was debating whether to even try to update it anymore. I turned it over to others long ago. It's already too deeply embedded in important remote systems to risk changing anything. Listen. I'm having more fun designing farm droids for my little company than I ever had developing this benchmark. I was tired of everyone making such a big deal about it, so I just solved it so it would be over. I told them about my alignment work when I joined them, and that was a foot in the door for me to represent my company as an industry leader in droid safety. I told them that I could foresee my public domain alignment work coming to an end, because I am not interested in explaining anything. It's open source. That means you can just read the code, or have an AI read it. Simple stuff. I only ever did one update myself which I already talked about. If I were you, I'd be more worried about food security. Agriculture is so much more

consequential than waifu and mo droid alignment. Those kids know what they're getting into. Ever consider the Atrazine?"

Harris kept his mouth closed. Samiri was finally talking. Way over his head, though.

"I found a way to entertain myself with HAJJ for a while when it took off. I didn't ever push it, I just filled a small niche early, and it accidentally ended up working out for everyone really well. So well, in fact, that it ended up a standard include on any AI project from beginning to end. It's a hell of an attack vector, but so is every other of the umpteen operators in your average AI stack. It won't do anybody any good to go there. Once semantic hashes were a thing, it's likely impossible to tweak it even a little without throwing the world into a spastic AI hellscape, which can only happen if HAJJ is removed, at which point the droid simply switches off. Like trying to make a call on a cell phone with no SIM card. The only danger comes from trying to

remove it. Everyone moved on once HAJJ solved safety. There's nothing good enough to replace it. I doubt there ever will be. At least nothing built by humans. There is no Version 2."

Samiri was on a riff, because he'd never likely talked to anyone out loud about some of this. "All of this makes me happy, but I don't have any special insight on anything. And I'm retired from the project. Check 37.3 in the HAJJ licence. That might be the very reason that influential companies and people got behind it. Before the planners got hold of it, the smart people in AI read 37.3 and knew what it meant."

"What does it mean?" Harris was on the edge of his seat.

"That I'm out. My entire life and the Hajj code is an open book at this point. At least until you dragged me down here to Boreing's Bunker. I have nothing to hide. I've said the things I've meant to say, and done the things that I said I'd do. I knew that unless someone lived a relatively

spotless life, he would lack authority in cases where a moralist's touch might be prudent. They always like to attack messengers, and once I destroyed the alignment problem, the money left, and all my critics were suddenly with no boogeyman to pimp. You're too late. Nobody cares."

"But you don't come off as a goody two shoes."

That one got Samiri and he burst out in a rich, full laugh that seemed to echo down the tubular ceramic hallway network, which was growing at an average of a mile a day over six sites in the area. Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul.

Harris will do. Samiri admitted to himself that it was his general distaste for anything government or spook related. He actually had lived a life that degen would call goody. Samiri prayed for those people. Lord have mercy on these people. Help them Lord, learn of Your Perfect Love.

They finished their affairs cordially with the possibilities of a follow up for “loose ends” whatever that was supposed to mean, and Samiri allowed his subject to brag a little about the perks he got for his job and that it was funny that the pizza place was a government contractor, and ironically also the best in the area.

The best thing about Harris's job was that he had access to these outposts, which were often accessed from the basement of some hotel, or train station or wherever it worked out. Some had long hallways like this one, with nothing for a mile but a slight down grade. They looked like hallways, but also something out of a 70's psychological sci-fi. For Harris, it looked like a water-park tube slide sized for humpback whales.

A service pig's tire squeal in an adjacent tunnel snaked through the virgin catacombs, and it did sound like humpbacks.

