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Alien Forms Writing

**Research**

GPT-3 is an autoregressive language model developed by the research lab OpenAI. At its most basic level, it figures out what the next character should be in a given string of text, which may not seem impressive but has led to very complex results. The source of this complexity is the staggering amount of input data given to it (a significant portion of the publicly available internet), and the three months a supercomputer took to train it. While its complex and life-like answers to difficult questions often raise concerns of “true” AI, it mechanically is doing nothing more than guessing the next letter in a sentence. At the core of this philosophical question of sentience is the idea of reversibility: that is, the ability to determine the inputs of a system based on its output. Some situations are irreversible, for example, you cannot tell whether or not a lawn was mowed by a human or by a robot based on the state of the newly-cut lawn. However, up until now we had questions which we deemed reversible in the field of machine learning, semantic questions which computer programs typically could not answer convincingly enough to be mistaken as human. GPT-3 has robbed us of most of those questions, and now is consistently mistaken for a human in research situations (though it still has difficulty with math, complex logical reasoning, and ethics).

Work Cited

K. Elkins, J. Chun, et al. “GPT-3: Its Nature, Scope, Limits, and Consequences.” *Minds and Machines*, Springer Netherlands, 1 Jan. 1970, link.springer.com/article/10.1007/s11023-020-09548-1.

**Creative**

Her footsteps echoed off the marble floor, its surface perfectly reflecting the inky shadows far above, and disappeared into the cavernous expanse of its mind. The journey up the mountain range which was all that was left of the Colossus’ spine had taken days of walking between ribs and broken bones of metal which leaned precariously, like poorly constructed skyscrapers. Thin beams of light from the sinking star outside streamed down at a shallow angle through the orbital fissures, illuminating the dunes of old paper within. An entire world’s knowledge had been sacrificed here, offered to a saviour created with the hope that it could solve their problems. The craters and deserts which still marred the planet’s surface were testaments to their failure; even a giant with the power to move mountains and the knowledge to answer any question could not change their nature. As she walked further into the desert of knowledge forgotten by all except the remnants of the Colossus' mind, the last trickle of red light faded away, leaving the skull in a soft darkness. The sound of moving paper seemed to pick up then; dunes shifting in a wind which came from nowhere. Looking up, she noticed small gold lights, though they couldn't have been stars. In the almost imperceptible breeze, a paper was lifted from a far off dune and made its way toward her, landing at her feet. She leaned down to pick it up, moving other papers aside. The paper almost broke apart from that light motion, and though most of the words were gone, erased by time and forgotten, she could make out the words "Who am I?". She had no answer for it, and the dunes seemed to sigh at her silence.