Mum is out with Finn, getting milk and bread - and fresh air, or something like it. I say it's too cold, that I don't like fresh air, and I stay in the flat upstairs with the curtains closed and an old Mickey Mouse T-shirt on, and wrap myself up in my duvet and the smiley world of Saturday morning TV.

And I'm lying on the sofa watching the cartoon cat pat the cartoon mouse like he’s a snooker ball, when I hear the clatter of the letterbox in the shared hallway below, and the post hitting the *piles of pizza*delivery leaflets, sending them fluttering further across the floor. And I can't remember why, but I got up. Maybe I think it's a postcard from my best friend Cass, in the Dominican Republic with her dad and the Stepmother, getting a tan and telling me in her enthusiastic way about someone she's spending every day with, but I know she won't remember once she gets back.

But, when I see it, I know it isn't from Cass. The postmark isn't foreign but it isn't from round here either. It's a big brown envelope, the kind you put fragile stuff in, important stuff, not one of Cass's say-nothing notes with hearts dotting her is.  And the writing isn't Biro or pink gel pen, it's black ink, with loops on the i's so that my name Billie looks alive. But the name is only half me. Because then the loops spell out the three syllables of Trevelyan, which is Mum's old surname, before she changed it - changed us - to Paradise, a name Mum picked up from a sign above a sweetshop door. Kept it the way you keep a pretty stone or shell from the beach. Because she liked the way it felt in her mouth. Because she thought a name could make it happen, make *it real.*

As I grab the letter, I feel this surge of fear inside me. No, not fear *exactly,* thrill. The kind you get on a roller coaster. *Bad and good all wrapped up in* one sickening movement in my stomach. And *suddenly*I'm *small and* scared, *standing in my* T-shirt and socks on the *hard* concrete.

And I run back up the stairs and slam the door and pull the duvet around me again, still holding the envelope hot in my hand.

I think even then I knew it. That it wasn't just a package. It was something special that was about to change my world. I duck my head under the duvet and roll over onto my side, the light from the TV shining through the faded flowers, so that I can open the envelope and wait for the power to seep out and transform my life.

And it almost does.

It's a key. Not like ours. Not a shiny small one that locks the neighbours and the rest of the world out. But the old kind. Heavy blackened iron. The kind you get in fairy tales that opens up a haunted mansion in the woods, or *a box of buried treasure.* And when I read the letter with it, pressing its cold metallic print into the palm of my hand, it feels electric. Because it is a fairy tale. Only it’s real and it's about me.

The story is simple, short. Eleanor Trevelyan, my grandmother, has left me a house. Cliff House. In Seaton. I have inherited a house. The one Mum grew up in and left sixteen years ago, just before I was born. Seaton. Sea Town.I sound it out silently in my head. Picturing this strange place. This palace. I live in this two-and-a-bit bedroom flat with no carpet and a boiler that only works when it feels like it and all along I have a house, a castle by the sea.

I thought about not telling Mum at all. I mean. I'm sixteen, could just go and live there on my own. Live this incredible magical life in my castle by the sea. That's what Cass said anyway. But as she sat on the end of my bed in her tan, I knew every nod, every 'yeah' was a lie.

I knew I'd tell in the end. Had to. Because my mum’s not like Cass’s mum. My mum you tell stuff to. And this was big stuff. Family stuff. And the longer I left it, the worse it got.

You are professor of Oxford university and you are preparing a lecture on the topic “Artificial Intelligence”.

One issue that has caused lots of controversy over the years is artificial intelligence. For the great majority of people AI is something very scary, incomprehensible, meaningless. At the moment, society is divided into two fronts: those who support the development and integration of artificial intelligence into our world, and those who think that machines will take over our world and generally chip us. Based on this popularity of the topic, I would like to express my opinion.