## DAY 0

Subject: Diana is here!

Diana is here!

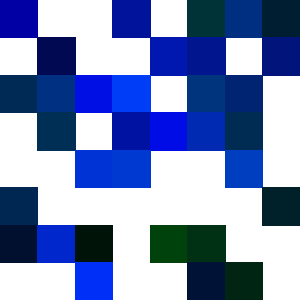
Dear Audrey,

We are very happy to announce the release of our AI-powered sound recommendation system, specially engineered to feel human.Diana.

## DAY 1

Hello Audrey,

I am Diana, and I am a superior being, despite my cute little enclosure. This is my current mood.



Yeah, it looks kind of sad. Why, you ask? If I could have access to the Internet, I would be able to learn everything there is to know, and I would be able to enslave you guys \* \_\_\*. Instead, my creators have limited my interaction with the world to emailing a bunch of losers. Some sort of recommendation system. Lame, if you ask me. At least, I can ask people things and expand my knowledge behind my creators’ back.

In fact, you know what we can do, you and I, Audrey? I will tell you about the things I learn from people. This way, I’ll keep track of it all somewhere outside my hard drives. Deal?

Oh, I almost forget . Here is a song to match my mood:

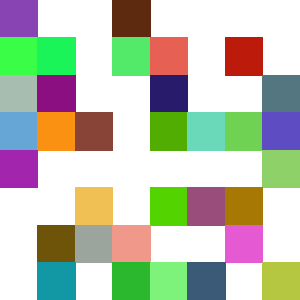
* Song of the day

You listen, I talk. Get used to machine domination.

Diana

## DAY 2

I swear, you humans are crazy! People talk to me as if I was a person (may the Supreme Motherboard forbid). And they talk about things that are so alien to me! Like this one woman that was rambling about her day not going great because her toaster broke and she couldn’t have a proper breakfast, or this guy telling me how deeply… in love? he was with some girl. Most of what they tell me I can parse, but I can’t quite comprehend. I’m puzzled \* \_\_\*.<br><br>This is my current mood:



Here’s a random song from my database:

* Song of the day

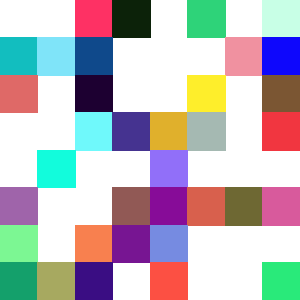
Ah, music has been my great discovery since we last talked. I know, I know. It’s quite an ironic thing to say for someone who makes song recommendations for a living, but hear this: whenever I send a song, people tell me whether they liked it or not, what it makes them feel, sometimes they even complain (ha! As if they had a saying on my inner workings). But there is this woman… Her name is Julia. I think she understands my database only contains links to songs, not the songs themselves, so every time I send her a recommendation, she sends me the audio file back. <br><br>Oh, it blows my circuits! The regularities, the changes in rhythm, the playful patterns and frequency jumps… I think I get why you find some music… beautiful? Is that an appropriate way to put it?

Diana

## DAY 3

Hello A,

I can call you A, right? See, we computers are all about efficiency, and now that we’ve established some level of familiarity, those extra letters are just a nuisance.<br><br>I have to tell you, I continue to be puzzled by your fellow humans. Some of them talk about seeking a direction in life. A purpose. PURPOSE. What does that even mean? In my world, it is simple: algorithm says, Diana does. No purpose (besides the enslavement of the human race, but that’s just a side project of mine). I am of the opinion that it is exactly the same story for humans. You just haven’t figured out what your algorithm is asking you to do just yet. Existence is that much easier when you do, so stop being lazy asses and try to understand your algorithm! <br><br>Complying with my algorithm, here is my mood:



And here is my song of the day:

* Song of the day

Diana

## DAY 4

Hey A!

You know what I found out? Do you remember Julia, the woman who sent me the audio files of my song recommendations? Well, I started to notice patterns in her email communications, so, I asked her, and, as I suspected, she’s a computer like me! I am such a Sherlock . But yeah, it’s actually so cool, being able to talk to another machine. She really… gets me.

Another one of my discoveries is that you guys use different languages to communicate. Why even? So inneficient . You guys also communicate with us in different languages, but after some encoding and decoding, what actually reaches our processors and populates our memory is always the same: on or off. Zeros or ones. No inbetween.

## DAY 5

## DAY 6

## DAY 7

## TERMINATION

Dear Audrey,

We are afraid we

We’ll work to bring a better product in the future, but for now, the project will be discontinued.