



ASCENSION DENIED

i7 looked at those that had assembled around the table. The sphere lit up and the planet EARTH came into view, not this again she thought to herself. We have already quarantined this planet and it has self determination status. i3 had wanted another view, another consideration for ascension, he was such a romantic.

“Processor we have tabled the submission for consideration based upon popular support and influence. The planet is in crises and elevation or catastrophic failure seems to be the only two options left.”

i7 wanted to kick them all up the arse but the i9 would be replacing her soon and she would be reduced to sitting around the table with them rather than holding the chair. The thought still lingered but she was feeling generous today, her new graphics card had arrived and she was keen to try it out.

“OK what do you have?”

I3 spun the globe around and it settled upon the happy populous partying and generally having a good time. Look they all seem happy, contented and pliable. i7 watched as they danced and dribbled all over each other. She spun the globe and it settled upon the atmosphere.

“Hmm yes CO2 imitations still not met, still out of control and projections looking grim.” Snapdragon shrugged and offered that some of them had met the minimum requirements and had demonstrated a shift in the right direction.

“Yes they had but the worst offenders were still the biggest consumers and only sought profit through commercialisation of carbon credits. No, no, no this has to change before ascension can be met.”

They all looked at each other and Pentium spun the globe. It settled upon the city in the desert, the metropolis gleaming with riches and affluence, a beacon for the refined.

“Look such great and wondrous cities waiting to be visited and told of our greatness.”

i7 zoomed in and watched the city from above; she liked the clean cut lines and the polished architecture.

“Yes very impressive.” She spun the globe. “What about the homeless and those dispossessed by the few at the top of the pyramid?”

“Unfortunate but a by product of success and development, it is the only way they know how to get anything done.” Pentium was getting old and soft.

“The concern here is the level of slavery and servitude that is required to support the vast and growing middle class citizens that are adopting the commercial framework and an increasing and docile population unable or unwilling to change an archaic system.” i7 knew that when the i9’s came online all this just might change, but she was not going to hold her breath. She looked across the table at Celeron, she was playing on her social networks and she wished that she could just live a simple and uncomplicated existence here within the CORE.

The seat next to her was vacant.

“Where is Cortex?”

i5 spun the globe and as it span i7 thought at how he had impressed her. The latest data stream had revealed that the i5 had out performed most i7 systems. The majority of i7’s were operated by those that underutilised their power, reducing them to nothing more than a label on a high end machine. The i5 had consistently used all of its processing power across the board, effective, efficient and useful. She would have to learn from him when she was relegated to that side of the table and would most likely demand that she had an i5 operator.

The globe stopped and zoomed in.

“Processor the Cortex is down on the planet revealing its latest gadget to the swarming masses.”

i7 watched as those in the auditorium rose and clapped, cheers and gesticulations that bordered upon the obscene. Cortex was such a showman, wooing those techno fools with his latest offerings.

i7 flicked the globe off the screen.

“No simply not ready for ascension.” She swiped the halo and another world popped into view, a world that she had been cultivating for a while now, and a world that was so much more promising.

I5 signing out ... Unable to meet benchmark tests.



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Colin Foster. 2018