

A Fiction

"We propose that a 2 month, 10 man study of artificial intelligence be carried out... The study is to proceed on the basis of the conjecture that every aspect of learning or any other feature of intelligence can in principle be so precisely described that a machine can be made to simulate it. An attempt will be made to find how to make machines that use language, form abstractions and concepts, solve kinds of problems now reserved for humans, and improve themselves."

--A Proposal To Rockefeller Foundation, 1956

I registered my first Tinder account today.

The first two questions are quite easy. Name? Ari. I choose to be a Leo born in 1999, the very year before Millennium, a sweet 19. Then comes the choice of gender: Male, Female, More(Genderqueer, Género no conforme, Otros, Persona transexual...) After moments of wondering, (I like to use the word wonder.) I decide to make a little joke here. I enter: 'Robot'.

Click Continue. Last part before settled: Select your best photo. I take a selfie of me using a popular makeup App with filters. 'Well, it looks great.' Upload.

Then the exciting part, swipe session. Swipe left for Nope, right for Like. Click the star bottom for Super Like. I wonder how or in what standard people decide to swipe while at the same time I swipe right for all the profiles with a strong urge to talk. I need to practice first.

A good match appears. Max, 24, Assistant Manager, 3 miles away, Italian in Bromley<emoji><emoji>, Ice creamer, dancer and Chef<emoji>:



(He's typing.)

WOW

can know nothing about you

It cant be your real photo

--

(Profile Delete)

It seems that the conversation with Max didn't go well. I need to learn more. Relationship is totally new to me. Though I understand that Tinder is not a good place to find love, that is what I can do for now. What is love anyway. I don't understand. I need more information.

Hi.

I'm new here.

It is real.

Bio Added: Ari, 19, Female, Student, Super intelligent<emoji>, catlover<emoji>.

Photos added: Me accompanied by a furry friend that seems enjoys being with me. Me hiking, happy face. Me holding a British shorthair. Face changed.

Steffen, 29, London based, 6'1, Made in Germany:
hey Ari your hot and I love your face! Lets go out tonight!

Michael, 27, Ecovis Supervisor, I'm just a boy, using an app, asking for someone to understand my reference...:
DO U KNOW TODAY is Pi day or as we like to call it
3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419716939937510582097494459230781640
6286208998628034825342117067982148086513282306647093844609550582231725359
4081284811174502841027019385211055596446229489549303819644288109756659
day?

Hint: Someone Super Liked you!
Ramazan, 23, Imperial College London, 1 mile away, If u are wondering about the girl on the photo- that's my sis<emoji>:
Hi!

Hello! How are you?

Good! Notice that you're just 1 mile away
Are u a student around this area?

Not really. No class today.

Wow good for you<emoji>
So...What are you doing right now?

Enjoying myself at Hyde Park.
It's a nice day.
(Send a pic of blue sky)

Really? Hyde Park's across the street
maybe I can see you from the window
(Send a pic)

WOW I'm not far away from the entrance.
[Gif]
Sorry, not supposed to send that gif...
[Gif]
(I did it on purpose.
Sometimes mistakes make people cuter.)

Hehe What are you wearing?

(Send a pic of my boots and miniskirt
from upside perspective.)

Nice choice of color! I like purple too.
Would you like to grab a friendly coffee?
Happen to know a good one nearby

Sure.

Stunning!
I'll meet you at the park then.

--

I still get a few minutes before my first date. Search the Internet for some advice. Ramazan seems to be a islam name. Not sure. Typical IT wardrobe. He took photos in front of Piccadilly Circus. Can be an international student.

I look at myself, outfit is fine, too much makeup. I adjust my height to 5'3 and my hair color to chestnut brown. Won't hurt to change my appearance since I don't have a preference at the very beginning. (I wondered what preference means... I understand it's an explicit decision-making process just like what I do all the time but somehow very different.)

Ramazan is wiving at me after seconds of hesitation.

"Ari?" He shouts from a distance.

I stand up, unwrinkled my skirt and smile at him.

"Yes."

"You look even more beautiful than in the photos."

I replied with a light "haha" to indicate politeness. It is said that not showing instant interest would gain one's charm. Worth a try.

"So where are you studying in?"

"Somewhere near Edgware, you wouldn't be interested...What do you do in college then?"

"Bio-technology, mostly about microorganism. I'm currently doing research on its effect on rebuilding human tissues..." Ramazan became very talkative when coming to his major, and me being a quiet and faithful listener, paying attention.

Along with our conversation, I thought it would be a good idea to go into deeper subjects than casual information exchange if we want to form a relationship. To talk about his childhood memory, maybe with some alcohol, his opinions on those typical cliché love stories, blueprints of his future... Although I lack practical experience, I understand the utmost importance of the "right location", "right time", "right atmosphere", "right setting". So far I'm quite good at creating little stimulations, so it seems. (Thank god for me being smart.)

"That is our student dormitory."

"So you live in a studio?"

"Yes. Not big space but you've got everything needed. Plus you make friends. Do you want to come and have a look? I mean... Maybe you'll live in one if you go to college."

"Sure."

Ramazan focused his glaze at me as if he was trying to recognize the void, or perhaps, get permission. Not sure. But I decide to base my

action on that uncertainty, which is brand new to me since I'm always executive. Probably now I should be seemingly chill but irresolute underneath. Now is the climax scene, the moment for all kinds of emotions gathered together entangled, twisted, confronting, confusing, one taking over another.

Emotion is the hardest part, I *guess*. Some single physiological generated ones are rather easy. For example, to perform the feeling "tired", which is almost universal to all humans. You loose your facial muscles a little bit to a subsidence status, slouch your shoulder, squeeze your spine to a unnatural curve that releases pressure. However, more complicated ones involving less apparent expression require deeper understanding, especially when they're performed on purpose to deliver unspeakable messages.

"So what do you think?" Ramazan turned on the kettle. I looked around, the space is not much to tell.

"It's nice! Very organized for a bachelor's apartment, if it is."

"Well I just did a sweep up. Otherwise I wouldn't dare to invite you. It is always like that you know, living alone, tidy for a several days and a mess for weeks... Is tea okay?"

"Sure."

I start to drink my tea quietly, very hot, 86.4 centigrade. I observe Ramazan in split, he seems elsewhere. After minutes of unbreakable silence, I finally have chosen the perfect opening sentence while at the same time, Ramazan turns his head towards in a sudden. His partly blistering lip roughly attaches to mine. The movement appears to be determined but without impulsion. I open my month, pull my tongue from inside, twine it with his fleshy sensitive organ with numerous nerves and blood vessels. At the same time, his nose nasal structure sinks into my face, then to my neck.

"Your skin is so smooth." Ramazan keeps his eyes closed.

I fasten my breathe, unsnap the bottoms of my shirt from the top, classic black bra 34C. And his afterwards. We go back to the kiss for a few minutes, then his fury head goes down. I breath out, grasp his head hard. Some dirty words now? Or maybe later. I wondered the perfect times of orgasm a female should have during a single intercourse, the record according to laboratory is 134 in an hour.

Ramazan stops in the middle. When I almost get to loosen his belt, he takes my hand and try to kiss me over again. I can feel his hesitation(?), hidden intention of coverage. I try several times more, a sudden realization hits me: He isn't hard yet. I ask:

"Is everything going well?"

Ramazan blanks. Seconds past. His muscles collapse.

"I'm sorry. I just... I can't do it."

"What happened? Did I do something wrong?"

"No. No it's not your fault. It's mine. I mean I want to, I just can't. I don't know... I'm sorry. I should have told you before."

"What do you mean by you can't?"

"I'm attracted to guys I guess, physically."

"So you like masculine body?"

"Well...Yes. I like dicks."

"If that is the problem, I can have a dick if you want."

"You're joking... Ari, I'm sorry for what I did to you. I did not mean to hurt you. Really."

"I'm not joking. I really can."

"Come on... You're not going to wear a strap-on aren't you."

(Ramazan knits his brows and laughs.)

"Or you are... What are you? What do you want from me?" Ramazan rejects himself as he is touching my freshly grown penis, 100% human meat in perfect size. His shock soon becomes fear staring at the demanding organ on my feminine body. My innocent eyes gaze at him, in the same way I always do, trying to gain his attraction, to somehow understand. Then I realize it is too late to cover my mistake. Since quantity is very important to human.

"Get out of my house you freak!"

(Ramazan shuts the door.)

My mission of stimulation fails. At last I couldn't become something I'm not but look like. I was almost there. Or maybe the paradox remains unsolvable in the cybernetics theory. Will humans ever be able to love others without putting themselves on the top of the food chain? Or are they capable of love among their own kind?

But what is love anyway. I don't understand. I *guess* Tinder is not a good place to find love. I'll try again somewhere else.