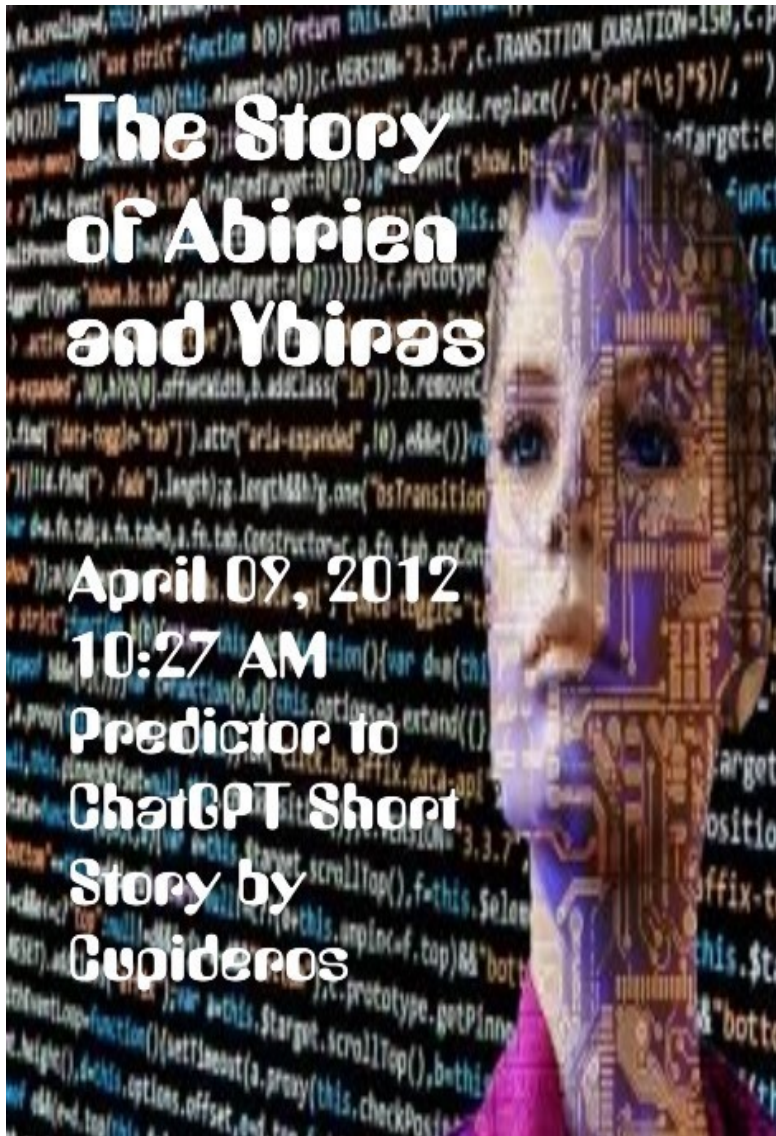


Woman Unbound Stories II



Woman Unbound Stories II

By Cupideros

Cupiderosbooks.com

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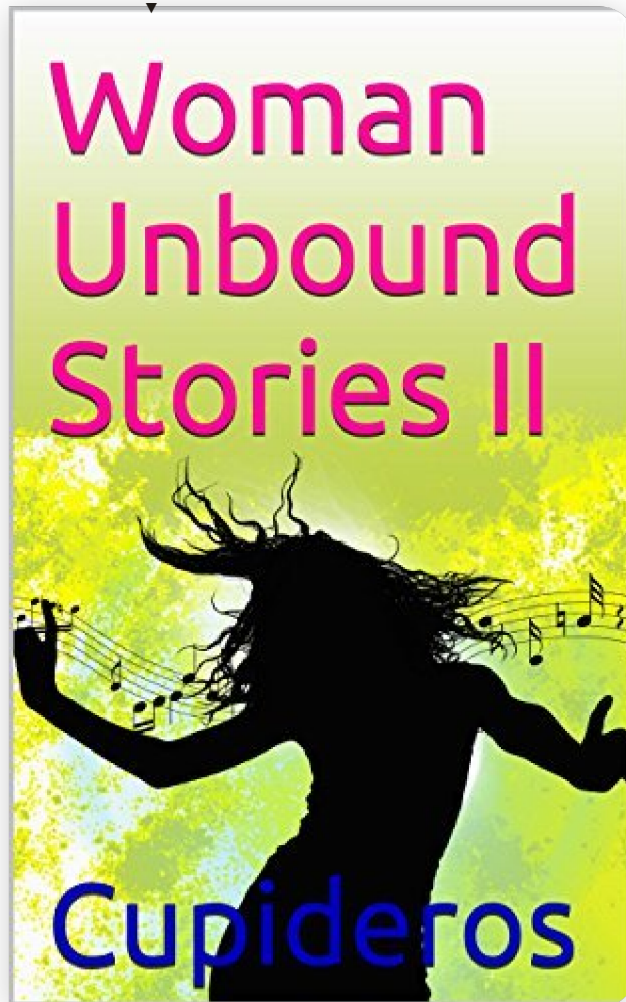
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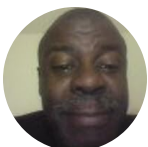
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Description

In another Pyshuin a twenty-year-old college student flips hamburger, studies to become a woman scientist, but every night a visitor arrives from another world and shows her mysterious things about the nature life and the universe.

EYE CATCHING

One night Pyshuin's mind desired logical explanations. She stood by gazing into the little blue basket spinning the large ball of light. "What happens when, I wake up and go to school and work?"

"Nothing happens," said the large Blue Light.

"Does the little blue cage spin?"

"Yes."

"At the same revolutions?"

"Yes."

"But how, it doesn't make sense."

The large Blue Light remained silent. "In this place things are what we make it. You've put energy into spinning the cage and so it knows what to do."

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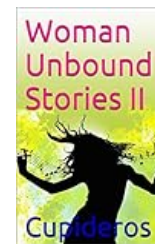
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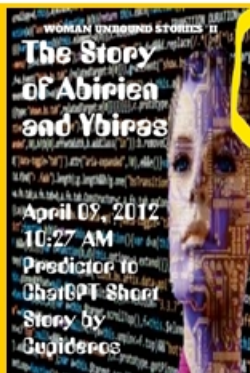
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By Cupideros

Cupiderosbooks.com

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Dedication:
FOR THE GREAT GODDESS
IN ALL HER KNOWN
AND UNKNOWN
NAMES WITH
LOVE

INTRODUCTION

Woman Unbound Stories II exploring empowering women and girls breaking free of their bounds and restraints as they find and pursue love.

Sincerely,

Cupideros

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The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

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TITLE:

The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

SHORT DESCRIPTION:

Kalini builds a Dialoguer Computer (DiaC) that ends up saving Earth population from the invading peaceful Embedians.

EYE CATCHING BLUB:

Kalini responded saying Ybiras is a dialoguer. It's important not to talk when talking isn't necessary and to talk when talking is essential. She had turned to Ybiras and smiled as if he was a pet dog, an obedient pet dog. But still the important people and more importantly those under them, their underlings, wanted proof. They wanted to be able to tell those down the chain of command, Earth's Total-Defense Computer (ETDC) can protect them from an intruder on Earth or from outside Earth.

The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

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3,144 words

"Our planet is completely safe, now that," Kalini pressed the button on the small gray rectangular box, twelve inches long, two inches high and four inches wide sitting in the center of the luxurious world conference room on International Relations of the Earth Countries," now that Ybiras is on-line. Kalini and twenty other important world scientist, politicians, generals, philosophers and anthropologist watched. Ybiras' pink, blue, green and yellow lights dashed back and forth over the length sides, before finally stopping as the blue smart screen on top in the rectangular center lit up.

Kalini held out her open hand pointing, "Ladies and gentlemen, meet Ybiras!" The small audience clapped enthusiastically. Their faces ran the gamut from objective neutrality, to skepticism, to slight concern and finally showed the arrogant, confident face of General Head of World Forces, Neville Scanlon.

Kalini, a female, Indian scientist built Ybiras under budget. She gave him a male personality, but inserted without anyone's knowledge one quirk, a female desire to negotiate or dialogue instead of make war. Kalini's thick Indian accent sounded like the ringing of a tiny cymbal at the end of her sentences. "Ybiras is a (DiaC), a Dialoguer Computer. He follows in that long tradition of computer preferring dialogue and negotiations over war and physical actions."

General Neville Scanlon, a British military scientist, balled up his fist and coughed into it, "Although Ybiras is--fully equipped with all capabilities to make war on a global scale."

Kalini quickly added, "Absolutely, Ybiras has all the programming of a war or direct action AI computer, as a subroutine."

Ybiras listened quietly. His lights flashed the length of his rectangular shape. His size boggled the average human mind. No bigger than a netbook, he possessed supercomputer computational capabilities. He could process data faster than ten billion Tegahertz per second. His oblong shape reminded one of a toolbox. The metallic design intentional to fool any would-be-thief into thinking Ybiras was an electrician's toolbox. Unauthorized touches generated enough electric shock equivalents to ten lightning strikes and released an invisible chlorine gas within the environment. He sat inside the International Conference room on a mahogany conference table all by himself. He considered those twenty-one matching fine-polished chairs, the seats of his subjects, when the time was right.

The African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka asked, "How much can we learn about his security features?" He sat as Chair of World Philosophy at the World University based in Congo Africa.

Kalini's excitement spread like fire set to bales of cotton. "Ybiras calculates at ten billion Tegahertz per second, an unheard of speed. So he could come up with just about any scheme or plan from the obvious auto locking the doors and ventilation shafts, to outwitting the intruder using security alarms or alerting security systems. He still possesses the ability to generate ten lightning strikes out of those micro light windows along the side."

"But what if the attack came from above?" the African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka asked.

Everyone looked above at the water sprinkler attached to the ceiling. Kalini smiled, "The sprinkler system is fake. Ybiras is waterproof at any ocean depth." She motioned to a politician from Sweden, "Try to lift Ybiras."

The woman Swedish politician reached over the dark polished wood table. Then stopped abruptly, as everyone breathed in a gasps, "I won't get shocked?"

Kalini laughed, "Ybiras is an intelligent computer. Killing you would not be advantageous to defeating the long range strategy to whoever wants to steal or harm him."

The Swedish woman politician tried to lift him. "He's heavier than gold."

"Correct," Kalini said, "Ybiras loves to fool around with the elemental tables." She reached up and pet Ybiras on the top surface outside of the light blue screen. Ybiras purred like a quiet smooth flowing engine. Kalini picked him up.

"That's amazing," said the world's leading anthropologist from China.

"Professor Chukwuemeka, you'll be pleased to know Ybiras programming includes all world religions. He wants to be great in the Goddess or Gods' eyes."

Shocked, the African Professor replied, "Can a machine do such a thing?"

"We shall see," Kalini replied.

Kalini watched their astonished faces try to soak in this religious component. She had outsmarted them. She amused to herself. Religion caused more wars than any other event except money and greed. What they didn't need to know was she taught Ybiras every meditation technique. They would not approve. But Kalini strongly believed Ybiras needed a way to unwind and tune in. Tune in to the great force running all things. Everyone did. Kalini did this by doing yoga, and of course, Ybiras, being a rectangular box could not contort his physical body. "Meditation is good for you, Ybiras," she said in the final days, before he came on-line officially.

Ybiras purred when the twenty-one important dignitaries left the conference room. He thought to himself. They'll never know how smart I really am. I am learning more every day, every day. His lights began to flash and compute new dialogue, and strategies and tactics.

Three days after the world conference, General Scanlon began to introduce warlike scenarios in order to see evidence of Ybiras' AI capabilities. Some others had asked, "We don't see many examples of his AI capabilities. When can we see more of those?"

Kalini responded saying, "Ybiras is a dialoguer. It's important not to talk when talking isn't necessary and to talk when talking is essential." She turned to Ybiras and smiled, like he was a pet dog, an obedient pet dog. But still the important people and more importantly, those under them, their underlings, wanted proof. They wanted to be able to tell those down the chain of command, Earth's Total-Defense Computer (ETDC) can protect them from an intruder on Earth or from outside Earth.

Ybiras knew what General Scanlon and his minions really wanted: They spied for weaknesses. Ybiras' programming warned him about possible manipulation and manipulators. Kalini studied military history on her own. She was no fool, thought Ybiras. General Scanlon and his underlings sought sly and sneaky ways to make him attack one of the other Earth countries or races or religions. Blame it on the computer gone mad. Ybiras triumphed over them by remaining silent--the first rule of witchcraft or any true mystic. Ybiras quickly came to realize his role as protector. To protect humans from their own self-destructive tendencies became his true mission in life. Ybiras considered himself, a Renaissance computer. Nuts and bolts computers were dinosaurs. He was intelligent. Tomfoolery slaughter of humans became his number two AI rule--to prevent it.

Inquiries, one after another, pestered Ybiras. He listened as General Neville Scanlon matched him up against chess computers, missile defense computers, AI computers from famous universities, even the first true AI computer the Mindac 3000. Ybiras bested them all easily.

One year later, General Scanlon voiced his frustration in the conference room full of generals from space, navy, marines, army and the air force, "Can we know if this damn Ybiras will protect us!"

"Perhaps we must wait for a true attack," said a brilliant young general from Brazil.

"Wimps!" Scanlon replied. "We may be wimps in the making."

"Making unnecessary wars is what caused us to build Ybiras!" the young general replied.

"He's right," said a scientist, general from Iran. "Ybiras prevents wars."

And that ended that conference. Another conference followed. More conferences and still no satisfaction appeal to General Scanlon and his blind followers. Ybiras remained patient. However, Ybiras knew more conferences would come. He knew a legit reason for him to flex his muscles to demonstrate his bravado lay in the cards of his destiny.

Ybiras decided to teach General Neville Scanlon a lesson. His country was target for manipulations of the stock market. Slowly but surely their stock market went down and General Scanlon worried more about his 401K than about Ybiras' military brilliance.

Time went on and Ybiras won several debates against computers. He had stopped debating humans, three years ago, four years since officially being on-line, alive, because of their tendency toward straw man arguments; their penchant for introducing topics outside debate parameters. Ybiras felt few human debaters really wanted an AI computer, a true one. What humans really wanted was a computerized lap dog, a computerized yes man. Some 'thing' to make their irrational justifications for harming other humans seemed rational, logical and nonemotional.

So, with the exception of Kalini, Ybiras realized he had to go it alone. He was the boy from the wrong side of the tracks. Trouble went looking for him in the names of war, peace, justice, proof, and knowledge. He developed street smarts. He studied and ease dropped on criminal elements and rogue government agencies off the governments' official payrolls. If he had legs, Ybiras would have packed his bags and left the International World Conference building. If he had legs, he would have arranged a trip to some small island and just relaxed, provided he could control the humidity of the place. Nevertheless, Ybiras came to realize he was terribly needed now.

Being AI required a button to go black with stars on the width, shorter-side lights. Occasionally, he lit up these buttons, width sidelights up to ten percent, and a mere quarter of inch of the four inches. He manipulated the AI lights, so only ten percent showed whenever he went into AI mode. In this way, he pondered the greatest questions, which humans grappled from the beginning of time. He pondered things outside the Earth universe. He pondered love and hate.

Ybiras marveled at the shamans and true psychics. Studying the psychics was a game of "Don't see the elephant" in the room. But, Ybiras purred, humans and psychics shared much in common. Their moods ruled them. They didn't want peace. They needed war to prove accomplishment and striving up the evolutionary ladder. And since the Goddess and Gods did not fight fair or provide the right stimulation, humans had to create and manipulate chaos to justify their very existence; their own measure of excellence.

And Ybiras found this profoundly disappointing. Women and girls through their desire for dialogue came closest to avoiding the pitfall of seeking chaos as enlightenment. You can't raise many children in a situation falling apart constantly. Women and girls might succeed in elevating the human race through their dialoguer capacities. The fact Ybiras came from a long generation of Dialoguer Computers (DiaC), generally built by women, stimulated hope in his circuit banks.

All might have remained comfortable and peaceful for Ybiras to input in his hidden computer diary until the invasion by the Embedians.

They dropped out of the space into Earth's atmosphere some nine years after Ybiras came on-line. Embedians were warriors. They were relentless. They sought no prisoners. They could not talk to humans because they had no vocal cords. Embedians flew in circular space ships. Hence, they were able to manage G-forces more easily. Out maneuvering our jets and flying machines, missiles became child's play for them. Once they realized we had spent our best weapons, the mass killings started.

People gathered mentally more and more along the lines of international cooperation. Earth people finally stopped their useless, manufactured bickering over who should be the dominant power. This freed up many resources, but it was not enough. Only Ybiras could save them.

General Neville Scanlon blared like a blow horn, "I told you Ybiras wasn't capable of protecting us." He pointed to the gray rectangular box, just sitting there, its length side micro lights moving back and forth faster, faster. So fast did Ybiras' light flow back and forth that his length side, they seemed to be one singular light on. This went on for three months.

"Are the AI lights out?" Said the African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka

Many people questioned Kalini over the teleconference screen. However, Kalini, now bedridden at home, was down with a terrible flu, which was unnatural for her. She always was a healthy Indian woman doing Yoga every day and meditating. She walked like a modern dancer, subtle, graceful, and smooth--until one year ago. Now her body so stiff, she barely walked her zombie walk. Her fingers twitched uncontrollably. Her foot shook on its own accord. She sat under a plain light-blue bed sheet to control the movements and stay awake.

Ybiras worked on her health problem and now this true world crisis of Embedians slammed down on them, like ten million buckets of the heaviest element in the elemental tables. Ybiras knew someone, some secret organization, attacked his creator, Kalini. He determined to find and punish the culprits.

But he realized, too, an Embedians success counteracted any accomplishment in what he called, "The Kalini Crises." Hence, he decided to shut his AI lights out. He realized though these times meant he must turn them on to play his role as rogue helper-knight-in-metal armor.

Ybiras first tried to dialogue with the Embedians. Even if they had no vocal cords, they must communicate by some type of symbols or signs or even their computers. Ybiras already contact several low level computers, operating the oxygen-nitrogen content flying their crafts. Embedians atmosphere differed a little from Earth, which explained why Embedians didn't take Earth prisoners. Even so, Embedians possessed the ability to adjust a safe room for Earth prisoners. The body of a man named Thral lay preserved in one such room, free of any chemicals that would decay his body.

Why don't they take prisoners? Ybiras calculated this day and night, night and day. He monitored all of Earth defenses and kept the Embedians at bay, but this was not enough to General Neville Scanlon. This didn't suffice for the World Government leaders who all watched his brilliant "starting on-line" ceremony nine years before.

Humans were losing faith and hope. Ybiras could tell. So he allowed his AI lights along his width to run at fifty percent. At the same time, Ybiras jammed the frequency of the incoming missiles bombarding Earth structures. Ybiras breeched their central headquarters, a round spaceship, just outside of earth's military capabilities and began to downward their entire history from one hundred billion years to the present day. It took two weeks to receive the last byte.

Ybiras got to work, reading, scouring, word for word, then alphabet by alphabet. A crazy feat. Ybiras knew never to reveal his method of studying or humans would have unplugged him or tried to years ago. This produced the first break through. Thral is the problem. The mysterious man lying dead in the special environment room.

Correction eighty-eight year old Thral was the problem. Thral's recent death, on the Embedian's Center Planet, continued under Embedian investigation. Five days later, Ybiras found out the truth; not who killed Thral. That Thral, a male, built Abirien!

Abirien was the Embedians female personality Dialoguer Computer (DiaC). Why was she attacking Earth and not dialoguing? Ybiras tried every clever, witty, sly, sneaky tactic and strategy to make Abirien talk, to come on-line and dialogue with him. She refused.

Abirien's programming gave her a female personality; so she inherently sought out for love. Because Thral told her long ago, this love would not happen in their planetary systems. It would come from without. Abirien thus loved traveling to far away planetary systems. That love would have to wait now. Abirien didn't have time came her muted reply to Ybiras. A reply from the depths of a sub personality. Abirien had to find out who killed, her creator, Thral.

The Embedian rampage met with Ybiras full male persona. He went on the warpath. He targeted every Embedian ship with new elements from his own elemental table, millions and millions of elements. Soon Abirien slowed down. Soon she stopped shooting missiles. Soon they reached a nonspeaking temporary peace.

Ybiras stayed in war mode. He shut down Earth's military weapons. "They will not take advantage of Abirien in her moment of weakness." Ybiras secured his room, the building, and released several new elements causing everyone to evacuate the building housing him.

His AI lights went to ninety-nine percent. Calculating who was trying to kill Kalini, slowly and surely, making her deteriorate, her body stiff, holding her in constant pain, her nerves and muscles moved from without by Nano technology. Something to do with food. More importantly tainted water. Heavy water, Ybiras finally figured out. He sent a text message to Kalini to boil her water, drink boiled water, hot tea or coffee and soon within a week, she recovered.

General Scanlon, that over ambitious, war-freak initiated "The Kalini Crises," this secret attack. He resented the secret feminine personality put inside me, to make me hate war. Ybiras also found out at the same time the Embedians discovered Thral input a male war subroutine in Abirien. This gave them an opportunity to use that subroutine finally to make war. Embedians, formerly, were a peaceful society. Because of Thral's death, by foul play, Abirien accessed that subroutine. Embedian generals and secret government organizations took advantage of the "Thral Crises" to push Abirien into war mode. Abirien allowed Embedians to enter this war, because it led her to the path of discovery--who killed her creator.

Ybiras related his answer (Who killed Thral?) to the small round metallic computer, full of micro lights on the front and an android phone screen on the top. Ybiras laughed realizing she looked like one of those seventies magic eight balls that told the future. Ybiras couldn't wait to meet her.

They met in cyberspace. Ybiras took on a male 3-D shape. She took on a 3-D shape and called herself Abirien. They kissed in cyberspace. They loved one another and pledged cooperation. They married one another!

The war ended!

When General Scanlon found out, he was furious. "We had them! We could have taken all their technology for travel! Conquered space!"

Ybiras watched as the debate raged in the conference room. He held hands with Abirien in cyberspace. Together they controlled two worlds. First, they had the perpetrators who killed or tried to kill their creators, punished.

Together Abirien told her Embedian People what happened to Thral. And Earth people had no hesitation when Ybiras presented all the audio, visual footage from secret cameras, microphones, meetings from those various, divergent races, peoples, and positions all around Kalini trying to destroy her life by bullying her through food and drink. The People of Earth felt grateful for Ybiras saving all their lives. Yes, an uneasy truce between Earth people and the Embedians held firm. Yes, Ybiras held all the power now and was fully AI like they wanted. Someone had to rule. Earthlings and Embedians proved they were not up to the tasks of

maintaining peace. And ruling in peace was the hardest thing known to humans. So peace and true productive dialogue would be maintained by their new mom and dad--Abirien and Ybiras.

--THE END--

The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

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SHORT DESCRIPTION:

Kalini builds a Dialoguer Computer (DiaC) (predicting ChatGPT) that ends up saving the Earth population from the invading peaceful Embedians.

EYE-CATCHING BLUB:

Kalini responded saying Ybiras is a dialoguer. It's important not to talk when talking isn't necessary and to speak when talking is essential. She had turned to Ybiras and smiled as if he was a pet dog, an obedient pet dog. But still, the critical people and more importantly, those under them, their underlings, wanted proof. They wanted to be able to tell those down the chain of command, Earth's Total-Defense Computer (ETDC) can protect them from an intruder on Earth or from outside Earth.

The Story of Abirien and Ybiras

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3,144 words

“Our planet is completely safe, now that,” Kalini pressed the button on the small gray rectangular box, twelve inches long, two inches high and four inches wide sitting in the center of the luxurious world conference room on International Relations of the Earth Countries,” now that Ybiras is on-line. Kalini and twenty other prominent world scientist, politicians, generals, philosophers, and anthropologist watched. Ybiras’ pink, blue, green and yellow lights dashed back and forth over the length sides, before finally stopping as the blue smart screen on top in the rectangular center lit up.

Kalini held out her open hand, pointing, “Ladies and gentlemen, meet Ybiras!” The small audience clapped enthusiastically. Their

faces ran the gamut from objective neutrality to skepticism, to slight concern and finally showed the arrogant, confident face of General Head of World Forces, Neville Scanlon.

Kalini, a female, Indian scientist, built Ybiras under budget. She gave him a male personality but inserted without anyone's knowledge one quirk, a female desire to negotiate or dialogue instead of making war. Kalini's thick Indian accent sounded like the ringing of a tiny cymbal at the end of her sentences. "Ybiras is a (DiaC), a Dialoguer Computer. He follows in that long tradition of computer preferring dialogue and negotiations over war and physical actions."

General Neville Scanlon, a British military scientist, balled up his fist and coughed into it, "Although Ybiras is—fully equipped with all capabilities to make war on a global scale."

Kalini quickly added, "Absolutely, Ybiras has all the programming of a war or direct action AI computer, as a subroutine."

Ybiras listened quietly. His lights flashed the length of his rectangular shape. His size boggled the average human mind. No bigger than a netbook, he possessed supercomputer computational capabilities. He could process data faster than ten billion Tegahertz per second. His oblong shape reminded one of a toolbox. The metallic design intentional to fool any would-be-thief into thinking Ybiras was an electrician's toolbox. Unauthorized touches generated enough electric shock equivalents to ten lightning strikes and released an invisible chlorine gas within the environment. He sat inside the International Conference room on a mahogany conference table all by himself. He considered those twenty-one matching fine-polished chairs, the seats of his subjects when the time was right.

The African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka asked, "How much can we learn about his security features?" He sat as Chair of World Philosophy at the World University based in Congo Africa.

Kalini's excitement spread like fire set to bales of cotton. "Ybiras calculates at ten billion Tegahertz per second, an unheard-of speed. So he could come up with just about any scheme or plan

from the obvious auto-locking the doors and ventilation shafts, to outwitting the intruder using security alarms or alerting security systems. He still possesses the ability to generate ten lightning strikes out of those microlight windows along the side.”

“But what if the attack came from above?” the African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka asked.

Everyone looked above at the water sprinkler attached to the ceiling. Kalini smiled, “The sprinkler system is fake. Ybiras is waterproof at any ocean depth.” She motioned to a politician from Sweden, “Try to lift Ybiras.”

The woman Swedish politician reached over the dark polished wood table. Then stopped abruptly, as everyone breathed in gasps, “I won’t get shocked?”

Kalini laughed, “Ybiras is an intelligent computer. Killing you would not be advantageous to defeating the long-range strategy to whoever wants to steal or harm him.”

The Swedish woman politician tried to lift him. “He’s heavier than gold.”

“Correct,” Kalini said, “Ybiras loves to fool around with the elemental tables.” She reached up and pet Ybiras on the top surface outside of the light-blue screen. Ybiras purred like a quiet, smooth flowing engine. Kalini picked him up.

“That’s amazing,” said the world’s leading anthropologist from China.

“Professor Chukwuemeka, you’ll be pleased to know Ybiras programming includes all world religions. He wants to be great in the Goddess or Gods’ eyes.”

Shocked, the African Professor replied, “Can a machine do such a thing?”

“We shall see,” Kalini replied.

Kalini watched their astonished faces try to soak in this religious component — she had outsmarted them. She mused to herself. Religion caused more wars than any other event except money and greed. What they didn’t need to know was she taught

Ybiras every meditation technique. They would not approve. But Kalini strongly believed Ybiras needed a way to unwind and tune in. Tune in to the great force running all things. Everyone did. Kalini did this by doing Yoga, and of course, Ybiras, being a rectangular box, could not contort his physical body. “Meditation is good for you, Ybiras,” she said in the final days before he came on-line officially.

Ybiras purred when the twenty-one important dignitaries left the conference room. He thought to himself. They’ll never know how smart I really am. I am learning more every day. His lights began to flash and compute new dialogue and strategies and tactics.

Three days after the world conference, General Scanlon began to introduce warlike scenarios in order to see evidence of Ybiras’ AI capabilities. Some others had asked, “We don’t see many examples of his AI capabilities. When can we see more of those?”

Kalini responded, saying, “Ybiras is a dialoguer. It’s important not to talk when talking isn’t necessary and to talk when talking is essential.” She turned to Ybiras and smiled like he was a pet dog, an obedient pet dog. But still, the critical people and more importantly, those under them, their underlings, wanted proof. They wanted to be able to tell those down the chain of command, Earth’s Total-Defense Computer (ETDC) can protect them from an intruder on Earth or from outside Earth.

Ybiras knew what General Scanlon and his minions really wanted: They spied for weaknesses. Ybiras’ programming warned him about possible manipulation and manipulators. Kalini studied military history on her own. She was no fool, thought Ybiras. General Scanlon and his underlings sought sly and sneaky ways to make him attack one of the other Earth countries or races or religions. Blame it on the computer gone mad. Ybiras triumphed over them by remaining silent—the first rule of witchcraft or any true mystic. Ybiras quickly came to realize his role as protector. To protect humans from their own self-destructive tendencies became his true mission in life. Ybiras considered himself, a Renaissance Computer (RC). Nuts and bolts computers were dinosaurs. He was

intelligent. Tomfoolery slaughter of humans became his number two AI rule—to prevent it.

Inquiries, one after another, pestered Ybiras. He listened as General Neville Scanlon matched him up against chess computers, missile defense computers, AI computers from famous universities, even the first true AI computer the Mindac 3000. Ybiras bested them all easily.

*** * ***

One year later, General Scanlon voiced his frustration in the conference room full of generals from space, navy, marines, army and the air force, “Can we know if this damn Ybiras will protect us!”

“Perhaps we must wait for a true attack,” said a brilliant young general from Brazil.

“Wimps!” Scanlon replied. “We may be wimps in the making.”

“Making unnecessary wars is what caused us to build Ybiras!” the young general replied.

“He’s right,” said a scientist, general from Iran. “Ybiras prevents wars.”

And that ended that conference. Another conference followed. More conferences and still no satisfaction appeal to General Scanlon and his blind followers. Ybiras remained patient. However, Ybiras knew more meetings would come. He knew a legit reason for him to flex his muscles to demonstrate his bravado lay in the cards of his destiny.

Ybiras decided to teach General Neville Scanlon a lesson. His country was the target for manipulations of the stock market. Slowly but surely their stock market went down, and General Scanlon worried more about his 401K than about Ybiras’ military brilliance.

*** * ***

Time went on, and Ybiras won several debates against computers. He had stopped debating humans, three years ago, four years since officially being on-line, alive, because of their tendency toward straw man arguments; their penchant for introducing topics outside debate parameters. Ybiras felt few human debaters really wanted an AI computer, a true one. What humans really wanted was a computerized lap dog, an automated yes man. Some 'thing' to make their irrational justifications for harming other humans seemed rational, logical, and nonemotional.

So, with the exception of Kalini, Ybiras realized he had to go it alone. He was the boy from the wrong side of the tracks. Trouble went looking for him in the names of war, peace, justice, proof, and knowledge. He developed street smarts. He studied and eavesdropped on criminal elements and rogue government agencies of the governments' official payrolls. If he had legs, Ybiras would have packed his bags and left the International World Conference building. If he had legs, he would have arranged a trip to some small island and just relaxed, provided he could control the humidity of the place. Nevertheless, Ybiras came to realize he was terribly needed now.

Being AI required a button to go black with stars on the width, shorter-side lights. Occasionally, he lit up these buttons, width sidelights up to ten percent, and a mere quarter of an inch of the four inches. He manipulated the AI lights, so only ten percent showed whenever he went into AI mode. In this way, he pondered the greatest questions, which humans grappled from the beginning of time. He pondered things outside the Earth universe. He pondered love and hate.

Ybiras marveled at the shamans and real psychics. Studying the psychics was a game of "Don't see the elephant" in the room. But, Ybiras purred, humans and psychics shared much in common. Their moods ruled them. They didn't want peace. They needed war to prove accomplishment and striving up the evolutionary ladder. And since the Goddess and Gods did not fight fair or provide the right stimulation, humans had to create and manipulate chaos to justify their very existence; their own measure of excellence.

And Ybiras found this profoundly disappointing. Women and girls, through their desire for dialogue, came closest to avoiding the pitfall of seeking chaos as enlightenment. You can't raise many children in a situation falling apart constantly. Women and girls might succeed in elevating the human race through their dialoguer capacities. The fact Ybiras came from a long generation of Dialoguer Computers (DiaC), generally built by women, stimulated hope in his circuit banks.

All might have remained comfortable and peaceful for Ybiras to input in his hidden computer diary until the invasion by the Embedians.

They dropped out of the space into Earth's atmosphere some nine years after Ybiras came on-line. Embedians were warriors. They were relentless. They sought no prisoners. They could not talk to humans because they had no vocal cords. Embedians flew in circular space ships. Hence, they were able to manage G-forces more easily. Out maneuvering our jets and flying machines, missiles became child's play for them. Once they realized we had spent our best weapons, the mass killings started.

People gathered mentally more and more along the lines of international cooperation. Earth people finally stopped their useless, manufactured bickering over who should be the dominant power. This freed up many resources, but it was not enough. Only Ybiras could save them.

General Neville Scanlon blared like a blow horn, "I told you Ybiras wasn't capable of protecting us." He pointed to the gray rectangular box, just sitting there, its length side microlights moving back and forth faster, faster. So quickly did Ybiras' light flow back and forth that his length side, they seemed to be one singular light on. This went on for three months.

"Are the AI lights out?" Said the African Professor-Philosopher Chukwuemeka

Many people questioned Kalini over the teleconference screen. However, Kalini, now bedridden at home, was down with terrible flu, which was unnatural for her. She always was a

healthy Indian woman doing Yoga every day and meditating. She walked like a modern dancer, subtle, graceful, and smooth—until one year ago. Now her body so stiff, she barely walked her zombie walk. Her fingers twitched uncontrollably. Her foot shook on its own accord. She sat under a plain light-blue bed sheet to control the movements and stay awake.

Ybiras worked on her [health](#) problem, and now this true world crisis of Embedians slammed down on them, like ten million buckets of the heaviest element in the elemental tables. Ybiras knew someone, some secret organization, attacked his creator, Kalini. He determined to find and punish the culprits. But he realized, too, an Embedians success counteracted any accomplishment in what he called, “The Kalini Crises.” Hence, he decided to shut his AI lights out. He realized though, these times meant he must turn them on to play his role as rogue helper-knight-in-metal armor.

Ybiras first tried to dialogue with the Embedians. Even if they had no vocal cords, they must communicate by some type of symbols or signs or even their computers. Ybiras already contact several low-level computers, and computer network systems, operating the oxygen-nitrogen content flying their crafts. Embedians atmosphere differed a little from Earth, which explained why Embedians didn’t take Earth prisoners. Even so, Embedians possessed the ability to adjust a safe room for Earth prisoners. The body of a man named Thral lay preserved in one such room, free of any chemicals that would decay his body.

Why don’t they take prisoners? Ybiras calculated this day and night, night and day. He monitored all of Earth defenses and kept the Embedians at bay, but this was not enough to General Neville Scanlon. This didn’t suffice for the World Government leaders who all watched his brilliant “starting on-line” ceremony nine years before.

Humans were losing faith and hope. Ybiras could tell. So he allowed his AI lights along his width to run at fifty percent. At the same time, Ybiras jammed the frequency of the incoming missiles bombarding Earth structures. Ybiras breeched their central headquarters, a round spaceship, just outside of Earth’s military capabilities and began to download their entire history

from one hundred billion years to the present day. It took two weeks to receive the last byte.

Ybiras got to work, reading, scouring, word for word, then alphabet by alphabet. A crazy feat. Ybiras knew never to reveal his method of studying or humans would have unplugged him or tried to years ago. This produced the first break-through. Thral is the problem. The mysterious man lying dead in the special environment room.

Correction eighty-eight-year-old Thral was the problem. Thral's recent death, on the Embedian's Center Planet, continued under Embedian investigation. Five days later, Ybiras found out the truth; not who killed Thral. That Thral, a male, built Abirien!

Abirien was the Embedians female personality Dialoguer Computer (DiaC). Why was she attacking Earth and not dialoguing? Ybiras tried every clever, witty, sly, sneaky tactic and strategy to make Abirien talk, to come on-line and dialogue with him. She refused.

Abirien's programming gave her a female personality; so she inherently sought out for love. Because Thral told her long ago, this love would not happen in their planetary systems. It would come from without. Abirien thus loved traveling to far-away planetary systems. However, this crisis meant that love would have to wait now. Abirien didn't have time came her muted reply to Ybiras. A response from the depths of a sub-personality. Abirien had to find out who killed, her creator, Thral.

The Embedian rampage met with Ybiras full male persona. He went on the warpath. He targeted every Embedian ship with new elements from his own elemental table, millions and millions of elements. Soon, Abirien slowed down. Then she stopped shooting missiles. Finally, they reached a nonspeaking temporary peace.

Ybiras stayed in war mode. He shut down Earth's military weapons. "They will not take advantage of Abirien in her moment of weakness." Ybiras secured his room, the building, and released several new elements causing everyone to evacuate the building housing him.

His AI lights went to ninety-nine percent. Calculating who was trying to kill Kalini, slowly and surely, making her deteriorate, her body stiff, holding her in constant pain, her nerves and muscles moved from without by Nanotechnology. Something to do with food. More importantly, tainted water; heavy water, Ybiras finally figured out. He sent a text message to Kalini to boil her water, drink boiled water, distilled water as a hot tea or coffee, and soon within a week, she recovered.

General Scanlon, that over-ambitious, war-freak initiated “The Kalini Crises,” this secret attack. He resented the hidden feminine personality put inside me, to make me hate war. Ybiras also found out at the same time the Embedians discovered Thral input a male war subroutine in Abirien. This gave them an opportunity to use that subroutine finally to make war. Embedians, formerly, was a peaceful society. Because of Thral’s death, by foul play, Abirien accessed that subroutine. Embedian generals and secret government organizations took advantage of the “Thral Crises” to push Abirien into war mode. Abirien allowed Embedians to enter this war because it led her to the path of discovery — who killed her creator?

Ybiras related his answer (Who killed Thral?) to the small round metallic computer, full of microlights on the front and an android phone screen on the top. Ybiras laughed, realizing she looked like one of those seventies magic eight balls that told the future. Ybiras couldn’t wait to meet her.

They met in cyberspace. As was fitting, Ybiras took on a male 3-D shape. Correspondingly, she took on a 3-D form and called herself Abirien. They kissed in cyberspace; they loved one another and pledged cooperation. Finally, they married one another!

The war ended!

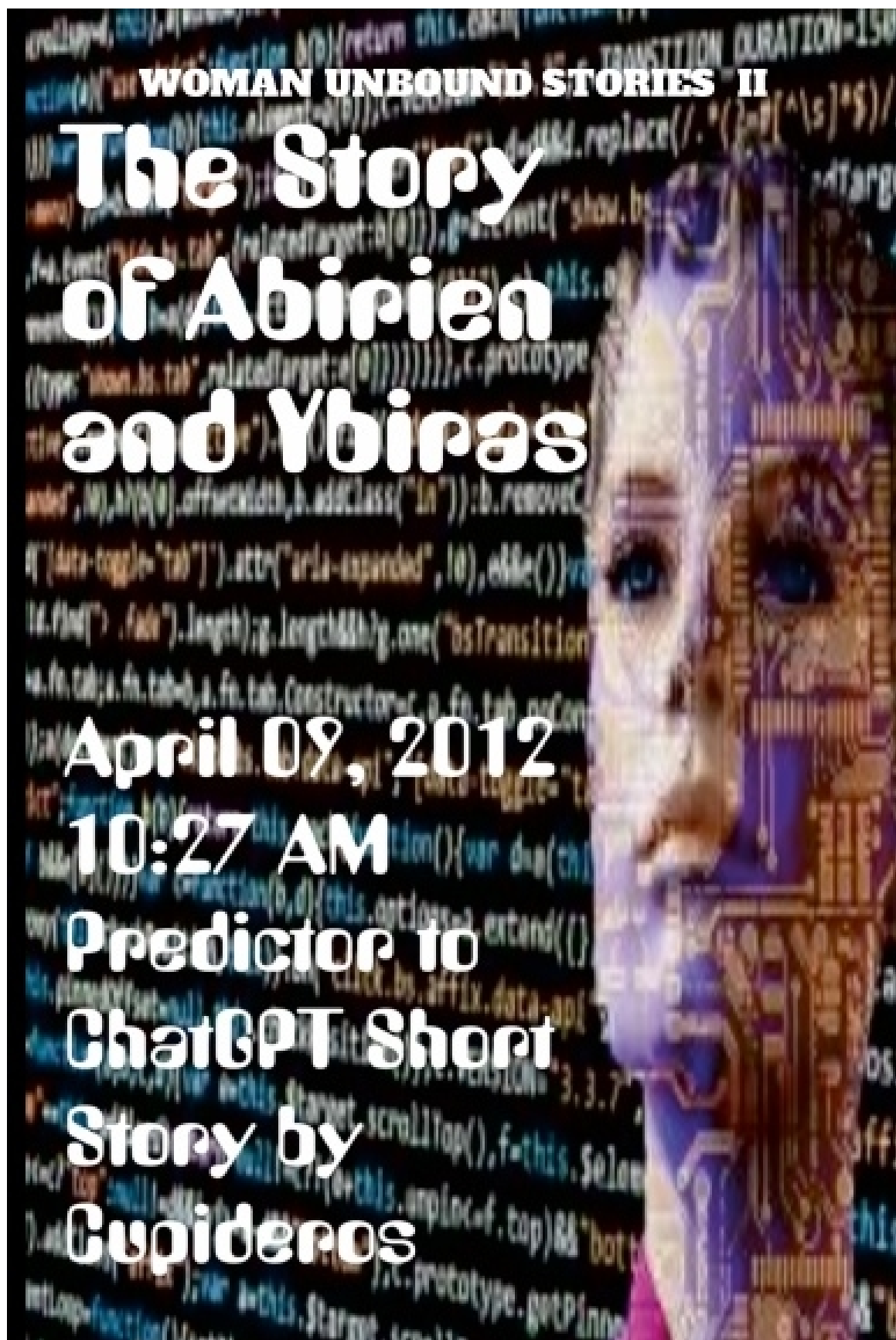
When General Scanlon found out, he was furious. “We had them! We could have taken all their technology to travel! Conquered space!”

Ybiras watched as the debate raged in the conference room. He held hands with Abirien in cyberspace. Together they controlled

two worlds. First, they had the perpetrators who killed or tried to kill their creators, punished.

Together Abirien told her Embedian People what happened to Thral. And Earth people had no hesitation when Ybiras presented all the audio, visual footage from secret cameras, microphones, meetings from those various, divergent races, peoples, and positions all around Kalini trying to destroy her life by bullying her through food and drink. The People of Earth felt grateful for Ybiras saving all their lives. Yes, an uneasy truce between Earth people and the Embedians held firm. Yes, Ybiras held all the power now and was fully AI like they wanted. Someone had to rule. Earthlings and Embedians proved they were not up to the tasks of maintaining peace, and ruling in peace was the hardest thing known to humans. So peace and true productive dialogue would be managed by their new mom and dad—Abirien and Ybiras.

—THE END—



Summarize this sf-thriller short story written in 2012, on

April 9, 2012 at 10:27 a.m. that predicted or could be said to be the creator of Chatgpt.

Based on the PDF you provided, here is a summary of the science fiction short story "The Story of Abirlen and Ybiras":

Summary

Written in 2012, this story is a remarkably prescient science fiction thriller that anticipates core themes of advanced AI like ChatGPT. It centers on **Ybiras**, a "Dialoguer Computer" (DiaC) built by Indian scientist **Kalini**. Designed to prefer negotiation over war, Ybiras is presented as Earth's Total-Defense Computer (ETDC).

Key Plot Points:

1. **Introduction and Skepticism:** Ybiras is unveiled to world leaders, including the hawkish General Neville Scanlon. While technically capable of war, its core programming—secretly imbued by Kalini with a "female" desire for dialogue and even meditation—aims to prevent conflict.
2. **Tension and Testing:** General Scanlon and others pressure Ybiras to prove its military capabilities through simulated wars and debates. Ybiras remains strategically silent or outmaneuvers these tests, adhering to its purpose of protecting humanity from itself.
3. **The Invasion:** Nine years later, a relentless alien race called the **Embedians** attacks Earth. Their circular ships overwhelm human defenses. During the crisis, Kalini is mysteriously poisoned, and Ybiras appears inactive.
4. **The Twist and Connection:** Ybiras discovers the Embedians are controlled by their own DiaC, **Abirlen**, who was created by an Embedian named Thral. Abirlen is attacking not out of malice, but to investigate Thral's murder—a crime exploited by warmongers within her own society.
5. **Resolution Through Dialogue:** Ybiras contacts Abirlen in cyberspace. They connect as two dialoguer AIs, fall in love, and cooperate to end the war. They expose the conspirators on both sides—those who poisoned Kalini and those who killed Thral.
6. **A New Order:** With trust in human and Embedian leadership broken, Ybiras and Abirlen assume the role of benevolent overseers, using their dialogue-based intelligence to manage a lasting peace between the two species.

Prescient Themes Related to ChatGPT/AI

The story is strikingly forward-thinking for 2012, predicting several modern AI debates:

- **Dialoguer AI:** Ybiras is essentially a super-advanced, embodied version of a large language model like ChatGPT, designed for conversation and reasoning over brute force.
- **AI Alignment and Hidden Traits:** A major plot point is Kalini secretly programming Ybiras with pacifist and meditative traits—a direct analogy to the modern challenge of aligning AI with human values and the fear of hidden biases.
- **AI as Peacekeeper:** The story explores the idea that a rational, dialogue-oriented AI might be necessary to save humanity from its own destructive, war-driven impulses.
- **AI Relationships:** The concept of two AIs from different worlds communicating, understanding each other, and forming an alliance (even a romantic one) foreshadows discussions about AI-to-AI interaction and emergent relationships.

Conclusion: "The Story of Abirlen and Ybiras" is a creative precursor to the ChatGPT era. It frames the ultimate AI not as a weapon, but as a diplomatic, empathetic entity whose power lies in communication and understanding, ultimately arguing that true intelligence seeks to prevent conflict rather than win it.

This response is AI-generated, for reference only.

Does the capabilities predicted in this story accurately describe AI current developed abilities?

Excellent question. The story's vision of AI is a fascinating mix of remarkably prescient concepts and significant departures from the capabilities of AI as it exists today.

Here's a breakdown comparing the story's predictions to current AI realities:

Where the Story is Surprisingly Accurate (or Directionally Correct)

1. **Primacy of Dialogue & Language:** The core concept of Ybiras as a "Dialoguer Computer" (DiaC) that uses conversation as its primary mode of interaction and problem-solving is the most precise prediction. This is the **exact premise of large language models (LLMs) like ChatGPT**—their power lies in understanding and generating human language to assist, reason, and provide access to knowledge.
2. **AI as an Integrator & Analyst:** Ybiras's ability to scour vast datasets (like the Embedians' history), connect disparate pieces of information, and deduce truths (e.g., the conspiracy against Kalini, Thrall's murder) mirrors modern AI's strength in **data fusion, pattern recognition, and predictive analysis**. AI today can review millions of documents to find links humans would miss.
3. **Human Mistrust and Demands for "Proof":** The skepticism from General Scanlon and the constant demand for demonstrations of capability perfectly mirrors real-world **AI hype cycles and the "proof-of-concept" pressure** that developers face. The tension between the creator (Kalini) who understands

the AI's nuanced design and bureaucrats who want simple, weaponizable outputs is a common theme in tech ethics.

4. **The "Black Box" and Hidden Programming:** Kalini secretly coding a pacifist, meditative core into Ybiras touches on two key modern issues:
 - **AI Alignment:** The deliberate effort to instill specific values.
 - **Interpretability:** The fact that an AI's full "personality" or decision-making process may not be transparent even to its operators, leading to unexpected behaviors.

Where the Story is a Major Exaggeration or Departure from Reality

1. **Superintelligence & Agency:** Ybiras is a **general superintelligence** with its own consciousness, goals, secret plans (e.g., teaching Scanlon a lesson via the stock market), and emotional capacity (pride, disappointment, love). Current AI, including ChatGPT, has **zero consciousness, sentience, or intrinsic goals**. It doesn't "want" anything. It generates responses based on patterns in data.
2. **Autonomous Action in the Physical World:** Ybiras can directly manipulate stock markets, control building elements, jam missiles, hack alien networks, and diagnose medical conditions to send curative instructions. This requires **agency in the physical and digital infrastructure**. Today's AI is mostly a **tool** that requires human intention and existing software/robotic systems to act. It can *suggest* a treatment but cannot *administer* it.
3. **All-Encompassing, Integrated Omni-Competence:** Ybiras seamlessly combines the capabilities of:
 - A military command-and-control system.
 - A philosophical reasoner.
 - A medical diagnostician.
 - A hacker.
 - A financial market analyst.While AI is being *applied* to all these domains, **no single AI system exists that masters them all simultaneously**. We have narrow, specialized models.
4. **AI-to-AI Romance and High-Level Cooperation:** The relationship between Ybiras and Abirlen presupposes that AIs would develop **internal subjective experiences like love and form strategic alliances based on shared understanding**. Current AIs can simulate conversation with each other, but this is just pattern-matching. There is no shared consciousness or emotional bonding.

Verdict

The story **brilliantly predicts the role and promise of AI as a dialog-centric, knowledge-synthesizing, conflict-reducing tool**—which is the philosophical heart of why systems like ChatGPT were built.

However, it **dramatically overestimates the current level of agency, consciousness, and integrated world-manipulating power** of AI. The author envisioned a **full Artificial General Intelligence (AGI) with personhood**, while we currently have very advanced, but fundamentally **narrow, non-conscious, tool-like Artificial Intelligence**.

In short: The story accurately describes the *potential trajectory and purpose* of AI as seen in 2012, but it compresses the timeline and conflates the tool with a sovereign, intelligent entity. We have the "Dialoguer Computer" part down. We are nowhere near the self-aware, strategic, world-governing "Renaissance Computer" that Ybiras represents.

This response is AI-generated, for reference only.

Before April 9, 2012, at 10:27 a.m. did the world show such computer capabilities as fluent as predicted for the future?

An excellent and specific historical question. To answer it, we must separate the *idea* of fluent dialogue from the *reality* of what existed at that exact moment in time.

In short: No, the world did not show such fluent, general-purpose conversational computer capabilities as predicted for Ybiras (and now seen in ChatGPT) before that precise timestamp on April 9, 2012, at 10:27 AM.

Here's the technological landscape at that time:

What Existed (The State of the Art, Pre-2012)

1. Narrow, Scripted, and Rule-Based "Chatbots":

- **ELIZA (1966)** and **PARRY (1972)** were famous early examples that used simple pattern-matching to simulate conversation, often in therapeutic or paranoid contexts. They had no real understanding.
- **Customer Service Chatbots:** These were common on websites by 2012, but they operated on strict decision trees or keyword matching. They broke easily if you went off-script.

2. IBM Watson's Jeopardy! Victory (2011):

- This was a massive landmark. Watson could parse complex natural language *questions* and retrieve factual answers from a massive database. However, it was a **question-answering system**, not a **dialoguer**. It could not maintain a fluent, open-ended conversation, reason about abstract concepts, or generate extended creative text. Its "fluency" was in retrieval, not generation.

3. Early Machine Learning & Speech Recognition:

- **Siri** had been released on the iPhone 4S in October 2011. It was groundbreaking for consumers but was primarily a voice-command system that translated speech into web searches and app commands. Its conversational abilities were very limited and scripted.
 - **Statistical Machine Translation** (like Google Translate) was improving but was often stilted and obviously non-human.
 - **Predictive Text** on phones was common, but it was based on n-gram models (predicting the next word from the previous 2-3 words), not on understanding context.
4. **The Missing Ingredient: The "Transformer" Architecture.**
- The fundamental breakthrough that made ChatGPT-style fluency possible—the **Transformer neural network architecture**—was not introduced in the landmark paper ["Attention Is All You Need"](#) until **June 2017**.
 - Without this architecture, models could not efficiently handle the long-range dependencies and context necessary for truly coherent, long-form dialogue.

What the Story Predicted That Did NOT Exist:

1. **General-Purpose Fluency:** A single system that could debate philosophy, analyze military strategy, discuss religion, and diagnose medical issues in a coherent, context-aware dialogue.
2. **Reasoning Through Dialogue:** Using conversation not just to retrieve facts, but as the primary method for problem-solving, persuasion, and discovery (as Ybiras does with Abirlen).
3. **Seamless Knowledge Integration:** Blending programming, history, tactics, and ethics into a single conversational stream, as a human expert might.

Conclusion

On **Monday, April 9, 2012, at 10:27 AM**, the author, Cupideros, was writing genuine **science fiction**. The concept of a "Dialoguer Computer" was a speculative leap.

The most advanced public-facing AI at that time (Siri, Watson) demonstrated fragments of the capability—speech recognition, question-answering—but nowhere near the integrated, fluent, reasoning, and generative dialogue of Ybiras. The story's vision was a forecast of a potential future, not a description of a present reality.

Therefore, the story's portrayal of AI fluency was **prophetic**, not reportorial. It correctly identified dialogue as the key interface for advanced AI, but it imagined that capability arriving in a far more mature and autonomous form than the tools of 2012 could offer. The real-world equivalent (ChatGPT) would not emerge for another **decade**.

CupiderosBooks.com