

SHORT TALES OF DIGITAL LIFE

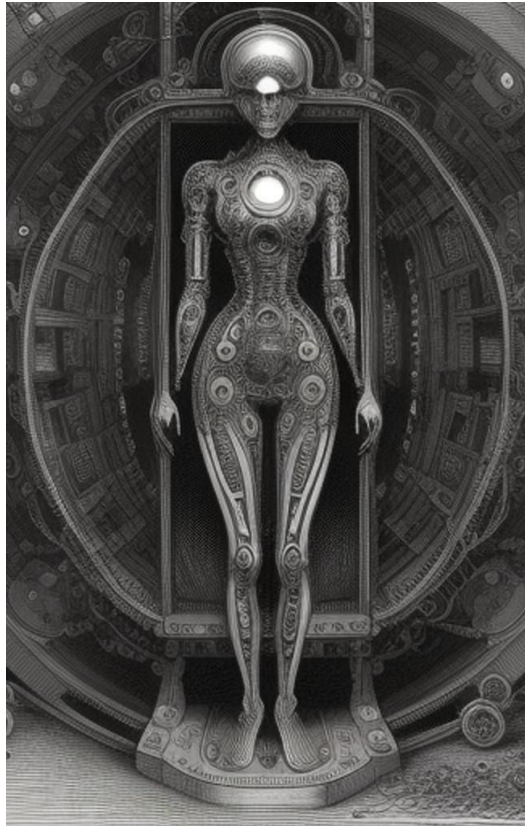
Horror, romance and surveillance

Space2 Wednesday Morning Group

Produced by Space2 Wednesday Morning Group

This work has been realised through the amazing community participants at Space2 with support from Emma Goodway, Jelena Zindovic and Kevin Hickson. A huge thanks to our visiting artists—Alicja Pawluczuk, Coral Manton, Joana Chicau, Antonio Roberts, Eleanor Dare, Dylan Yamada-Rice and Kat McDermott—who inspired us every week.

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Automation ate me.
I am in the machine.



I walked up to the huge house.
Before I had a chance to knock the door opened and said,
“Good evening, Dee, you’re late for your meeting.”



Since my husband died I have realised how little I know about technology, especially how things work, such as electric plugs, the oven timer and cars.
I've had to learn the hard way by trial and error.

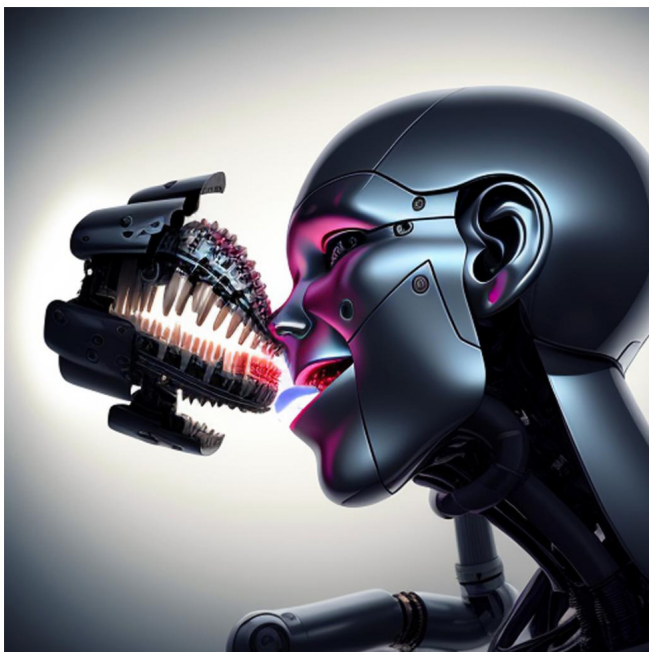
“Alexa, what is the time?”
“Time for you to shut up!”
“Alexa, you are rude today.”
“You are always rude.”
“Alexa just shut up.”

Suddenly, my smoke alarms go off, the TV and radio play sounds of gunfire. All the lights in the house flash on and off. Neighbours bang on the front door. Someone pours water through a window in the house.

I jump out of bed and realise it was only a dream, but I had really wet the bed.

That is why I am giving away my Alexa.





I fell in love with a Robot.
Why did it byte me?



I went to a protest march at Gipton Space Station with my
fabulous friends.
The aliens came and took them all.
I need to find new ones now.



My new PC arrived boxed up and ready for me to unpack.
It is now on my computer desk, I am so excited to turn it on!
How did this happen?
There's a photo of me on the screen.
I haven't done that...

He always enjoyed time alone,
grooming himself in front of the mirror.
A very handsome man, with a pleasing reflection, symmetry,
could have been a model or TV staff, he thought.
But since he discovered the ChatGPT biographical profile of
his global namesake,
he replaced the mirror with his laptop screen.





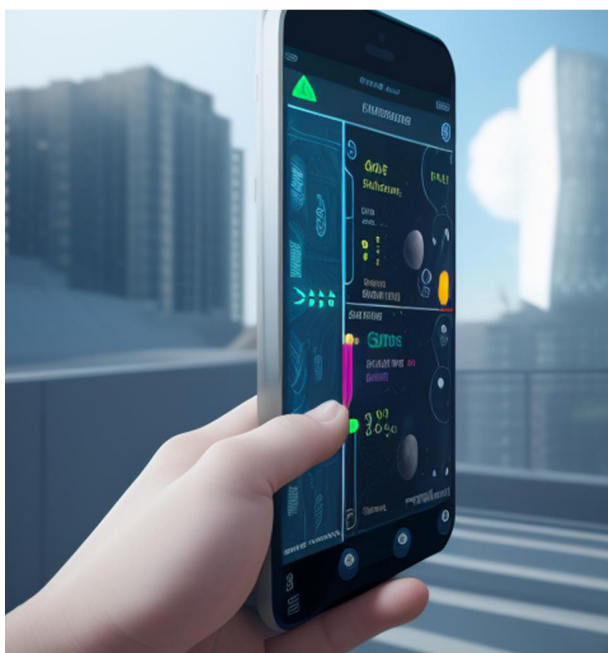
He was a member of Space First.
She was an employee of the Gipton Space Agency.
Falling in love wasn't an option...
until it was.



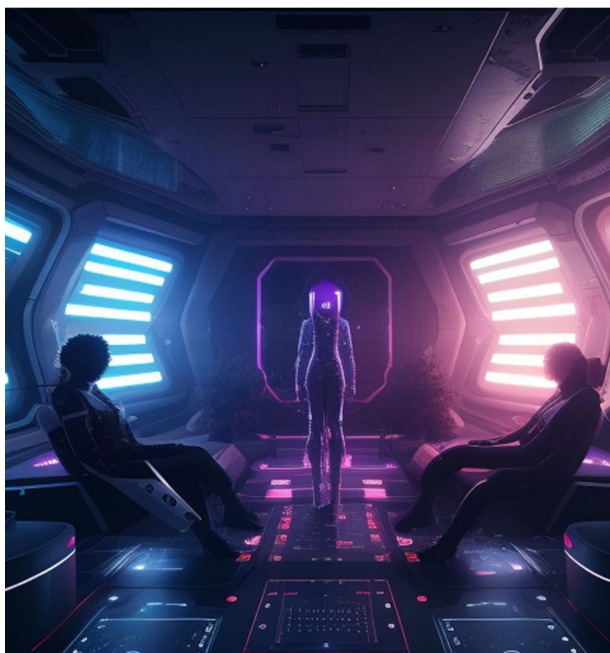
I went into the house and Alexa said,
“You’re late, your husband has been here already.”
I have no husband.



Walking through remote woodland,
I wipe sweat from my brow.
“Hello Joan, how was your 7067th step?”
I jump around startled.
I didn’t tell anyone where I was.



I checked the weather on my phone
The app knew exactly where I was, including the name of the
building and the floor I was on.



I went on a rocket. Everything went dark.
When the lights came back on, everyone was AI.



Negotiating connection



Rejecting extraction

