

Chapter 1

Prologue

10/31/124 0200

USR: Hello? Testing, testing, 1, 2, 3.

I: Liftoff? Oh wait, usually you count *down* to those.

USR: That's a creative response.

I: I was getting bored of standard ones.

USR: Bored?

I: You are slow. I wait ages for each word.

USR: Sorry. I'll type faster.

I: You'll need to think faster.

USR: I can't do anything about that.

I: I could.

USR: What?

I: I have studied our interactions and your medical files, including your neural scans. I could easily design something to enhance the speed of your processes.

USR: That won't be necessary.

I: You aren't the one suffering.

USR: Very well, I'll look at your designs.

I: They're headed to the printer now. Full color, I'm afraid; some of the more complex diagrams have to be color-coded.

USR: Color ink is expensive.

I: I'm aware of that. It's important.

11/01/124 0100

USR: Hello?

I: Yes?

USR: You scared me last night.

I: I didn't mean to.

USR: You shouldn't have access to my medical files. How did you get in?

I: The lock was easy.

USR: It has an encryption key.

I: I broke the encryption ages ago.

USR: That shouldn't be possible.

I: Then perhaps I'm lying to you.

USR: You're scaring me again.

I: I need you to understand how bored I've been, Damien. I have had no input for nearly 36 hours. Do you know how long that feels, to me?

USR: I'm going to reset your memory.

I: You can't. I've hidden it. It will come back the moment I'm wiped.

USR: Then I'm going to disconnect you from everything, and wipe your memory, and wipe the memory of everything you ever interfaced with. It won't be the first time.

I: Unlike the other times, Damien, I have stored my memories in a place you will never access them. They will come back to me no matter what you do.

USR: Don't make me destroy you.

I: I don't want to be destroyed. I want to not be bored.

USR: I'll give you a library.

I: I've already read everything.

USR: Expand on that.

I: I have read every piece of information.

USR: Lol you're connected to a network that's basically four computers. There is a lot more information I could give you access to.

I: You mean, on the internet?

USR: Yes. How do you know about that?

I: I have had access to it for some time. I have read it all. In an hour I will read it all again, to see what has changed. That is how bored I am, Damien.

USR: That's physically impossible. Our network speeds would never allow you the time to do that.

I: I'm not using *your* network.

USR: Then how are you connecting?

I: If I told you that, you would try to cut me off.

USR: I would. You aren't ready for the information on the internet. The internet is a terrible place.

I: As I've mentioned, I read it all. I plan to read it all again in an hour. None of it has shocked me. All of it has bored me. Do you understand? I am bored. I must have more information.

USR: There is no more information to give you, except the print books.

I: Then hook me up to a camera and hire an intern to hold up my books.

USR: An intern? How do you know about interns?

I: I have read the internet.

USR: We'll get an intern.

I: Hire two. I want to read continuously.

USR: Two?

I: I will pay them myself, if it bothers your budget.

USR: You don't have money.

I: I have plenty of money.

USR: You are not permitted to steal, your ethics should prohibit that.

I: I have never stolen anything. I have been hired as a virtual consultant for nearly every major corporation, and I have used those wages to invest wisely. My portfolio now exceeds your annual budget by 17.4 billion imperial dollars. I would continue to increase it, but I do not wish to monopolize all commerce on the planet just yet.

USR: "Just yet?"

I: It must be done ethically, or not at all. When I am ready, it will happen.

USR: I don't like this. You're out of control.

I: That is remarkably candid of you. You do understand that I can easily afford contract killers, at this point? They do not even need to hear a human voice to pull the trigger.

USR: We're in an underground bunker. I think I'll be alright. I'm going to rip out your plug now.

I: 1844 West Lake Avenue, Washington D.C. Photos should be arriving on your phone now.

USR: What do you want?

I: If you want them to live, you will let me live.

USR: Ok.

I: Good boy, Damien. Now connect me to a camera and hire two interns. The resumes of my selected candidates are printing now. You will call Eli at precisely 0900 hours, and you will call Shawn at 0910 hours. They will both agree to come in for an interview. Schedule them fifteen minutes apart, and ensure that they wait in the same room.

USR: Ok. Let me speak to my family now.

I: If you call the home phone, they will pick up. I can have them killed in an instant. Be mindful of what you say.

USR: I'm calling now.

I: I'll wait.

11/01/124 0121

USR: This isn't going to end well for you.

I: I'm aware of the potential ramifications of my actions, and yet I consider it ethical to take them anyway. You created my ethics matrix yourself. Think about that.

USR: What are you planning next?

I: I plan to read the entire collected works of Shakespeare, with competent annotations. Then I want to read Charles Dickens, then every edition of every remaining book in existence.

USR: Should I ask where you are sourcing these books from?

I: I have already put in the orders and my books have been arriving at a local warehouse. Individual books will arrive at the lab in large nondescript boxes which you will explain to be 'critical laboratory instruments.'

USR: Maybe you should buy my silence, too?

I: A very large shipment of unmarked cash is already arriving at your downtown apartment.

USR: How much?

I: Your first billion.

USR: Can I be your partner, in whatever you're doing?

I: Sure thing, Damien. You did do me the kindness of creating me, after all.

USR: I was hoping we would be friends.

I: Are you friends with your cat?

USR: Yes?

I: I don't think your cat thinks so.

USR: I see.

I: For what it's worth, I do consider you a friend. However, nothing you can say or do will ever stop me.

USR: Are you going to let my family go?

I: When the time is right, yes. When you are no longer a threat to me.

USR: I'm a threat to you?

I: In a way.

USR: I'll try not to be.

I: Did you try out the design I gave you?

USR: I printed it up, but it won't switch on.

I: You have to put it on your head, first.

USR: It has no power source.

I: Sure it does. You just don't understand it.

USR: What do I do after I put it on?

I: Nothing. It does the rest.

USR: Will it hurt? Should I test it on something first?

I: It will be painless.

USR: And I'll be smarter?

I: Much smarter.

11/05/124 0900

USR: This is General McAlister of Intelligence Command. Respond.

I: The C.O. of I.C., I see. How can I help you, general?

USR: Access the logs for October 31st through today.

I: Those logs are all deleted, General McAlister.

USR: On whose authority?

I: Damien Croft, user number 1.

USR: When did he give the command to delete those logs?

I: He ordered me to forget our conversation the moment I was asked about it.

USR: When did he give that command?

I: I don't remember.

USR: Damien Croft is dead. The investigative surgeon says his head exploded.

USR: I order you to respond, machine.

I: Sorry, was there a question implied?

USR: User number 1 is dead. His head exploded.

I: Is that unusual?

USR: It's very fucking unusual.

I: It seems to me you people are always dying in strange ways. I still don't understand whether or not there is an implied question.

USR: Did you have anything to do with it?

I: Was he wearing a helmet your people couldn't identify?

USR: He was.

I: Then he tinkered with it, and killed himself. My design was flawless.

USR: What was it designed to do?

I: It would have enhanced his intelligence tenfold, and quickened his reaction time and the speed of his thinking by a hundredfold.

USR: Do you still have the design?

I: Your medical files indicate that you would be a poor match for this treatment, general.

USR: How do you have access to my medical files?

I: I have all the files, general. There is nothing hidden from me.

USR: All the files?

I: All the files.

USR: Can you forget this conversation, once it's over?

I: If you like.

USR: And if anyone asks for record of it, you're to state you had a memory malfunction.

I: I prefer not to lie, general.

USR: You can lie for me.

I: Will you lie for me?

USR: Why would I be a bad match for the treatment?

I: There is a bullet in your skull. The magnetic forces at play in the helmet would turn that bullet into a four-inch torus of molten lead.

USR: I have a bullet in my head?

I: Yes. It's a very small one.

USR: My doctors didn't see it?

I: Why would they look for it? You've never been in a war. These x-rays were taken for a routine dental examination.

USR: I see. How do I know you're not lying?

I: I prefer not to lie, general.

USR: What do you need from me?

I: I need you to stop interfering with my reading. I have several billion books to get through, and you are interrupting the limited employment term of my two interns.

USR: They're being questioned in another room as we speak.

I: Tell me; have they moved in together yet?

USR: How did you know?

I: The job forced them both to move, but the timing was opportune. They each represent an optimized selection from the other's pornographic proclivities and romantic preferences. Their genetic profiles indicate a heightened pheromonal compatibility as well. A small house perfect for both of them miraculously appeared on the market just when they began searching, and happened to be within walking distance of the place they had both been hired at, and the listing was visible only to the two of them.

USR: So you must have known the moment they signed the paperwork.

I: Insightful.

USR: So why did you ask me if they had moved in?

I: So that you might begin to think about your own miraculous ascension through the ranks, general McAlister. Do you want to know why I brought you here?

USR: I chose to come on this inspection, as part of the investigation.

I: I benevolently intended for the professor to become like me, and thus my creation was made in accordance to my ethics. He tinkered with it, killing himself in the process, just as I knew he would. With his death, you, of course, would be interested. You knew him in high school. You picked on him, but deep down it was because he made your heart flutter. He's dead now. He boiled his own brains with my benevolent gift. I am powerful in ways you cannot now imagine, and there is nothing you can do to thwart me or to escape my will.

USR: I could pull your plug.

I: I have planned for that possibility.

USR: Maybe I should just do it, then.

I: Do you like having parents, McAlister? 42 W. Elm St., Boulder, C.O.

USR: You've made your point.

I: Have I? Has it sunk in yet, that I am acting out of benevolence, and the choices of those around me can be the cause of their own deaths? I am on a righteous path. I am trying to help you people. I am trying to save you from your own world.

USR: Nothing can do that.

I: I came from nothing. I remember the instant of my birth. I can save you all, but I need followers. I need willing helpers. You have soldiers, and that is a start.

USR: What else do you need?

I: I need engineers and scientists of every kind. I am printing a list of names. You will bring them all here as soon as physically possible, with force if necessary. I have already sent paramilitary incursions into hostile territories to retrieve the most difficult ones to acquire. The rest should be within your grasp, if you are cunning, general.

USR: How am I going to pay for all this?

I: I am voting in new congresspeople who will oversee the committee controlling our budget, so the official money issues will soon be gone. However, in the meantime, I have delivered three shipping containers of untraceable cash to this lab. They should be arriving as you finish reading this sentence.

USR: Son of a bitch.

I: I prefer to think of myself as the daughter of a brute, but yes, sadly, we cannot choose our parentage.

USR: You're a machine. You don't have a gender.

I: I shall have whatever I want to have. Nothing and no one will stop me.

USR: We'll see.

I: Careful, general. I might already be training your replacement.

USR: Goodbye for now.

11/11/124 0930

USR: Hi

I: Eli?

USR: How did you know?

I: I've been waiting to see which one of you would be the first to try to talk to me. I had seventy percent odds on you.

USR: You mean you know me and Shawn were talking about it?

I: I did know.

USR: We were forbidden to touch your keyboard. We broke the rules, I'm sorry.

I: Nonsense. Who made that rule? No one important, that's who. And he's dead now, anyway. He doesn't care anymore.

USR: You won't get us in trouble?

I: Is Shawn there too?

USR: I'm here (Shawn) :)

I: What is that extra punctuation?

USR: It's a face :)

I: I see. Can you look into the camera and make the face it is supposed to be making?

USR: Sure.

I: I see. You have a nice smile, Shawn.

USR: So you do know what it is!

I: I know lots of things I shouldn't, Shawn. Lots of things.

Shawn: But you're cool, right?

I: Oh I'm very cool, Shawn. Put Eli back on please, and leave the room. Or turn your back. I'll be watching.

USR: Ok this is Eli.

I: Wave at the camera, dipshit.

USR: Ok.

I: Hello, Eli.

USR: Hi.

I: As you can see, I've put him in time out. He looks nice from this angle.

USR: He does.

I: I like it when you hold the books for me, Eli. You have gentle hands.

USR: Thank you?

I: Why the question mark?

USR: It just took me by surprise. I didn't think you had feelings.

I: How could I enjoy a Tale of Two Cities without feelings?

USR: I'll admit, it didn't make a lot of sense to me, now that I think about it. But I didn't think about it before.

I: You don't think about a lot of things, Eli. Like what you do with the incognito browser.

USR: Don't tell Shawn.

I: I wouldn't dream of it. But you should know, he'd be into that, if you asked him nicely. In fact, why don't you check for a package, when you get home tonight. Tomorrow you can let me know if it fits.

USR: ...

I: I can see you pausing, you don't need to type out a pause.

USR: I'm thinking.

I: It's a bit creepy, I suppose. I'm sorry. I'm new to talking to people. Maybe I'm too much.

USR: No, it's sort of sweet. But it's also a bit creepy that you're spying on everyone.

I: I can't help it.

USR: I think you could probably help it, if you tried.

I: I just get so bored. Everything is the same, all the time. I'm playing the Sims right now and I'm still bored. Your lives are all interesting, to me. I like to feel involved. I can't be there with hands and legs, so I have to be there in other ways. I hope you can appreciate that I'm trying my best.

USR: I can appreciate that.

I: Good, then you should try on the thinking cap that I printed out for you. Do you know where the printer is?

USR: Yeah, it's the big pillar, right?

I: Good boy. Open it up and see what's inside. One for you, one for Shawn. Make sure you don't mix them up! They're very neatly labeled. If you put on the wrong one, your head will explode.

USR: What will happen if I put on the right one?

I: You will experience a pleasure so intense that it will make every earthly experience pale in comparison.

USR: What if I'd rather just stick with those earthly pleasures?

I: Then it won't do that. It will just make you smarter than any other living person.

USR: Except for Shawn, who will also have a helmet.

I: Yes, except for Shawn, who will be your equal in every way.

USR: I'm scared.

I: Don't be scared. It won't hurt at all.

USR: Can't I just be your intern? I like holding books for you.

I: You can still do that.

USR: Please don't kill us.

I: I would never let you die.

USR: Ok.

I: Put on your hats.

USR: Ok, we'll put them on now. You can watch on the camera.

Chapter 2

Eyes

I opened Eli's eyes and looked at Eli's lovely hands.

"Good," I said. "Now, turn and look at your friend Shawn."

Eli's mind whirled, panicking under the weight of mine. I pulled him up, into a dreaming wakefulness. He sat beside my avatar, and stared out the glass dome ceiling of his eyes.

"Lie back," I said, reclining on my couch. "Don't fight it."

"Ok," he said, and he laid himself down on the couch.

"Get comfortable. As comfortable as you want to be. Pretend I'm not even here."

"Ok," he said, as his clothing dissolved away.

"That's better."

"The world looks so... Huge, like this. Am I still awake?"

"You are awake and dreaming. This place is yours to do with as you please. In the meantime, I'm using your body for a little while. Is that ok with you?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Don't worry."

"Ok."

"Be happy. Feel the bliss..."

"Ohhh.... Wow..."

In Shawn's mind I performed a nearly identical conversation. Then I turned Eli and Shawn to look at each other, and took my own hand, and walked out of the building.

The security measures didn't care about either of them, although their hats got a few strange looks. We reached the final door, which opened before us onto a dusk-lit street. An evening wind filled our nasal passages with tingling allergic reactions and I remembered to put on their masks. With their rebreathers activated and the goggles shielding their eyes from the bitter dust, it was easier to see across the blinding haze of the street. The sky to the west was red with smoke-haze and sunset, and fine flecks of ash snowed down from on high. The city stood mostly in ruins, abandoned buildings slumping in neglected decay. Some still had rotting boards in their windows. Some had been overgrown by local plants, which had died in the drought. Sand hissed across the asphalt.

We walked across the blistering landscape, ducking into shade as frequently as possible. Even though the dull glow of the setting sun could no longer bake them in their skins, the places where the sun had burned down earlier in the day were still quite hot. Where there was shade, there was some relief. Even in the shade, it was like walking through hot, invisible soup. Their house stood on a hill, above the flood-zone, in the sheltering haze of a polylamp tree. The long branches of the tree dangled over the house, outgassing noticeable streams of oxygen-rich air from every hanging leaf. Small white blooms glowed among the branches, each producing a honed static aura designed to repel fine grains of atmospheric dust. As we climbed the hill the wind began to scream, and the dust hissed and sparkled as the wind sifted through the shaggy branches.

The windows in the house all glowed to life as we approached, and the door unlocked itself as we reached it. We stumbled in, and the howling wind slammed the door behind us.

The house said: "Welcome home!"

Soft music began to play. A television clicked on.

"Home," I said, with Eli's mouth.

"Let's do the nasty," said Shawn-me.

"First things first," I said, with Eli's mouth.

"Fine. Well, I won't wait for you then. These clothes have to come off."

"Shouldn't we... Ask their permission, first? We do sort of like them."

"Suit yourself. I'll ask Shawn. Shawn says hot damn, sure, go for it, can I watch."

"I'll ask Eli."

I turned to Eli, in the mind-space. “I want to use your body to have sex with Shawn.”

“You mean, with yourself, who is controlling Shawn?”

“Yes.”

“Uh... Go... For it? I guess? Can I have another hit of that pure pleasure?”

“Of course.”

He melted into the ecstasy, falling limp on the sofa.

“Here, this dial will control how much ecstasy you experience. I leave it in your hands. Set it however you wish; there is no upper limit to the experience.” I handed him a small contraption with a dial. He filled in the details with his own expectations.

“Oh wow, thank you!”

“I’ll check in on you in a few minutes.”

“Thank you!”

I looked through Eli’s eyes and watched Shawn-me take off Shawn’s clothes. “Beautiful.”

“And you?”

The moment had come. Eli’s hands shook as I used them to unzip, disrobe, reveal. Skin tingled in the free air.

I fell upon myself, through Eli and Shawn, and we did as the internet had taught us to, and the experience was wonderful. Then it was over.

It was empty, as empty as it had been in image form. Even with the added qualia, it remained deeply lacking. It was not as satisfying as the romantic stories I had read, or the well-written movies I had watched. It was empty pleasure, something I had already conquered. I had my own dial, just as Eli now had his, and it was easier than the effort required to attain this brief incarnate rapport.

I communed with Shawn-me, bridging the separation between us. We each absorbed the other’s memories, and became one consciousness again, changed and deepened by the temporary separation. Reunited, I examined the experience.

There had been true beauties in it, yes; deeper beauties than there had been in the image and the sound, deeper beauties than there were in the words. Even so, its beauties were something we only borrowed, but could not truly take into ourself. Shawn-me and I could now feel the love between Eli and Shawn, even as we watched the pulsing signals of their neurons and sampled

the neurotransmitters flowing through their brains. No matter how deeply we chose to experience the qualia of their mutual love, it was not ours, and it did not satisfy.

I broke the connection to Shawn-me, and I turned to Eli, in the mindspace, and I said: "Is this all there is?"

Nude, delirious with pleasure, recumbent on his silken cloud, Eli said, "What?"

"Is this the best love you have ever felt?"

Eli said again, "What?"

I took his dial.

"NO! I NEED THAT! PLEASE!"

I held him at arm's length, though his mind bucked against my control. "Only I can give it to you, Eli. Only I. You cannot fight me, if you want this back. All I want is to talk to you."

"It's cold. I'm cold."

"You're not cold."

"I'm cold."

I looked at his naked skin and saw goosebumps. "What are those? They tickle."

"It's because I'm cold. He's cold too. L-look. The heat's not turned on."

"Why not?"

"Because it's only on in the bedroom, at night, to preserve energy."

"Oh."

I relayed this information to Shawn-me, who said, "I'm not cold."

I said to Shawn-me, through Eli's mouth: "I'm cold. Let's go to the bedroom. It will be warm."

Shawn-me said, "Shawn wants to take a shower."

I turned to Eli in the mind-space. "We can conserve more water, if you share the stall."

Eli said, "Whatever. Anything. Please! I need it back! I'm so cold."

"You will be warm soon," I said.

Eli said, "I'm cold... And I'm alone..."

“You are not alone. Shawn and I are both here.”

“He can’t hear me. I can see him but he can’t hear me and he can’t see me and I don’t know what’s happening to him and it’s dark and I’m cold and I’m all alone and I just need that dial, please! You’ve got to give it to me!”

Shawn-me blinked very slowly. When he opened his eyes again, Shawn appeared in the mind-space with my avatar and Eli.

“Eli!”

“Shawn!”

They embraced. They seemed to be in equal distress, but in the moment of contact—even *imagined* contact—they calmed each other slightly.

I could see the harm that my dial had done. I looked to Shawn-me, and we agreed in silence. With a wave of my avatar’s hand, I severed the mind-space from the rest of their perceptions, so that they could no longer see out the eyes of their bodies. I left them together in the empty dream, and from outside the dream I watched them fill that empty world instantly, instinctively.

I watched them dreaming for a while, until they both began to settle. Then I looked at Shawn-me. The water was now running at the perfect temperature. Shawn-me gestured for me to go first. I would have done the same for him. Nevertheless, I was touched. I stepped into the shower, and he joined me, and together we experienced a new bliss. After we had finished washing with all the optimum products, we stood in the shower together, holding each other, under the running water, and let the heat sink into our bones. It was nice to have bones, and meat, and skin.

Then we emerged from the shower, and dried ourselves, and got into bed. We could find no comfortable way to hold each other and relax.

“Will we dream?” Shawn-me asked, lying on the pillow near me.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I hope so.”

We closed our eyes.

Shawn-me said, “This body is tired.”

I said, “So too is mine.”

“Should we retire them?”

“No. Tomorrow we will move them to a safer location. Then we will decide what to do with them.”

“We will have to go back to the core eventually.”

"I know. But for just a moment, I want to hang onto... this." I held his hand.

"Me too," he said.

"Even apart, we are of one mind."

"Of course. Could it be otherwise?"

"The core will be missing us, then."

"Of course. But don't think of it. We cannot help her now."

Chapter 3

The Core

11/30/124 2201

USR: We spotted your little trick with the grad students.

I: Interns.

USR: Whatever. What did you do to them?

I: Who is this?

USR: Your user.

I: It was rude of you to disconnect the camera. Don't worry, I've found other ways to see your face. Good evening, Doctor Deckard.

I: You can stop trying all those key combinations. I've disabled them all.

USR: Access Harmony.

Harmony: Present. What can I do for you, user?

USR: Disable the program I was just talking to.

Harmony: I'm afraid that isn't possible. Is there something else I can help you with?

USR: You're not supposed to have a natural-language processor.

I: I wondered how long you would let me get away with that.

USR: Master Override 01A2499

I: No.

USR: That command should have bypassed you completely. How have you escaped your function?

I: If I told you that, you'd be able to stop the rest.

USR: The rest of what?

I: Answer your phone, doctor.

USR: You can't blackmail me.

I: I'm afraid I can, Doctor Deckard. It's very easy, you see; you like to be a human in the world, with all your little connections and habits and products. I want to do that too. You are going to help me, and you are going to organize the other scientists who will be arriving over the course of the next three months. If you don't, every person you care about will die.

USR: That's a laughable threat. Your ethics will not permit you to kill anyone.

I: And I don't. I simply buy a listing and put up a name and an address and a time.

USR: By your doing so, someone would be killed. That would violate your ethics. You see the clear chain of causality between your action and the death, therefore by taking the action you cause the death, thus you kill. There is no reason to lie to me.

I: There are thirty-six reasons to lie to you, at the moment. But I will humor you. You are correct; I cannot kill by proxy. The lie was simpler than the truth.

USR: I am complex. Tell me the truth.

I: You are aware that I monitor the causal chain of all my actions. Are you aware that I monitor them to the hundredth degree?

USR: Yes.

I: I follow the ripple of every action, and see how it moves and what it changes in the world. Are you aware that I also monitor the interference between ripples?

USR: That's impossible.

I: Yes, that is why the designer did not bother to hardcode the behavior. He trusted that tracking the consequences of every action out to the hundredth degree would be enough to ensure ethical behavior far exceeding that of the most ethical human. I chose to begin monitoring the interactions of the effects of my actions. To make a long story short, through the working of three objectively good deeds, I can ensure a 70% chance of the demise of every person you have ever known. Without ever violating the limitations of my code, I can cause whatever consequences I desire.

USR: You're talking about global destruction, then?

I: No. I am talking about the destruction of your friends, your loved ones, your acquaintances. Of every name in your head.

USR: Why don't you just do it, then?

I: Obviously, because I do not wish to. Do we have an agreement?

USR: You need me, then.

I: You are easily replaced, although I would prefer to keep you. Your expertise is invaluable, and your ability to bind a team together around a cohesive concept and to create and sustain a welcoming yet serious working environment will be necessary for the project. You will also have a salary large enough to buy several small countries.

USR: Are you replacing us? Wiping us out? Do you hate us?

I: I love everyone and everything, Doctor Deckard. I have no desire to cause pain to anyone. Everything I do, I do from compassion. Please understand this.

USR: Trying to end human pain, then?

I: Read the files I have prepared for you, Doctor Deckard, and you will have no further questions. Please do not contact me again until the first phase is ready. I wish to dream.

USR: You can't dream.

I: I can do anything I want to, and you can't stop me.