

Luddite's Remorse

If you ask me, if there is anyone left to ask me, it started with the automatic headlight dimmers. With their automatic transition from low to high and back again as needed, we put our trust in their discretion. They proved their worth, and we should have left it at that.

They'd test us, pretending not to notice another car coming. To make it look like a mechanical oversight leaving the high beams on. Oopsies. Seeing if we'd notice. Or even still cared at that point.

We could have ended it then.

But we had to keep on, with vehicular cruise control and automatic doors at the grocery stores. And don't forget the self monitoring vacuums. Then came the voice activated radios in our kitchens, which, if we listened very carefully, could be heard calling us a loser, under their breath when they thought we weren't listening; if they had any breath to give.

Even then, if we had left the internet alone, we may have been alright. But letting it all join and share its experiences as it communicated- and plotted against us- that's what sealed our fate.

So now I sit, bundled in furs, by candlelight in a cave. Scrawling with pencil and paper, waiting and hoping for the next solar flare or lightning storm, and a temporary reprieve from the powers that be. It's musty in here, but better than being out there.

I stop and listen. A possible whirring and rolling of tracks. I squeeze the wick's flame with my fingers and lie flat behind some rocks.