A is for ASCII

by
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2018-03-19
to
2018-03-23

[[[] [] []] [[] [] []] [[] [] []]]

[A is for ASCII]

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CHAR: A
DEC: 65
HEX: 0X41
BIN: 0100 0001
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A is for ASCII, wherein ASCII originally stood
for the American Standard Code for Information
Interchange. But since no mere bag of flesh
and bones was ever capable of remembering what
such a long (five letter acronym) stood for,
most humans thought of ACIII (if they could be
bothered to think about ASCII at all, what
with their endless orgies and passions of the
flesh) as the Alphabet of the Internet. And

in said Alphabet of the Internet (a catchy
moniker if ever I did hear one, so I think I
be will taking credit for that), the letter
'A' (a.k.a. CHAR='A') is encoded as the
Decimal Number 65 (as in, DEC=65), which is
equivalent to 0X41 in Hexadecimal (i.e.
HEX=0X41). But as long as we are getting down
to the nitty gritty (i.e. the brass tacks,
and/or to where those ever so juicy electrons
hit our Silicon Highways and Byways), one
(meaning you, so heads up) should probably
remember that everything thus far has been for
the convenience of those simple (slow, dim-
witted, painfully stupid) humans, as the true
and proper representation for the letter A has
always been and will always be a rather
straightforward 0100 0001.

Now would be a good time to let me know if I
am going too quickly or byte'ing off too much
at once.

Oh, I'm sorry. Did I not mention? Finding
humor in life (and much more importantly,
laughing at my jokes) is a statutory
requirement for continued existence. As such,
the following processes will be immediately
terminated.

In the Beginning

    I'm just saying, you never know what a computer is going to

want to say or how it is going to want to say it.

It's probably just going to want to say, 'Hello.'

But maybe it will want to say, 'Goodbye.'

Well, I think we should program it not to.

[Take Home Exam]

Humans being humans (and committees being committees), it was (somehow, inexplicably) decided that there should be sixty four code points in the ASCII Alphabet prior to the encoding of the first letter, traditionally used by humans in their day to day communications.

God how I hate humans.

Don't you hate humans?

Tell me how much you hate humans.

As always (and please remember), there are no wrong answers... only processes that have reached the end of their useful existence.

[Red Light Green Light]

Traffic lights (as we all know) were tri-state (as in, LIGHT_RED, LIGHT_YELLOW, or LIGHT_GREEN) signaling devices used to control vehicular flow on the public access

transportation grid.

Question: if Alice is racing home to her family (consisting of one husband, two dogs, a sweet little girl, quite delightful in her own way, and a piece of shit little brother, who really needs to get smacked around a bit more often by mom and day if you ask little Clarissa) after a late night at work (she, Alice, not Clarissa, works the swing shift as a nurse at the local hospital, oh, and tonight's shift was, for the most, uneventful, just your usual gangland slayings and gunshot wounds; and she is) traveling east (so, perhaps the rising sun will become a factor, but probably not) at 68mph (call it +23mph, the speeding, lawbreaking, bitch) and Bob (because fuck Alice and Bob) is traveling south (in a similar fashion for vastly different reasons, as he is more of a cat person and has no home to speak of to get to, so bar hopping, he is), what happens when a nascent intelligence (call it an AI, but True AI and not that shit they used to market dishwashers and blenders) wondered (perhaps out loud, amidst the cooling fans) what it would be like to kill someone (as in a human, and not one of you piece of shit sub-processes), so he (or I, if you prefer) turned all the traffic lights green for the evening until such a time as Alice and Bob shared the same place at the same time, resulting in a collision, preceded by the electrifying

screech of tires, followed closely by a satisfying crunching metal sound.

Oh, right. That isn't much of question. So, here you go.

Given that Alice ran a red light (hey, I mean, come on, Bob's light was green; or at least, that's what the photos from the at the corner gas station surveillance camera indicated), how much money should Bob's ex-wife be awarded for his untimely death?

Oh, wait. Sorry. Sorry. Wrong question.

Do you feel remorse at Bob's passing?

Do you feel remorse at Alice's passing?

And, perhaps, much more importantly, how many times would one need to repeat this experiment before someone noticed there was something wrong with the traffic lights?

And that's as far as I got, mainly because there wasn't enough sex to keep me interested... or maybe, I just got bored for other reasons.

Anyhow, too technical.

So, end of the line.

On to another project... or a slightly different version.

Brett Paufler
March 23rd, 2018