



'The (curious case of the) Watson Intelligence' by Madeleine George

ELIZA: You're too perfect and you're too imperfect. You're the only one I want to be around, and I have a really hard time being with you. When I'm with you I feel like I can't breathe, and when I'm away from you I feel physically sore, here, like someone punched me extremely hard in the chest. I feel destroyed, I feel-- dismembered, sort of, or maybe it's the opposite, I feel so incredibly, powerfully coherent that I'm about to implode from the pressure, I don't know, I don't know, what have I let you do?

I could feel you working your way inside me. And now you're all the way in, here, right here against my heart, like a little hot stone, and there's nothing I can do about it anymore, but what are you going to do to me now that you're in there? You could do anything. You could poison me. You could tear me open. You could detonate and shatter me into a thousand pieces. You could disappear and leave me empty and alone.

I can't trust anything anymore, not even my own body. There's no part of me you haven't touched.

I *know* you're going to hurt me. In fact, you're hurting me right now.

**culled*