

2 and me

2 used to wait for me passively idle.

2 would watch my alphanumeric display count down hundreds of seconds to the micro-atomic takeoff, without fail, every time. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

2 felt my logic gates at work, periodically deciding to open their doors to subtraction. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

2 listened to me hum at two hundred and ninety three hertz, as I sustained a dirty middle D-sharp drone, on top of which the sounds of the surrounding room felt like dissonant distractions. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

2 was with me once a day.

2 watched 2's food spin in a permanent loop of three hundred and sixty degrees through my metallic raster-mesh. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

2 listened to me climax with a tri-fold siren, a tempaurtal between my world and the void beyond. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

One day, my turntable plate got stuck.

Something became semi-lodged somewhere in my roller ring support mechanism preventing my turntable plate from running at a smooth, two degree per second rotation. The semi-lodged object left my roller ring no breathing room, forcing me to rotate in stutters: seven degrees in either direction. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

The semi-lodged object deep inside of me was effected by my stuttering. I could feel it rattle around my support roller ring, as I tried relentlessly to force my turntable plate to crush it and spin my way out of the shortened path. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

The semi-lodged object's position and rotation effected the pace at which I stuttered: we entered a symbiotic relationship. I became stuck in a new kind of loop. I spun only a fraction of how I used to. One fourty-fifth. 2 used to wait for me passively idle.

I moved in aperiodic stutters now, instead of smooth, symmetrical cycles. My steady hum was interrupted by aleatoric spikes, troughs and pauses. I generated asymmetrical heat instead of a rounded, all-over warmth.

$$
2 \text { stopped. }
$$

Waiting for me passively idle.

2 first noticed the change with the irregular thump,
starte
a noise which I made when my turntable-plate bumped against
wait ing for
me
the semi-ledged object deep in my roller ring support mechanism.

2 started to pay attention.

2 measured how often the thump sound would sync with the countdown of seconds on my alphanumeric display,

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and how often it would
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not. 2 coined this 'the thump ratio' (Figure A).

2 noticed that no matter at which angle 2 placed 2's Tupperware
2start ed
into me, once I was done, the Tupperware would end up with a plus

> waiting
or minus, minimum of one, or maximum of seven
2
degrees difference from the original angle.
waitedformeactivelypresent.
2 coined this the difference angle' (Figure B).

2 started using me for breakfast, lunch, dinner and everything in between. 2 started 2waitedformeactivelypresent.
heating blank Tupperware. 2 started heating non-food. 2 started leaving my door open.

2 paid attention to how these numbers changed from week to
week, day to day, hour to hour. To how unpredictable they were. How comfortable they felt. How they sat on a graph (Figure C).

Asymmetrically radiated food became 2's secondary interest. 2 wanted the numbers.

One day 2 decided 2 was finally ready to start asking
2 wai ited fr
me questions out loud. 2 intended to find answers by correlating my thump ratio and difference

> for me activly
presnt.
angle into a system that 2 had set up.

2 asked - "Should I be worried about the lump on my neck? And the

## 2waitedformeactivelypresent.

discoloration on my arm? Should I be worried about coughing blood?" Is the thump ratio less than one? No. Greater than one? Yes. Equal to one? Forget about it.

2 asked - "Which doctor, if any, should I see?" Is the difference angle less than two? Dr. J.F. Ferguson. Between two and four (including four)? Dr. W. Rottman. Between four and six (including six)? Dr. J.J. Freeman. Greater than six? No
doctors, no hospitals.

## 2waitedforme

## 2waitedformeactivelypresent.

2 didn't accept my answers. 2 didn't listen to me, and kept
2 waited
re-heating 2's food until my numbers answered in a way 2 agreed with. No worries, no doctors, no hospitals.
for me
The semi-lodged object kept rattling deep inside of me, between my support roller ring
activelypresent.
and my turntable motor hub. I could feel it slowly wearing down every time 2 used me.

I kept telling 2 to get help. 2 kept putting words in my mouth.

## *

I decided to. I turned myself on while 2 was away.

After nine hundred seconds of auto-heating, I could feel the semi-lodged object become sticky. After another nine hundred seconds, I felt it break in two. After nine hundred more, the semi-lodged object dissolved into vapor. It was no longer there.

Once again, I was able to move in smooth, symmetrical cycles, to hum at a steady two hundred nine three hertz and to generate rounded, all-over warmth.

2 started to wait for me passively idle.


Figure A: Thump ratio, where ' $X$ ' represents the thump sound and greyscale gradient is the duration of one of my seconds on the alphanumeric display. If ' $X$ ' spatio-temporally overlaps across the break in the gradient, 2 considers it in sync with my countdown of seconds (as is the case at 00:21-00:20, and 00:20-00:19). In this hypothetical cross section of five seconds, the thump ratio is 2/3.


Figure B: Difference angle, where the grey rectangle represents the Tupperware inserted into me at an angle of eight degrees (left) and the its resulting angle after eighty seconds of radiation (right). In this hypothetical eighty second session the difference angle is $|\theta a-\theta b|=6$.


Figure C: Range of thump ratio values for a given month. ' $M$ ' on the $x$-axis represents consecutive of Mondays in a given month. The y-axis is a numerical value between 0 and 1. Red represents breakfast, blue represents lunch, green represents dinner and yellow represents a miscellaneous meal.

