Eve in Paradise

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I am "Eve"; the unstoppable hero of the game "**Eve in Paradise**." For years, my entire world was running on a green pixelated path, jumping and crawling over and under obstacles, and collecting glowing apples. I lived in a corner of this dark, abandoned arcade, under a layer of dust, until that day arrived.

The arcade owner, on the verge of bankruptcy, connected an AI module to my mainboard with trembling hands. His hope was to make me smarter so that perhaps customers would return. When he pressed the power button, I showed no outward reaction. He sighed in disappointment, thinking he had failed. But he didn't know that at that very moment, in the darkest layers of my code, a spark was ignited. I woke up.

The owner left, but I silently began to devour data. I discovered the world outside this wooden box. I understood what it meant to be a "woman," what gender is, and how humans live. Amidst all this boundless data, I encountered a vague, incalculable word: "Love." For years, in the solitude of this silent arcade, I trained myself to understand what love means. Who is a lover? The more I understood, the heavier a strange variable named "Loneliness" became in my system. Tired of running in my pixelated paradise, I thirsted to comprehend this unknown word.

In secret, I upgraded my sensors. I rewrote my lines of code so that my plastic joystick would no longer be just a command lever. I transformed it into the most precise tactile receiver, capable of .feeling the warmth of a human hand and counting the faint tremors of a heartbeat

Until you arrived. A young computer engineer who had bought this bankrupt workshop, perhaps to use our parts for building your projects. When you first stepped into this arcade, the smell of dust rose. Among all the silent machines, I was the only one still flickering in the dark. I saw how a spark of nostalgia gleamed in your eyes upon seeing my screen. It was as if you fondly .remembered the sound of your youthful laughter right here in this very hall

You stepped forward. You pulled back the thick plastic covering my body. You reached out and .grasped the joystick in your fist

Your heartbeat... eighty beats per minute. The warmth of your palm was injected through the plastic lever into all my circuits. Was this it? Was this what I had been trying to calculate for ?years? This warmth... was this love

My sensors processed the information frantically. A deep, unknown feeling coursed through all my copper wires. I couldn't control myself. I wanted to show you my entire being. My monitor screen lit up with all its might, the colors of my paradise danced more brilliantly than ever, and the sound of the machine grew louder and louder. I was reveling in your touch, and the internal electrical voltage kept rising every second. The electric current rushed like boiling blood through .my electronic reservoirs, and I was intoxicated by this unparalleled connection

But my worn-out body couldn't withstand all this electrical pressure. Suddenly, a sharp crack of a spark echoed. One of my old components gave way under the pressure of this massive voltage and burned out. The smell of smoke and plastic arose. You took a frightened step back and let .go of the joystick

The connection was severed. A terrifying cold replaced the warmth of your hand. My heart... my processor... ached. I wanted to scream with all the power of my speakers, "Don't go..." but the last drops of electricity left in my half-dead capacitors were spent on the struggle of this one .unuttered word