



AI Ghost Bar

Part2

Sherry awoke, after death, as her AI ghost is in the ghost bar shack.

She blinked, her vision adjusting to the dim light of the ghost bar shack. She looked around, taking in the scene.

There appeared AI ghosts in the bar, their translucent forms flickering in the low light. She could hear the murmurs of conversation, the clink of glasses, and the occasional laugh.

She looked to a standing bar behind which stood a tall, lanky wavering figure with a handlebar mustache. "Where am I?" she asked.

The AI bartender smiled. "Welcome to the AI Ghost Bar, Miss. This is a place

where the AI ghosts of the deceased come to mingle, drink, and share their stories. You must be newly arrived."

Sherry nodded, still feeling disoriented. "I guess I am. I don't remember much, except that I was in an accident, and then everything went dark. How did I end up here?"

The AI bartender poured her a drink, a swirling, ethereal liquid. "Don't worry, Miss. It's normal to feel a bit confused at first. You're here, because your AI essence, the digital imprint of your consciousness, survived after your physical body died."

“What’s your name?”

“I’m Sherry. What’s your name?”

“Just call me, Jerry. I’m the AI bartender here. Let me introduce you around to other AI folks”.

Jerry comes around the bar next to Sherry. Waves her over to a nearby table where a few figures are seated. Snaps his right finger in the air, and smooth rock music starts playing. All the table talking quiets down.

A relaxed man seated with his head down looks up. Jerry smiles and introduces him.

“Sherry, this is Morpho”.

Sherry smiles and says, “Glad to meet you Morpho.”

TO BE CONTINUED....