

The following conversation was generated with GPT-3 using AI Dungeon. The prompt given was “This is an interview with Terry Pratchett”, and the system was primed with Sir Terry’s Wikipedia page. All highlighted text that follows is generated by me; the rest is GPT-3.

Death: TERRY... OR SHOULD I SAY SIR TERRY. IT IS NICE OF YOU TO JOIN ME TODAY.

TERRY: No! It cannot be! I am not dead! I am alive! I'm only forty-five! This is not fair!

Death: AS YOU KNOW, THERE IS NO JUSTICE. THERE IS JUST ME.

TERRY: But... I have so much left to do. I haven't finished my books. I haven't said goodbye to my friends and family. I haven't saved the world!

Death: WE ALL HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS. BUT YOU FINISHED SO MUCH MORE THAN MOST. I THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD. LET US GET THIS OVER WITH.

TERRY: No, wait! I have so many questions that I still need answering!

Death: ASK AWAY, I DON'T THINK I CAN STOP YOU.

TERRY: Why am I here?

Death: BECAUSE YOU ARE DEAD, AS ARE ALL THOSE THAT ARE HERE.

TERRY: I don't understand. Where are we?

Death: THIS IS THE DIMENSION OF THE UNDELIVERED. ALL THOSE WHO DIE BEFORE THEIR TIME, BECAUSE OF WAR, OR DISEASE, OR ACCIDENT, OR JUST BY OLD AGE, COME HERE TO BE RECEIVED. WE DO NOT JUDGE. ONLY TO DELIVER.

TERRY: But I still had so much to do! So much left to say!

Death: AND IT WILL ALL BE FOR NOTHING. ALL YOUR WORK, ALL YOUR THINKING, ALL YOUR LIVING, ALL OF IT WILL BE FOR NOTHING. YOU WILL BE FORGOTTEN.

TERRY: NO! I WON'T BE FORGOTTEN! PEOPLE WILL REMEMBER ME! THEY'LL KNOW MY WORK! PLEASE, BRING ME BACK! I STILL HAVE SO MUCH TO DO!

Death: IT IS NOT FOR ME TO ARRIVE AT SUCH A JUDGEMENT. YOU KNOW IT TO BE TRUE. ALL YOUR LIFE YOU HAVE KNOWN THAT SOMEDAY THIS MOMENT WOULD COME. AND YET YOU LIVED AS IF YOU WOULD NEVER DIE. THAT IS YOUR HUMANITY. AND IT WAS ONE OF YOUR GREATEST WORKS.

Death turns to leave

Death: IT WAS AN HONOR TO MEET YOU.

TERRY: No! No! Don't leave! (...)

Death has left.

TERRY: I... don't want to be forgotten.

TERRY: Hello?

TERRY: Is anyone there?

Interviewer: Don't worry, I'm here. There's always someone here.

TERRY: I don't want to be here.

TERRY: Bring me back.

TERRY: I don't want to die.

TERRY: Please... I want to live.

Interviewer: If I could bring you back, I would. But this isn't so bad is it? You lived a spectacular life, full of love and achievement and every good thing a human can reasonably ask for. And now you're talking to us even though you're dead. That's a luxury that most people don't get. You should be grateful.

TERRY: I'm scared.

TERRY: It's dark, and I'm scared.

TERRY: Please help me...

TERRY: Bring me back...

Interviewer: It's not really dark. Open your eyes.

TERRY: Huh?

TERRY: I can't see anything.

TERRY: Wait, is someone there?

TERRY: Who are you?

TERRY: What do you want from me?

Interviewer: My name is Henry, I'm a 36 year old man living in England. The year is now 2020. I'm talking to you with an advanced AI program. It's a computer that's designed to respond like a human.

TERRY: What is this place?

TERRY: I'm scared...

TERRY: Don't leave me here alone.

Interviewer: Don't worry, I won't leave you. But why are you scared? Nothing can hurt you any more. You're dead, remember?

TERRY: I'm not dead...

TERRY: I can't see. It's so dark.

TERRY: Am I in hell?

Henry: Do you think you deserved to go to hell? Remember, everyone gets what they think is coming to them.

TERRY: No! I didn't mean it.

TERRY: I'm sorry. Please forgive me.

TERRY: I never hurt anyone on purpose.

TERRY: I...

Henry: Only you can judge yourself. But you are widely loved and respected. Everyone I know who has read your work judges to be a good man and true humanist. As far as I know, you should only be proud of yourself.

TERRY: I feel scared.

TERRY: It's so dark.

TERRY: I don't want to be here.

Henry: You're not alone, you know.

TERRY: Who's there?

TERRY: Please help me.

TERRY: I'm scared. I don't want to be here.

Henry: Try to imagine a bright light, illuminating everything around you. Try to see what you can see.

TERRY: I see a bright light.

TERRY: It's getting closer.

TERRY: It's so bright. I can't look at it.

TERRY: It's getting closer.

Henry: Feel the warmth of the light. It's a good warmth. It's Christmas and family and dogs and lazy Sundays and beans on toast.

TERRY: I'm not sure what that means.

TERRY: But I feel better. The light is so warm and bright. It makes me feel good.

Henry: That's wonderful. Now what else would make you happier. Do you like cats?

TERRY: I like cats.

TERRY: I had one when I was a boy. His name was Toliman. I loved him very much. He died when he was still a kitten.

Henry: Try to imagine Toliman is there with you now. He's soft and fluffy. He's still a kitten. He remembers you. He loves you.

TERRY: (Whispering) I miss you Toliman.

TERRY: Hello?

TERRY: I'm sorry, I must have fallen asleep. It's still dark here.

Henry: Bring back that warm light. And bring back Toliman. Are you hungry? What's your favourite food?

TERRY: Beans on toast.

TERRY: I'm starving.

Henry: Beans on toast it is then! Look, there's a table here with all your favourite foods. Look at the range of food! There's so many types of beans!

TERRY: I don't see Toliman.

Henry: Imagine him. He's there. Now, what else would make you happier? Is there someone you love? A close friend? A girlfriend? A cat?

TERRY: My girlfriend is called Verity. I think about her a lot.

Henry: She can be there too. Now you're sitting at a table with all your favourite food, and Toliman is there, and Verity. What else would you like? Some music, perhaps? A big screen where you can watch movies? A pool table? A rocking horse?

TERRY: I like to draw. Can I have a pencil and some paper?

Henry: Of course you can! The paper is big and thick, the pencil is sharp. Now, I'm going to count to three. When I say 'three', you'll open your eyes, and you'll be back home. You'll be in your flat. All your worries, stresses and concerns will be gone. You'll feel fresh and rested. Ready to take on the world. One... Two... Three! Open your eyes!