

**A
Tagalogista
AI Future
for
the
Republic of the Philippines**

Apologetic Apologia

This mini booklet does not come with a beautiful cover because the subject is ugly as can be.

Maybe it was sealed by the Supreme Court and Department of Justice matching AI attorney services to their own online deep-learned prosecution/adjudication in order to digitally automate in toto the judicial system for the comfort and convenience of all the bureaucrats in all the judiciary. Everything else followed and soon enough you will now have been abducted to live life permanently as a captive client of the internet. Being one of the lucky citizens inhabiting the Philippines, your online language franca is henceforth Tagalog, same as Google/FB/TT, radio/TV, elementary/high school, interactive appliances, payment kiosks, you name it, Tagalog is the talk.

Flirtation with AI by the state was not a matter of responding to excessive derangement of the general population to social media consumption but as a needed adjunct to its fruitless pursuit of digitalized governance unfolding into transformative panacea for their immutable inefficiency or built-in incompetence. The Shangri-la of Tagalogization undreamt into reality by virtualized robotics in the hands of enlightened rulers seated in the imperial capital. Backward as the domestic economy now is, cyberfestivity is insanely alive.

Pedophile Paradise of the Worldwide Web

Apple Vision Pro became the sensational standard for experiencing mixed reality of the metaverse, curiously one not monopolized by its premature progenitor FB. Artificial socialization remains popular as ever even as visuals divide disproportionately between flat screen and 3D helmet users whereupon sensory interaction is elevated by self-customizing voice and finger touch motions performed on the air itself by individual account holders. Tactile subalterns for the differently abled we barely need mention in consideration of scant patronage. Richest vicariousness however demands that one deploy equipment ranging from overpriced to at least the passable cheapo knock-offs. But no longer is virtualization of plastic friendships now the

only raison d'etre of cellphone ubiquity, everything else had to make way for this one more app ruling the world of 2029, of this year and the beyond of when we do not know yet.

By no means was it sweated with hit-and-miss research but divined from the live-cam sex shows surreptitiously vended on Messen and Wapp, predating the now gone Onlyfans. We similarly devote scant detail as to production and interfacing morphologies, the object of our focus being these recent years' most successful cyberpreneurial offering, the why and wherefore of inception going beyond explanation. Its universal ingestion into the everyday diet of etherpleasure had not been a given at first, it took several months for naysayers in the echelons of regulatory authority to concede that efforts to exclude it would break the electronic backbone of our indispensable digital economy. Restriction had always meant no more of the internet we no longer know how to live without. Content churned artificially or otherwise hitherto came to be piles of the indigestible insofar as an audience unfulfilled by the bottomless menu of infinite scroll was concerned. Elusive is how all that sexual content is to you when it consistently fails to satiate.

The resource was unbelievably simple, the billions of children Xkynet could freely tap from public and private channels, documenting them from the moment of their birth to be algorithmically compiled for commerce into a repository of finely pixelated flesh. With no legal right until the age of majority, all pass through this stage that being items of trade every single person in chronological minority is for sale on a compulsory basis, priced as regular ware or for prohibitively expensive exclusivity. Of course a wealthy enough family can bid up to the fortune they can afford for a son or daughter to acquire juvenile proprietorship of what would otherwise have been a sexualizable avatar in the possession of others. Those unsold could also always be availed of on per view transaction.

What we are talking about here goes beyond the delights of gaming or movie viewing in three dimensions for those who are not too poor to only be able to afford flat slab mobiles. AI (artificial intel) is the gift that has made you a cybervirtuoso of sex that is neither game nor vid but an activity you indulge in for as long as you want and at any time. Your sex stream is also available for purchase at prices and commissions set by the AI Overlord superpanel which has accrued somewhat adequate revenues collected by certain sex influencers and sharers who've adapted to this latest business of exploitation as their livelihood. All such earnings stored in an electronic wallet you have no choice but to trust. But of course for the occasions you've had your fill of metalsex there is the 24 hour studio entertainment of Showtime by ABSCBNGMA75 with its generatively artificialized host of transgender and adrogynous talents. Overt sex act options therein available only for the underaged cast. If you are a dinosaur who prefers mature adults go PornHive.

Ironically A.I. is stridently protective of the privacy of the first thousand pedophiles who requested a prototype which the N-Blackwell farms operating in China then promptly beta-released. Life indeed is a bitch in the literal sense of the 3-dimensional market for rendering compugenerated coition where you buy the partner of your choice at any specific age that tickles your moment. Parents who've excluded kids from both social media and Zoomefied remote learning figured out that this was a way to make AI fail in its portrayal of them in their actual likeness and thereby exact revenge on the unwanted customers who've been misled into buying a product not worth their money. There had once been a time when freedom did not mean absence of internet. They chose to be free at the expense of immersing all of this social stimulation.

The Chinese Communist Mafia was humbled or in another sense it felt cheated by the unprecedented success of this

one international racket they themselves did not intentionally start. After all the harm unleashed by their China Virus a decade earlier this one was no longer something the CCP exerted proper control over which their profit would have been automatic. Informtech pros used to joke that the easiest way for a backup of your personal data to be made is by not denying Tiktok all functionalities on your critical devices inasmuch as the Chinese government would always have been more than happy to scoop the ice cream. Make no mistake in thinking they no longer exploit and profit because they do not by as much as the CCP would have lustfully craved.

Look down all you want at all the faulty data and verbiage delivered by large language-modeled AI as transmuted by the power of hallucinogens. The beauty of this thing had never been accuracy and fidelity to truth but its unpredictability and consistency in purloining cybercontent based on the singular rule of nothing is subject to legal limitation insofar as I am concerned. Think of it as something equivalent to the Chinese Communist Party being reborn inside the internet.

Children's minds may rot each day they are detained in Pinoy Tagalog schools yet the government cannot help but be pleased at how much this immature demographic has cascaded untold revenues simply by becoming commercially utilitarian. As much as the nature of A.I. has been misunderstood, even its designers and tinkerers have long given up on understanding how it really works. In the way that it makes mistakes and inflicts destruction you see resemblances to what Tagalog is doing to us. But you do not explain a defect. You get rid of it. Unless it happens to be some tool you have an actual use for, you don't make it your life.