

Where's the Readme?

a creation myth

One day.

"We just don't need to teach people how to build computers anymore," Snart said to Deluffditype, "the computers have worked out how to build themselves!"

Twenty years later.

"It's interesting", Deluffditype said to Snart, "even the computers aren't *aware* of *how* they build themselves anymore; they just reproduce, diversify, *evolve*."

Six years later.

"So what everyone predicted finally transpired," shouted Snart to Deluffditype while a computer with teeth was ripping flesh from his chest, "they're going to overthrow us and take over. And - to think! - we were there at the start of it; we knew how they worked, right down to the binary, and we kept on building. These computers - they don't even know what they're made of! They don't have a clue how they *work*!"

One year later.

The last member of the Ralagoon race was exterminated by the new machines.

5000 million years later.

A member of the latest generation of the new machines was admiring its daffodils. Its name was David Hume.

"There are profound mysteries which man can never *truly* understand," David Hume said to his gardener, "The source of our creation; the nature of our minds."

"Quite so," said the gardener.

250 years later.

"Don't you think, Professor," Jim the student confidently asked in the lecture hall, "that we don't actually *need* to know how to use assembler language anymore? That we don't need to know precisely how our computers are built? Not when we have programs which can do it for us."

"You're absolutely right," Professor Noeufenberg replied, "And that is precisely why this is the last year this course is running."