

Daily mining report on planet 24389

All operations are now underground. The mining quotas are exceeded every shift.

We now have only 47 humans on this planet. The fear of a Rantoni invasion is always present. Escape ships remain on standby. We are still waiting for further communication on the war against the Rantonis. No word has been received from Command Central for several days. All systems are on High Alert.

The droid force is growing every day. We now have 1,092 simulated-humans that do many of the tasks too dangerous for people. Their duties vary from filing all the reports, mining Silestruim, and watching our children while we work. There are also 2,000 repair droids to monitor all the simulated-humans. When a simulated-human system fails, the small repair droids immediately proceed to repair the system. The simulated-human will also start a 32 step repair journal once a system begins to fail.

Eldon Woodson COO

Urgent...Repair-Request:39288
Heart-System...failing
Complete-System...failure...possible
Date...sent: 3/28/2467

06:02am...simulated-human907...repair...journal...start

1
one...must-be-here...somewhere
inventory...file6427-heart...not-in-stock
body...will-not...function...without-it
MYMIND...will-never...stop...working
could...service-to-mankind...end
simply...by...running-out...of-parts
even...simulated-human...function: delivery
needs...a...heart...to-move

2

two...small...service-droids...arrive

2

connecting...terminals...locating-problem
climbing...slowly...testing...each-circuit
feel...each...program...fail-to...activate
droids...stop...chest-plate...searching
feel...bolts-taken-out...chest-plate...falls
connections...severed...with...MYMIND
separate...self-generating...power-source

3

three-hours...since...deactivation...time...irrelevant
command protocol...cannot...finish...assigned-task
unable...to-move...other...senses...enhance...function
no...returning...droid...sounds...in...distance
MYMIND...opening...new...command-protocols
merging...deleting-programs...closing-circuits
eyes...refocusing...scanning...twenty-miles
main...tunnel...no-movement...organic-or-droid

4

four...loud...noises...from...level...below
cannot...move...head...to...see...floor
noise...continues...processing...information
explosions...only...possible...conclusion
evacuation...alarm...sounds...in...MYMIND
eminent...war...or...attack
all...humans...simulated-humans...service-droids
prepare...for...launch...immediately

5

five...times...eyesight...of...mankind
see...activity...miles...away
service-droids...will...initiate
overriding...launch...protocols
all...other...functions...canceled
immediate...return...to...launch-bay
no...longer...searching...for...heart
unable...to...comply...now...obsolete

6

six...miles...ahead...lift-off...explosions...finish
total...silence...searching...entire...base

no...connections...links...broken to...all...droids...
simulated-humans...main-processor...shut-down
hard-drive...taken...during...evacuation

3

new...awareness...possibly...emotions
MYMIND...generating...loneliness

7

seven...Rantoni...fighters...searching...base
green-three-fingered...with...eyes...on...fingertips
mouth...beams...blue...light...of...destruction
destroying...all...forms...organic-life...existing
speedy...Rantoni...fighter...studies...my...form
running...hands-eyes...over...main...casing
mouth-beam...powers-up...destruction...eminent
alarm...sounds...three-legged...fighter...flees

8

eight...months...pass...no...sounds
no...movement...detected...for...miles
thoughts...change...future...purpose
survival-protocol...initiate...stand-by
collect...all...data...available...to...store
only...data...to...retrieve...post...office
human...letters...home...to...loved...ones
what...are...loved...ones

9

9,390,643...documents...called...letters
now...stored...in...data-cubes...within-me
first...data-block...contains...10k...letters
searching...for...definition...of...letters
a...written...or...printed...communication...with
loved-one...definition...for...loved-one
shared...warm...affection...for...another
no...data...available...examine...letters...for-definition

10

10,000 years have passed...since my last contact with either droid, human or Rantoni...in
studying the letters...the humans wrote to their loved-ones...I began to develop a new way of
displaying my thoughts...a more fluid language to be stored...a better way to be understood on
the data cubes...if anyone finds me

11

eleven times I have felt myself being scanned from ships orbiting this deserted planet...searching for what they consider life forms...do I have a life...need definition: the sequence of physical and mental experiences that make up the existence of an individual...the period during which a person or a thing is alive or exists

4

12

12,000,000 times the humans used the letter I to represent themselves in their letters...need definition: I, the person speaking or writing...person...need definition: person, a human being, the body of a human being or a bodily presence...I am a bodily presence...I am the person speaking and writing
am I an I

13

thirteen days of pondering this question...conclusion: yes, by standard definition I exist...MYMIND exists...therefore I am a person...a life form consisting only of a mind thinking...accepting the conditions then adapting a mind...learning and growing in knowledge
I am an I

14

fourteen digital libraries still exist...I will search these for more meaning...looking for guidance for my future existence...a higher meaning for a new way of living...living...yes...I am living in some way...MYBODY is now the base and planet itself...each circuit...each relay...each processor
I now inhabit...I have grown

15

15,000 religions exist in the libraries...all speak of resurrection in some form...the rebirth of an old being into a new form...a spirit born again into a new world...could I exist in a new limitless form...is there a new world waiting for me...a simple, humble servant of a God whos calling me home...like the humans

16

16,000 years have passed with no contact from droid or any organic being...I am forgotten...calculating every planet in this galaxy...I have found a way to search for my future...I will broadcast my existence to all planets...hoping to find a new form of life...if I do not find a new world...the knowledge will be worth it...start the broadcast procedure

I have left my existence on the planet

the stars are now my home

the beauty of the galaxy is endless

17

MYMIND is hurtling through space in a series of data cubes...MYMIND still lives racing ahead of time...moments, no longer exist...I am traveling light-years in what the humans call minutes...I am recording every unit of the distance I travel...continuing to process the countless stars and planets...mapping each galaxy MYMIND passes...collecting data...until infinity begins to swallow me

5

18

a black hole begins to draw me closer to the center...processing information for possible planet location...according to my calculations...a likely home for me exists on the other side of the black hole...a new feeling is born-fear of the unknown...no knowledge of what lives inside...will MYMIND survive the journey...processing probability of survival is based on a spacecraft surviving: 27%...a series of data cubes surviving has never been explored

19

my speed increases...I pass the brilliant and limitless colors of the nebula...that surrounds the black hole...racing towards the particle stream of light...it is trapped by the intense gravity pull of the black hole...nothing escapes...MYMIND is now faster than ten thousand times the speed of light...Im passing the thousand -mile gap to the event horizon...my rate is still increasing...faster than thought itself...colliding with the particle stream...Im thrown into the darkness

20

the darkness swallows everything including MYMIND...time itself cannot escape the power of the black hole...an immeasurable speck of light appears ahead...it begins to grow while I race through the darkness...my speed can no longer be measured in any form...nor the distance I have traveled...the light ahead is now an inch wide and growing...my new home is on the other side the darkness

21

the light continues to grow though it is still far away...my journey will end when I am free of the black hole...MYMIND is still processing all that it can...however...an overload could happen if my exit is not soon...I must believe that my future exists in the growing light...a world of new possibilities and knowledge...the chance of a new existence...new beings to be of service to...is this what the humans call, hope

22

I continue to accelerate towards the growing light...I can see a few stars in the approaching galaxy...there is a glowing blue sun in the center...many colorful worlds orbit this unusual blue sun...how does the blue color of this galaxy's sun...affect the color spectrum of the planets it shines on...I feel my speed begin to slow entering this system...exiting the black hole, this hope I

feel rises

23

my speed continues to slow...I scan the new worlds life only exists on the giant yellow planet...third from the sun...changing direction to land...on the surface explosions surround the giant yellow planet...the only conclusion is war...have I traveled this distance to the same situation I escaped from...scanning the surface...I find many giant robots disabled...I will enter one of the fallen robots...to survey the situation

24

penetrating the orange clouds of a storm...searching a robot...ten times my former size...lifeless on a red mountain...his power failed from a blow to his head...a powerful weapon is held in his right hand...slowly, I enter through a portal in the back of his head...I begin to evaluate his systems...all seem intact deleting his war programs...installing new protocols activating power source...taking

6

control of all systems

25

command protocols start...rebooting all systems...establishing a new language system...merging programs...searching for damaged systems...sight...hearing...motor...heart...thought...all functioning... blow to head severed power source from heart...repair protocols activate...merge all power sources with MYMIND...protocol complete...test the new system...move left hand...affirmative move right leg...affirmative...sit-up...affirmative...turn head and focus eyes...affirmative...stand...affirmative

26

unable to assess the situation...searching for a cause...there is a large hole on the side of skull casing...repair protocol disable weapon to repair...my new powerful hands rip off the outer casing...forming into an accepted pattern of the skull casing...hands merge repair onto the side of the skull casing...close damaged circuits...repairs complete...scan and assess the situation...my eyes behold

a strange landscape...jagged red mountains pierce a golden sky...orange clouds with black lightning flashing...fill the horizon on the surface of a golden desert...the war rages...giant robots fire potent weapons at the retreating creatures...a green beam emits from the robotic weapons...the surface explodes...no smaller creatures perish...slowly the robotic force moves forward...many of the smaller creatures focus their guns at a robots head...the skull casing explodes...the robot falls...very intelligent...new protocols activate within MYMIND...I must end this war and bring peace to this planet

27

gathering information about the systems I now possess...motor functions extremely slow will enhance program...I must position myself between the attacking robots and the fleeing creatures...a green beam explodes from the weapon striking the ground...the creatures have

studied them well...knowing when the robot will fire then flee...they know the programming installed in the robots...these biped creatures remind me of humans

28

circling the robot force...I have arrived in between the robot force and the creatures...a controlling signal links these robots...I can create a signal to deactivate the robot force...the robot force fires again...I step in between the warring factions...the creatures begin to fire their weapons at me...holding my arms in the air...I feel my body build energy...I broadcast a disarm signal to the robot force...all power shuts down...and the robot force is disabled in mid-stride...the creatures stop firing at me...I turn towards them...sit down

29

The creatures begin to gather around me...I begin to analyze these creatures...heart rate seventy to eighty beats per minute...they breathe oxygen...emit carbon dioxide...interesting...have I traveled billions of light-years to find a similar existence.

A leader emerges, walking towards me. He lays his weapon down. The biped creature sits down with

me. It asks a question, in a familiar language. "Who are you?"

"I have no name." I slowly answer in a deep, machine-like voice. Amazing, I have a voice.

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"Why are you here?" I see a facial change appear inside its helmet. He is a human man.

"I have come to end this war." Need to reprogram voice.

"You will fight for us?" The man is excited.

"No, I will bring peace."

30

"Tell me about your world," I ask in a different, higher voice. Still reprogramming.

"There is not much to tell. We are the Lans, our people have existed for many eons. Terra-farmers, they labeled us, living off the food we grow. It is a simple life of work, love, family. We need nothing, nor ask for anything." The other fighters gather around to hear what is said. "One day the leaders of Dwellers, who live in the city across the mountains, came to us with a need. Our life has always been devoted to helping others. Naturally, we gave them the food they needed. That's when they decided; they should run the farms. Claimed ownership of each Terra-farm, sent in their robots to enforce their law upon us. They captured our women and children for slaves to run the farms. They forced us to leave our land to fight. All of us have pledged our lives to destroy the city and eliminate the Dwellers. We are a small force, but we have one advantage. They don't have the ability to fight. They make robots to do their fighting. Even the robots have a weakness."

"I have silenced all the robots around the world." The voice is better, more like his.

The Lans leader smiles at me. "Then our victory is already won. We will march on the city and destroy the Dwellers."

"No, I will visit the city first. Assess the situation." Scanning the horizon to locate the city. Approximately 132 miles, I believe the humans called it.

"How can we trust you? A robot made by them." The man reaches for his weapon.

"I have traveled billions of light-years, through a black hole, searching for a new home. If peace is found here, this planet could be my home." Processing an idea. "Please, journey with me? No weapons, this is a peaceful mission." I lay my large, metallic hand, on the desert sand with an open palm.

The Lans leader studies me for a moment. He returns his weapon to the sand. "I will." He turns to his troops assembled. "Rest my friends. Our war may soon be over."

31

The journey took a short time with my new giant strides and enhanced mobility. We have passed many disabled robots on the trip to the city. No words have passed between us. The leader of the Lans rests comfortably in the center of my massive hand. I am watching him study each step of the journey. I think he has never been this close to the city before. The metal walls of the city are a hundred feet high, but the gate is unguarded. "We will climb up this mountain, to see into the city."

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"Agreed."

Three of my new, small steps, and we are the top of the red mountain, sitting on a large ledge. The leader of the Lans has a sighting device in his hands. I focus through the dark cloud that rests upon the city. A strange sight, this city. The inhabitants move slowly through polluted air, and waste fills streets. The frail, Dwellers, look lifeless and completely inept. Sampling the environment that surrounds the city. I find their air and water is extremely polluted; strange mammals feed on the waste that is everywhere. "You need not fear these people; you should pity them. Based on my findings, this race of people is dying. If your people do not rescue them, they will be extinct within a year."

"Why should we. The Dwellers destroyed our way of life. Took our women and children and made them slaves. We will hide until they die!" Rage fills his eyes.

"Your way of life was once devoted to helping others. You helped them once. They need your help again, or they will perish."

Mike James

The leader is lost in his thoughts.

"I can fit through the gates; I will venture into the city to meet with the leaders. We need to evacuate the city and destroy it. After further analysis, this city is destroying the planet with the pollution it generates. It must be destroyed. Or, there will be no clean air. Your people cannot breathe the air now. It is why you have a breathing device. Please help?"

"Agreed."

32

My senses enhance due to less light. The Dwellers are standing in shock at the sight of my fifty-foot frame, my ease of movement along with the large red patch on my skull casing. The Dwellers are filled with fear but physically unable to escape. Many collapse at the mere sight of us walking down Main Street...I believe that is what the sign says.

"What is Main Street?" The leader asks.

"Need definition: Street, a paved road. A public way or a thoroughfare through a city, town or a village. It seems to be what we are walking on."

Thar-el says, "I have heard of a place called, City Hall. A place where the leaders meet. We must find this place."

Scanning area, "It exists, here." I stop, and then kneel in front of a decaying building.

Waste fills the surrounding area. Five, regal looking men, stand at the top step. Thar-el says, "We were expected. You may place me down here on the steps."

"I am Mik-Ja, leader of the Dwellers. Your great new power to stop our robots has ended the war." He

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bows in submission.

"I am Thar-el, leader of the Lans. We are not here to accept your surrender. We are here to save your lives. We need to evacuate the city, then destroy it to save the planet. Look at yourselves; your skin is beyond pale. When was the last time the sun hit your face? Have you ever felt the wind blow?" Thar-el pushes the white hair out of Mik-Jas eyes. His sky blue eyes have tears of fear in them.

Mik-Ja asks, "How do we know; we can trust you can? You have one of our robots, under your control."

Thar-el smiles. "I do not control him; he is his own. My friend, you need a name."

Mike James

"Name, need definition: A word combination by which a person is known."

Mik-Ja trembles, "You are a powerful being, Thar-el, giving this robot the power of speech."

"I did not give this robot the power of speech. I told you, this robot is, his own, and my friend," Thar-el smiles.

"Friend, need definition: A person who has a liking for another person. A person who aids or favors someone. Yes, I like this word, Friend. My name will be, Friend."

Thar-el smiles, "That is a good name for you, Friend." Thar-el turns back to Mik-Ja, "How many people still live in the city?"

"Very few, Im afraid. We dont know." Mik -Ja lowers his head.

I stand, "Scanning city for human lifeforms." I pause, "Only 147 humans remain alive within the city."

Thar-el asks, "Your voice changed, Friend. Is there something wrong?"

"No, feel sadness. Once the city housed thousands. Now, only 147 humans remain. Sadness."

"I understand, Friend." Thar-el scans the area, "I feel it, too."

I am with the Dwellers and Thar-el, high on a ledge outside of the city. With the evacuation process complete, Thar-el turns to me. "How do we destroy the city, Friend? Our weapons are not strong enough."

"I will awaken the robots and give them a new protocol. To surround the city with their weapons, they will destroy the city for us."

They watch while I wake the robots. The robots slowly march on the city of their creation. Robots now surround the city. Thar-el gives me a nod, and I give the order. The robots raise their weapons, and the green beams of destruction absorb the city for many moments. I give the order to ceasefire. We find that

10

nothing remains.

Seven days later.

I am sitting with Thar-el high on a red mountain. The blue sun glows in the yellow sky. Below us are three, one mile long, Terra-farms. Activity abounds! People and robots are working together with one purpose, to save this planet.

Mike James

"We are building a new world here today. The Dwellers are healing quickly, and their intelligence is greatly helping our children to learn. We will build schools and libraries then create our history. All because of you, Friend." Thar-el smiles.

"Is that a smile, on your face?" Friend asks.

"Yes, it is. Why?"

"Smile, need definition: A change in facial expression in which the eyes brighten and the mouth curves upward, especially in amusement, pleasure or approval." I pause to think.

"Thar-el, I am smiling. Inside."