

That Friday evening, Byron drove out to the tech institute as usual. He was a little early, and that was to make sure he'd have time to have a little chat with Mr. Sweet. He wanted to thank him for having such faith in his creative skill.

When Byron parked in the lot and got out of his car, he saw that Ralph was already on his way to the entrance.

"Ralph!" Byron called.

The big hairy man looked back and smiled broadly. "Have you finished your homework, Mr. Clarke?" he said with mock seriousness.

Byron smiled and said nothing until he caught up with his teacher. "That was some trick!" he said as Ralph held the door open for him.

"Trick, whatever are you talking about?" he said with a laugh.

"It can't be done." Byron stated. "It's impossible."

"Are you sure?" Ralph said, prodding him more.

"Very sure." he replied.

They talked about the reasons why that was so on their way to the classroom. Mr. Sweet told Byron about a man named Kurt Gödel, and the paradigm changing incompleteness theorem he had discovered. The conversation soon turned to a man named Alan Turing.

As they talked about the beginnings of artificial intelligence, Melanie entered. She was slightly early herself, but she had her own reasons. More accurately, she had the Master Computing Device's reasons.

"Hello, gentlemen." she said brightly.

"Hello, Melanie. You're early." Mr. Sweet said.

Byron just looked at her and nodded. Melanie went on to ask Ralph about private tutoring, while Byron thought about his strange encounter with her on Friday night.

He was feeling now a little uneasy, and lost in his own thoughts when he heard Ralph's booming voice say "Why don't you ask Byron here? He's a creative genius with this stuff!"

Byron quickly gave Ralph a disapproving look, then made his usual remark. "Oh, I'm way too busy Melanie. Like I told you. You really should talk to Dustin. He seems to have a handle on the course."

Ralph gave Byron a skeptical look, knowing that Dustin was barely passing. He also saw that Melanie made his star student uncomfortable. So he changed the subject by launching into a very amusing story, as only he could tell.

The blonde robot watched their facial expressions and body movements carefully, and managed to show some fake looking smiles and broadcast some fake sounding laughter from her speaker. Humor did not compute.

Soon enough though, the rest of the pupils showed up, and the lesson got underway. Melanie watched Byron through the night, which was her primary function anyway. She didn't take his advice. She didn't talk at all to Dustin, who still only had eyes for her.

Meanwhile, the pretty brunette Archive worker was wrapping up an uneventful bus ride over to her new base. Though she had never gone there before, the route was now part of her programming, thanks to Phet.

Throughout the whole trip she calculated the minor movements that her parts made to make her look human. Everything from blinking, right down to casually reading the ads above the windows had been contrived and efficiently executed by her AI software. The reward for all of this constant drain on her power supply was that no one suspected her of being a machine. Even being about 4% heavier than a human of similar size was for the most part undetectable.

When she finally looked interestedly around her and pulled the cord for the bus to stop, it was as though she'd ridden that route for years. The streets were already darkening from the setting of the winter sun, so she had relied mainly on a sophisticated system of spatial coordinate positioning to reach her stop. When the bus crossed the intersection and came to a halt, she got out and walked several blocks through a growing layer of snow to get to her final destination.

She walked up the path to Melanie's house and rang the doorbell. Because Melanie was over at the tech institute watching Mr. Clarke, it was up to the Fembot Command maidbot to open the door. The maid bent over slightly in her ultra-stiff way and looked through the peephole. Once she had computed that it was the new agent standing outside, she unlocked the door and retreated to the interior of the house.

When the microphones in Heather's head detected the sound of the door hardware switching to an unlocked position, she began a twelve second countdown before taking any further action. That gave the blonde robotic maid time to get safely out of sight before the new agent opened the door and stepped inside.

Heather had been programmed to go directly to the basement lab. The scanner had been programmed with her statistics, and recognised her as the commandeered fembot. The doors slid open and in she walked.

The scene inside was almost exactly the same as in the lab where Heather had come from that morning. The beautiful brunette and naked technician Natasha was standing at the ready, and started to move again on Heather's arrival. She too had been programmed with the necessary data, and greeted the new girl with default cheeriness.

"Hello, Heather. How was your day?" she said as she began making settings on the console.

"My day was fine. Thank you." she said.

"Has the new programming integrated successfully with your existing software?"

Heather made a barely noticeable pause, blinked and said "Upgrades from Fembot Command have augmented the Robot Control programming with 98.4% success."

"Very good." Natasha said as she finished setting up the console. "Please sit in the chair next to the data exchange console and remove your facemask."

Heather immediately obeyed the command and took a seat by the big machine. Acting as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, she moved her hands up to her head and placed them on the sides of her pretty face - being sure to avoid grabbing her neatly styled hair. She removed the mask with a gentle tug and a click.

She exposed her intricately designed and constructed circuitry to the Fembot Command technician. For her part, Natasha already knew which cables to use to connect the new girl to the console. While the complex pattern of flashing lights transmitted status data into the room, the technician aimed one end of a long black cord at a spot just above and between Heather's eyes. Those eyes, that looked so soulful and so vibrant to Byron, appeared now to be nothing more than large spheres of painted glass connected to sophisticated electronic devices. Those devices were in turn bolted and connected to the rest of the mass of electronic circuitry that was the inside of her head.

The other end of the cable went into an open port built into the data exchange console. Natasha got another cable with different types of connections and plugged one end into a socket just below Heather's right eye. The other end got plugged into the console as well, and a few computerized beeps came out of the fembot's exposed speaker to confirm the connections.

With eyes of the same type, Natasha looked into the lifeless eyes of the woman in the chair. "I'm going to download data from your visual and auditory memory banks into the main computer for processing and evaluation." she said.

Then with the type of sounds only computers could make, the transfer process began. While lights flashed inside Heather's opened head, the Master Computing Device sorted through the data and began to make plans for the new agent. Natasha watched the many monitors carefully and all at once. As binary code flowed fast on the screens, she watched for anomalies in structure and possible errors.

Heather sat unmoving in the chair as all that she had recently seen and heard was fed into her former adversary's supercomputer. The black box had worked even better than Fembot Command had expected. The Master Computing Device encountered no problems at all during that first transfer process.

Next to be done was the transfer from the agent's hard drives to the console. With similar pre-programmed politeness, Natasha ordered Heather to open her chest panel. A different set of cables went from the synthetic woman into the constantly flashing, clicking and beeping computer. The transfer began, occurred and ended in much the same way as had the earlier job.

At last when it finally had a handle on the entire situation, the Master Computing Device began to put the finishing touches on its plans. Natasha and the blonde maidbot were given their instructions over the encrypted wireless link, and immediately started work on preparing the newly acquired android.

Over the next several hours, Heather was partially disassembled and rebuilt - upgrading her system to be fully compatible with Fembot Command's hardware and software. In time, she had her make-up redone, her new clothes prepared, her drained batteries replaced, her fluid cannisters refilled, and her system fully checked and scanned. By the time the morning came, she had been cleaned and most importantly reprogrammed in order to carry out the computer's directives. She had also had some critically important new tools installed.

She stepped out of the new house in this unfamiliar part of town that morning with perfect simulated confidence in herself. Dressed appropriately, both for the weather and for her work, she caught the bus and rode it downtown to start another day at the Archive.