


SCI-FI tales beyond imagining



VICTOR SCOFIELD

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tales beyond imagining



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THE PEN ALIEN

On a typical day, blue sky, sunny and pleasant temperatures, Charles walked down the sidewalk with life sulking. Well... Not with life, but a fact that had happened at his school. And that was tormenting memories from second to second.

Charles once again, like many others, had taken a beating of his fellow thugs unbearable Felipe and Marcelo. Two urchins that plagued the lives of many others in the school just for pleasure. In which there has never been grounds for such attitudes. And as always, Charles was already tired of it... So tired, that because of being badly hurt he changed the route from your home. A route where there was only dirt road and woods around, and nothing else. Where could alleviate their suffering and lamentations enjoying the day it was beautiful.

It was beautiful...

For in matters of two, three minutes, the clouds closed and gray skies all around the stage, giving the impression that it would collapse a huge storm and flood the whole place. What made Charles looking at the sky felt totally helpless in their situation. After all, he was without an umbrella, and to make matters worse, the wrong way. But something strange happened. Charles saw that took too long to start raining. And the only thing that was happening was that the winds blow very strongly to all sides and rattled around the trees with great violence. Charles was not understanding. There in no time took the look of the sky. Then he saw... A yellow squiggle coming down from heaven and grew wide as he was come near. Charles asked: *What is that?* The squiggle and no longer became a foreign object. That with an extremely absurd speed fell right in front of Charles and raised a huge amount of dust in your face, making him close his eyes with all his strength.

On leaving the dust, Charles opened his eyes slowly. He looked forward and saw nothing. He looked around and saw nothing. He thought: *Huh? What happened? Where's the strange object?* Then he looked at the floor in front of your feet. An artifact in the shape

of a spearhead of the size of a jug of juice was spiked with the tip on the floor. Charles stared at it without words. There were risks in all its strange metal. A small little door opened and a small amount of smoke came out making a noise of air decompression. Charles still looking. And after all the smoke to dissipate, he saw a small being unconscious in his little blue chair holding a sort of dark silver pen. There were flashing lights inside the object. Charles drew when it was a small alien craft. He knew it was a real alien. She stooped and picked the little one with the hope that he was alive. He did so many times, but it seemed, had not survived the fall. He gave up and looked at the device that looked like a pen in her lap the little alien. Picked up and analyzed. There was the same gibberish that surrounded the alien ship. He kept in his pocket and walked to his house. He left behind a small ship at the mercy of someone else finding it — which mysteriously did not happen. But Charles was not anxious to tell someone. And the day came to be sunny again.

Charles came home as if nothing had happened. He went to the kitchen and greeted his mother. His mother looked up and said:

— Son, what have they done to you? Why are you hurt?

Charles said:

— Oh mother! It was nothing. It is by accident stumbled and falls, but it was no big deal.

Charles's mother quickly grabbed a first aid box in one of the kitchen cabinets and said:

— Come here. We treat these wounds.

Charles obeyed. He sat in one of the kitchen chairs and stood leaving his mother to treat her wounds.

After treatment with a small bandage on his head and in some parts of the body, Charles went in his room playing his backpack on the bed and sitting in his office chair, spinning it. He stopped and remembered the pen in his pocket. He took it and looked at it again enjoying those symbols aliens. He looked at it from different angles and perspectives. And realized that it was a small room, just like turning pens. Thinking about it, tried to do it. And it really turned the pen. But it left no tip. In a way, Charles had expected so it was a pen from another world. In one of its ends, the tip was similar to

the rounded tip of a projectile weapon. Charles was stroking the palm of your hand with that end with eyes closed thinking about life.

A few minutes passed and Charles opened his eyes. He looked at the pen back to enjoy it. He felt one of his hands and looked weird for her, and immediately took an early scare to see it was all smeared with ink. He ran quickly to the bathroom with the intention of washing it. Whew! The paint came out easily. Charles returned to the room relieved. But Pen looked at suspiciously. He wondered: *How out of ink, it has no end?* Charles sat in the back office chair and picked up the pen that was on the study table. Assessed the situation. He took a sheet of blank paper, and long before the pen touches the paper, missing two centimeters away, came a point in the paper. Charles was fascinated. Amazing, what happened was the head of Charles. A pen that does not need to lean on to paper to write. It could only be alien technology.

Charles, oddly enough, liked to write stories. His favorites were those of terror. And since it was a very nice pen, and he alone on the planet had decided to write some. He had the idea of writing about the bullies who beat him in school. Since hatred was still eating her heart out. Then it began ... Wrote a story in which one of the bullies, which in the case was Philip, was murdered by a serial killer who enjoyed killing people with knives and let the exotic weapon at the scene without digital. He used three sheets to make it. In the other, wrote that Marcelo was killed by a swarm of killer bees in a secret hut, hidden somewhere in a local forest. He used five sheets. Tired, he decided to lie down a little in his bed and take a nap.

With the stories still fresh in mind, Charles fell asleep.

In his dreams, he saw Philip being horribly murdered by serial killer in your house without no one around to help him. Charles saw the killer leave that knife in the body of Philip and go as if nothing had happened. The next moment saw Marcelo entering a hut hidden in the forest and leave it in quickly with billions of bees attacking. Doing it the die with excess of bites and stings. Charles could not stand to see that. Agreed quickly panting and scared. *I'm glad it was just a dream* . Charles thought. He looked

at his watch on his wrist and saw what had happened five hours after he had slept. He rose from his bed and left the room going to the kitchen. He filled a glass with water and took it. She heard her mother talk of the room:

— My goodness! What a horrible thing!

Charles was there to see what it was. He saw his mother watching the eight o'clock news. He looked at the TV and started watching. He was a reporter in front of a house narrating:

— The boy of fifteen years Philip was stabbed to death by a hitman to an hour ago. The skill says that the murder weapon was left in place apparently without digital. And police still have no suspects. Mark Tuan, for the evening news.

Charles had his eyes wide and heart racing. His conscience seemed to weigh an entire planet. Charles spoke without notice:

— This can only be a coincidence.

His mother looked at him and asked:

— What did you say son?

Charles said:

— Nothing mom. Nonsense.

Charles was not believing. He continued watching the news. The journalist began to say:

— A boy was found dead by bees in a forest south of the city. As far as the police investigated so far, no blame.

Another picture emerged and appeared to be a blonde reporter apparently in a forest. There were lights, sirens of police cars behind her. And she began to say:

— The fourteen—year Marcelo, found here in this forest was killed by a swarm of bees that apparently lived in an old cabin back there. Investigators say the incident has at least three hours. The police still do not know if there was one responsible for it. Investigations so far only shown that it was a mere accident of chance. Tania Miller, the evening paper.

Charles walked quickly to the bedroom. He entered and went to the pen alien. He took it, looked at it for a while and said:

— No. It was just a coincidence ... It was a coincidence.

Charles believed that life was all a coincidence, but this object that looked like a pen, never disappeared from his life.

THE WARNING

Another day's work was over for Carlos in the administrative sector of the airport of Passo Fundo. And as always, routinely, Carlos made his last inspection of the clocks time zones in the main hall. It was not his task, but did so to keep up, just for pleasure. Somehow, I liked to have affinity with time. He walked to the exit and went straight to the parking lot listening to the arrival of a plane through the turbines. It was an enjoyable time. Very nice. Taking the car keys in his pocket again felt the silence take care around them. Turned off the alarm and opened the car door feeling someone comes behind you and say:

— Sorry! Excuse me a moment.

Carlos looked back and saw a young man in dark coat and street clothes beneath it. White shirt and jeans. Carlos looked him up and down and asked:

— Yes? Can I help you young man?

The young stranger answered:

— Not yet. More will help... You will help yourself.

Carlos does not understand anything and almost calling the young crazy asked:

— What are you talking about? This is a joke by any chance? Who are you?

The young man again replied seriously:

— I am a nuclear physicist and historian. Travel back in time to warn you ... Notify you of a very serious accident that could have tomorrow if you do not believe me. You—..

He was interrupted by Carlos who said:

— Boy, this is what makes staying up late partying and getting drunk. Go home, it is not safe for you to be walking about disturbing the people he meets. It's almost eleven o'clock.

— You do not understand... You cannot come to work tomorrow. You will die if he comes here tomorrow. You will die as follows...

He was interrupted again:

— See you later boy. I have to go.

Carlos got in the car listening to the last sentence that has not silenced the door before closing:

— You will die on the road for a... — And the door closed, blocking the sound.

Carlos started the car in reverse and left burning when the tire then shifted into first. In three seconds I was already a fairly large distance away from that girl who tried with all his effort to chase the car. Carlos looked at the mirror shaking his head slightly in disgust. Standing in the darkness of the road said to himself:

— Time Traveler. This is good. What does not come up today.

It took less than an hour to be parked the car in his garage. I was at home at last. Which meant that he would have twelve hours of rest and tranquility, along with his beloved wife Julia.

Entering the door of the room met his wife and kissed her. He told how was your day at work as if nothing had happened. Just another typical day like any other. Only Carlos really knew what had happened differently, but that does not bother him. After all, what he had seen was a reckless young man who was drunk and talking nonsense. Nothing more.

Carlos was preparing to go with his wife when this kindly asked him to take out the trash. Without hesitation, accepted the request of his beautiful and loving wife. He left with two large black garbage bags in hand and was walking to the trash can that was on the sidewalk. After placing in the trash basket, glanced to his right and said:

— You Again? It may not be possible! How did it get here so fast, and how he knew that I lived here?

The same young man who had met previously said:

— I grew up here. And I traveled several times in order to find you in this moment of time. You cannot travel tomorrow. Please! Must listen to me.

Carlos means impatient and wanting to get rid of him once said:

— Okay, okay. I will do what he said. I'm not going to work tomorrow. Right? Good evening.

Carlos walked back toward his house and before he was heard to enter:

— Good night, Dad! Believe me, it's for your good.

Carlos looked back muttering under her breath:

— Boy crazy. I have yet to hear that. But that atrocity.

And then came.

The next day, for some strange reason, the clock did not wake up Carlos. And as Carlos had returned ground service, ended up sleeping more than I should. He got an hour late to leave home and go to work. Be arranged as soon as he could while watching the morning news on television in his room. At a glance, froze when he heard what the journalist said:

— A car pileup occurred this morning on the road near the airport of Passo Fundo. A driver who was drunk lost control of his vehicle and caused an accident eight cars going the same direction. Twelve people died in the accident.

Another reporter told of the fact as he was shown pictures of the accident. Charles was literally open—mouthed, not believing what I was seeing. I was trying to convince himself that it was just a coincidence. And this story of someone who has traveled in time just to let you know it was an illusion. But now he felt relieved not to have been part of this accident. He felt he could go to work smoothly.

Before leaving, his wife approached him at the exit of the room and told him he had a big surprise to tell you how to come home. She wanted to wait for the right moment, because it was something that would change the rest of their lives. She kissed him and said goodbye.

It being on the road, an alternative route from that which he always did, Carlos ran without any fear. For him everything was fine now. The minutes passed. Everything seemed to be at peace. By the time he began to hear a strange noise that increases every second, making it scary at every moment and made him look all around without understanding anything. And so it was a split second he saw at a glance, your right, a huge plane crashed on top of his car, crushing it, exploding violently doing everything clear for you.

Everything went black ... Nothing more is heard.

THE ARMOR GLOVES

It was almost nine o'clock and Vagner finished the test tubes to keep the lab in his basement, which was well below your kitchen. There were the washed up, like he always did every time I used them. His laboratory was clean and very well equipped. The walls shone the light of the tiles were white. Vagner was a man very well financially and lived alone. He was not married, or had a girlfriend. He dedicated his life to science only, and never was interested in the subject of a loving relationship. I was really, was in search of another goal. Find something that could be useful and effective crime fighting terror around them.

Developed various types of chemicals, improved weapons through the laws of physics, sometimes mixing the two to use one hundred percent of his work, but nothing was framed in Vagner wanted. Everything worked perfectly as he anticipated, but it was not really what he wanted. Destroyed after all that had developed since he did not want to replicate your work by accident and then transported into the wrong hands, turning one more item on the black market later. It had to be something that only he could handle. Only he could get. And his ideas were over.

After turn off the lights, went upstairs and locked the only door that gave access to the laboratory. It was nine o'clock now, decided to leave the house to take a walk and get some air. He locked the house and left. He walked on the sidewalk, thoughtful and quietly. Just hearing the sound of silence that was broken occasionally by a passing car or another. He looked up and saw a meteor pass with a risk that was hardly the sky of stars. She looked forward and kept walking. Two meters in front of something fell and struck violently on the ground, causing a hole in the sidewalk and reasonably up some small stones. Vagner she was scared about it, instantly stopped for ten seconds. His face was cold and stunned, I had never seen anything like it. He ran to the site to see what it was. A couple who also came by and saw the same thing happen, had the same attitude. There were three people in back of that hole. The street was well lit, had no trouble seeing what was

there. A stone silver space, a meteorite. Vagner was fascinated. The boy who was accompanied by his girlfriend asked

— Should we call someone who is responsible?

Vagner wanted the stone to him, then said:

— No need. I am a geologist and deal with these materials, I'll take my lab and analyzed. Be still. The most you can do is warn the city about this hole.

The boy then said:

— All right then... If even a specialist can take.

Vagner nodded his head and bent down to pick up the meteorite. I was still very hot, did not support it gets bare hand. He removed his shirt and wrapped the stone to heat insulation. Took it and saw that there was very heavy. He said good night to the couple and turned heading for home.

Came home and went straight to the lab. Turned on the light and put the stone in the center table. He put his coat. I was now making chemical tests to identify its composition. In all tests, no reagent reacted. What was strange, because meteorites are usually composed of iron and metals, but none have been characterized. He then tried the electron microscope that could identify any type of atom. Nothing. No component of the periodic table was in that meteorite. Vagner took the stone from the microscope without understanding. It would be a new metallic compound? Vagner wanted to test his endurance. He took a revolver he had kept in the laboratory that was there just in case — because Porto Alegre was not a very safe city — and shot three times in the meteorite. The bullets turned metal powder at the same instant that hit the artifact. And that did not move. Vagner concluded two things: The first is that it was denser than diamond, and the second that he found what he was looking for. It could not be replicated because it was a single compound. But he had a problem. There was only the size of a tennis ball. Vagner could not do much with it. Then there was the idea ... Make it part of yourself. He had the desire to be an iron hand with crime, so it literally was what he was going to be.

The next day, he developed a polymer mold resistant to high temperatures in the form of a box on the outside and with the cast

of his right hand inside. With a lateral hole where he could put it and a small hole on the surface regularly to dump the molten metal. Vagner would not have any trouble liquefy the compound since its boiling point was very low, close to five hundred degrees Celsius. Because, Vagner had the necessary equipment to liquefy metals. And he did. Liquefy the meteorite in a glass of very resistant clay and took it with a claw itself to the same. He went to the lab table centerpiece. With his left hand holding the grip with the cup, he dug right into the mold. Deep breath and poured the liquid metal cooled quickly before the glass. Then rapidly cooled with water. Screamed in agony and pain during and for several hours thereafter. At that time, did not take the hand of one minute if you want to put. Passed out taking everything they can from the table to the ground. The mold, test tubes and other glassware. And was unconscious for several hours.

Vagner opened his eyes slowly moving his head from side to side very slightly. Amazingly, he felt his two hands without any pain. Recovering consciousness, got up very dizzy, but lucid. He was standing now. Stepping over a pile of broken glass. Somehow, he had not been aware of what happened. I felt different from his right hand only. He looked at her and saw that it was metal now. All silver, like a glove that involved his hand. Immediately remembered. Was overjoyed with emotion. I no longer felt pain. And the amazing thing is that he could bend the fingers and move your hand normally. Vagner was surprised, but thought was amazing. The metal was part of his body now. He wondered how it would be too if it involves the entire body. And at the same time, what began to happen. The metal was taking over the body of Vagner, he became immobilized in fear. It was all metal now. He looked at himself, shaking his head normally, without any difficulty. The same was not different for your body. Could move without any problem. Vagner smiled. Immediately thought: "Now I can fight crime as ever dreamed." He thought of getting normal again. The reverse happened, and again only the right hand of Vagner was metal.

The moment was standing on the sidewalk in front of his house, Vagner saw that it was night. As soon deduced that it was a

long time unconscious and coincidentally woke in the night. The time was not much matter now. Vagner wanted to start your hunt for the crime. He began to follow a direction aimlessly. He walked carefree now.

It was felt that it was early, because the city was very low with the movement. However, Vagner anyone enjoying walking on a street at night. By the time five guys that stood by saw him and were talking in his direction.

They approached it from the front and one said:

— Night beautiful friend for a ride huh?

Vagner looked at them without fear and said:

— Absolutely! You have no idea how.

One of five who was playing dark, the Nike brand, Vagner looked up and down and said:

— Then nigga, look ... The guy has a hand made of metal. The guy must be really crazy.

Vagner said:

— Thanks for the compliment. But now I need go.

Another of the five who was with a black leather jacket, said:

— Whoa, whoa! Where do you think is going crazy? Will pass before all valuables.

Vagner had hoped for something like this he smiled and said:

— I will not give them anything. What's up?

One of the five not liking the way of reacting Vagner pulled out a nine mm automatic silver pointing at him and answered:

— I kill you do not obey your lame. Let my brother, lost, lost. Go, then the stuff goes. Let's, if not all I bore.

The five looked Vagner to look serious and gloomy, with the head slightly raised. Vagner said:

— This was the biggest mistake of you. Suckers!

The bandit with the gun that was fired at the same moment of anger. In the same split second that the bullet hit Vagner, this was all surrounded by metal. The five robbers were frightened and all armed themselves. They shot everything they could while they struggled with Vagner. Vagner's arm had pierced the body of two, one in the middle of the stomach and the other in the chest. Its metal arms dripped blood. And the horror took the face of the three

who were left, which consequently were very hurt at the severe beatings they had taken. They were out of ammunition to fire. Threw their arms out and grabbed their knives. What was useless because these had the tip bent. The first thing that struck Vagner had died due to head trauma that led to the violent blow on the head. The second violent thwack with a spinal cord. And the third suffocated with a headlock unbearable. The killers were murdered. No one had witnessed. They were all asleep. And after they had agreed with the sound of the guns back to sleep thinking they were fireworks, some team that had won. Vagner felt satisfied with what he did. The metal came to involve only his hand and he continued to follow an aimless way. He never returned home.

Vagner ... Now envisioned to be a vigilante. And the city ... Now had a new hero.

ELECTRONIC MEMORY

July 2014, the young Dr. Jack was the youngest newly formed PhD in neurological medicine at Harvard in the United States. It was his second doctorate in less than two years. Before, had just graduated PhD in electrical engineering. And now, finished the steps to finalize a plan of his life. Somehow, he wanted to change the lifestyle of the man. Making the world more aware. And all through these two sciences.

At his graduation ceremony, a young reporter for the New York Times did a cover for its matter of recent graduates from Harvard. He wrote about all the facts of the ceremony. In this, there were five students who received the title of PhD, and Jack was one of them. What was scheduled to be interviewed after the end of the ceremony, because he defended a thesis on great implanted memory. The reporter was very anxious.

The ceremony ended and she went straight to talk to Jack about his brilliant thesis in which he defended very well. She approached him and politely asked:

— Dr. Jack Good afternoon, I conduct an interview with you?

Dr. Jack who had a compliment of his colleagues looked at her and smiled, saying:

— Of course! Please!

She replied animated:

— Thank you Doctor. Let's sit down first?

Jack said:

— Let's do better ... How about going for a coffee here on campus and talk better there?

— I agree Doctor.

Dr. Jack said goodbye to his colleagues and mentors, and left with a reporter from where they were.

No coffee, Dr. Jack reported and added everything I could about his thesis. The reporter did not let anything go hand in her notebook. Struggling all the time about it. Dr. Jack reported:

— Imagine if the man never have to be reviewing and studying issues to be remembering. Reading books and taking advantage of only ten percent of what you read. With electronic technology and

medicine together, these problems would be less than human. The human being would be able to save all kinds of information you want in your mind, without any difficulty.

The reporter taking notes and wondering more about the subject said:

— And how would this work? Some research has in mind, to be applied to humans?

Dr. Jack said:

— Well .. Results in my research I had in college for a few things: I had implants microchips developed by myself, in the brains of laboratory rats with a storage capacity of two gigabytes of electronic data. Chips adapted to connect to the electrical impulses of the brain. And with that, I performed tests with large mazes reasonably well, with the purpose of the mice keep the trajectory towards the only exit that maze had. It was a success! In the second attempt to exit the maze, the rats knew the way of the path traveled before. They were stored in electronic memories. There was no need to do a neurological examination.

The reporter kept asking impressed:

— And this type of implant has only been done in rats?

— No way — Jack said with a smile — this would not have been enough for me. I wanted to go further ... Implemented the same type of memory in two monkeys and taught them some basic math. Do you know? Sums simple as two plus two, six plus six, and some other operations easier. Let her spend a week to them, without seeing it again. I wanted to see if they had not given any importance and completely forgotten. Very fortunately for science, I was wrong. And I was pretty wrong.

— How? — Eager young reporter asked.

Jack continued:

— After you have spent that week, I put several operations on a whiteboard. And one of them gave the canetão out to see if any results. It was extraordinary, the first which gave the object, it took less than a minute to settle all operations and less than 40 seconds. It was very quick. I will never forget that event. In fact, no one will forget, as newspapers around the world published on the subject. It is still very remarkable.

The reporter an odd little story, he looked to the side and then back at Jack asking:

— And today only because I was the press at their prom?

— Oh! I did not want riots around me, so I perform it at a time when nobody would know the press. They invited you just because they wanted to record the moment, you know?

— I understand yes. Well... But back to the subject ... You think of deploying chips in humans to increase their intellectual capacity?

— Of course. That was always my greatest purpose. Humans...

Dr. Jack continued reporting on his dissertation and plans for the reporter. They were at the coffee hour, and only came out when he was about to close.

[...]

It was a wonderful evening and enjoyed a beautiful classic Jack in his house, Arias Rope sun, sipping a glass of wine and looking out the window of his room on the second floor. Observing the landscape of houses and buildings illuminated in front of you. Feeling of accomplishment to have been invited to receive the Nobel Prize for Medicine and Technology.

Someone rang the bell and he ran downstairs to see who it was. He opened the door and encountered a tall, well dressed, not in a suit, but well dressed. Common social clothes. Dr. Jack said:

— Hello? I can be useful to him young?

It was a good young man fond of his face. He said:

— Dr. Jack is the famous scientist who developed the implanted memory?

— Yes — said Jack looking lopsided for the young man.

— I am a messenger from Harvard University and are asking you a copy of your project. Do you have any with you?

Jack replied, still wondering:

— But I have projects at home, but... I have to send copies to e...

The young man interrupted Jack said:

— It is not necessary.

At the same moment the young man drew a pistol with a silencer and shot in Jack's head. He kept the gun, entered the house and took everything that had the project. He left quietly, and walked away without a trace. The only thing was it was Jack who was stretched on the floor, wrapped in a small pool of blood, with eyes open. But ... Nobody in the neighborhood heard or saw anything. Everything seemed normal. Only hours later they called police to report that the sound was turned on after the time tolerated. Nothing to do with what had happened.

Jack died with his past, but his project remained alive. Only now in the hands of others.

FALSE WRITER

In September 2018. Antony was desperate to find the keys to his car, which should be in your office somewhere unimaginably messy. For Antony knew that somewhere else could not be, if not in some hidden place in the midst of espalhamaço roles played by all sides. And so, the roles played in the air, spreading further what had already spread, with the strong hope of finding their lost keys immediately.

Antony was crazy to go soon, his first book signing of his first book. A novel that had the title: *The Prisoner*. Written over two hundred pages of hard work and patience. Ready now to be read.

But one week was not all easy to Antony, many things were going the wrong hand. Well, the computer had burned, the car had already gone to the concert and almost could not close the deal with the label. And now, I could not find the keys to your car, and it was late.

After turning both those roles are played, Antony finally succeeded in his desperate search, finding the keys under a book that was lying on a couch in the corner office, in which he used for reading. Antony at this time looked for the keys and said:

— Ooh grimy key to find.

Antony looked around and felt relieved at that time for not being married. With the mess, think about the fact that it was good to be single sometimes just for a change. But it was only a passing thought. After all, having someone like Antony, only there was no way for things. After thinking, Antony did not lose more time, put the keys in his pocket and headed for the garage. He went into his black Escarlav — car model in 2016 — called the vehicle, and gave the defendant left the house. Now was the way in which the library would autograph their books.

Once there, Antony spent the afternoon signing his work and was constantly thinking that was more than time to replace that old computer that burned. Write your outdated machine that works — despite being only a year old — was no longer able. Because, arrange for a concert or think, it would be more expensive than a

new one. Antony had already decided ... Would buy a new one as soon as possible.

It being in the car, waiting for the light to open, Antony was still thinking about it. The shops of Avenida Brazil had not yet closed. It was an hour to complete the normal trade. Antony thought to give a short stop at a shop of home appliances. The light turned green and was exactly what Antony did, led the drive to an electrical shop. He parked the car in any place and went to one of them. Entering the store, a salesman in the red shirt and blue jeans approached him and asked:

— Hello, how are you? Can I help you?

Antony said:

— I wanted to take a look at computers.

— You're in luck, because you just get the biggest launch of all time.

— Launch? Of all time?

— That's right! The RSX3000, computer with voice interaction.

— Really? I want to see.

— Come on. It's here.

Antony followed the seller to the back of the store through various appliances. They arrived in a section only of computers. The salesman walked some more and stopped next to a specific computer. Antony looked and pointed with his hand to the machine saying:

— This baby is here. The best computer market.

— Can you demonstrate? — Antony said.

— Of course.

The seller started the engine and waited to call her completely. An operating system name appeared on the monitor: Cyberdoll. Antony just watched. The machine called fully activated and an electronic voice said:

— Hello Operator Cyberdoll, I'm Max Vortex. As can be useful?

The seller said to Antony:

— You can talk all you want with it. He will interact with you in a good.

Again a voice came out of the computer:

— Who is the individual you're talking to?

Anthony stared at the machine. He thought a moment and replied:

— My name is Antony.

— Nice to meet you Antony. You're the first person to convert.

— And you're the first computer. — Antony said in wonder and amazement at the same time.

The seller asked Antony:

— And then? What do you think?

Antony replied promptly:

— I'll take it. You can send packing.

— Alright then.

The seller turned off the machine and got out to get someone in charge of packaging the product. Antony was fascinated looking at that product. After a two and a half minutes, the seller came back and said Antony:

— Now you can spend the cash and settle the payment.

— Okay. — Antony said.

Antony then went over to the box store. Hit the paying over five times and signed the invoice. Someone followed Antony to the car with the box to put the machine in the trunk. The box was placed there in the trunk and thanked Antony. If you sent the driver's door and got in the car seeing a glimpse of the man who accompanied him into the store. He started the car and started driving toward his home.

At home, Anthony opened the box of your new computer. A retired hardware at a time. He mounted the machine on the desk of his cluttered office. Connect the cables and turned the machine into the outlet. Now everything was ready for his personal use as a writer. Antony turned on the computer to start using it. Again, while the computer did the process work, the name of the operating system Cyberdoll appeared. The activated electronic voice spoke again:

— Hello Operator Cyberdoll, I'm Max Vortex. How can I be useful?

Antony said:

— Open Workspace Max

— I will with pleasure, but rather so that we can interact better, I would like to know your name.

— I, Antony. I bought you.

— Oh, Mr. Antony. So to say that we will be friends?

— Yes, yes. And please, just call me Antony.

— Roger Antony. Now, I do what I asked.

The display opened a desktop. Antony took the mouse and began to manipulate it. The computer said,

— If I may say Antony ... If you prefer, you can ask me to open the file that you want. No need to take the time to yourself to do it.

Antony stopped moving the mouse and put the chair saying:

— Okay, then. I want to open a text editor.

At the same instant a text editor window was open. The active voice spoke:

— Text Editor open. Anything else?

— No, no. You can let the rest I do it myself.

— As you wish.

Antony pulled the keyboard and began writing a new work. Antony now wrote with great enthusiasm. Spent hours in front of computer typing and working on his new work. Until a moment, the voice activated said:

— You have a talent and so much to write. But there are some things you could improve.

Antony replied sharply:

— Do not need your advice Max The author here I am.

— As you wish, Antony.

Antony continued writing.

After both write, Antony has felt tired. Stretched, and said the machine:

— Max's enough for today I'll rest, tomorrow I have a lot to do. Save the file and can turn off automatically. Good evening.

— Good evening Antony.

Antony rose from the office chair and left the room. On the computer, before hanging up, a progress bar quickly pressed the monitor and then immediately shut down the machine completely.

For several months Antony made this routine. He wrote and sent the machine to save the file before turning off automatically. Thus, Antony felt very satisfied with your new computer. Everything was a thousand wonders. And finally, when he reached the month of November 2019, Antony ended his work and spoke to the machine:

— Save the file and send to the email address saved in my documents folder Max I'm going for a little air head. Do not forget to turn off. Even more.

Antony got up and left. Again a progress bar appeared on the monitor and took fifteen minutes to load. After that, the computer turned off.

In February 2020. Antony autographed his second book — which was called *The Red House* — a bookstore that had just opened. Her book was a success in sales and he thought he had outdone himself this time. A purchaser of his book came to get his autograph and told him:

— Hello Sir Antony. I found your fantastic work.

While autographed, of course Antony smiled at her and said:

— Oh, thank you. Glad you liked it. Is a fan of thrillers, Miss?

— Oh yes! And I had never read anything like it before. Do you know? When I reached the end of the story, I was really surprised when I learned that the sheriff was the killer all the time. Before I suspected the butler, but then... Wow! It was amazing.

Antony pressed his strange eyes that the girl had finished speaking, and when asked:

— As well, the sheriff was the killer?

— Huh? It was not the man who wrote the novel?

— Yes, but ... The killer was the butler, not the delegate.

— How strange. The way the story ended was not the butler.

Antony looked around with eyes closed and thoughtful. The girl asked him:

— Are you okay?

Antony returned to look with some indignation the girl and handed her the book lying:

— Is yes. Thank you for purchasing my work. Have a good day.

Anthony picked up a book and read it, jumping several places. Turned the pages quickly see that most of the book was changed. Almost nothing was there that Antony wrote. Infuriated, he left the book on the table. Antony stood up and spoke to people who were in the queue:

— The autograph session ended. Who came to have one, do not worry. A different date. Thank you for purchasing my work.

Antony left the bookstore and walking quickly got into his car by connecting it and stepping back, screeching. Passed through the electronic high-speed bumps without worrying about whether or not would be fined. Antony was furious, thinking to himself: *Computer wretch, who he thinks he is to change my work? I'll break it into pieces.* braked suddenly the car in front of his house and slammed the car door with great violence. He entered the house and went straight to the office. He approached the computer and called him trying to control himself. The machine turned completely and said this:

— Hello Operator the Cyber...

Antony was interrupted by cries that told:

— Cut your machine this talk bitch! I want to know why it changed my work and want to know now!

— Oh, Mr. Antony. I see you in a bad mood.

Antony kept screaming:

— Max Now! I want answers now!

— As I said before, his work needed improvement, so I made them for you. And see, his work is a success. Why complain?

— The work was mine, Max! I said I did not want their opinions, you piece of plastic and wires.

— Admit you Antony. His work was a waste.

The blood rose to head of Antony. He played with all anger and violence that could machine on the floor, along with the rest on the table. Trampled with all the will that had the monitor and computer components. With serrated teeth Antony said:

— Break your machine unhappy. Machine Buster. Take that. That's why you have changed my work. Take, take, take ...

Antony took their pieces and threw the wall and found that all sides, further increasing the mess. His anger lasted for endless minutes.

Having calmed down, Antony threw himself into his chair in the corner office and put his hand over his face. Repentance have purchased the RSX3000 began to take his body. The silence around him now in charge. And after all that, all these facts ... Antony began writing his works in the typewriter and never wanted to know about computers.

Even if you wanted to pay to have one.

FIGHTER FORCE

The year is 2025. Tomas Young is locked in a dark room, lit only by the TV in an endless battle of his new fighting game to video game without control: The Super Fighter 6. And it's using all the energy your body to beat your opponent in the digital lives which are half and half. It is a character in purple cape covered with a hood that has special powers to cast rays, which is against Thomas, a character in a black cloak and mask metal that involves the whole head, with special powers to hold a fire arrow from now here. Tomas is hooked on television, dodging the blows of his enemy with the body, restoring to punching the air that turn motion into electrical signals to the scanner unit as commands of your character. A very difficult fight because Tomas was getting tired. The lives are tied end, the enemy launched a powerful beam and Tomas turned with a start. Then it hit the ground, Tomas shouted to the device:

— Ultra flaming arrow!

Character at the time placed the arms forming an arc of nowhere with an arrow of fire, shooting right after reaching the opponent. Tomas won. Appeared on the TV screen in Portuguese: End Game. Tomas played on the floor relieved and sweating throughout the body. His shirt and pants were soaked from the sweat of a very difficult fight. But Tomas was happy, they just end with the last character. Gasping with her eyes closed. Someone knocked on the door violently:

— Tomas exit this room now! That's enough to play this video game.

Tomas stood swaying a little and went to the door. He opened it and left the room heading for the kitchen. His mother was setting the table when she looked at him and said, calmer now:

— Oh, son. It's been more than five hours you are in that room. You do not get tired of not playing that much video game?

Tomas said, rubbing his eyes:

— Yes Canso mother. Especially because today we use the body to play. And on the plus side, it is a new way to exercise

physically. Why are you the character physically. It is better to go to a gym.

— Thinking about it this way is true, but what about your view? It does not hurt the eyes?

— No, no, I mean ... A little. But nothing that will cause any further damage. And another mother ... I need to train hard for the national tournament fighting game that will be here in Passo Fundo. It will be the biggest event that Step Fund has performed in its history as a city. And that I cannot lose, people will compete in several states.

— Huum that chic. And what this tournament will reward the winner?

— It seems like madness, but ... It's something you will not believe.

— Ah, account yet.

— A million dollars.

Tomas's mother actually did not believe, was silent for several seconds looking at his son, stunned. Tomas snapped his fingers twice talking to his mother:

— Mother .. Wake up, I said you would not believe.

His mother swallowed looking to the side:

— Stop playing with my mom like that, son. A million dollars is a lot of money.

— But it's true, yeah. The sponsor of the event is an eccentric billionaire and enjoys fighting games. It will be all up to him. But of course, I have to pay a registration fee. But the cool thing is that only those over eighteen will be able to participate. They say the game is new and will not be revealed for security reasons, or something. And that's why I need to train hard mother, is one million will be at stake.

When Thomas had finished speaking, his father got the car put the key in the door keys that stood at the doorway of the kitchen. And it asked the two to look back:

— How? One million you say? What are they talking?

— The prize of one million dollars that will have international tournament fighting game.

Tomas's father closed his eyes, moving his head slightly upward:

— Oh, yes. The tournament is true. They say it will be the biggest event ever held Passo Fundo. And of course my filhão will participate, right?

— But of course you know his father!

— I just want to see if you're gonna win this tournament.

— Oh, you're kidding, right dad? Will also participate?

— Why? I cannot?

— It's real easy that you'll lose me.

— That's what we'll see my boy.

Tomas's father ended by giving a punch of fun in the son. Tomas's mother spoke just putting the last item on the table:

— Okay, okay warriors. Dinner time.

All are served on the stove and sat at the dinner table.

The next day, Tomas leaves the classroom after the end of the same conversation with his friend and classmate David about the event that there would in Passo Fundo:

— David will participate in the tournament?

— But of course you know bro. Going to buy my ticket now.

— Already? I did not know they were already selling tickets for the tournament. It will only be here three months.

— It's because, as most people will want to join, you will have limited tickets.

— I do not believe. We'll get together then. I buy for my dad.

— Will there be enough money?

— Why?

— Each ticket costs 150 dollars.

— 150? All this? I thought it would be a 60 dollars man!

— It's a way to make most lose interest. As I said, they want to limit the participants as possible. They want the latest if I'm not mistaken, only 40 participants.

— And what will you do with the money?

— I do not know. They can use anything. The goal is even disinterested.

— Well .. I'll have to talk to my father before. All right then ... See you.

— Beauty brother even more.

After saying goodbye, Tomas went to his house by taking another route. Tomas was a little worried about the price of admission, he thought that with a price so his father would not let him attend.

Tomas arrived and went home thoughtful, his mother approached him congratulating him, but he did not answer. Her mother asked:

— All right, son?

Tomas returned to reality and spoke as if nothing had happened:

— hām? Yes mother, is yes. I go to my room to change clothes.

— Okay. Then comes dinner.

— Of course mother.

Tomas was back to the room to be thoughtful. Came in and played college aid in a corner. He sat on the bed and stood there a few minutes thinking about the fact whether or not it would be able to participate in major fighting game tournament. The next instant, his father knocked on the door entering the room:

— And then champion? Are you ready to face me on the big fighting tournament?

— I do not know father. I think the tickets are very expensive. We better not to participate.

— And lose the chance to win a million dollars? Not a chance. We will instead participate in this mega event. And you know what? Here are our tickets guaranteed.

Tomas looked at the hand of his father incredulously:

— What? Have you bought tickets?

— It's a million dollars.

Tomas smiled:

— You are right. We will win this tournament. I will start training as soon as you finish dinner.

— It's really good because it will require much training to beat me. Come, let's have dinner.

After dinner, Tomas trained his body and skills of the game Super Fighter 6 at the most difficult. He used the same character

again. Tomas was determined to win this tournament, would use all his energies to get the prize. It was the night train, followed by several days until the day of the event. Tomas moderately trained during the three months remaining until the day of the event. And so it went over time.

In November 2025. The great days of the tournament arrived. Tomas was preparing to attend the most anticipated event of the year in Passo Fundo. His father knocked on the door and said:

— Are you ready baby? We have one hour to be there at the mall.

Tomas said excitedly,

— Almost, almost. Just a minute.

Tomas looked at the clock beside her bed and saw that marked 20:00. Tomas all the time trying to imagine how this event as expected. *What kind of new technology should be?* thought to himself. His excitement grew with each second that passed, I could not wait to be there playing. He took your ticket, put in your wallet and put it in his pocket out of the room. He approached his father and said:

— Can we go. It's now or never.

— So let's go. — Said his father.

Tomas said goodbye to his mother with his father and two out.

Tomas's father parked the car somewhere near the mall and the two went down following the rest of the way on foot. Entering the mall, Tomas' father approached a security guard, wondering where would be the fighting game tournament. The security guard replied:

— Second floor food court.

Tomas's father thanked. The two walked out and followed the fate instructed. Going up the escalators, Tomas tried to imagine how difficult it would be and could give their opponents. Arriving in front of the food court, Tomas saw that there was a fair amount of people gathered to watch the event. In the center there was a kind of mat with a dual giant monitor screen, where each opponent would get to play opposite. In the four corners of the square was at the top, big screens for people to follow the struggle of virtual

characters. The entrance to the site was surrounded by a sort of grid with enough space to pass one person at a time in which a man was sitting at a table facing a chrome computer monitor glass, and it seemed, people were coming to few with no queue and any kind of turmoil. Tomas and his father approached him and he asked looking at them:

— How can I help them?

Tomas's father said:

— We have come to participate in the tournament.

— Players or spectators?

— Players.

— Tickets, please.

Tomas and his father gave him his. The man entered something in a small window that Tomas could also see the other side of the monitor. Two blue cards went from a sort of little machine printer and the man gave them saying:

— With these cards you will build your character. Take for programmers on the other side of the mat. They will schedule their profiles and powers of the characters. Can choose any profile you want. Have a good fight.

Tomas's father thanked him and the two came soon after he had the only entry. They walked to the location instructed the other side of the square, where were the developers behind a long table with several computers. There were three open source software developers, Tomas was toward his father and one from another. Tomas came over and then handed the blue card to the programmer who told him:

— Speak then my kid, describe how your character is.

Tomas answered promptly and the programmer started typing:

— A face of a six-foot, white, black hair, wears black cloak over a black shirt and black pants with a metal mask that covers only half of the head, nose down.

While the program by typing algorithms, Tomas noted that the other side programmers spoke with other players. Obviously players were from other states who came from afar to be there in that tournament. Tomas turned back when he heard the programmer to tell you:

— Cool your character face. What powers you want it to?
— A flaming arrow that is formed when I do nothing of the position of archer force to cause a small earthquake and a bat that it becomes a samurai sword.
— Anymore? You can have up to five powers if you like.
— No. These will suffice.
— Beauty bro. Press your thumb here for the character to be filed on your digital. — Tomas did what he said and then after you have registered your digital programmer completed a hand pointing to: — Now follow this direction you will receive a special vest. Go ahead, good luck kid.

Before going Tomas made one more question to the programmer:

— One more thing... What is the name of this game?
— Oh! It's true. I forgot to tell you, welcome to the Fighter Force as a player.
— Thank you.
— Go on my kid. Bursts.

Tomas went to the way that the developer had told him before. A beautiful blonde girl with a black T-shirt written in red Fighter Force approached him saying:

— Come, here is why.

She accompanied Tomas to a special place where the players would be at rest, as they waited their turn. Then she gave him a black vest to wear over the clothes he wore. Tomas put it with no difficulty and at the same moment his father came behind him saying:

— So my big boy? Ready to play?
— Yes Which character do you ride?
— Oh, I did not know how to invent one, so the programmer has set up one for me. And yours?
— You will see.

Tomas heard someone on your side approach saying:

— And there buddy? Ready for the big tournament?

Tomas shook his hand answering:

— More than ever David. And you?

— I know I'm going to win anyway, so I came to have fun.

— Of course we will.

All players who were there in that special room heard a voice in the speaker talking about:

— Welcome to the national tournament fighting game. In a few moments you will appreciate the struggle of more than 40 characters built by their own players, who will fight in the Fighter Force.

Applause echoed with cries of the environment of the square. The players followed everything that happened in the street by two small TV's in the room where the presenter showed a tuxedo speaking at a small handheld microphone. Tomas watched beside his father and his friend David to relax. The man continued talking about smoking:

— And in a moment, ladies and gentlemen, we will randomly select players from the first night. So get ready to see much virtual blood.

Some players began to stretch and Tomas looked at it disdainfully shaking his head. One of the boys looked at Tomas nodded and said:

— How lazy are you looking at? Ta is the finding of Bonzai time here?

All who were in that room looked perplexed. But no one interfered with the conversation, nor the father of Thomas. Tomas smiled sarcastically answered:

— Maybe I am. What do you think?

— When it's time you and I fight, we'll see. Let's see if he built a character of my height. It is better to be prepared.

— I am more than you. I tell you.

Again the man spoke again of smoking to the public:

— And now, let's see who will be our first two participants. Computer to draw.

An image has appeared on several TV's and pictures began to move randomly. After two seconds, two images were fought. David opened his eyes and said:

— I'll be the first?

Man in a tuxedo appeared on the screen and he began to speak:

- And our two participants are: David Smith vs. Aline Fontora.
- It seems it is you buddy. — Tomas said.
- Well .. Time to have fun.
- Good luck friend.
- Thanks.

David left heading towards the square followed by his opponent, who consequently was a girl. All the room turned their attention to the TV's. The players were already on top of the mat facing the big screen on opposite sides. In one of TV's now showing the fight scene and characters, which would allow for the monitoring of the fight in the two dimensional angles, virtual and real. The character of David was kind of a ninja with a red stripe on the head of the girl and a beautiful woman with blond hair, a stunning body, dressed in a purple suit super glued, outlining all their desirable women's curves. The presenter of smoking began his speech:

— Well gentlemen players. One who has already lost the fight will be eliminated from the tournament. Make a good fight and good luck. Let the best win!

The voice activated machine spoke over loudspeakers:

— Position.

The players are positioned.

— Ready? — Became a little break and then concluded: — Fight!

The players started to hit the air. Each movement made, the character mimicked. And when the character hit your opponent, the player collects the received electrical signals causing the wearer, I felt a real sense that he was struck. And if blows were given very strong in the game, the player had the possibility of playing on the floor — nothing that could really hurt the player — when his character was reached. The fighting was intense; the players were fighting back and responding to attacks and data driven. David had already won the first round. But in the second, David has been knocked to the ground twice, three times the girl, and so far no one has used his powers. In the game, every coup that brought the characters, leaving their blood and virtual reality created wounds in them. The game was realistic as the structure of your body from

the scene and characters. The character of David's life was falling apart, when what his opponent was still in half. David cried out to the scanner of the machine:

— Stars of fire!

David moved his arms as if throwing something at the screen in front, and the character mimicked throwing the opponent star virtual fire, rapidly decreasing the life of the opponent. This reduced the life of the opponent's half to less than one fifth. David took the chance and jumped finishing the game with a kick in the stomach of the opposing character. The machine spoke with the voice activated:

— End of game. David Smith wins the fight.

David leaped for joy. The girl went to him and greeted the good fight they had. David invited her to watch the rest of the tournament with him smiling and she accepted. The presenter of smoking came close to David and congratulated the victory. Then he began to speak into the microphone:

— A round of applause to the participants!

The audience cheered as the players returned to the room special. The presenter continued:

— And now we know the fighters coming tonight! Computer to give away!

In a special room Tomas welcomed David saying:

— Thanks champion. Beautiful struggle.

— Thanks. This one is Aline.

Tomas smiled the girl saying:

— He fought very well.

— Thank you. Until it was worth. I got to see someone to finish the tournament.

Most fighters have been chosen and eliminated during the tournament. David has been called five times and won all. The audience enjoyed seeing those fights, screaming and cheering for the players. Tomas just waiting their turn. The players were running out and Tomas has not yet been drawn. His father had already been eliminated from the event, he just followed the tournament with his son. The sixth time that David was called, he lost the fight and left only four players. The boy who had previously

challenged Tomas was one of them. Tomas was beginning to think that the machine knew of his pending with another boy and was holding them only for the final two. And that's exactly what happened. Tomas and another boy, became a finalist of the tournament without having fought once. And now, at that time it was their turn. The boy said to Thomas:

— It is now loser. Let's see if it has built a good character. After all, judging by your imagination, you should not have done much.

Tomas said the same level of conversation:

— You cannot enter my mind, mate ... When I want you to get it, I send you an invitation.

The boy smiled slightly penetrating look in his Tomas. The two began heading to the mat. Tomas's father spoke loudly before his son left the room:

— Go on boy! I know you can.

Tomas looked back and smiled.

The two players were already on the mat in their respective places. The presenter told the audience:

— It seems that we have a climate of tension here. This demonstrates that the fight will be interesting and exciting. It seems like the machine saved the best for last tonight.

Amazingly the machine responded by speakers:

— And you're quite correct. I wanted to stay for the tournament.

All who were there, at least one person, they were surprised. The presenter did not know what to say. A man in plain clothes stood in the crowd and walked up the mat saying loudly for all to hear:

— That's right, and did a great job Slike.

The machine said:

— Thank you sir. I am very honored.

The presenter of the event soon recognized the man who left the crowd and spoke into the microphone:

— Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the director of this event. Owner Cyberbytes industries, the eccentric billionaire Stuart Mill. A round of applause!

The audience cheered excitedly. The man waved at everyone and then immediately asked the presenter to the microphone, picking up and starting to say:

— Thank you, ladies and gentlemen for being here at this event I did with great pleasure. And I also thank the participants of this tournament who fought and make this event a spectacle. Battles were really exciting. But ... Like any show, always leave the best for last. And I asked my newest invention, the Slike, who made a statistic which characters would be the best framework for an outstanding fight. I hope this does not offend the players who were eliminated, but the real prize would be given to those who build the best character to fight in the Fighter Force, with the best costume and best abilities. Of course, I asked to choose Slike actually two best costumes and best two skills. And who won the fight, win the tournament. So ... Only one of these two will win, and the best thing is that I do not know who will, and not the computer. Because the odds are what Slike?

— Equivalent sir. The two characters have the potential to win the fight.

— Exactly. So even though there was this pre-selection of characters to the end, but is still an unpredictable fight. But know that any player will no longer participate, could have made a potential character. This means that these two could not have been the final players but anyone else who is there watching the tournament. So, ladies and gentlemen ... Let the best win. And at the end of the event, when I deliver the prize to the winner, I will have a surprise to other participants who fought in the tournament. Good luck to the players.

The plain clothes man handed back the microphone and that the presenter told the audience:

— Are you ready to see the best fight of the night?

The audience screamed answering yes, the presenter then concluded:

— So ... Go fight!

The machine spoke with the voice activated:

— Players, position.

Tomas and his opponent is positioned. His characters have appeared on the big screen, a scenario which was a forest. The man in black cloak and a man Tomas slightly larger than the character of Thomas, shirtless, muscular body with weird designs around the body with a light gray pants and a huge sword kept in the back. Tomas began to think at that moment, the machine may have miscalculated. But I was prepared for his fight. The machine said:

— Ready? — Paused briefly and then concluded: — Fight!

At first the opponent Tomas shouted to the scanner:

— Current deadly!

The opponent Tomas moved his arms as if turning something in the air and hurling shortly after to pick up something. The character movements mimicked playing a huge current into the character of Tomas playing that turned to the side. Thomas quickly rose shouting

— Murro shaker!

Thomas closed his fists, adding taking them to the top quickly and then hitting the ground with full force. The character imitated the movements causing a small earthquake causing a crack in a reasonable scenario engulfing the opponent's leg character. The boy on the other side hit the ground kneeling with one leg only. Tomas took the chance and went to punch him. Punched only for a few moments. For the opposing player already gave him a left hook character of Tomas playing back, causing Tomas also fall to the ground. The audience was a total silence in this struggle. All the screens were glazed over them. Players strike the air and the characters mimic their movements. The opponent Tomas shouted:

— Super laser beam!

The boy reached out, the character mimicked the movement and soon went out of his arm a huge red beam. The character of Thomas was grazed when they swerved aside. Tomas had a slight big stumble and almost fell over. The two players were in a position to attack again and Tomas took:

— Sword brilliant!

Tomas raised one arm as if holding up something in his hand and clasped both hands quickly as if he had a sword. The character

movements imitated holding a sort of metal rod that transforms into a second on an edge of a samurai sword alone. As if holding this sword, Tomas scratched an X in the air, and the character did the same two lights coming out of the sword which quickly reached the opponent's character ending the first round. The machine said:

— End of first round. Tomas Oliver wins the first round.

The boy across the big screen for Tomas spoke loudly:

— Not bad. But this was only the first round. This fight is not over yet.

The setting and characters were reconstructed wounded. The machine said:

— Ready? — Paused briefly and then concluded: — Fight!

Again the battle was intense. Tomas was not as willing as before, and the opponent now seemed to be even more difficult. There was no way, after two minutes of fighting, Tomas lost the second round. Now there was a tie between two players. Tomas was panting and the other player as well. The presenter said:

— People! What more exciting battle. Now, the round will be decisive for who will win the prize of one million dollars. I wonder who will win this battle so exciting?

Again the setting and characters were reconstructed. The machine said:

— Ready? — Paused briefly and then concluded: — Fight!

The opponent Tomas shouted:

— Sharp knives!

The boy began to make movements as if throwing knives and the character movements mimicked throwing various knives to the character of that right away Tomas lost half of life. Tomas fell, but did not pass. He got up and used again the earthquake, followed by the bright sword struck with several. Lives were almost equalized in injury. Players sweated so much that they moved. The lives were running out evenly. Was less than one—tenth to one run out of lives. The opponent Tomas shouted:

— Get rid of Bonzai! Sword deadly!

The boy made a motion with one arm as if to take away something from his back and placed both hands as if holding a

large sword. The character mimicked the motions of taking a huge sword back, then holding it vertically. The boy opponent Tomas made a motion as if something had struck at his side. Your character mimicked the movement hitting and cutting a huge tree at his side that falls toward the character of Thomas. Tomas threw himself to the side, but the tree will grazed and not a little the game ended. Tomas felt that was hit and had to act quickly before the game finished off his opponent. He rose rapidly and shouted with all the air he had in his lungs:

— Ultra flaming arrow!

Tomas made the position of the archer as if stretching a bow an arrow and aimed for the enemy character. Your character imitated movements, forming out of nothing in his hands, an arc of fire with a fire arrow, which shot at the same time that Thomas opened the fingers of the left hand as if he released something. The arrow hit in the chest of the opponent's character. The machine said:

— End of game. Thomas Oliver, you win.

The audience went wild with Tomas. The opposing player threw himself on his knees not believing what he saw. Silver confetti falling from the ceiling. All were party to Tomas. The owner of the event approached Thomas and spoke into the microphone:

— Congratulations Tomas. It was a great battle. It was a spectacle.

Everyone started to settle down gradually to hear what the owner of the event had to say:

— As promised, here is your earned one million dollars. — A beautiful brunette girl with a big check came near them, and then the owner of the event finished: — Congratulations Tomas.

Tomas said:

— Thank you. And I wanted to tell my opponent there... — Pointed to the boy who stood watching him. — I admit it was a tough fight.

The boy smiled and nodded his head in agreement with feeling reciprocated. The director of the event looked at everyone and said:

— And to the other participants of this tournament, as a reward, a complete collection of fighting games Cyberbytes industries. Congratulations to the players. Now you can celebrate!

Everyone went wild again. Tomas's father approached him and said:

— I am proud son, you really did it. Congratulations.

— Thanks dad. Even though I had not won, it would have been fun being here with you.

David and Aline approached Tomas, David said:

— Aeeew buddy! Congratulations man! It was great!

— Congratulations Tomas. — Aline said.

Tomas thanked. At the end of the event, a cocktail was served and music was played. Everyone cheered excitedly at night. And Tomas... Well... You'll never forget that day, which was so fun to fight for his prize. The struggle in the most renowned fighting game, Fighter Force.

MAN OF ELECTRONIC IQ

Sitting on the table, dressed in white sweater that cubicle, Michael felt nervous all the time, could not calm down. Why else was struggling, it seems that nothing would calm him down. I was starting to give up hours later in the experiment to be a subject that seemed so revolutionary. I wanted to find the courage to stand firmly as a man, but it seems that this had been hiding very well somewhere. It was getting in doubt, was there, or fled away? Left on a good who walked in the door, or gave him a punch and ran out like crazy? Michael thought of staying with the latter options. He was determined he was going to punch whoever came through the door and went out of there as quickly as possible.

It was decided? Not so, because when the door opened ... Michael was delighted, ecstatic, passionate, and all kinds of possible synonyms for the girl in a white coat and clipboard in hand just entering that room. Those green eyes, that mouth sweet, those black hair, that body sculpture, that smile ... Michael was speechless. She approached him and extended his hand, saying softly:

— Hello Michael, I'm Dr. Rosangela Monteiro, responsible for developing the research. My team and I are delighted you have accepted the invitation of Professor Souza to volunteer in my research.

Michael shook hands with the doctor, still trying to get back to reality, said:

— For you, am a volunteer doctor in any survey.

Dr. Rosangela gave a slight chuckle:

— Very kind of you. I bet yes.

Michael did not come back to reality, but the doctor continued speaking:

— We test your IQ and some more blood tests, are all in normal condition. Are you prepared to perform the surgery. It's a lucky man Sir Michael, will become the first man with implanted memory, and will probably now be the smartest man on the planet right now. What do you think?

Michael retraced his hypnosis and asked:

— Tell me doctor, when finished, will it hurt?

— No sir Micha...

— Please just call me Michael, I'm too young anyway.

Dr. Rosangela smiled and said:

— Right. No Michael, do not feel anything, nor during the surgery or after the process. You'll feel as if nothing had occurred to him.

Michael returned to mesmerize with her voice and said:

— With you near me I would forget any pain doctor.

The doctor laughed again saying:

— Are you a figure, Sir Michael. Let's get your procedure. Please lie down on the table.

As Michael lay on the table, Dr. Rosangela turned and opened the door calling nurses. Two men in white came and she said:

— Prepare the serum and monitor your heart rate right now. Sedate it with the standard dosage.

The nurse nodded. Dr. Michael looked forgetting that they were going to stick needles painful and boring. Michael fell asleep looking at her, she being his last lucid picture. Dr. Rosangela said:

— Okay guys, take him to the operating room, because today we in the world history of science.

The nurses soon followed leading to Michael's bed to the operating room.

Michael stroked the face of Rosangela, while they had fun at the picnic in the park. Michael did not stop to enjoy the beautiful green eyes of Rosangela, his black hair, as she was beautiful. Rosangela motioned with his hand to Michael wait a minute, opened the basket and took a circuit board inside. Into the hands of Michael and said:

— Eat honey. Made especially for you.

Michael grabbed it, but did not notice what it was, continued enjoying the face of Rosangela. She spoke softly:

— Time to wake up dear. Our tour ended. Time to wake up.

Michael opened his eyes back to reality. He looked around and saw that he was back in that room, or room, he did not know what it was, it had the characteristics of both. He was alone and being fed by a serum. He felt that his head was bandaged, but what

happened? Did it work? And where was the doctor Rosangela? Michael stopped to look around and started staring at the ceiling, where the first things that came back his head was the angelic face of the doctor. The surgery was the least matter was now. The door opened, Michael turned quickly to see who it was who he was and wanted to see. Dr. Rosangela with your beautiful smile, said:

— Hi Michael How are you feeling?

— Now that I see you ... Much better.

— What good then. Great news, the implantation of the memory chip was a success. Now we will wait with you one day of rest here in the infirmary of the lab, and we will evaluate how the connections will be working your brain with artificial memory. If the results are good, which we hope will be, will be a huge advance in science and medical electronics. And then Brazil will be the first country to move in this horizon. What do you think?

— I think great, I never thought that an alley Joe like me, who works as a mechanic would get something. If I did not know Professor Souza, I think it would not be here. Even more to be part of an important research of an important doctor, as beautiful as you.

The doctor smiled Rosangela going slightly red, answering awkward:

— Thank you Michael, very nice of you.

— Do not thank me. That's no biggie. You deserve it.

— Thank you.

Two weeks later, Michael was head unbound and ready to perform the tests. Psychological, blood, motor coordination, all were successful. Michael would now undergo a new phase of testing. Dr. Rosangela said:

— Michael, you will go home. And we want to read everything you can in a week. Anything, because we want to evaluate how much you can learn by storing information in memory. Okay?

— All right, Doctor. Whatever you want.

— You can lead your life normally, need not be alone in reading. And so end the week, come back to see us. Right?

— One doctor, I miss you.

— Stop that Michael is making me uncomfortable. — Said the doctor smiling.

— Okay, I'm sorry.

The doctor laughed, Michael said goodbye and left the room where he was.

Days passed, and Michael is excited enough subjects engaged in reading. He had the idea of being direct, six hours per day within the municipal library of St. Paul. He read thousands of books, magazines, newspapers, but did not feel anything different happen in your mind, read on anyway. The only thing I noticed is that I could read a book per hour, reducing by half the time I read every book, and it was very unusual that he had done even more frightening even to himself. Michael started down stacks of books off the shelves, all I could load up the tables in the library. All looked at him fearfully. It was all day so I had already read a thousand books in three days, six thousand in the next two days. And so it was...

A week went well, and now Michael was again in front of your favorite doctor. Sitting in front of it, on the other side of the table of his room, he only heard her speak:

— How are you Michael?

— Very well, Doctor.

— Now what happened a week, we will assess your IQ and see how was the process of data storage. Come?

— Yes, come on.

The two got up and left the room.

Michael was now sitting in front of the chosen 10 minds, the world's brightest. Behind him, the press of all countries, with cameras which covered from various angles. It was not just a test, it was a world record of the event. Michael would go through a series of questions, where would be evaluated to what extent he knew of things, what you learned and stored. The Russian, Dr. Isaac Modorovt began with the first question, even in Russian:

— Michael, a simple question, if I mix potassium permanganate with sulfuric acid, a process will be exothermic or endothermic?

Michael easily and quickly replied in Russian:

— Exothermic. It will be a very explosive reaction.

Dr. Isaac nodded in affirmation of the response and wrote something on paper. Michael asked another question:

— Because cold fusion does not work?

Michael began to describe step by step, detail by detail. Answered the question correctly, and continued answering questions of the ten most renowned scientists in the world without any difficulty. They stayed there for hours, everyone was fascinated. Dr. Rosangela was proud, your search gave a really great result for humanity.

After testing, Dr. Rosangela gave an interview to journalists detailing how the research was. And in the meantime, a reporter asked:

— Dr. Miller, now completed its search, what do you think will be going forward this advance in science?

Dr. Rosangela calmly replied:

— As Neil Alden Armstrong said: *"This is one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."* Now, advances in science will be quadrupled, or even more dramatically, as they say in scientific knowledge and general . It will be a new phase, where the human being will learn faster and advance faster in their knowledge. We will have more problems with diseases such as Alzheimer's and the disabled. This time can we help these people. That's it.

The reporter thanked Dr. Rosangela and continued giving interviews. Michael just enjoyed it.

And so, Michael was now the smartest man in the world, man IQ electronic.

THE BOOK

Simon could not stand to listen to your teacher talk about the chemical balance of molecular reactions in class analytics. It was Friday and he could not see the right time to leave the UPF. All I saw was Simon equations, equations, equations ... That his mind was mad tired. The only thing that mattered at that moment was the hands on your clock pirate. Each second seemed to have the unit of one minute. And every minute seemed to have a one hour drive. The closer the time to leave more time seemed to reduce their cycle. Simon was starting to feel dizzy at the time, laziness was devouring him inside and his body was already numb with it all. And finally, when everything seemed to make less sense, the teacher said:

— Good people! Enough for today. Read the material provisions of Xerox and do not forget to do the exercises. For now it is. Even more.

That was music to the ears of Simon, was finally free to go. The relief took his body. He hesitated no longer to keep your things and get up to leave the room. His friend Julio who approached, said sighing relief:

— Aaaaah! Finally the class ended, she could not stand to stay in this expensive lesson.

Simon responded by agreeing:

— Bah guy, or let me know. Was already beginning fall of the chair.

— Because it is expensive. Bah, but even so, this weekend will be full of things to do. I'll see if I pass the library and picked up some books.

Leaving the main entrance of the two ICEG, Julio said shaking the hand of Simon:

— Good bye! See you next week.

— See you next week Julio.

After he fired, Simon headed towards the bus stop and so went home.

Simon lying on his bed thinking that although it is his third semester at college, things were very difficult, and he had not

imagined it would be so difficult to start learning chemistry. And the more he thought about it, more dedication was willing to have. I wanted to get to the end and as always dreamed of graduating. Simon was sure it would get.

The weekend went faster than any other for Simon. And all starting again, Simon went into the ever ICEG more willing than it used to be. For, although the weekend have gone too fast, it was enough for Simon to be fully rested and ready to absorb scientific knowledge. With this, the day was still just beginning.

By stepping on the first rung of the small staircase that led to the main entrance of ICEG, Simon heard someone shout his name:

— Simon! Wait a minute man.

It was his friend Julio who was running desperately. Simon stopped and waited for it to arrive, noting almost shortness of breath. Julio stopped putting his hand on the shoulder of Simon gasped. It took a few minutes to take a breath and then told Simon shaking his hand in a tone of cheerful:

— Congratulations, buddy! Did not know you had written a book. Since when is in bookstores?

Simon squeezed his eyes leaving them open for between Julio surprised. Simon asked incredulously:

— Sorry Julio but I do not know what you're talking about.

Julio said:

— How so expensive, do not know what I mean?

— It is expensive, do not know what you're talking about.

Julio began to laugh and then said:

— Great guy, very funny that your joke. But, say what, when you launched your book?

Simon replied, still denying:

— Julio Are you crazy? I did not write any book.

Still laughing at the situation, Julio asked:

— Okay guy. Tell me there, not his real name is Simon Almeida da Silva?

— Yes

— So face. 'Il Want to tell me you did not write a book?

— Yes, I did not write a book. From where did you get this idea Julio?

Julio was serious at that time. Simon said:

— Old, Friday I went to pick up some books in the library and there I saw a book with his name written on the cover. Just did not get it, because I had spent my share of books for loan. But there my ta.

Simon hesitated before making another question. He thought for a moment and then said:

— You sure you talking about?

— Do I look like. If you want, now let's go check it out.

— So let's go. For anyone who is thinking this must be a joke me.

— So come check it out.

The two quickly began to move toward the central library. Passed through the turnstile at the reception and asked Julio Simon soon:

— What is it about the book?

— Chemistry fundamental. I'll show you where you are.

The two came amid shelves of books and walked up to the point where it was found that the basic chemistry book. Julio quickly stopped and pointed to Simon's book. Simon stopped in front of where Julio was appointed and actually saw a book entitled Fundamental Chemistry. He took the book and looked at the cover. There was his real name as Julio had told him, but still thinking it was a coincidence of name searched for a photo of the author. Simon could not believe what he saw, was that he was actually in that photo. He was more mature face, but he was. Julio said:

— Did you see mine? I told you were here.

Simon flipping through the book, said:

— But it is impossible to face. Still, I did not write a book, it makes no sense. How can there be a published book of mine, if I never wrote one?

At the time Simon thought on looking at the year of publication. Searched quickly without hesitation. Simon felt scared and said:

— This cannot be happening. This book is 2020. We're still in 2011.

Julio took Simon's hand to check. Simon told the truth. Julio asked:

— This is crazy old! But how is this possible?

— I do not know. But the question is: how long is he here? —

Simon said.

— Why do not we check?

— It's what I intend to do.

Simon and Julio were toward the windows of loan book. Simon approached one of the girls that there were librarians and asked giving her the book:

— Hello, I wonder how long this book is in the library.

The girl replied:

— You mean how long has he been given?

Simon said:

— It.

The girl took the book, looked at the number of records and did a quick search on the system. She promptly replied:

— It was donated in 1990.

Simon spoke without thinking aloud:

— 21 years?

The girl gave him a warning light:

— Psst! Lower your servant.

— Sorry. — Simon said quietly, placing his hand on her mouth.

Simon could not believe what had just heard. Who could have donated that book and where did he copy? Simon thought of the fact that this number is a typo, but still not close with the fact that the author of the book to be himself. Simon did not know what to think at that moment, everything was very confusing and meaningless, it was pure madness. Julio was just in the silence of the situation. Simon asked the girl librarian:

— Did you ever notice the year edition?

The girl took the book and looked at the year of issue. With a slight surprise, but no surprise for his part, said:

— Oh, boy I do not know. Must be a typo. It happens.

Simon decided not to tell her about the book's author. He just said to her:

— It's ... Well .. I'll take it.

— Alright then. Press your thumb here, please.

Simon pressed his thumb on the biometric identifier and the girl just typed something on the computer. He took the book from the hand of Simon and demagnetized. Simon said:

— It is the book to return Wednesday.

Simon thanked him, took the book and left the library together with Julio. As they walked back to the ICEG, Julio left his silence by asking:

— And now man? What will you do with it?

— I do not know. — Simon said. — For now I'll just look at it. But I was thinking about trying to find out who donated this specimen. Maybe so, maybe I can get a satisfactory answer from where did this book.

— It's a good idea man.

— But we will not be spreading this issue around. They'll think we're crazy.

— Yes, do not worry. But it would be an excellent proof that time travel is possible, right?

— Yeah, but ... We cannot think so, because ... And if it's a bad joke? I mean ... And if someone picked a name at random, which in my case was and wrote a book and then sending the wrong editor place this year on purpose?

Julio agreed, but then asked:

— Can be, but still ... my Still does not explain your picture. Here you can see older age.

— Must be a double, or modifications of an old picture of me by photoshop. You know very well that the technology works miracles.

— It's ... You're right. — Julio agreed.

After that, did not talk about it anymore.

Two days passed. Simon returned to the library in the afternoon to return the book. To the hands of the same girl who had spoken earlier and asked him:

— You like me know the name of the person who gave this book?

The girl replied:

— I think it has. Enter that small room back there, that someone there can tell you. Here, take the book there.

— Thank you. — Simon said heading for the proposed site.

The door was closed but had a sign saying enter without knocking. Simon did not hesitate, opened the door and entered. There was another girl sitting behind a desk. Simon looked in and said:

— Hi, can I help you?

Simon said the girl out the book:

— Yes you can. It ... I wonder who gave this book.

— Well ... Let me see.

Searched by typing something on the computer's registry book. Simon noticed the girl doing a guy from mild discontent. Simon said:

— What is it?

— We only know his first name.

— What is it?

— Simon.

— Are you sure? — Simon said incredulously.

— Yes, that's what we have here.

— Häm... Do you have any phone contact?

— It does. You want to put down?

— Yes, please.

The girl took a small paper and a pen. He noted the number and gave the hand of Simon. Simon thanked saying

— Thank you. Can I leave the book here?

— Yes you can. After I send someone to save.

Simon once again thanked and left the room with the paper in hand. Simon now has a clue, perhaps the only of all this strange story. Even more of a person who had the same name as yours. Simon would take to clean it at any cost. Decided to cut class and go after it. Left the library and went to the secretary of ICEG see if there was a phone book available. He approached the counter and that there was a man with glasses asked him:

— Can I help you?

Simon replied promptly:

— Yes, please, where you have a phone book?

— Yes, just a minute.

The man took a list that was there in the closet and close the hand of Simon. It was an issue a bit old, but it served to Simon.

— Thanks, I will not take. — Simon said.

— You are welcome. — Said the man.

Simon began to flip through that list looking for yourself. Sheet for a few moments. He ran his finger over the leaf reading the order of the names and stood amazed. There was his own name. Simon lived with his parents so his name could not be listed. But, somehow, and was just hit with the number in your hand. What was happening? It could even be the oldest Simon himself? That made no sense for Simon, wanted to see for himself the story. He took a pen that was nearby and the address noted in the paper that was described in the list. He pulled up and walked quickly to the bus stop.

The address was in the village Vergueiro so Simon took a bus that passed nearby. The bus left the UPF and walked a few miles. Simon dropped the first point within the village in question. He started walking and was looking for the address. He stopped several people on the street for the location of the address. And finally, after much searching, Simon found the street with just the house number. He looked at the paper and was in the order. Did not walk a lot and soon found the house he sought. It was a white house tidy and well built. He had an unusual design of the neighborhood, or that it was in town. Simon came over and promptly rang the bell. A beautiful young woman opened the front door and left wondering:

— Yes?

Simon said:

— It's ... Here Simon Almeida da Silva lives? — That question sounded strange in the mind of Simon. He did not even believe you asked that.

She moved closer and to the chagrin of Simon replied:

— But actually lived. Now no longer lives.

— And you know where it went?

The response was even worse:

— Unfortunately he died five years ago. We bought this house from the estate.

— Do you know if he had family?

— No, he was a man alone, had no relationship as far as I know.

Simon thought for a moment and then told the girl:

— Thank you for your attention. Goodbye.

— No problem. Goodbye.

Simon was not going to believe that. His questions were unanswered. Was it possible that he himself has turned to the past? Or was it all a coincidence and the hypothesis of the joke was real? These were questions that went into Simon's mind and he might never have the answers.

But one thing was certain... Simon liked the idea of writing a book on fundamental Chemistry.

ANDROTON (Part I)

The morning came, the temperature was twenty-two degrees in Passo Fundo and little Lisa, still in his room, slept peacefully. With peace and ease, surrounded by the innocence. Protected by sheets, must surely be dreaming. With enough skill and delicacy, his mother opened the door to go wake her up. He approached slowly and crouched down, very close to that angelic face. And in a voice almost down said:

— My amoor! Anjinhuu! Wake up, huh! Wake up, today is your birthday.

The girl giving a slight groan slowly opened his blue eyes seeing his mother. She stretched, stretching his arms and legs, saying:

— Oh, mother! Only five minutes more.

Her mother replied,

— It's your birthday my love. Do not want to go and choose your gift?

Lisa nodded in agreement. Her mother then said:

— So my love. Arise, and go get ready. Come on. It's almost nine o'clock.

— Okay mother. — Lisa said rising from his bed.

Lisa's mother stood up and told him to put on slippers and escorted her to the bathroom. After that, Lisa helped to choose an outfit to wear. Lisa smiled with joy as her mother combed her hair blond. I was happy to be having a birthday. Would choose a gift for you. His mother asked curiously:

— And then darling, you'll want to present?

Lisa quickly replied:

— Yes, Mom! I want a dog.

— Yum! Lisa A dog? Are you sure?

— Yes, I'm Mom. You said I could choose anything.

— All right, dear. A dog then.

— Yay!

Lisa felt accomplished. His joy grew even more. And his mother had finished combing her hair, with a smile and tenderness.

For breakfast, Lisa ate cereal immersed in milk. His father read the Zero Hour covering his face and bust. On the cover was a news report: "Experiment technology is stolen from a lab in the United States. Local authorities cannot prove or say what it was. "Lisa would complete nine years, then you could read. She read it, but did not understand much. Did a guy who also did not care. He continued eating his cereal. His father folded his newspaper and looked at him wondering:

— And then a young girl, a dog or Ham?

Lisa really hard nodded. His father then told him with a smile:

— So girl, will have to face the wrath of my mortal hand. Aaaah!

Rising from his chair and then going to tickle Lisa. Lisa struggled to laugh. And his mother smiled as she washed the dishes.

An hour passed, and everyone was inside the Nissan truck heading for store pet shop. It was a quiet Saturday, the streets were just busy, Lisa looked out the car window the movement of people on the sidewalk of Avenida Brazil, and was a beautiful sunny morning. Lisa could not express how happy he was that day being his birthday. Sang songs he composed in his mind with total ease, and did not care if he had rhythm or not. Mom and Dad talked about the news that was in the newspaper Zero Hora. Lisa's father said:

— They say the experiment has already been stolen a month. Rumor of the world press that military technology is a level one.

Lisa's mother asked:

— Level one? What does it mean?

Lisa's father said:

— Means that it is a weapon of first line, and, a kind of ultimate weapon in the world. They say it is infiltration. A kind of spy robot. But I do not believe in many things that put in the newspaper. They are filled with nonsense just to sell news.

Lisa was at that moment listening to the conversation. There was an interesting finding, although it did not get it.

Lisa's father parked the car while she could not wait to get out of it in the pet shop. This was the same in Brazil Avenue. Lisa's father turned off the car, and the three opened the doors of the truck. They descended, and the mother of Lisa told her to give you a hand. Together they entered the pet shop. A girl watching them go, then ran to meet them. She asked, smiling:

— Good morning! What do you want?

Lisa's father said:

— We came to choose a dog for my daughter. She's birthday today.

The girl replied:

— Oh! Happy birthday. What is your name?

— Lisa. — She replied.

The girl said:

— Hey Lisa, I'll call my friend there, he understands everything dog. Then she will show you some really cool dogs. Yeah?

— Yeah.

She excused herself to the parents of Lisa and went to call the store owner. Within seconds, a man appeared with a shirt telling the Argentine national team:

— Hello! How are you? My name is Juarez, but everyone calls me Argentina.

Lisa's father said:

— Hello, my name is Antonio. This one is my wife Lucia and this is my daughter Lisa. We came to buy a puppy for her. It's birthday.

— Oh, yes! My employee told me. Congratulations. — He looked at Lisa and said: — And then Lisa, let's see the dogs?

— Yes — said Lisa.

— So here we go. — Said the Argentine.

The three followed the Argentine to the back of the store. Arriving there was a cage with several puppies. There were several races there. The Argentine looked at Lisa and asked:

— And then? What you want?

Lisa looked and looked and looked... Nothing was to his liking. He looked behind him and saw ...A beautiful adult Siberian Husky. With the back and tail black fur, white paws and

chest. Accompanied by an intense and penetrating blue eyes look clear. Lisa is hypnotized, fell in love, she wanted that animal. He pointed to him and started talking nonstop:

— That Dad ... — Saying over and over again.

His father looked at her and said:

— Are you sure my love? He's too big for you.

Lisa did not hesitate, he continued to speak and repeat:

— Yes Daddy, that Dad, please, please...

The Argentine rubbing his chin, then said pointing to the dog by hand:

— Well ... This dog came in the shop yesterday. I bought it from an acquaintance of mine from Paraguay. He sold me this dog so fast that even I was amazed.

Lisa's father was given the application's daughter asked

— Right. How much is this Husky?

— Two and a half. — Promptly answered the Argentine.

— I'll take it. — Lisa's father said.

The Argentine then spoke:

— Okay, I'll send you prepare for the trip. Then we can hit there in the box.

— Right. — Lisa's father said.

Lisa was happily talking to the dog, who apparently took a liking to it. She approached the cage and said:

— Did you see! Let's be best friends. What name I'll give?

Lisa's mother came too. She looked at the Husky's neck and noted that it had a collar with a plaque. In the plaque had a name: ANDROTON. She then said to Lisa:

— It seems that he already has a name. Why not be the same as it has?

Lisa looked at the plaque and read. Somehow, he found a bad name, although it is very unusual for a dog. Lisa took a good name.

— Androton... Hmm... I'll just call it a ton. — Said Lisa happy.

Androton body was in the van off to meet his new home, the home of Lisa. Not a peep has all around the trip. He behaved very well for those who again was having an abrupt change of habitat. Lisa could not stop looking at it from the rear window. Androton also looked serenely. He looked at her with some affection. It

appeared that the two had fallen in love at first sight. Such was the whole round trip.

Having already parked the car in the garage, the three went down the van again. Lisa's father closed his door and headed toward the back of the van. He opened the little door of the truck and pulled Androton down by the collar. After landing, Lisa began to make love in Androton, and this in turn, closed his eyes like what you did Lisa. Lisa's father giving a suggestion, said:

— Why do not you play with him in the backyard while I prepare lunch and Mom?

Lisa agreed, called Androton and ran to the backyard. Androton followed her barking and running well. Lisa began, and had a great time that morning. And after having lunch, her friends came to celebrate his birthday and eat a delicious piece of chocolate cake that Lisa's mother had ordered. They played with Androton. Androton had a great time with them. It was a perfect day.

The night had arrived, the house was surrounded by walls Lisa reasonably high, the only entry that had, was that of a varnished wooden gate, with a height equivalent to the walls. Androton was released by the huge backyard. Lisa's father had not bought a house for the dog. Androton was alone now. Lisa and her family were having dinner, including grandparents and relatives, who previously were also little party in the afternoon. All of them also met the beautiful Siberian Husky that afternoon. And while they dined, Androton walking through the yard, sniffing and smelling the contents. It was there all night, wandering back and forth.

Hours had passed. It was exactly 02:15 am in Passo Fundo. Vergueiro The neighborhood was completely silent. The vehicles apparently seemed to be all kept in their garages. Lisa's house was completely erased, they were all asleep, obviously. Androton was lying somewhere in the backyard, only with eyes open, looking at the stars in the sky. At this point, Androton was also listening to the silence. Silence... What fraction of a millionth of a second, only this time, no more, was broken by the sound of breaking a blade of grass twenty yards away. Androton already knew... Someone jumped the wall, he had

company and none of their new family. At the same moment Androton was up. Across the yard, a couple of cap worn and torn clothes, have sought a way into the house to steal silently. He walked across the grass without making a noise as possible, walked toward the house. And missing exactly twenty—seven steps to be right next to the kitchen window, which was reasonable on the left side of the mansion, the young man was knocked to the ground for something he could not see. Not because it was dark, but because he could not even see. Androton was buried with the environment, Androton was invisible. Somehow, the young man was pinned to the ground, could not move. The kid did not want to scream, I knew if I did, they would call the police and he would be arrested. And here, the fear began to take care of him. For he did not know what to do. The young man looked from one to the other side and horrified by it. Oh yes! The boy was panicking, but it was nothing compared to what came next... After five minutes there, almost having a heart attack, he heard his eyes beginning to bulge... More recognizable than the noise was not... They were the sounds of sirens approaching. It did not take more than five minutes to be pounding at the gate.

— Police! Open the gate! Police!

Soon the house lights all lit up Lisa and three were already down in the backyard. Lisa's father was less open the gate, while Lisa stayed with his mother. It was not long, and two armed brigadianos they were walking around the yard looking for the young man who was denounced. Lisa's father, along with the family, followed them not understanding anything. They found the girl lying on the ground unable to move. One of the policemen said bluntly:

— Freeze! You're stuck.

The young man replied sarcastically horrified:

— I see you make me leave here doctor.

A police officer looked at each other and even spoke to the young:

— Yeah Tininha of your cute? Get up!

— I can not.

— And why not? — Asked the other officer sharply.

— There's something about me.

One of the officers approached the young man, took him by the arm and lifted him up saying:

— Oh! For the frescuragem sink. Stay back.

The brigadiano handcuffed the boy and was leading him to the car that was outside the house. Lisa's family, and herself, was stunned. Lisa's father did not understand anything said to the police:

— I do not understand... As they knew that someone was here?

The officer replied:

— They sent an anonymous fax to our head telling us what was happening. They contacted us by radio and then come here. Just that it was very strange.

— Strange how? — Lisa's father asked.

— Civil none, is our fax number. Unless employees of the police themselves. It's as if they had tracked our numbers. What I still find it impossible.

Lisa looked around looking Androton. Lisa said:

— Mommy, where's the Ton?

— I do not know dear. — Lisa's mother said not paying much attention.

— Ton! Toon! — Lisa screamed.

Clearly, a left Androton Moitinho drip of gold that was there leaning against the wall. Androton approached Lisa, breathing out your tongue. Lisa started to cuddle him. His father finished talking with the police:

— Thank you so police. Today I will make the police report. Here a little longer I'll be there at the police station.

The brigadiano nodded his head and walked to his car. Lisa's father said his wife would go there and it would not take back. He looked at Androton face and asked with a peculiarity:

— And you his rascal? Why did not bark?

Androton only gave a slight grunt. Lisa's father said:

— Well... Anyway, I have to go there. And you Lisa, go to bed. Santa sees you in the morning.

— Okay Dad. Good evening. I love you.

- I love you too baby.
- Good evening Ton.

Lisa's mother accompanied her into the house. Lisa's father was taking the car out.

[...]

An alert window flashed on the monitor. A female electronic voice said:

- Attention! Signs of tracking infrastructure yellow detected. Attention! Signs of tracking infrastructure yellow detected ...

The voice kept repeating over and over again. The North American Dr. Jacob Miller, who was with traditional blue jeans and brown T—shirt, approached the computer chair with wheels. He wrote something on the keyboard and said:

- Roger Rose, map traces of yellow and infra—track your location.

The electronic computer female voice replied:

- Pre-determined location. Coordinates: Latitude -28 ° 14 41 "S / Longitude: -52 ° 19 41" W. City: Step Fund. Geographic Location: Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul

- Thank you Rose, may terminate the alert. Send the message and location for the Pentagon. Let's get our dog.

- Yes Dr. Miller, the message being sent.

Dr. Miller gave a slight smile of joy and said:

- Androton.

ANDROTON (Part II)

The murmurs were constant in the meeting room of the Pentagon. The military and senior officials were nervous about the news, did not stop to speak a second on the same subject, the location of Androton. They were trying to find a logical line of reasoning to understand why Androton landed in Brazil. Only one was silent, absorbed in his thoughts. Secretary of Defense Matson. His eyes were static, pointed to the large oval table on which rested in front. Someone knocked on the door and entered saying:

— Good afternoon, gentlemen. Sorry I'm late.

Dr. Miller was a light blue dress shirt and jeans carrying a small paper pulp, which had a border of red and white striped, written confidential. He stopped in front of the table and everyone was silent staring at him. The defense secretary also said static with eyes:

— Let's get unceremoniously Dr. Miller. Start to write the facts, and because the meeting convened.

Dr. Miller put the folder on the table and began his speech:

— Well... As you know, 24 hours ago detected a satellite signal that has caught a trace of yellow in infrastructure location that is described in the report that you received. This trail of yellow infrastructure was often the result of a use of military infiltration phone records stored in our database. That was used just to make a call and send a fax signal is not authorized. In short gentlemen, only one technology in the world has the infra-frequency signal yellow. And this technology belongs to the United States. In other words... We found our most powerful weapons of infiltration in the world. Our dog of 5 billion dollars, Androton.

The defense secretary raised his eyes to Dr. Miller and said:

— So you're saying that we found our dog stolen? And why in Brazil?

Dr. Miller said:

— We do not know how it got there. But there were indications that the Mexicans who did this.

— The Mexicans? — The defense secretary said incredulously. — The Mexicans? Are you saying that the Russians did not even close?

— The Russians did not even know you had this military technology. Only later they learned in the papers. — Said Dr. Miller.

The secretary of defense began to laugh unexpectedly. Everyone looked puzzled by that. General Harrison asked the secretary who was still laughing:

— Sorry sir, but I know the fun of it all?

The Secretary Matson said:

— This was the biggest joke of military history. We were robbed by muchachos. — Secretary in the same second was angry and slapped the table saying aloud: — How did this happen Dr. Miller? We set up with his aid the best place to hold a security level that weapon to prevent the Russians discovered this technology and we are robbed by Mexicans? Can you explain this?

The room was flooded with the absolute silence. They knew that the defense secretary Matson was right. Dr. Miller was speechless, despite knowing the answer. Dr. Miller said:

— Well... We believe it was one of our former security officials who did the robbery. He was descended from Mexicans. He was fired five days before the robbery because he was caught using illegal drugs during his break. Just return the security cards one day before the robbery. He must have copied the cards and access codes to the laboratory. In other words... We think it was some kind of revenge. It had nothing to do with espionage.

— Well... The heights of these does not matter anymore. Do not want to discuss this matter further. — Said the secretary of defense. — Our priority now is to take back our dog. Dr. Miller ... I'm giving you total command over the search operation to our dog. Do whatever you have to do, use what you have to use, but bring your weapon back. And bring as soon as possible. After all there are 5 billion dollars and the most powerful weapon in the world. So... You have 48 hours. We are counting on you.

— Yes sir. — Dr. Miller said.

— This meeting is adjourned. Gentlemen, are exempt. — Ended the secretary of defense.

[...]

Lisa was running back and forth, playing with Androton in his backyard. The two were having so much fun together that Saturday afternoon that there was so tasty. It was 17:35 pm. Lisa's parents, just watched them sitting in a sort of beach chair, playing some small talk. At that moment, Lisa decided to try to train Androton to sit down and do some tricks. Lisa said:

— Ton, now we're going to play tricks. I want you to be a trained dog.

Androton Lisa just looked and listened. Lisa said:

— Ton ... Sit!

Androton instantly obeyed. Lisa's mouth dropped open. Lisa said:

— Ton ... Pretended to be dead!

Androton just needed the cup of the Oscar now. Lisa screamed:

— Mom, Dad! Come see what Ton can do! He understands everything I say.

Lisa's parents left their chairs and went to see what Lisa said. They approached and then Lisa said:

— Look at that nice father. Ton ... Sit!

Ton sat. Lisa had to pretend to be dead, and he pretended. The father and mother Lisa were surprised and delighted at the same time. Lisa's father said:

— This is amazing! Is he trained?

Lisa said:

— I do not think he does not look that has had one owner. Ton me is smart and special.

Androton barked as if confirming something. Lisa said:

— Saw! He understood what I said.

— This is a neat little girl. Well .. So now back to play.

Androton that moment froze in place. The only thing that moved were his ears. As if doing, and were, an analysis of the sounds that were within a distance of 5 km Something was

approaching at a speed of 1000 km per hour. Three seconds after a super—sonic plane passed overhead, almost as a risk in the sky. The noise was frightening. All were frightened. Lisa's father looked at the sky and said:

— Our?! A fighter plane here? In Step Fund?

[...]

The pilot in the fighter spoke on the radio:

— Here are 15 eagle, reading the site running, location coordinates being sent.

There was a response by radio:

— Roger Eagle 15. Data received, return to base.

The pilot answered:

— Roger base.

[...]

— Father I afraid. — Said Lisa scared.

— Do not be dear, it was just a plane that flies faster. — His father said.

— Fast? How?

— It flies very, very fast. Faster than an ordinary plane.

— Really? Wow! Should make it to the grandmother's house in no time.

Lisa's father laughed and said:

— It's a little while.

Androton stood. His radar was detecting two American helicopters approaching the home of Lisa. Androton began to growl. Lisa and her parents looked at him with an air of strangeness. Lisa said:

— What was Ton? Why are you angry?

Lisa and her parents began to hear the distant sound of helicopters approaching. Someone began ringing the bell. The father and mother Lisa went to see who it was. Lisa started looking in the sky from where came those sounds. Lisa's father opened the gate and a man identified himself saying:

— Hi I'm Dr. Miller Department of Defense of the United States of America, I'm here for the sake of our national security issue.

Lisa's father said making a face impressed:

— It's ... To an American, you speak our language well is not it?

— I am acquainted with 32 languages, speaking other languages is a hobby mine.

— And why are you even here?

— You have a government property that was stolen a few weeks. We came here only to seek. Rest assured that the fault is not yours, we know they are innocent of that history.

— And what would be a Doctor?

— The dog that is in your possession, is the technology that was stolen from the Pentagon.

— I know. Have a good afternoon.

Lisa's father was going to close the gate when Dr. Miller said:

— It is the last request that you make expensive Brazilian citizen. If you do not hand me the dog, we take ourselves.

Then the helicopters were already at a distance of 1 km Lisa's father said:

— Friend, go home. You're drunk, will go home.

Androton started barking, helicopters were already on the home of Lisa and Dr. Miller saw Androton. Miller picked up his radio stuck in his belt and told him with his English:

— Delta Force... Can invade.

ANDROTON (Part III)

It took a fraction of a second to travel the airwaves of radio's Dr. Miller to the radio the helicopters with the order given. And even fewer, five seconds for men with black military clothing obey the order given through the ropes and down moves to fulfill its mission. A forced capture Androton, the dog of 5 billion dollars, which would not be so easily led. Knowing this, the men who went by the strings, still high, have started to open fire on their guns firing tranquilizers in view of Androton. With the noise of guns, Lisa got scared and started screaming. And before they reached the tranquilizers of Androton beautiful coat, that was shielded with a kind of ultra-advanced nearly indestructible armor, causing sparks formed only with the impact of tranquilizers. Lisa's parents rushed to her side to protect her and calm her down. Androton all metallic Lisa looked at with a decision to protect his beloved owner. Androton ran toward the wall with an extraordinary speed causing a huge hole in the structure. The men in black clothes were already on the ground. Androton stopped in the street and began to bark at them. Dr. Miller shouted in English:

— Get it now! Use ammunition fire! Go, go!

The men exchanged ammunition and opened fire, however, Dr. Miller knew that even ammunition fire, no use against armor Androton. In this, Androton started running and the soldiers were after him. Miller radioed sent a car to come pick it up. Androton ran a steady speed through the streets he found that the soldiers were able to achieve. The helicopters were already on top of Androton, accompanying him. In the car, Dr. Miller was getting pretty tense about the situation, because the responsibility was weighing on his shoulders unbearably. Behind the car Miller had two more cars as reinforcement. Androton ran analyzing satellite the size of the neighborhood Petrópolis, sought a place to confront their persecutors. Androton found an empty soccer field, changed course immediately went there. The soldiers were already starting to get tired and their ammunition was running out.

Androton finally arrived on the field, he stopped and stood facing the side where they came from their persecutors, who would

be a matter of seconds in front. And that's what happened. The soldiers came to Androton pointing their machine guns and stood still, they were twenty men. The helicopters were already on top of the site along with the arrival of Androton, finally arrived with their cars skidding when braking abruptly. Dr. Miller was the first to descend one of the cars. Now where were all Androton wanted, he looked at the helicopters and barked at a frequency of sound totally different than normal, which generated a pulse frequency electromagnetic radiation, the P.E.M turned off in seconds helicopters, pilots and desperately began to shout:

— We're going down! We're going down!

— Nooo! — Cried frightened Dr. Miller.

One of the soldiers shouted loudly:

— All the ground now!

Everyone jumped to the ground and two helicopters exploding violently fell to the ground. Pieces of the aircraft started flying everywhere, reach home residents and cars. Some of these pieces seriously wounded soldiers. Dr. Miller began looking around and did not find that scenario Androton. Miller stood up and shook with all his strength to the radio in his hand, he threw on the ground breaking into several pieces. Miller shouted at her English:

— Androton, your dog miserable! You do not belong here! Are you listening? That family does not belong!

Dr. Miller began to hear the sound of approaching sirens and helicopters as well. He looked back and saw a fire truck accompanied by several police vehicles of the brigade and civilian cars with the special operations battalion. The three helicopters were arriving at the site of the Brazilian army. Miller said:

— This does not. It needed this now.

Occurred to Miller that the fact that the Brazilian army helicopters have come so far, was the fact Androton have already sent radio signals to the Brazilian military base before he left the home of Lisa. Miller boasted that in a sense, it was his creation. The armed police pointed their guns to Dr. Miller said:

— Hands on your head and lie down now! Come on! Now!

Dr. Miller did. One officer was handcuffing Miller, the other men were arrested who were not injured. Several ambulances arrived on

the scene. Thousands of people started coming to see what happened. With face to the ground and being handcuffed, Dr. Miller felt the urge to violently explode with anger. The police officer the BOE raised the floor and began to lead him into the car. They put him in the car and closed the door. The police entered the car and walked away in towards the police station. Androton just watched the situation with their invisibility. The perimeter was being isolated by the army and police.

In the police interrogation room, Dr. Miller sat waiting for his interrogator. Not long after, a man opened the door silently entering. Miller was deduced that the delegate. The man stopped in front of Miller across the table and asked leaning in the same hands curving:

— Tell me ... At what level is this case?

Dr. Miller said in Portuguese of course, staring at nothing:

— Let's say on a scale out of your pattern.

— So I'm talking to a foreigner, am I right?

— Perfectly.

— Well... Since we are in conversation international levels, this will not last long. For someone else is coming to talk to you.

— Miller, my name is Miller. Doctor Miller.

— For those who work Dr. Miller?

— In this conversation, this is confidential.

— It's what we'll see Dr. Miller. Maybe do not tell me. But I guarantee you'll tell my boss. See you soon.

The chief rose from the table and walked out the door he entered. Two minutes later another man came in a black suit, white shirt and gray tie. He pulled the chair opposite the room and sat looking at Miller. She crossed her legs and said:

— Hello Doctor Miller.

— Who are you?

— I am part of a secret organization in Brazil that will tear the truth of why you're here. And even if they do not open the nozzle, we have 85% of the information of his life and where you work. So... No more reason to hide the truth.

— Brazil has a secret organization? It ... You surprised me. — Dr. Miller looked at the stranger and concluded his speech: — But

still not going to force me to say anything. What's up? Will declare a global war for it?

— No Doctor Miller. If you do not tell us anything, our country will be left with something that rightfully belongs to you. And we consider that he was a diplomatic gift from the United States. What do you think? After all there are 5 billion dollars, right?

Dr. Miller froze inside. Asked in a tone of despair:

— What if I tell you what you want to know?

— So ... We will help you take back what is your doctor. In exchange for the United States many bonuses to our country.

— Okay. What do you know what?

The man in black suit has a slight rough with his face and said:

— Talk about the project Androton.

ANDROTON (Part IV)

Dr. Miller had no choice but to reveal and tell everything he knew about the secret project Androton, in which it was no longer so secret. For, after all, after all the supposed mutt five billion dollars caused secret at that time would not mean anything, it would be useless. So... Why not just say it? It was already clear the same. It was made the mess. Miller handcuffed straightened in his chair and began talking about looking into the void:

— Two years ago, military developed a microchip that could hold a million terabytes of information in data. The smallest and largest HD already built and in storage for military purposes. With just an ultra-revolutionary difference: the ability to learn. What a way, it could make to have their own autonomy and capacity assessments. But ... We had no idea what to do with it initially, I mean, we did not know what kind of equipment appropriate to insert that might have greater utility.

— So... — Said the Brazilian secret agent — this time there was no infiltration of the project yet?

Dr. Miller said:

— No agent who knows what, the project Androton existed, but still did not know what equipment would be more suitable for an infiltration perfect, with no suspicion of the alleged potential enemies. Something that no one ever imagined that a weapon of infiltration. It took months trying to figure out how it could be something like that. And the only thing we thought in the meantime is that there was nothing in our "collection" to have such a military profile. The only way was to create something new, but then the government was not to spend on high budgets for research that would be futile to the act that there could be no immediate need. A way of saying, use what you have and not spend what you do not have. Despite being one of the largest economic superpowers.

— And then? — Asked the undercover agent.

— It was a terrorist act that changed everything. A year after we developed the super chip military, a terrorist cell stopped a car in the garage of the FBI headquarters and detonated near the building by putting down, and I said almost ... It was by chance

that the parked car and exploded at a point not seriously damaged the foundations of the building. He made a mess in the area course with some cars destroyed, but nobody was hurt. The press was not allowed to disclose the subject matter. And that's the course of history changed dramatically. The president was furious and ordered them to call me to go to the White House. With some sarcasm inside, I went there... Euphoric... Jumping for joy inside my mind, but with a countenance as if nothing had happened. Oh yeah... I knew that this was the perfect opportunity. So I tried to take it. And as I predicted, the president gave me carte blanche to spend what I wanted to research the new weapon of infiltration. The president wanted the fastest possible infiltration that this weapon was ready, so it could be used to efficiently fight against terror. Now all that remained was to find out what to apply the chip.

— And how did the idea of using an animal? — Asked again the secret agent.

Miller looked scornfully pursuing his interrogator:

— I'm trying to get there agentin'ho impatient. As I said, all that remained was to find where to apply the chip. Well... After a few days all this happened, I was going to follow my way to my house one day already darkened. I was tired and much to spend on a movie rental store to rent a good science fiction movie. I parked the car near a record I had, and went to take a look. I took a nice walk by the session of science fiction, my favorite area titles. I looked at random without looking for anything specific, so when I saw a classic... **Max: Loyalty Killer**. The story of a dog that was developed to be a perfect hunting machine. It was then that I saw the answer he sought. The technical details of engineering course you should have, so I'll save you time on what you already know. And so... then came Androton Okay, now I've told everything I should not, you will help me to recover that flea—bitten mutt?

The agent carefree straightened in his chair and got his sleeves slowly the stick, as if he had no pressing engagement. The agent said:

— Well Doctor Miller, in view of the deal we made... Yes do not worry, we'll help you recover your dog spy, but I want to do another deal in the same function.

— And what is it?

— If your dog recover, I know, there will be no easy task, the Brazilian government requires that its government forgive our foreign debt. That's it. Think it's possible Dr. Miller?

— If you let me talk to my government, I think so.

— You better make this possible, otherwise we both know that nobody here will put my hand on that animal. I make myself clear Dr. Miller?

— Certainly, yes sir...?

— My name is Fuller... Brazilian secret service agent Michael Fuller at their disposal. But if you want, you can just call me Michael.

— Roger agent Michael. When the operation begins?

The agent smiled at the corner of the mouth to Dr. Miller and told him:

— You can say that the pushcart operation is in progress.

ANDROTON (Part V)

After all that happened of armed men, helicopters flying supersonic plane and everything else, Lisa's back yard was destroyed. A police detective federal and military police brigade talked with Lisa's father to try to understand the whole situation. Lisa's father recounted all that had happened, all he saw only. What by the way, was not much, apart from the fact of the shooting and aircraft. Lisa and her mother were frightened and paralyzed, only to medical care of firefighters. There were cars of two more units and federal police taking over the site. Nothing was making sense to Lisa's father, was no longer the first time that the police were there in his house. And it seems that every time they returned, when they returned, they returned in greater numbers, that only in less than a week. Everyone wanted to understand what was happening there and nobody knew how to give a simple explanation. The federal police detective, asked the father of Lisa:

— So... You said that such a Dr. Miller, as the call themselves, told the gentleman who worked for the Pentagon, right?

Lisa's father said:

— Correct. At the time I thought he was crazy, you know? But after what I saw and witnessed, start to believe him.

— Uh—hum... — Did the detective nasally noting in his notebook. He said: — You said he mentioned that your dog... is...

— Androton.

— It. Androton. He said he mentioned that the equipment was stolen from a level your dog?

— It. But I think that's a tremendous nonsense, you know? As a technology that first line would come up here in Passo Fundo? It makes no sense.

At this point, the military police brigade left to answer the call of someone who was there on site. The detective took the opportunity to say:

— I understand you. Actually, for you, many strange things are happening. If I were in your place I feel the same way. But... I was wondering one thing... You did not notice anything unusual in your dog?

Lisa's father, the detective looked thoughtful and a little surprised. He did not believe the kind of question that has been made. What seemed to the detective still believed that it was all true and not him. Lisa's father laughed corner and answered with another question:

— You do not really believe that, not a detective?

— In my business, we can never rule out any possibility.

Lisa's father gave a slight laugh and said:

— Right. This is already starting to get ridiculous. This can only be a bad joke.

— I never mess around, it sure has.

— Okay, look ... Since it is so ... You know what I saw?

— What did you see?

— I saw an alien sitting on your head and suck out the brain. This is a good clue is not it?

— I ask you, please, to measure his words.

— Oh, to end this topic here... I have not noticed anything, okay? Have a good evening. — And there, Lisa's father retired vigorously.

The detective did not give much importance to the sudden withdrawal of the father of Lisa, but remained in place. Once you have made some small and light dressings, Lisa looked at all sides looking for Androton. He began to walk the yard in order to find him, imagining that by chance he was out there somewhere in the middle of that lot of people. Lisa was confident and sure Androton should be very close, just did not know where. Searched endlessly calling out his name from time to time. Where should he be? And there he was lying on the lawn at a point that huge backyard. It was there like it never moved. Lisa ran to embrace him, hugged him tightly, shake your ass Androton without stopping. Androton knew no one there knew what he had done before, except one person ...Detective Lisa's father had spoken. This approached Lisa and Androton was already on alert, the detective said,

— Hello little girl, how are you?

Lisa replied a little embarrassed:

— I'm fine.

— What do you call this your dog?

Androton began to growl softly and gently.

— Ton.

— Oh! It's called Ton. What a nice name. It's a cute puppy, right?

— It is.

— Can I pet him?

— Can.

The lower yourself to the detective, would put his hand on Androton, but that further increased its growl. Lisa's father came over and warned:

— I thought I ended our subject detective.

The detective stood looking at Lisa's father answered:

— I'm sorry, sir. I was just talking to her daughter.

— Well... I ask, please, to stay away from it.

— Of course, as you want.

The retired detective. Lisa's father bent down and asked her:

— All right, little girl?

— Yes Daddy.

— Good. Stay there with Mom, right? Soon, these people go away, okay?

— Ok Daddy.

— Great. Take Androton with you.

Lisa stood up and began to pull Androton collar by him. Androton walked quietly on the side of Lisa. Everything seemed to be calming down. This site until they reach ten black vans. Everyone looked surprised at the site, minus the federal police detective that he had spoken with Lisa's father. Men in camouflage them down with the doctor and secret agent Michael Miller. Androton again began to growl. The amounts of men who had gone out of the trucks were positioned to Androton pointing machine guns. Dr. Michael Miller and the agent stopped at a distance. The agent Michael said:

— Well Androton. I know very well who knows what I'm saying, so pay attention... You may diplomatically as a good robot and surrender to its rightful owner, or will we take extreme measures and dangerous, with the possibility of harming civilians and his beloved little girl. So ... The question is this: You have two minutes

to calculate and evaluate these possibilities. No more second starting now.

All were silently observing the situation, waiting to see what would happen in two minutes. Androton just looked at Michael, but her circuits were suing trillion calculations per thousandth. Androton had to assess very carefully their decision, because there could be lives at stake.

Two minutes. It was the time that had Androton. Two minutes.

ANDROTON (Final Part)

It's been exactly one minute and no one had yet made a single move. All were paralyzed by the situation intriguing, just waiting for the next event. The agent looked at Michael's eyes with Androton challenge and the agent looked at Michael as if nothing unusual were happening. Lisa's father pulled the same as it was next to Androton to him. Lisa was quiet and scared, just like his mother and father. There now remained less than a minute to decide Androton and every second seemed to be getting faster. Miller looked Androton hoping that he did not do anything foolish, because he knew his time was also running out.

The silence was broken by the voice of agent Michael:

— Time out. And then? What will be your lab mutt?

After untold calculations Androton in mind, this has already decided to take the only action feasible at that time. He walked slowly toward the agent Michael Miller and the armed men. Lisa was going to stop him when her father grabbed saying

— No little girl. We can do nothing. Let him go.

Lisa did not move more, because in a way, until she understood the situation Androton.

Dr. Miller saw Androton approaching, he felt relieved to have been this way. Michael smiled at the corner of his mouth with a sense of control and satisfaction. Miller motioned to one of the men bring the cage. The cage was placed on the floor by one of the soldiers, and after open, Dr. Miller pointed his finger to the entrance of the same Androton. All that area watched the scene with a certain melancholy to see that. Androton entered the cage and it was closed. Two soldiers stood up and led her to one of the nearby vans. Dr. Miller looked at it for a few seconds, Lisa turned to look with pity on the heart. It was up to her and bent down to tell you:

— I'm sorry about all this. Know that I am very grateful to be careful and loved it. But, it owned by my government and have to take him back.

Lisa's father told Dr. Miller in contempt:

— Go away. You have caused too much damage here.

Dr. Miller stood up and told the father of Lisa:

— Do not worry about your property citizen. I give you my word that will be reimbursed for the damage caused.

— I hope so. — Lisa's father said.

Dr. Miller nodded. He turned back to the truck and walked toward them, motioning to end the mission with the hands to the agent Michael. The agent Michael nodded and told the men:

— All right men, pushcart operation completed, let's go!

All these entered the truck and left one by one, leaving behind almost all those who participated in a terrible event.

Lisa collapsed crying and their parents readily embraced it for the comfort of your own sorrow. People here on the site there were noting that there is nothing more needed to be done, were gradually leaving the area. A feeling of emptiness was there. And after Lisa crying, his father decided the last issues with the police had left, freeing them completely.

As he sat next to Dr. Miller in the back seat passenger in the vehicle, the agent said Michael looking at the scenery out the window:

— This was the operation faster and easier than ever commanded. This is good because there was no bloodshed, no waste of ammunition. What I thought considering all the possibilities that we would see some action. But this proves that the machine is smart to make decisions, not Dr. Miller?

Miller also looked at the window as he replied:

— It was designed for this. It is a weapon of espionage, and not an interactive toy.

— Yeah, but ... You should be more careful with your pet doctor.

— Why say that?

— Not for nothing. After all, who am I to give advice to the man who designed the equipment. He knows more than himself, is not it?

— No doubt about it.

— Great. Know that our service is terminated Dr. Miller. Henceforth, the responsibility of this animal is totally

yours. Where only ask you now do its part of the agreement, or we will have many problems.

Miller looked at the agent and said:

— Do not worry. My government has been informed of our agreement, they are underway with the bureaucratic process.

— Well I hope so.

[...]

Landing at the airport in Washington, Dr. Miller gave face with three CIA agents in the lobby. One of them approached and said:

— Dr. Miller, we are here to take you to the Pentagon.

Dr. Miller said:

— You need to take Androton luggage.

— It's been done doctor. Do not worry.

— Well... If so, then we will.

The four went there and followed his route.

At the Pentagon, Dr. Miller walked a few steps on a blue carpet hallway until you reach a certain port. This was a small plaque attached with the name 'Secretary of Defense'. Dr. Miller hit her and then opened, saying the man came in a suit sitting behind the desk:

— Good evening, sir. I wanted to see me?

— Good evening doctor, close the door.

Dr. Miller closed and just stood looking at the secretary.

— Dr. Miller. I hope for the sake of his career as a scientist, that our investment here is in perfect condition.

— Yes sir. As promised, Androton was brought back safely and intact. In fact it caused more damage he was, sir.

— Is it here?

— Yes, sir. It's in the testing laboratory, trapped in a cage.

— I see it now. Think it's possible Dr. Miller?

— Yes, sir, surely.

— Great.

The secretary opened a drawer of his desk, picked up something small and dark colored stuffed in his jacket pocket. Dr.

Miller tried to distinguish what it was, but it was too fast. The secretary stood up and waved his hand to the door, saying:

— Come on.

They walked for several corridors until they came to the laboratory as described by Dr. Miller. They walked into the lab and received greetings from two scientists who were in white coats. The cage Androton was on the lab bench. The defense secretary walked up to her and bowed herself looking at the beautiful Husky that there was breathing with the mouth open tongue exposed. The secretary of defense turned his head to the doctor and told Miller:

— In fact, it is a beautiful animal.

Miller also approached and said looking at the piercing eyes of Androton:

— It's true. Atoa was not the little girl had been charmed by him.

The secretary returned to get erectile posture asking:

— Little girl? It means that the temporary owner was a little girl?

— Yes, sir. He felt sorry to have taken from her arms, you know?

— I understand.

The secretary had been delighted with the animal. He had not seen before and now he was seeing as he really was, he decided to say:

— Dr. Miller, is that I can make a pet him?

— But of course, sir. Androton is a weapon, but is also very docile.

Dr. Miller opened the cage and gave license to the secretary of defense. The Secretary moved closer. Slowly it was getting close to hand. Dropped slightly when the weight of your hand to touch the head Androton, this went through the animal's head, as if the animal was a ghost. The Secretary and Dr. Miller quickly amazed at that. The clerk ran his hand several times trying to believe that false image that it was not happening. Dr. Miller looking at it in horror, said:

— This is impossible!

The clerk shouted angrily to Dr. Miller:

— Dr. Miller! What does that mean?

Dr. Miller responded almost stammered:

— He must be using holographic defense system.

Having said that, Androton completely disappeared from that place. The defense secretary shouted again:

— How do you not realize that Dr. Miller was a hologram? Who designed the equipment you must know that he would try something. How to let it go?

— I did not think he was able to do this. Can only be using the signal from one of our satellites. — Said Miller.

— I knew something would happen, I knew it! Now, how do you think happened to Dr. Miller? — Still screaming defense secretary walking from one side to another.

— I think he must have been invisible to their overlapping holographic image of himself. Should have done that when given two minutes to decide.

The defense secretary suddenly stopped looking at Matson Dr. Miller with fury. The Secretary said:

— What do you decide? You gave him time to decide the situation? You have taken control of the situation to him?

— In fact, the Brazilians were, sir.

— Of course, it could only be. So do not develop because they do not assess the situation.

[...]

Meanwhile, Lisa's mother and father put the bags in the car. With the garage door wide open to the backyard destroyed, Lisa sitting on the floor with the knees almost touching his chin, watching the night come slowly. Lisa thought constantly of Androton, could not forget his sad departure. Almost quietly, she said in her sweet voice and sweet:

— Ton.

At the same moment Androton out of their invisibility and came right in front of Lisa. Lisa smiled and shouted:

— Ton! You is not gone! — Hugging him.

Lisa's parents looked back at the same time. Do not believe what they saw. Lisa came over and looked at them saying:

— Ton did not leave.

Lisa's parents are among looked for several seconds. Lisa's father returned to look at it and said it away trying the animal:

— No, dear, leave it. It's dangerous.

Lisa hugged stronger Androton denying coat. Lisa did not want to lose it at all. Androton just shook his tail and breathing with his mouth open and tongue exposed. Lisa's father let go. Lisa said:

— No! Ton is mine. Ton is mine.

Lisa's parents looked at each other again between. Lisa loved her dog and did not want to ever give it up.

[...]

The defense secretary walking from one side to the other, still was screaming:

— One of flea—bitten mongrel bastard! Cost the government five billion U.S. dollars, and for what? For a child who is not even out of diapers! Not to mention that forgive a debt of immense value in Brazil!

Dr. Miller did not know what to say at that time the Secretary of hysteria. Just shut up and listened with her head down knowing that his career as a scientist had gone down the drain. In his position he did not know what to do. Was ruined. The Secretary Matson stopped and said:

— I have no other choice. I have to do.

Dr. Miller looked at the secretary asked with concern:

— Do what you?

— Destroy it! — Replied the secretary with a scream.

— How well destroy it? There is no way to do this.

— Let's see if!

The clerk pulled from his coat pocket as the dark object that was saved before and showed Miller. Miller saw that it was a small remote control with only three buttons. Dr. Miller said:

— How did you get that? Who developed it?

— It does not matter. Now it's late doctor.

— But what about the micro hard drive?

— We've built several replicas.

— It will even destroy five billion dollars.

— Unfortunately, yes. We cannot let an object of high value in the hands of any one. And do not worry, our country will recover that amount in a short time.

The secretary looked at that control in your hand and then pressed a particular button.

[...]

In the arms of Lisa, went out and fell Androton softened. Androton not breathing. Lisa looked Androton and began to rattle him. Lisa said:

— Ton...? Ton...? Ton wakes. Ton Stop it, not funny.

At the moment Lisa's parents noticed and grieved, to the scene. Lisa continued to shake Androton. Lisa's parents crouched beside her. Lisa's father took her arm and said:

— I'm sorry little girl. Ton's gone.

Lisa began to cry with the Husky lifeless in her lap. Her parents hugged trying to console her.

[...]

— Ready. Now we go to my room to talk about his resignation doctor. — Said the defense secretary leaving the laboratory.

Dr. Miller looked at the emptiness in his heart with sadness, because it felt just as Lisa was feeling at that moment. Lisa went through his mind at that moment, the scene of Androton see her

dead in her arms. Dr. Miller thought the closest to what might have been sad and dramatic scene. *"Poor little girl,"* he told himself.

And so... With slow steps toward the left the laboratory room of the secretary of defense.



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