

Missing Wit

A genie roams inside maths

Poking all nearby

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PART 1

1: Interview Begins

Eric was walking along the street. He loved walking in this weather. It was June and it was around 25°C. There wasn't much wind blowing. In short, it was ideal for walking. For Eric, the street he was on was the most beautiful of the city. The houses here had won the war against the time of by beating the centennial. The Svratka River was also visible from here. Eric used to walk from here often, and he never omitted to look at the old houses here when he was there. Even if he wanted to buy a house here, he couldn't afford it.

Eric turned left. A dead end he had entered. The houses in this community were also similar to the street ones Eric admired before. However, there was a house here that hindered his admiration. Although all other houses are made of red brick, this house was white-stained cement. It gave a modern look from the outside; its walls were white, covered with semi-translucent glass, but these did not show inside. The white house was built on a platform that stood higher than the others, and on this platform was a garden in front of the house. Eric, wasn't the type that would go into this house while there were others, but he had to, just for business. As he approached the house, he realized that house was surrounded by cameras. Eric stopped in front of the house, lit a cigarette. He should have quit smoking; as the doctor advised, but Eric was still smoking regardless, coughing meanwhile. After lighting his cigarette, he took the tablet computer he had hidden in his plateau out and began to review the questions he would ask. A few questions that come to mind was added to the list saved on the tablet. Then, he put the cigarette he was smoking out halfway through. Now it's time to get into the house, even if he wasn't willing to.

Eric's looked at the stairs of the house and glanced at it. After taking a deep breath, he cleared his throat and started climbing the stairs. He stood near the white, steel door at the end of the stairs, and rang the bell the right of the door. He was listening inside. Inside the house was quiet; like nobody was at home. Eric turned his back on the door. Just as he was about to light another cigarette, he heard the door had been opened.

It was a slender woman who opened the door; a woman in her forties, long hair, merciful face. Eric liked her very much, especially her sweet face.

"Ahoj," greeted the woman Eric. The woman was clinging to her door, hiding her body behind the door, with only her face visible from the other end.

"Prosím Vstupte," the woman said. Eric entered the house, after greeting the woman with his head.

Eric came to the living room of the house, passing through a wide corridor. There was no one in the room. Though, Eric was expecting to find the person who he would make the interview. He was an impatient journalist, immediately asking questions and making news. The woman who opened the door closed the door first, then coming near Eric, gestured Eric to sit next in the armchair she had shown him. Then, without saying a word, she headed towards the kitchen.

Eric began to examine the living room on the seat pointed to him. The armchair he was sitting on was dark gray and very comfortable. On his right, he saw a glass pane he had seen earlier from outside. Looking at the glass, he realized the glass showed outside. Then, he looked at the ground. The floors were covered with black and white colored marbles. Opposite him was a large screen embedded to the wall. This screen was probably a television. On the right, on the wall was a painting that covered the entire wall. This painting was a portrait; a portrait of a short-haired person with round-framed glasses. Eric speculated some ideas about who this man was. Was he a relative

of the man who he would interview? Or a man he was inspired from Meanwhile, Eric was still looking at the portrait.

"Gödel," said a voice from behind. As Eric continued to sit on the armchair, he turned around and encountered an old man. The man continued:

"I don't know if what he did contributed to the math, but if you ask me, he made it a lot more enjoyable."

"Why do you have a portrait in your living room?" asked Eric.

"He is from here," the man replied. "I mean, when it was Brunn. I also think that the fact that it makes math so much enjoyable is a good enough reason to have it in my living room. What would you say to that?"

"I understand," Eric replied, although he didn't. He did never go well with math. He waited for the man to continue his speech, but the man did not speak.

"Is that all?" asked Eric.

The man nodded his head yes.

"It's like you're going to say something else. (pausing) It feels like you haven't expressed it properly."

"Yes," the man said, nodding his head in agreement. "Perhaps it will never be complete," he added, pointing again at the man in the portrait.

"So be it." Eric squinted his left eye a little and hesitated for a while. Then, "Your best friend's son killed his sister and committed suicide yesterday. These two people were the heads of Europe's largest robotics company. Now, can you tell me what "exactly" is?" asked Eric the journalist.

The man came to Eric. After tapping the journalist's shoulder, he said, "Not his sister. Please, remember. He won the court."

Eric was getting even more impatient. The man was constantly changing the subject. "Well, tell the story as much as you can, please, Mr...." Eric said after clenching his fist, with his hand hidden behind the seat.

"Call me Paul, please. When was the last time we met, sir?" said the man.

"On the case. Five days ago," Eric replied.

"And how much of the story do you know?" said the man. Then he sat down in a chair in front of the window, to Erik's right.

"Can we start over?" asked Eric. Getting answers to his questions calmed the curious journalist.

"Alright. Let's start by getting to know the characters of the story, shall we?"

2:Schütz

Kurt and Lina Schütz were two siblings, two partners in the R.M.I.E company that their parents founded. This company controls more than eighty percent of the robotics industry in Europe.

"Shouldn't be that hard with that name," said Eric, mockingly.

"The only way," Paul said. He couldn't help laughing when he answered. "Two siblings wanted to push the company further from just producing robotic arms and bring them to a very different point."

"They were mentioning a project recently, right?"

"Yes, they were. They wanted to develop robots with artificial intelligence that could recognize and improve their own mistakes. Especially Kurt."

"Do you think they succeeded?"

Again, Paul pointed to the portrait on the right. It wasn't even five minutes before we started the interview, Eric realized he was going to have one of the hardest weeks of his life. Paul continued, "Now listen carefully, please!"

Kurt and Lina's house was similar to Paul's. Its walls were also white and had translucent windows that didn't show inside. However, it had a larger garden and was not built on a high platform. Their house had two floors. Although the ground floor was a single room, the staircase leading to the upper floor divided this floor into two. The entrance door of the apartment led to the living room on the left of the stairs. To the right of the stairs was the kitchen. The wall of the living room was white. The floor was made out of white marble. On the side towards the kitchen, the white wall was getting a little darker color and the marbles were gray, and on the right, back corner of the kitchen stood a wooden door leading to the toilet. Under the remaining part of the staircase from the hall was a wooden door. This staircase led down to the basement, and Kurt was using the basement as his workshop.

The inner side of the upper floor wall of the house was made of wood. Upstairs were the rooms of Kurt, Lina, and Lina's children (Sophie and Marcus). Across the stairs was the bathroom and toilet. All the corridors of this floor were covered with a dark gray carpet, so the parquets on the floor were not visible.

Kurt woke up to an ordinary day that day. His room was in the back right corner, behind the stairs. He only had a computer, a bed, and a closet in his room because Kurt didn't like to have too much stuff in his room. As soon as he woke up, he got out of bed. Then he looked out the window of his room for a while. There was not much movement in the street visible from his window. Kurt got changed. Then, he left his room and knocked on the door of the room in front of the staircase to his right. There was no response from inside. After a few seconds, Kurt knocked on the door of the room again.

"Lina! Are you inside?" said Kurt.

"In the kitchen!" from downstairs came a voice. It was Lina who called. Hearing Lina's voice, Kurt walked towards the stairs to go downstairs. At this moment, the children popped out of their rooms. Little sister Sophie was running downstairs as she cried out in joy. Kurt had managed to catch Sophie as she ran.

"Didn't we say no running?" said Kurt with a smile, taking five-year-old Sophie in his arms.

"Uncle Kurt!" said sweet little Sophie, "Aren't I your favorite niece?"

Kurt laughed. "I'm not discriminating my nephews, I love you both," he replied.

Sophie put her arms around Kurt's neck, "But you love me more," she whispered in Kurt's ear.

"Yes, you are. But don't tell Marcus, okay?" Kurt whispered in Sophie's ear.

Sophie nodded yes to answer, then rested her head on Kurt's shoulder. The two of them went downstairs together.

When they went downstairs, Kurt saw that breakfast was ready. Kurt put Sophie down, but this time Sophie hugged Lina's leg. Realizing this, Lina sat Sophie down at the breakfast table opposite Marcus. "Leave people alone, princess. Now, eat your breakfast."

"Okay," said Sophie with a cute smile and started to have her breakfast.

Marcus, on the other hand, didn't talk much. He was having his breakfast calmly.

"Is there anything important today?" Lina asked Kurt.

"Not much. Stay home if you want, I'll take care of the company," Kurt replied.

After slowly shrugging, Lina said, "I don't want to stay at home. I'll stop by after I drop the kids off at school."

"Let's go together," said Kurt. Hearing this, Sophie was very over the moon.

Lina got up from the table, got down on her knees next to Sophie, and "Do you like it, missy?" she asked. Lina was even friendlier than Sophie. She was never sarcastic and she wouldn't try to offend anyone.

"Yes!" ' Sophie replied, holding out the extending the 'E'. Having finished their breakfast, the four of them walked towards the door to exit the house.

"Hold on a minute. I thought that Lina and Kurt don't agree with each other," said Eric, interrupting Paul's story.

"No, in the exact opposite," said Paul. "Only on one thing they don't."

"Which one?" asked Eric.

Paul, remaining silent for a while, began telling another story.

Kurt and Lina were walking in the garden towards the car. The children were running in front of Kurt and Lina.

"To the car, children!" yelled Lina.

Kurt leaned into Lina's ear and, "He called you yesterday. Are you still meeting with each other?" she whispered.

"Will you stop talking about it?" said Lina loudly.

"No," Kurt shouted. Her voice was higher than Lina's.

As soon as Kurt shouted, the camera in the house focused on Kurt. They both looked at each other for a while. Kurt was a little nervous, but Lina had calmed down for long ago. Noticing the focus of the camera, the siblings stopped speaking.

"Cameras are their parent's project, right?" asked Eric.

"Yes," Paul replied. "In a emotional-heavy event, cameras focuses at the children. But they don't maintain it anymore."

"Why?"

"It's always late. Records wrong moments. So, you have to rely on your memory again. Anyway, back to why they don't agree..."

Lina was in her company's own room. She is talking on the phone with the earpiece in her ear and the watch on her wrist.

"David, why do you insist so much?" she asked.

"I just want to see our children," replied David.

"You know Kurt, David. You can't come home," said Lina. David was talking all the time. Lina muted the phone and took a deep breath. She was trying to keep her calm. After listening to David on the phone for a while, Lina said to David on the phone, "Okay, I'll see what I can do," and hung up.

"You see, sir, that's the only thing Kurt and Lina disagree on. Sanders," Paul said.

"American investor David Sanders. Isn't he the one who financed the Personality Project?" asked Eric. At the same time, he was taking notes of what Paul had said earlier.

"It's not just the Personality Project. He owned a twenty-five percent stake in R.M.I.E Inc. Personality project started later. But after the project began, Kurt and Lina downsized David's shares in a series of capital raises, using my wealth as well as their own accumulated and family assets. Then, they were kicked out of the board."

Eric couldn't help but laugh.

"Do you think this is funny?" he asked. Eric was still laughing. After a while, Paul also burst into laughter, "Yeah, it's really funny. Not always the investors would do this," he said sarcastically. He got up from his seat and walked over to Eric. Then, "Would you like something to drink?" he asked.

Eric nodded in agreement. Together they headed to the kitchen.

Paul's kitchen was more authentic. The benches were wooden, painted white. There were no metal items apart from the fridge, dishwasher and knives hanging on one of the counters. Comparing the modern look of the house with the kitchen, Eric could not make any sense of this appearance of the kitchen.

As soon as Paul entered the kitchen, he headed for the refrigerator and opened the lid and took out a bottle with a red liquid inside. He placed the bottle on the wooden table in the middle of the kitchen and said, "Sit down, please," to the journalist.

Eric did what Paul told him and sat down on one side of the wooden table in the middle. Meanwhile, Paul took two glasses from the cupboard mounted above the refrigerator and brought them

to the table in the middle. He uncorked the bottle and filled the glasses, and then filled the two he had brought. He handed one of the glasses to Eric:

"It's made by us. Would you like to try?" he asked.

Eric didn't answer, just took the glass slowly from Paul's hand. He did not like alcohol at all, he liked more sugary drinks. But not to offend Paul, he took a sip, then smiled at Paul as if he was pleased. "Well, can we get back to the original story now?" he asked Paul.

Paul took a sip of his drink. Then, "Are you talking about the last two months?" he asked.

Yes, he nodded. She thought now that she would talk to Paul about the events that brought him here. "Let's start with the Personality Project," said the curious journalist, unlocking the tablet he had brought with him.

After taking another sip, Paul said, "The Personality Project is a project made for the production of artificial intelligence modules that can develop thoughts about robots themselves. In other words, it is not just about increasing productivity."

"So robots questioning their own existence," Eric interrupted Paul.

"Partially. That's where the name comes from. They develop themselves and form a 'personality'. In an interview two months ago, which you know better than I do,"(Eric nodded again to Paul) "They said they were getting very close. But that wasn't quite right."

"So it was a lie? Just to attract investors?" Eric asked, curiously. He thought that even though Kurt and Lina owned a company (which was monopoly), they were not that kind of people who could lie. So he was quite surprised by what Paul had said.

"No, no," said Paul (who shook his head furiously as he said it) "When they were giving this interview, they had very naively stated their purpose. Kurt later learned that the project would not be what he wanted."

"So what does this interview have to do with the topic?" asked Eric. "We're getting off topic again," he added.

"Quite related."

3: An Ordinary Day

Kurt and Lina woke up to a new day. Today, Kurt woke up earlier, washed his face and went downstairs. The maid robot had prepared the breakfast. Kurt called out to Lina from downstairs and started his breakfast alone. A few minutes later, he saw Sophie come down the stairs in a flowery dress with a teddy bear in her hand.

Sophie ran to Uncle Kurt and sat herself on Kurt's lap. Sophie looked into Kurt's face and smiled. The little sweet girl had not lost any of her energy, as always. After pulling his plate next to Kurt, "Today I will draw a picture of our family. You, me, mom, Marcus and dad," she said.

Although Kurt hated David Sanders, he knew he shouldn't upset Sophie. Therefore, he did not respond verbally. But instead, he patted Sophie's head. But inside he was angry. Despite this, he managed not to show it to Sophie. But there was someone at the table who understood his anger.

"Would you leave Uncle Kurt alone, princess?" said Lina.

Sophie turned around and looked at Kurt, asking "Are you disturbed ?".

"No," Kurt said, laughing. It was impossible to give a negative answer to this little one anyway.

Sophie to Lina, "Look! I'm not disturbing anyone," she said, then turned around and continued his breakfast, shaking his legs. Marcus, on the other hand, was aware of all. He knew Kurt and David didn't get along, he was old enough to understand that. After a wink at his uncle Kurt, he continued to eat.

The residents of the house finished their breakfast. The children went upstairs to get ready for school. So Kurt and Lina remained in the kitchen. Kurt reminded Lina of today's interview. Lina had forgotten about the interview. His recent company affairs had already filled his mind. Together (including on the robot) they removed the breakfast.

"If we're going to do an interview, I'll go and do some makeup," Lina said.

"Women," Kurt muttered quietly as Lina climbed the stairs, but Lina had heard him.

"Shut up! Women wear make-up because of men," Lina scolded Kurt.

The Kurt stood up, "Absolutely," he said (raising his finger) "I agree. But I have a question, ma'am. (after a pause) Are you thinking of getting married again?"

Lina threw something she found in the stairwell towards Kurt's feet, but it wasn't meant to hit Kurt. For this reason, the object she threw did not touch Kurt at all, rather hit something next to him. After they both laughed, Lina went upstairs, while Kurt turned to the cameras recording the events and bowed.

Lina, Kurt and the kids left the house and got into the car. The car was a four-seated, with two compartments, front and rear. Kurt and Marcus to the front; Lina and Sophie rode in the back. They were going to drop Marcus at school first, and then Sophie at kindergarten. Then Kurt and Lina would move on to the company. On the way to Marcus' school, they had departed.

In the back, Lina and Sophie were laughing. But the front was quiet. After a while Kurt broke the silence.

"Have something you want to say?" Kurt asked Marcus.

"Hmm..." Marcus paused, then said, "Nope."

"How's the school? If you need help with math and physics..."

"No," Marcus interrupted. It was a bit of a rude gesture. "Uncle Kurt! I understand that you've always wanted to help me since my mom got divorced. But that is not necessary. Better take care of Sophie than mine, you know, she loves you very much."

"Alright. I just..."

"Really," Marcus said, interrupting Kurt again. "I don't need a father either. I am not trying to cause any trouble, just because my father isn't here." Marcus paused and took a deep breath, then, "There's just no need, Uncle Kurt. Also, no one in our family has a problem with math. I'll call you first anyway, since my father's math is too bad compared with yours," said Marcus, and raised his hand into a fist.

"OK. So be it," said Kurt. Then they fist bumped. Around ten to fifteen seconds later, the car stopped. It had come to Marcus' school. Kurt, Lina and Marcus got out of the vehicle. Marcus walked towards the school while Lina watched. Kurt, just as he was about to get into the car, realized that Marcus met a girl. Kurt, who had been watching Marcus for a while, then got into the car when Sophie called.

Kurt was watching Lina and Sophie through the retractable window separating the front and rear compartments. Sophie laughed at Lina's funny moves. After a while, Sophie noticed Kurt:

"My mom is so funny, isn't she?" she asked.

"Looks like so," Kurt said. She was looking at Sophie, with his hands on his cheeks. Sophie moved a little closer to Kurt.

"Do you want me to draw you glasses?" she asked Kurt.

"I don't understand."

"I told you I was going to draw our family today! Shall I draw a pair of glasses while I draw you?"

"Why?" Kurt asked. Sophie's unreasonable request made no sense to him.

"I think glasses would suit you. Glasses with a round frame, slightly smaller than usual."

"Alright. Draw it as you wish," said Kurt.

Meanwhile, the vehicle stopped. Sophie ran down the stairs. Lina and Kurt got out of the vehicle after Sophie. Sophie stopped, turned around and, "See you!" she shouted, waving at Lina. Lina responded by blowing a kiss towards Sophie. Kurt just waved. Sophie turned back to the kindergarten after these responses and kept running. "Don't run, you'll fall!" Lina she shouted after her, but Sophie didn't hear it.

"These kids are getting me older," Lina lamented.

"Stop exaggerating. The kids are fine," Kurt said. Then, he gestured for Lina to get in the car. They were both in the front. They set off to go to their company.

Their business was in a building as big as the library, one street back from the Moravian Library. This was the company's headquarters. Their offices were on the top floor of this building. Kurt requested that the building be built near the library on purpose. Because he didn't like the noise very

much. Therefore, when there was some noise in the company building, he would run away from his office and work in the library.

The vehicle entered the parking lot under the company building. It then parked itself in its designated spot. Lina and Kurt got out of the vehicle. Lina immediately headed for the elevator; Kurt first fixed himself, then followed Lina. As Kurt got on, Lina pressed the button for the top floor and they waited together.

Lina and Kurt had come to the top floor. On this floor there were only the offices of some senior managers and engineers. In the middle of the floor was a room with only a large white table. The room around the desk was filled with personal offices. One of these offices belonged to Kurt and the other to Lina.

As soon as Lina and Kurt entered the floor, she noticed a man sitting at the large table. Other managers were in their own offices.

"This must be the reporter to do the interview," Lina said.

Kurt chose to remain silent. He walked up to the reporter and shook his hand. Then the three of them walked together to Kurt's office.

They had a little chat with the journalist. Then the journalist started the interview with his first question:

"Mr. Schütz, can you tell us about the Personality Project that has been talked about a lot lately?"

Kurt, who is willing to talk, "This project is about robots with artificial intelligence. The aim of the project is to make these robots not only do the job they are told, but also generate ideas about themselves," he replied.

"Well," said the journalist, "why would you want to do something like that?"

"Because we're against slavery," Kurt replied, leaning back in his chair.

The journalist was taken aback by this answer, "I don't understand," he said with a little grimace.

"Do you know where the word robot comes from?"

"I think you forgot that Karel Čapek is Czech."

"No," Lina interrupted. But Kurt continued: "Let me explain this way: We think robots can do things better than anyone else wants to do. After we've done these things - I repeat, after we've done these things - we want to build machines that can generate ideas about themselves in their spare time. "

"So that's why the motto 'Get off the chains', correct?"

"Yes," said Lina. "Imagine, sir. A robot that can break free of its chains – that is, think outside its assigned task. The only thing that will free them from these chains is to make them think about themselves; just like us. That's why we named it the 'Personality Project'."

"Interesting," the journalist replied. "So when will we see these 'unchained robots'?"

Kurt got up from his seat. Just as he was about to speak, Lina broke in:

"Soon," he replied.

“So whose idea was it?” asked the journalist. Despite asking the question, he didn't seem to care about their answer.

“The two of us,” they both said. Then they turned and looked at each other. Then, Lina added, “But Kurt is more interested in this project than I am.”

Paul took another sip from his glass. He wasn't the type to talk that long, but Eric wanted every detail. That's why he tried to explain every detail.

"How do you know these?" asked Eric. She was staring at Paul, her eyes slightly squinting.

“They are all their own memories,” he replied. Then he took the last sip from the glass and filled a new one. “Would you like another glass?” asked.

“Thanks,” Eric declined calmly.

"It's pretty obvious you're lying, sir," Paul laughed. He showed Eric the water bottle behind him.

“And then?” Eric asked as he reached for his water bottle.

“Things were going so well. Later...”

"Then, what?" Eric asked, hastily.

“David Sanders...”

4: Fight

After finishing the interview, the journalist thanked Kurt and Lina and left the office. However, it was raining outside. It was because of the rain the journalist did not come out of the building. He took the elevator to the ground floor, then walked in front of the building. He found a place to protect himself from the rain near the front of the building and lit a cigarette. He was obviously thoughtful as he smoked his cigarette. As if he was trying to reconstruct what was told to him above in his head. He was moving his head slowly from side to side, doing some calculations in his head. He paused for a moment and looked at one of the windows of the building opposite. He dropped his half-burned cigarette on the ground and stepped on it. Then he just looked at the raindrops.

Kurt was in his office looking at the rain. He had a cup of coffee in his hand. Lina stepped into the office:

"We need to get the kids," she said.

"Kids?" Kurt replied.

"Need to get Sophie. Marcus will come himself," said Lina. There was a sign of concern in her voice.

Kurt scratched his chin. According to him, there was nothing that needed to be done for Marcus. At his age these movements were normal; Marcus wanted to find his own personality now. Kurt turned his face towards Lina and, "Let's go then. You know our princess doesn't like to wait much," she said.

Lina smiled. Then she took Kurt's arm. The two of them got on the elevator on the floor together. They went down to the lowest floor – the floor where the parking lot is located.

The parking lot was almost empty, there weren't many cars. There weren't many cars at this hours usually. They got into the car together; they were both seated in the front compartment.

"You talked to Marcus this morning, didn't you?" she asked. He looked into Kurt's eyes. It was a mother who asked this question, not Kurt's sister.

"Yes. I think it's normal at this age," Kurt replied calmly.

"Do you know anything else? I mean... about Marcus," said Lina hurriedly.

Kurt remained silent for a while. "I don't think so," he said, then squinting his left eye slightly. "I think he is on a search for himself. That's why we have to leave it alone and follow it."

Lina couldn't stay in her seat. She sighed deeply as the vehicle started to move, then said, "I'm worried Kurt," and rubbed his forehead in circles with his hand. "I don't remember him like that at all. It's like I can't reach him at all."

"Calm down, you're exaggerating. I'm not saying let him do whatever he does, but it wouldn't be right to direct either." Throughout the rest of the journey, Kurt tried to calm Lina down.

...

The vehicle arrived in front of Sophie's kindergarten. The intensity of the rain had ceased. When Sophie saw the car, she ran to the car and got into the back of the car. She shook her head quickly to

dry her shoulder-length hair as soon as she entered. Then she looked at her mother with her wet hair and wide-open eyes.

"Hello," Sophie said and waved.

The vehicle started moving. Kurt turned to look at Sophie. Noticing Kurt's gaze, Sophie started laughing and covered her mouth with her hand. Then he turned to face his mother.

"How was your day?" Kurt asked.

Without moving her head, Sophie turned her eyes to Kurt. Then he took a paper from his backpack and showed it to Kurt. He painted as promised. It was one of the children's drawings of five people holding hands. Sophie pictured her mother in the middle of the sheet, Kurt guessed that the person to Lina's right was herself. Because that was the only man with glasses. The little girl on Lina's left should be Sophie. To his right were David and Marcus, respectively. Kurt noticed that he was looking to the right in the picture.

"Why am I looking to the right?" asked.

"Because there's something about robots in there," Sophie replied.

"Hmmm," Kurt simply replied. Lina covered her mouth to hide her laughter. Then he handed the picture to Lina. Lina studied the picture for a while, then began to laugh.

"Do I look like this?" she asked Sophie.

Sophie shrugged and said, "It's just a picture." Then, Kurt turned back to Sophie. Sophie winked at him. Lina handed the painting back to Sophie. They didn't talk much for the rest of the trip.

"There's nothing wrong with what you've told so far," Eric said. It was clear from his tone that he was reproaching Paul. I wonder if Paul was getting off-topic again?

"You interrupted it just in time," Paul said. They came out of the kitchen. They went back to the living room. Eric met the housemaid in the hallway, but the maid went into a back room without speaking.

"Can I ask something off-topic?" Eric asked as the two of them entered the room.

"An unexpected move from you," Paul gave a wise gesture. He pointed to one of the armchairs in the living room. They both took their seats. This time their seat was the opposite of last time; It was Eric sitting in the chair by the window. Paul "What is your off-topic question?" Paul continued.

"Why do you have a maid?"

"Because I can't keep up with everything," Paul replied.

"I didn't ask that," Eric said. "Why 'human' servant?"

"Oh,that!" said Paul. At the same time, he nodded in agreement. Then he brought his hand to his chin. "It really has nothing to do with the topic," he said, leaning back. "I have nothing to talk with robots. What am I going to talk about, the Five Principles?"

"You were there when the Five Principles were programmed, weren't you?" asked Eric. Then, he paused for a moment. He realized what he was asking. "Am I starting to look like you?" he asked, but his goal was not to get answers, rather to criticize himself.

"Should I answer or get back on topic?" said Paul.

"Back to the topic, please. I'm not too concerned with what principles robots use to make decisions."

Kurt and Lina had arrived at their house. But outside the door, they noticed that Marcus was talking to someone. As the car got a little closer, Lina realized it was David. Knowing Kurt's state, Lina turned to Kurt and:

"Please, calm down! I take care of everything," she said. Sophie was looking at Kurt curiously. Kurt had managed to keep himself calm until now. Probably, because of Sophie being in the car. The car stopped in front of the garden gate. The passengers got out of the car. Sophie grabbed Kurt's hand and held it. First Lina, then Kurt and Sophie holding hands, stepped into the garden. Upon entering, Sophie let go of Kurt's hand and ran to her father. David took his daughter Sophie in his arms and hugged her.

Paul reached for the glass on the right from his seat. There was water in it. At this time, he had begun to cough. After taking a few sips, he leaned back in the chair and just stood there without saying anything.

"Well?" asked Eric. "What happened then?"

"I don't know," Paul replied, pursing his lips. "Kurt didn't tell."

"So we don't know what's next,"

Again, Paul pointed to the painting on the right, then, "But since he didn't tell, it was a pretty nasty fight," he said.

"Yes," said Eric, looking at the ground. "It became so much funnier," he mocked.

Paul just smiled at that answer. He enjoyed talking to Eric. Because for him, chatting with smart people was the best activity to do. But Paul wasn't the type of person who liked to put the story straight into words. For him, a good conversation should be like a game of chess. Speakers had to anticipate each other's movements; they should not have said openly what they wanted directly. In Paul's opinion, Eric hadn't played this game very well until now. But Paul was hopeful, according to him, Eric was just on the 'get used to the rules' part.

5:Discontent

Lina was laying Sophie on her bed in Sophie's room. It was ten o'clock in the evening; so Sophie needed to sleep now. But Sophie wasn't keen on sleeping.

"Do I have to sleep early today?" asked little Sophie. "It's the weekend tomorrow."

"No, (his tone was soft though his answer was harsh) "it's time to go to bed." replied Lina.

Sophie pulled the quilt up to half her face, then glanced at Lina. Lina kissed Sophie on the forehead too, then turned off the lights and left the room. Sophie's room, like the other rooms, was upstairs on the left rear. As Lina went into her own room, she looked downstairs and saw Kurt there. He was sitting downstairs in the kitchen. There was only the robot with him. Lina wondered what had happened downstairs.

Kurt was drinking water in the kitchen. "Hit my head so I can forget what happened today," he said.

"I'm sorry, sir. What you have demanded is against the First Principle," the robot replied.

"Yes. Yes," said Kurt sarcastically. "Such important principles they are, aren't they?"

The robot did not answer. He bent his neck a little and continued to stare at Kurt. After a while, "Would you like another glass?" it asked. Kurt sighed heavily when the robot asked the question.

Then the robot headed for the stairs. Watching the events, Lina also walked towards the robot. The two met in front of the stairs.

"You need to talk to Mr. Schütz, Mrs. Schütz," said the robot.

"I don't want to with anyone," Kurt yelled from the lower back. He threw the glass in his hand into the glass opposite the kitchen table. Nothing happened to the kitchen glass, but the glass in his hand broke and shattered, and the pieces were scattered in the kitchen.

"Sorry I can't do that," the robot refused Kurt's request. Lina asked the robot to remove the broken glass glasses. Then he went to Kurt. Kurt was leaning his head on the table.

"Your principle up your..." muttered Kurt. Understanding Kurt's anger, Lina tried to support Kurt by holding his hand, but she couldn't.

"What problem do David Sanders and Kurt have?" asked Eric.

"David Sanders was the first major investor since the founding of R.M.I.E. Things were fine at first. R.M.I.E had a monopoly in five to 10 years. You know the rest," Paul replied. He was leaning against the chair.

"Profit surpassed dreams."

" Exactly. Meanwhile, Lina and David were married. Then they had two children. But the deterioration of business relations was followed by the deterioration of relations at home."

"The process leading up to divorce..."

"Yes. David and Lina's relationship also deteriorated. They divorced quickly, and the custody remained in the mother."

"So, What is the problem? I mean, because of work or because of home?"

“Personality Project is the problem. There have been disagreements since the Personality Project started. An investor like Sanders is not a man who would spend billions of euros so that vacuum cleaners go philosophical. Kurt, on the other hand, is a completely opposite personality; According to him, everything is permissible to reach the goal.”

Eric was rubbing his chin. He took note of what Paul had said. “I got it,” he simply said after he had finished taking his notes.

The duo, who had spoken until late, had not noticed that it was getting dark. This pause made Paul realize that it was getting dark. Looking out the window behind Eric, “Can we continue the rest tomorrow?” Paul asked.

“Sure,” said Eric. “I want these interviews to be published in a series. So the first interview will be about their daily life.”

“Good,” Paul replies, getting up from the couch. “It was good that we finished. I was sleepy”. After shaking Eric's hand, Paul headed towards the back room.

“Can we talk about the part until the accident tomorrow?” Eric asked Paul with his back to him.

Paul responded by raising his hand. According to Eric, this was a positive response. Packing his things, Eric noticed someone coming to his right. She was the maid of the house. She accompanied him outside the house.

Eric went out of the house and stood for a while in front of the door of the house. Before leaving this street, he wanted to take one last look at the houses on the street.

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Eric came to his own apartment. His apartment was quite a small one. There was a bathroom on the right, very close to the entrance of the door. To his left was a small hall. Inside the door behind the bathroom was the bedroom with a small desk, a bed, and a closet. Eric immediately went into the bedroom and threw himself on the bed. He had to understand the facts himself before he could prepare his own report.

After a few minutes in bed, Eric got out. He was supposed to have the interview done by tomorrow. This was the biggest event in the last six months. He wondered how this happened, both in his own country and around the world. That's why this journalist wasn't going to get much sleep today. He went to the kitchen and got himself something to drink. Then he sat down at the table again. He started writing things down today.

Part 2

6: Friends

Eric woke up with a severe pain in his neck. He had fallen asleep on his desk. He lifted his head off the table and rubbed his neck. He then looked at the computer screen. He had finished the news about the interview last night and sent it to the newspaper he wrote. Eric got up from the table and went to the kitchen. He picked up the water bottle in the refrigerator and drank all. He had drank half liter in one go. While he was drinking water with great appetite, a message came to his phone. The message was from Paul and contained an address. Eric knew this address; this belonged to a cafe. It was his favorite cafe. Eric wondered if Paul's choice of this cafe was a coincidence or whether he had chosen it on purpose. 'How much does he know about me? I think this is a coincidence,' he thought.

Eric changed his clothes from yesterday. Then he grabbed her pack of cigarettes, his lighter, his phone, wallet, and tablet on the table in her room, and walked out of her apartment. This time, he hadn't forgotten to take his coat on the way out, which was a very important progress for a forgetful man like himself. As soon as he left the apartment, he turned right and walked briskly to the end of the street. He took a cigarette from the pack in his pocket and began to smoke. He turned right at the end of the street. He walked towards the main street, looking around.

He headed towards the bus stop on the main street and began waiting for the bus. At the same time, he continued to smoke his cigarette. Today was very important to Eric. What Paul had to say about the accident was very important. After all, this was the beginning of everything.

'Why would he want to meet at a cafe?' Eric thought. He looked to his right and saw an old man with a cane sitting on the bench. They came face to face with the man. Eric watched the man for a while, rubbing his first three fingers lightly on his chin. Then he took one last look at the man out of the corner of his eye and turned to face him.

A minute after Eric made eye contact with the old man, the bus approached the stop. Eric let the old man get on the bus first. Then he got on the bus. The bus was empty; There wouldn't be many people at this hour. Bus was one of the self-driving vehicles. Eric took a seat on the far right of the rearmost four-seat seats—the one closest to the door. Shortly before Eric took his seat, the bus began to move. He pulled out his tablet and reviewed the questions he had to ask. He made some changes to the questions he looked at. Finally, he started to write the introduction of the news that he will write today and will be published tomorrow. This would save time, finish earlier, and sleep more. But these efforts were in vain; the next few days would be sleepless for Eric.

Eric got off the bus. The cafe he was going to was on the street behind where he landed. The first person he looked at when he landed was familiar. This woman, with short blonde hair, a red coat, and beige pants, was a journalist she had known for a long time. They had previously worked for the same newspaper. Eric thought he was a very good journalist.

The woman noticed that Eric was looking at her. She turned to Eric and waved at him. At this, Eric began to approach the woman. Eric had waved to her after he had come a little closer. After a few steps, Eric began to increase his stride height. He quickly approached the woman. He staggered a little when he came near her, but she grabbed him by the hand and lifted him up.

Eric looked at her face. The woman had several wrinkles on her face. However, Eric thought that these wrinkles suited his face. In his own opinion, there was nothing more foolish than women

changing their face to another. Eric still hadn't let go of her hands. To be precise, Eric had grabbed her by the wrist.

"Good morning," said the woman, "you're as unwary as ever."

Eric replied by shaking his head. One of his eyes was squinted. "How are you?" Eric asked, after he let go of her hands.

"I read your article yesterday," the woman said, giving Eric an envious look, "I have to say I'm jealous."

"I was just getting started," Eric said. Then he took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and took one from it.

"I want one too," said the woman, and snatched the package from her hand. She took one and put the package back in Eric's pocket. She turned to the side and lit the cigarette in his own mouth with the lighter he took out of his own pocket. After a little smoke, she returned near Eric.

"Well, what now?" asked the woman.

"I will move on until the end," Eric replied.

"Do you think your contact knows all the facts?" she asked curiously. He seemed to be more curious about this event than Eric.

"He knows more than me," Eric replied sarcastically, after a brief smirk to himself. After giving this answer, Eric realized that he was starting to look like Paul.

The woman chuckled at Eric's answer. Then she frowned, but was smiling. Her scowl at Eric was nothing more than a friendly reproach.

"A close friend of the Schütz family. So it's the best link we can find for today."

"Well done," the woman said, after applauding Eric with a confused expression, "I congratulate you Eric."

"I have to go," said Eric, "I'm going on my second meeting with my contact." Then, he greeted the woman and turned around and started walking.

At first, the woman had just waved to Eric. After Eric had moved a little away from her, the woman ran after Eric. "Stop," she shouted at the same time. He grabbed Eric by the arm and turned him around.

"Can i come with you?" she asked.

Eric didn't answer for a while, just stared into the woman's eyes. He tried to understand her intentions. Then, "I'm sorry. But that person doesn't want someone else," Eric lied.

"Please," the woman said. From the tone of her voice, the woman seemed very eager. "I just stand next to you."

"I can't," Eric replied, shaking his head sideways. Then he continued on his way. The woman left behind got angry and kicked the ground with her foot. Even Eric had heard the sound of his high heels. Eric laughed quietly and slyly. Then, he kept walking.

Eric stopped in front of the cafe with the address. The cafe was just as Eric always remembered it, with its white, elegant, round tables with a single thin foot in the middle and wooden chairs of the same color. Almost nothing had changed, including the location of the tables. Eric sat down at the table in the cafe window. He glanced around and realized that there was no one but a young woman in her twenties and an old woman sitting separately in the cafe. Eric began to wait, doing the only thing he could do.

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Half an hour later, Eric was still alone. He had called Paul twice, but could not reach him. He called one last time. After a while, a mobile phone was thrown on the table where Eric was sitting.

"You have to answer it," said a man standing behind Eric. "From someone very important," he added. Eric saw his own name on the screen of his cell phone. Eric turned his head back. He was Paul. Had a small bag slung over his shoulder by a sling and resting on his waist.

"I don't think someone as important as you say is calling," Eric said. "If such, it wouldn't have been kept waiting so long."

"It's worth the wait, though," he said and winked, Paul sounding very confident.

"Why is that?" asked Eric. He didn't imply anything else, just asking what Paul had brought.

"Imagine someone breaking into the Schütz family home!" said the man.

Eric laughed and said in a serious yet sarcastic tone, "Let me try it."

"Go ahead," Paul replied candidly. "Then imagine that this person took the footage from the Schütz family home."

"Wouldn't it be nice?" Eric replied with a question. "But how could it be?" he continued with another question.

"It's fine if you're close to the family," Paul said.

"Okay if you're registered as a user on the robot in the Schütz family home," Eric corrected. "Due to 5th Principle, it would give it."

It was Paul's turn to correct. "Unless it's against the law," he said. "However, I liked the journalist gentleman's knowledge of robotics."

"Are the 5 Principles counted as knowledge of robotics?" asked Eric.

"It counts," said Paul. Then, "Should we get back to work?" he asked.

"So what have you got?" After saying that, he took out his own tablet and prepared to take notes.

"Here are the recordings I got from Schütz's robots," Paul said. Then he took a computer out of his bag. There were some videos on the computer he took out. As he said, these videos were shot at the Schütz family home.

"Did you know that David was trying to mend relations with Lina?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Actually, I didn't know either. Because Lina never tells about her personal relationships to those around her. Sometimes even to Kurt."

“So how did you find out?” Eric asked curiously.

“Thanks to Kurt Schütz being a hothead,” Paul said with a smile.

7: Hatred

Kurt and Lina were in the office. Kurt was at his computer in his office; Lina was talking to someone on the phone. At the white round table in the middle of the office, two people were arguing over a topic. It was dark, it had been fifteen minutes since work had ended. Except for Kurt and Lina, only one office was occupied. Inside this office was an old man with white hair and a beard, and black eyes. The man did not do any work, he was only reading a newspaper on the Internet. He had his feet on the table, holding a cup of tea. Judging by his appearance, he was in good spirits.

Kurt was at the computer in his office. He was busy working on the Personality Project. However, his brain was having trouble keeping up with this work pace. His eyes were closing from time to time, and he was dozing off for a few seconds. Although he forced himself to work for a while, he eventually gave in to his body and his brain's calls. With a sudden movement, he closed the lid holding his laptop screen and leaned his head on the table where he was sitting. Offices had no walls, were covered with glass. Therefore, when Kurt turned his head to the side, he could see Lina talking on the phone. Tired Kurt watched Lina speaking on the phone for a while.

Lina was on the phone in her office talking to an investor about the financing of the Personality Project. Although the company's equity was substantial, it was not enough to take the risk of such a project. For this reason, Lina was trying to attract investors to ensure the continuation of the project. "It will increase the usage area of robots. In this project, robots will be able to correct their own mistakes, so they will be used in other areas." That's what she told investors, she. It wasn't exactly a lie, but Lina didn't believe what she was saying was entirely true either.

"Just the thing you like," Eric said.

"I couldn't say that's wrong," Paul replied.

"That's right then."

"Not every wrong is right," Paul said. With that answer, Eric realized that the chess game played was harder than he thought. Paul backed to the subject after his answer:

Lina had finished talking on the phone. She had made the conversation with the phone on her desk. Because, the biggest thing that Lina hated in this life was working outside of work time. It was one of the rare things that Lina differed from Kurt, who had a lot in common on everything. Lina hung up the phone. She was sitting on the table, she. Turning to her left, she noticed Kurt staring at her with her head on the table. Lina understood that Kurt was tired, but the sister couldn't stop herself from laughing. As Kurt lifted his head, Lina motioned for him to lie down again. Then she turned to the old man reading the newspaper in his office. She gestured him to come over. The man shook his head sideways and continued reading the newspaper. But Lina was quite persistent. She continued to signal to the old man that she should come. Despite this, the man kept ignoring Lina. As soon as Lina grabbed a pen from her office, she rushed out. Then he threw his pen into the old man's office.

The man, enjoying his newspaper, was startled by the sound of a click through the glass door of his office. Looking through the door, he saw Lina with her hands on the large table in the middle of the floor, glaring at him. He took his feet off the table and walked out of the office. He picked up the pen that had been thrown at his office door and walked over to Lina. Lina was smiling, probably the happiness of getting the man out of the room.

"Paul!" said Lina, "I've finally managed to get a few."

"Good," Paul replied.

Lina closed one eye and said, "I guess you don't really care." She had taken her hands off the table. Then he slowly took the pen Paul was holding from Paul.

"I'm not sure, Lina," Paul said, scratching his head. "What is Kurt doing?" he asked later.

"What do you think?" she replied with a question. This question was actually a question that answered Kurt from every angle. Kurt lived a routine life. It was enough to look at the clock to know what to do. So Lina's answer to Paul's question was more than enough.

Paul turned his eyes to the right. Kurt was still lying on the table with his head down. "Better I go near him," he said. He left Lina's side and started walking to Kurt's office. Meanwhile, Lina's cell phone rang. It wasn't work-related as it was a cell phone.

"How are you Kurt?" Paul asked as he stepped into the room.

Kurt looked around for a while after lifting his head from the table where he had buried it. After seeing Paul, she took a deep breath and then collected herself. But he didn't answer Paul's question. He looked pretty bad because of fatigue.

"You don't have to say anything," said Paul, "I came to you to evade Lina."

Kurt turned to his left. Lina was talking on her own phone in her room. Again, being unaware of what Paul and Lina were going through, she did not respond to what Paul had said. "Want to drink something?" Kurt asked to Paul.

"No," Paul refused, "I don't drink much coffee at this age."

"There are a few other liquids I know of besides coffee," Kurt replied. He had succeeded, at least partially, in his own recovery.

"Your manners were similar," Eric said.

"Similar to his father's manners," Paul replied. "We loved to play chess."

"Chess?" Eric asked with a confused expression. However, he did not receive an answer to this question. Paul went back to telling the story.

Kurt calmly left his office, when he realized that Lina was talking on his cell phone. He was curious about the events. Lina's office was on either side, Kurt reached the office door in less than ten seconds. But Lina put her hand on the door, preventing Kurt from entering the office. A few seconds later, Lina let go of the door and walked out of the office.

"Is it important?" Kurt asked, curiosity evident in his tone.

"An old friend," Lina replied, pursing her lips.

Kurt didn't ask any more questions. He was either tired or didn't even suspect what he was saying. "Shall we go out now?" Lina asked first to Kurt and then to Paul, who had followed Kurt and stood behind Kurt.

"Sure," Kurt replied. "I'll come back after I pack my things. I've had enough today."

Laughing, "I'll pack myself. It was a very tiring(!) day," Paul said. At his word, he was repelled by Lina with a friendly and mild force. Lina wasted no time heading for the elevator to get down. Kurt and Paul had returned to his office; Kurt had entered to remove his computer, but it was unclear why Paul had got into his office.

"The person he was talking to was David." said Paul.

"How do you know?" asked Eric. "It's impossible to get that out of the story you're telling."

"What a pity," Paul lamented. Paul didn't miss any opportunity to get on Eric's nerves. "Lina doesn't hide her phone calls... she doesn't they say,"

"Did Kurt notice?" Eric was surprised.

"It turns out he plays chess better than his father."

Lina stopped in front of the building and waited. After a while, a car stopped in front of Lina. The car was very stylish, it was a very new model, its color was metallic gray. A man in a suit, only a few centimeters longer from Lina, got out from inside. This man was none other than David Sanders.

Lina turned her head sideways David's to not to look him directly. Then, she glanced at David out of the corner of her eye and said, "Tell me what you want!", in a stern tone.

"To fix our relationship," David replied. She tried to see Lina's face, but Lina always turned her face the other way.

"Do we have a relationship?" she asked in a confused tone. The question he asked was naturally ironic.

"Please, Lina. Aren't you the one who doesn't mix work and personal relationships?"

Lina turned to face David, who was standing directly in front of her. "About that..." she said after raising her index finger, "You were a bad investor in our personal lives, too." "You always valued the wrong assets."

"Let us meet one more time," David pleaded.

Lina realized what had happened. She glanced left and right. Three different cameras standing in front of the building were focused on herself. She thought for a moment, then, "No," she said.

"Please..." David insisted.

Looking back at the self-focused cameras, Lina pulled out her phone, wrote something, showed it to David, and ran away from the front of the building.

...

Kurt and Paul were sitting in the car in the parking lot. Kurt had just turned off his tablet computer.

"Is there a problem?" he asked.

"No. I was just watching the news," Kurt replied.

"OK. Kurt figured it out thanks to his knowledge of Lina. So how did you learn all this?" asked Eric.

Paul's response was more interesting than the question. "Kurt doesn't read the news," Paul said, "he'll make robot summarize the newsletters when he gets home."

8:Love

Kurt and Lina were in the car, along with Paul. They were on their way to pick up Sophie from school. The weather was quite dark. It was necessary to get Sophie as soon as possible; because little Sophie was afraid of being alone in the evenings. Kurt sat alone in the front of the car; Lina and Paul were in the back. Paul was enjoying life as usual. Lina leaned forward and said in Kurt's ear:

"Will you take Sophie to the park tomorrow?" she asked.

"I thought you were going to," Kurt replied calmly.

"Unexpected business," Lina replied. She gave the answer instantly; It was as if she had prepared her answers in advance.

Kurt thought for a while. Then he said, "Well, call me if you need it."

"Thanks, Kurt," Lina said after lightly patting Kurt's right shoulder with her left hand.

They stopped in front of Sophie's school. As soon as Sophie saw the oncoming car through the window, she was already out of the school. Sophie ran up to the car and got in the car. "Hello," she said, breathlessly. Then she turned around and continued, "Hi mom, hi Paul." "How are you, princess?" Paul asked, pinching Sophie's cheek. Sophie was smiling; Sophie apparently liked what Paul was doing.

"I'm great," Sophie said with a smile, and threw her hands up in the air, happily. Sophie had managed to make the occupants of the car smile. After Sophie's actions, everyone had gone in a good mood. Meanwhile, Kurt gestured for Sophie to sit in her seat, then fastened Sophie's seat belt and the vehicle began to move.

As the car approached the street of Paul's house, Paul asked Kurt to stop his car. Kurt stopped the vehicle by pressing a button on the panel in front of him.

"We could have dropped it off in front of your house," Kurt said. All the while, Sophie was listening to music on her headphones, waving her legs merrily.

"No need," said Paul, "that's the beauty of this street. Walking by the Svratka River." Then, he bowed to everyone, then bent down, pinched Sophie's cheeks once more, and got out of the car. Sophie turned to look at Paul, then waved at him as she got out of the car. When everyone was back in their seats, the car started again.

"Do you have any information about the aftermath?" asked Eric. Meanwhile, he was viewing the video of Lina arguing with David.

"Lina is angry about something. So, we have the videotape," Paul replied. Then he searched for another video from the video gallery. When he found the video he was looking for, he opened it.

It was around eleven at night. Lina paced the room from side to side. Kurt was sitting in an armchair; his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands.

"This is none of your business," Lina said, her voice low but firm. She probably wanted to sound harsh, but had to be quiet so the kids wouldn't wake up.

"Yeah, it doesn't. But didn't you decide to stay away from this man? That's all I'm asking," Kurt replied, without changing his position on the couch.

"Look!" said Lina. She went to Kurt's seat, dropped to her knees and lifted Kurt's head. "You can easily cut ties with David, but I can't do that."

"Why is that?" Kurt asked. He seemed to guess the answer.

"Because he is the father of my children."

Kurt stood up, and his sister noticed that he was in a very sad state. Lina was about to cry. Kurt took Lina's hands and said, "Calm down. You know better than I do that David has nothing to do with children."

When Lina heard this answer, she felt a little uneasy. She looked left and right; probably was wondering if the kids could hear. When she saw that there was no one in the family but the robot in the room, she asked the robot, "Forget this, okay?"

The robot paused for a while, then, "I don't understand what to forget. I have no such record," it replied.

Lina laughed then hugged Kurt. "Nice programming," she told Kurt. Then she said, "I don't know, Kurt. I do not know what will I do. No matter what I do, it seems like I can't fix this problem."

Kurt hugged Lina too. They stood like that for a while without speaking. It was later revealed that the only person watching this event was not a robot.

Little Sophie, in her teddy bear pajamas and her teddy bear, ran down to Lina and Kurt and said, "I want you to hug me too." She opened her arms and waited for someone to pick her up.

It was Kurt who picked up Sophie. He put her on his arms Sophie as he grabbed her and then, in a friendly but scolding tone, "Are you listening to us?" he said.

Sophie shook her head. "No. I just came," she said. Then she pursed her lips.

"Then what is missy doing here?" Lina asked, her hands on her hips and a sweet stern look.

"Because I-am-thir-sty," sweet little Sophie said, emphasizing each syllable and word separately.

Lina looked at the robot. The robot was aware of what was happening. It nodded in agreement with what Sophie had said. Lina approached the robot and asked, "Are you sure?" "I don't remember coming," the robot replied.

"Could it be in the records you deleted?" she asked.

"Which record?" the robot asked back. They should have fixed this error immediately.

"The recording ends here," Paul said. As he was about to continue, Eric interrupted.

"So," said Eric, "Kurt told Lina he knew she was seeing David."

"There's no point hiding what both sides know," Paul said.

Eric agreed with what Paul had said. "What happened then?" he asked.

Paul took a deep breath. "Some irreversible events," he said.

"Lina's...."

“Just like Kurt, I think the same. This chain of events is too 'chained' to be a coincidence,” he said, then, from waiter asked for another coffee. The waiter signaled to Paul that he understood, then went behind the counter.

"OK. So far, we've talked about Kurt and David's relationship. What about Lina?" asked Eric. His question was significant; nothing has been spoken about it so far.

“Worse than Kurt,” Paul said. Having said that, Paul's new coffee arrived. After Paul thanked the waiter, Eric continued.

“Is it that bad? But the video...”

“Lina is a woman who feels her feelings from the inside, you can't tell by looking at the videos. Let me tell you about their relationship...”

9: Date

Sophie was sitting in the living room. But she had an unexpected excitement. She could not stand still; she was constantly jumping in place, waving her hands and arms pointlessly. There was only the robot with Sophie. The robot was sitting on the couch next to Sophie and, unlike Sophie, hardly moved.

Sophie climbed onto her seat, put her hands on the robot's shoulder, and looked into the robot's face. But, she didn't say anything. The robot too looked at Sophie's face. She stared for a while, then the robot turned and remained motionless, she.

Lina had gone downstairs. She realized that Sophie was playing with the robot. Then, Lina looked around, there was no one around but Sophie. Lina walked slowly towards the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator door and grabbed a water bottle. He took two glasses from the shelves and filled them. Then, she put the water bottle back in its place. She drank one of the glasses right there. Then, she took the other glass into the living room.

When Lina came into the living room, Sophie said, "Mom! When are we leaving?" she asked her mother.

"Ah!" said Lina. She handed the glass to Sophie. "We need to talk to you about this," Sophie said as she drank the water.

Sophie started to cry, then "Are we not going?" she asked in a sad tone.

"No," Lina replied. Just as Sophie was moving to her room, Lina grabbed Sophie's wrist and, "I can't come. Uncle Kurt will take you," she said.

Sophie's was beaming once more. "So I'm going," he said with a laugh.

"Correct," Lina replied. She tilted her head to the right.

Sophie started running upstairs, to Kurt, screaming with joy.

Sophie went upstairs. Then, she came to the door of his uncle's room. She knocked on the door, but no one answered. Sophie, eagerly, knocked on the door again. Again, no one answered. Little Sophie checked the clock. It was nine. The whole family used to have breakfast at 10 o'clock on the weekend. But Kurt would wake up earlier. After looking at the clock, Sophie ran downstairs again, despite her mother's warnings not to run. When he got to the living room, he opened the door under the stairs and stuck his head inside. She had never been here before. The door opened into a narrow, wooden-walled corridor. The staircase led down to the ground floor, to the basement. Sophie came through the door.

Sophie began to descend the stairs. The stairs creaked because the stairs, like the walls, were made out of wood. Sophie kept walking, ignoring the squeaks. After a few steps, Sophie began to hear some loud fan noises. These sounds were not heard at all in the upper floors. The sounds weren't annoying; although Sophie was startled for a few seconds, she soon got used to the sounds. As he approached the end of the stairs, she began to hear beeps coming from the room as well. When Sophie had finished her steps, she came to the basement, the walls of which were painted dark green.

On the left side of the basement were large computers. A number of cables were coming out of these computers. These cables came together on the left side and went to the right side, adhering to

the wall. Seeing to her right, Sophie found Kurt. She was busy with something at her desk, as usual. Sophie first went with Kurt, then pulled him out of his clothes:

"You're going to take me to the park, right?" she asked.

Kurt took Sophie in his arms. Then, "Yes," he said. "Or don't you want us to go together?" he asked after.

"Whoo!" replied the sweet little girl. "It doesn't matter to me as long as you swing it on the swing."

"Sure," said Kurt. "Wait a minute, then we'll go out together okay?" he asked, then went back to his computer. Sophie, on the other hand, was staring blankly at Kurt. Kurt said to Sophie as he stared at the computer screen, "Now you go upstairs. We'll leave after breakfast."

Sophie nodded in agreement and then started up the stairs, making some gleeful noises. As far as Kurt could tell, Sophie was singing a song on her way out.

"Did you say swing for a minute?" said Eric. He thought Sophie was going to see David, too.

"Yes," said Paul. "Says the record so."

"Then why is Lina meeting with David?" asked Eric.

"I got the answer from Lina."

Lina was standing in front of the place where she was going to meet David. She was dressed quite elegantly; as David demanded. The address David gave was a building; Why did David want to meet Lina here?

Lina waited in front of the building for a while. She was tired of waiting, especially if the man she was waiting for was David Sanders. Just as she had decided to turn back, David appeared from inside the building. He asked Lina to walk for a while in a gentlemanly manner. Lina, on the other hand, chose to remain calm and started walking alongside David. They were quiet all the way, saying nothing. Apparently, David was hiding what he had to say in the meeting place. Lina, on the other hand, preferred to remain silent as she had nothing to talk about with David.

David and Lina walked to the end of the street. There was a restaurant on the right corner of the street. Lina glanced through the restaurant window. He liked the inside quite a bit, just found it a bit dark, but other than that it was a pretty good restaurant. They went in together.

The inside of the restaurant was not crowded; except for Lina and David, five tables were occupied, three in pairs and two singles. There were no couples with children in the restaurant. Therefore, there was silence. The waitress approached Lina and David, greeted them and showed them the table where they would sit. David wanted to hold Lina's hand as he walked, but Lina wouldn't let him. The table they were sitting at had two chairs. One of them sitting just right behind the restaurant's glasses, whereas the other sitting was sitting against the same glass. In short, the layout of the table was very bad; she was seated at the worst table in the restaurant.

"I like the table selection, it's great!" said Lina in a low voice.

David got to the point, ignoring the irony, "Today," said David, "I want to talk to you about an important matter. Sorry about the table. I'll be more careful again."

Lina did not respond to what David said. He just turned his head a little to the side and looked up. After a while of silence the waiter came to take the orders. They both wanted pickle soup. After placing the orders, David continued:

“Please, but can't we try again? I don't want it for myself, just for the kids.”

Lina started laughing. The people in the restaurant turned towards him because of the noise he made. Lina later had to apologize to everyone. Then, “The guy who just wants to start over with his ex-wife he never wanted, just for his kids. You really are a great dad (!) ”she said. Lina chuckled as she said those words.

“Stop mocking me, please,” David said. He was slowly starting to sweat.

“Our relationship,” Lina said emphatically, “is over. Finished. Alright? Done, fin, finito, kaput, you got it?”

"Why?"

Lina was very angry at this question. "You ask why? Could it be because you cheated on me?" she asked.

“It was just a mistake.”

“Three mistakes. Even two in one... Nevermind,” said Lina. She didn't want to continue this conversation, to not get angry. She covered his eyes with her hands, then said, "Can't we just not talk about this?" she asked. But David wasn't listening to Lina. David was looking at the blonde-haired woman sitting alone at one of the tables. Seeing this, Lina couldn't contain her anger and threw the bowl of soup that came at that moment at David. Then he started walking quickly and without looking back to get out of the restaurant.

'I was a fool to come here,' Lina thought to herself as she left the restaurant. She slammed the door open with her hand. Lina was walking alone, she liked the street she walked with David. 'You're stupid,' thought Lina again, 'you're such a big idiot'.

10: Illegal

"Where did you learn this?" asked Eric.

"That was the most interesting part of the job. I learned from her, Lina told me that," Paul said. Even he himself was surprised when he gave this answer. According to Paul's account, Lina was not a woman to talk about her experiences. Eric should have done more to find out what had happened to Paul. Lina didn't just tell Paul about the events; at least as per Eric's estimation.

"Interesting," Eric said. "So you're telling things from her mouth."

"Yes," Paul replied, in a tone he hadn't used before. Paul knew that Eric didn't believe what he was saying. But there was nothing he could do about it. Actually, Paul agreed with Eric. Paul was taken aback by Lina's sudden change of attitude. But the truth was that Lina had told what had happened. Paul thought that Eric might believe him if he told him how Lina told the story. Earning Eric's trust was important because he was the only journalist who was able to make the case public; he was the only journalist he knew who could at least write about this event. This incident had to be clarified; What Kurt and Lina went through was very important to human history. On this line of thought, Paul:

"Well, sir. Would you like me to tell you how Lina told this event?" he asked.

"Sure," said Eric. But just as Paul was about to speak, Eric asked, "But tell me outside, okay?"

Paul was surprised by what Eric said. But Eric was seriously waiting for Paul's answer. He was leaning back, staring into Paul's eyes.

When Eric didn't get an answer, he repeated the question he had asked Paul, "Can we talk outside, too?"

"Why?" he asked. Then he took the last sip of his drink.

"Because you've got nothing left to drink," said Eric, looking at Paul's glass. Then Paul asked for the bill and began to wait. Eric and Paul neither spoke nor looked at each other until the bill came. They just looked around. Paul paid the bill. Then they went out together. Paul noticed Eric staring for a long time at a woman with some wrinkles on her face as she walked out.

As she walked out the door, "Isn't that woman a bit..." Paul asked.

"Is what?" Eric replied with another question. He actually understood what he meant, but he had to get Paul to say it. Only in this way could Paul be ashamed of what he had said.

"Well... it's old and ugly," Paul said.

"Is that 'exactly' what you mean?" asked Eric. He felt that it was his turn to move.

"You know me, dear journalist. I can never be 'complete'." After speaking, he looked around; it was as if he was searching for something. Because he was pointing his finger where he was looking. Not finding what he was looking for, the man said, "Anyway," and continued walking.

They kept talking as they walked along the street.

"The weather is pretty nice today, isn't it?" asked Eric.

"Not unless there's a river running near you," Paul replied. At the same time, he was shaking his head from side to side in disapproval.

"True," Eric said, and stopped. Eric turned to Paul and said, "But I have to say it, mister. Your house has a disgusting architecture," touching both of Paul's shoulders with both hands.

"Really?" said Paul, puzzled. But, his confused expression was fake; even before Eric's first arrival, Paul was aware that Eric's house didn't like it. "This house was built just for you to say so."

"Me?" Eric was surprised. "I am just honored that you did something like this for me."

"When I said 'you,' I didn't mean just you," said Paul, "it has nothing to do with you. Every language has its own weaknesses, every language.

Eric nodded in agreement, "Yes. I understand. I guess I got it," he said.

"I don't think so," he said, winking at Paul, then continued walking. But Eric wasn't walking. He had a confused expression on his face. "With your maid," Eric said from where he stood.

"How do I communicate?" Paul asked the question Eric wanted to ask. "Talking," he said sarcastically. He knew, of course, that Eric didn't mean it. "Don't worry, she speaks German too."

"But Czech welcomed me," he said, raising an eyebrow.

"Did you forget to mention that you came from Germany?" Paul replied with a question. The distance between them had increased considerably. Seeing this, Paul asked Eric, "Are you coming, sir?" he asked politely.

Noticing the distance in Eric, he replied to Paul's question, "I'm sorry. I'm coming," he said. With quick steps, he closed the distance between him and Paul.

Eric and Paul set off to take the subway together. While waiting for the subway, Paul continued to explain.

Do you know why such people take the subway? In reality, Paul was driving his own private car before. Then he read a book. This book was about the world tour of an Englishman and a Frenchman. An Indian woman was joining them on the way. In addition, this journey was completed in less than three months! After reading this book and thinking over it, "If the world can be traveled by public transport before three months, why am I using my car?" and Paul started to use public transport instead.

Lina had just come home. Upon entering, she checked the inside of the house. There was nobody in home, apparently Sophie and Kurt were still in the park. That was a good thing; it was best for Sophie not to see Lina in this state. After Lina finished checking the house, she went upstairs. She went into the bathroom and washed her face. After she finished washing, she turned off the tap, but did not come out of the bathroom right away. She looked at herself in the mirror on the wall to which the faucet was attached. She looked devastated. Her hair was messy and her eyes were red. Lina closed her eyes for a few seconds. When she opened her eyes, she heard someone knock on the door. After she got herself together, she went downstairs.

She gathered her hair, wiped her face with her hand, and came to the door. He did not open the door immediately; stopped in front of the door. She took a deep breath and said, "Okay! All right, Lina. You must not let Sophie notice," and opened the door. There was someone at the door that he never expected. It was Paul who came. Paul, who never stopped by this house on the weekends, wanted to stop by the house today, after all the events. Had he somehow learned what had happened?

"Can I come Li... Are you okay?" said Paul.

"Yes," Lina replied. But her voice trembled; Paul noticed this immediately. "Come in," Lina said to Paul, stepping away from the door.

Paul went inside. But he didn't stop in the hall, saying to Lina, "Would you like water?" he asked as he entered the kitchen.

"That would be good," Lina replied. She sat in one of the armchairs in the living room and waited for Paul.

Paul entered the kitchen. He took the water bottle from the open kitchen and placed it on the table. Then, he took two of the glasses lined up on the counter by the oven and placed them on the table. Afterwards, he went to the refrigerator. He opened the refrigerator and searched for something to eat right away. He took out the cheese and salami he found and laid them on the table. Finally, he put the salami and cheese between a piece of bread he found. He filled the glasses with water. Finally, he put all the food and drinks he had prepared on a tray and took them to the living room.

When Paul came into the living room, Lina was lying on the sofa in front of the living room TV, her eyes closed. Paul quietly approached Lina and asked, "Lina, are you asleep?"

Lina was startled as soon as she heard Paul. She immediately opened his eyes and got up from where he was lying. "No," she said, "I'm just resting my eyes."

"Is there anything you want to tell me?" Paul asked, stepping a little closer to Lina.

Lina was in a dilemma. She didn't like to involve anyone in her private life problems. But she wanted to tell someone what had happened.

Thinking for a moment, Lina said, "Today was a nasty day for me," taking a deep breath. "You wouldn't believe it if I told you."

"Tell me so, I wouldn't believe it."

11:Family

Sophie and Kurt were in the park. Kurt was doing what Sophie wanted; he was swinging her on the swing. This task was getting pretty boring for Kurt. But Sophie was energetic enough to stay here all day. Kurt, on the other hand, already wanted to go home. At the same time, he was wondering what had happened to Lina. How was the meeting? Did Lina find what she hoped for? Did they have a chance to start a new relationship? Probably not, because Lina wasn't the type to act so stupidly. He knew only himself that Lina was meeting David today; so he thought, because he didn't know that Paul had visited her. These thoughts took his attention away from Sophie. That's why, without realizing it, he began to swing Sophie slower than earlier. Sophie noticed Kurt's it.

"Uncle Kurt?" little Sophie called out to Kurt. "Are you OK?"

Kurt stopped swinging Sophie with this question. He paused and thought for a while. Meanwhile, Sophie also turned around and looked at Kurt. Sophie's neck was slightly bent to side.

"I just thought of something else, princess," Kurt replied.

"Is it about work?" asked Sophie.

"Yes," Kurt was going to answer, but he stopped saying it, thinking that it might upset him to give Sophie that answer. Since he couldn't say his mind was on Lina either, Kurt had to come up with a more ingenious lie. Looking around without saying anything, Kurt said, "I'm a little hungry. I look around to see if there is anything to eat," he replied. After giving this answer, Sophie came to Kurt's side after getting off the swing. They began to look around together.

"Come on, let's go home," Kurt said to Sophie, noticing that Sophie was starting to look around too. "We eat what your mother made."

"My mom's?" asked Sophie.

Kurt remembered that Lina didn't cook much at home. Kurt, on the other hand, would not make the robots cook alone, since the motor movements of the robots were insufficient when it came to cooking. Thereupon, Kurt asked, "Is it okay for me to do?"

"Can we do it together?" Sophie replied with another question, looking into Kurt's eyes.

Kurt took Sophie in his arms and said, "Okay." The two of them started out of the park to get a taxi.

Kurt stopped the first taxi he saw as soon as he was out on the street. He put Sophie in first, and then he got into the taxi himself. After Kurt entering the coordinates of house, the vehicle started to move.

Sophie was in the car with her face against the window, looking outside. Since little Sophie showed Kurt everything she saw, this was the longest ride for Kurt to date, even if the park was close to home and the journey took less than five minutes.

The taxi arrived in front of the house. As soon as the car stopped, Sophie jumped out of the car and started running towards the house. Kurt got out of the vehicle exhausted. 'This little witch is unbearable sometimes,' he thought. Just as these thoughts were running through his mind, Kurt had to put on a fake smile, as Sophie turned to look at Kurt. He didn't show Sophie that he was tired. After Sophie entered the house, Kurt took a calm deep breath and walked towards the house.

As Kurt was walking towards the house, he saw a Frisbee fall in the garden of his own house. He had no idea where the frisbee came from. He took the Frisbee and began to examine it; it was a small frisbee with a broken piece and with a sign in the middle of which he didn't know what it was. Kurt looked around. He saw a man approaching him and a dog next to him. The man was waving to Kurt and making several apologetic hand gestures. Kurt, motioned for him to come home to get the frisbee. The man was very happy with Kurt's attitude and quickly walked into the garden of Kurt's house.

"Thanks," the man said. "You can't always predict exactly what a dog will do."

"Doesn't it apply to everything?" Kurt asked.

The man was surprised at Kurt's question. Nothing he said was intelligible. After looking at Kurt for a while, "Anyway," he said and thanked him again and left the house.

Kurt entered the house. He was still quite tired. But he wanted to talk to Lina regardless; because he was curious. However, he was not supposed to tell the children what had happened. While Kurt was thinking these things in the living room, Marcus came to Kurt.

"How are you Kurt?" asked Marcus.

Kurt shook his head. Realizing the situation, Marcus made a fist and raised his hand to shake hands with Kurt. Kurt raised his fist and pumped hands with Marcus.

"How about you?" Kurt asked.

"Relationships... with one person are... good," Marcus said. Kurt understood why he was prolonging the sentence like that.

"Which person?" he asked.

"A person... whose name I don't want to give away."

"Then give my regards to your friend, whose name you don't want to name, who probably doesn't have a short one long sex chromosome like you, but two of the long one," Kurt laughed.

Marcus' cheeks turned a little red. "Sure," he said to Kurt, who was still trying not to embarrass him. Then the two of them went to the kitchen together.

In the kitchen, Kurt asked Marcus, "Do you know where your mother is?"

"In his room," Marcus replied. "She didn't leave her room after Paul left."

"Paul?" Kurt wondered. He moved in an instant. "He's here..." he said, and before he could finish her sentence, she started walking briskly upstairs, leaving Marcus alone in the kitchen. He went upstairs and leaned against the door of Lina's room. Then he calmed down, took a deep breath and thought. It was pointless for him to act like that, he had to be calm and act normal. There was nothing wrong with it. Kurt- after much thought - knocked softly on Lina's room door. A rough, muffled "Come in!" her voice came.

Kurt entered the room. Lina was lying in her bed. She looked normal; calm, just staring at the opposite wall. The room was tidy; Kurt had seen nothing abnormal, neither in the room nor in Lina. He calmly walked over to Lina's bed and slowly sat down in an empty spot on Lina's bed that Lina

found in front of him. With Kurt sitting, Lina also got up from the bed and sat next to Kurt. Then she wrapped Kurt with his arms from behind and hugged him.

"I shouldn't have," Lina self-criticised. "Not a person to talk to, really. You were right, I should have listened to you."

Kurt stroked his sister's hair and didn't say anything to her. Kurt's attitude pleased him. With Kurt's hatred for David so obvious, it was very important for Kurt to support Lina at that moment. Lina agreed with Kurt's lack of answer and they both stared at the wall in silence.

"So they didn't say anything, did they?" Eric asked, as Eric and Paul got on the subway.

"That's what Kurt said," Paul replied, shrugging. Meanwhile, they realized that the subway was approaching them. Then they got on the subway together. The subway was empty; it wasn't easy for Eric and Paul to find a seat next to each other and sit down.

"Are you sure it's true?"

"I don't have 'to be sure' in my dictionary, remember?"

"Yes, yes," Eric said quietly after that answer. He wanted to tell Paul that the word 'not sure' wasn't in his dictionary, but he chose to remain silent so the conversation could continue.

"And then?" asked Eric.

"Lina didn't just break up with David because she didn't like his character," Paul said. Then he lay back.

Eric was leaning forward. "What do you want to say?"

"David is not just a man who invests within the legal limits."

"So he has a dark side," Eric said. However, this was not surprising. All of the journalists who researched David Sanders were friends and were in frequent contact with him on the subject.

"Yes. But even if we knew, we couldn't prove it. So it was something we didn't want to dwell on too much. It was like that for both me and Kurt and Lina. Until..."

Eric straightened up and looked at Paul and, "Let me guess. Until the accident," he said.

A smile appeared on Paul's face. "You are very clever, sir," he said, looking at Eric.

12:Accident?

Lina was preparing breakfast, which was surprising, even for Lina. Normally, Kurt was the one preparing breakfast with the robot. Kurt was only involved in preparing breakfast because the robot was so slow; otherwise they would leave this job entirely to the robot.

One of the reasons why Lina prepared breakfast today was because she wanted to focus on something else after the events she lived through. That's why she didn't want the help of either Kurt or the robot. She wanted to focus on something other than what he was experiencing, doing everything alone; at least that was the plan. Though, her plan hadn't worked; she paused every five to ten seconds and thought about what had happened. In fact, he once stopped carrying the plates and dropped one of them due to carelessness. Luckily, the plate was not broken. After Lina looked at the plate and saw that it wasn't broken, she put what she had in her hands on the table and picked up the plate that had fallen. Then she washed the plate in the kitchen and took it back to the table.

There was a person who heard the sound of the plate falling; this was none other than Kurt. He had come to see Lina. But by this time Lina was in the kitchen. Unable to see Lina, Kurt shouted, "Lina!" she called downstairs.

Despite Kurt's call, Lina didn't respond. Kurt called out again, but with greater force, "LINA!" When there was no answer, Kurt began to worry. Going to the kitchen, he saw Lina leaning against one of the open windowsills in the kitchen. She was holding a glass of water with both hands and looking out. It was clear from her stance that she was unhappy. Kurt went to Lina's side and leaned against the window just like her.

Seeing this, Lina was surprised and, "Kurt! When did you come?" said.

"Here I am," replied Kurt, pointing to himself. This answer meant that Kurt should spend less time in the basement and more time among people.

Lina left the window and washed her face in the kitchen faucet. It was as if she still hadn't woken up. After washing her face, she turned to Kurt and asked, "Are the children awake?"

"No," Kurt said, looking around. Apparently, Lina wasn't the only one who couldn't sleep.

Lina then went upstairs without saying anything to Kurt. Kurt walked into the living room. He noticed that the robot was standing in the corner, closed in the living room. He went to the robot and turned on the robot by pressing the button on his stomach. After seeing the robot open, he said to the robot, "Tidy the living room up," and went down to the basement.

Why had Kurt gone down to the basement? Because according to him, Lina was hiding something about herself. Kurt wanted to examine the records to find out. He quickly passed the stairs leading to the basement and went down to the basement. After taking the tablet computer on the left, he went to the right. He plugged a cable from his tablet into the large computer on the right. Then, he quickly skimmed through the tapes from Lina's awakening to when he arrived in the kitchen.

Lina was calling out to the household to let them know that breakfast was ready. Kurt unplugged the cable he had plugged into the computer and ran upstairs. He got up and continued to climb the stairs, even if he fell once on the stairs while running. When he entered the hall, he saw that the robot was still cleaning the living room. Especially collecting Sophie's toys was taking a long time for the robot. Kurt left the robot alone and went to the kitchen and sat down at the table. The children also came to the table. They had breakfast together.

"Why did you tell me this, sir?" asked Eric. He was right when he asked; the situation was almost irrelevant.

Paul thought about what Eric said and agreed. However, he did not tell this to Eric. He just made up something to make Eric believe he could be relevant. But Eric didn't believe any of them and dismissed Paul by shaking his head. When Paul realized that he had not convinced Eric, he began to tell something else. The subway they were in shook a bit.

Kurt and Lina were walking in a park. The kids weren't with them. The weather was quite calm; there was no wind or rain, it was hot but not enough to overwhelm people. It was just a little humid weather, that's all. Lina and Kurt were walking around the park under the trees.

"It's good, isn't it?" Kurt asked.

"So," said Lina, not quite sure what she was saying. "It's like I'm feeling better."

At this, Kurt realized that Lina had only said such a thing out of courtesy. Since re-talking what happened would only upset Lina, Kurt wanted Lina to do something else. "Shall I get you some ice cream?" Kurt asked, pointing to the ice cream counter across the street.

Lina couldn't miss this opportunity. Seizing the opportunity to have fun, Lina imitated Sophie and said, "Okay," taking Kurt's arm. They started crossing the street together. At first there was no one in the street; however, as soon as they stepped onto the street, an elegant, luxurious-looking and long car in metallic black entered the street. He sped along the street and bumped into Lina and Kurt. Then he kept on without stopping, turned right and was out of sight.

...

When Kurt came to himself, he saw that he was surrounded by people looking at him with curious eyes. He realized that even though he could move his arms and legs, he was not strong enough to stand up. But, Kurt was still trying to get up. The people around him were just watching Kurt. Later, a man broke through the crowd around Kurt and came to him. The man had many tools on him, therefore he looked like a robot. The person who came was an emergency personnel. After this man's arrival, a robot assisting the man drove the crowd around Kurt away.

"Are you okay, sir?" the man asked.

"Perhaps," Kurt replied.

"Tell me your name and what month it is, please," the man pleaded.

"Kurt and we are in March," Kurt replied, as he must have found the questions too easy.

The man who got the answers shone a light into Kurt's eye, then asked him to follow a pencil with his eyes moving, and told the robot to bring a stretcher. When Kurt tried to stand up again, the paramedics stopped him and said it might be risky to get up. Trying to get up again, Kurt heard the same words again and decided that it might be helpful to do what the man said this time, as if a lot had changed in the three seconds between.

The robot had brought the stretcher to Kurt. Kurt, with the help of the medical personnel next to him, stood up and immediately lay down on the stretcher. On the right, they were putting another person in the ambulance. Kurt knew that it might be Lina who had been removed, so he grabbed the

man next to him by the clothes and asked, "Do you know anything about my sister?" Kurt's speech was gentle and calm, although his movements were rather rude.

"Your sister?" the man asked. He didn't seem to be in a state of ignorance; he really didn't know who Lina was.

"The woman I had accident with," Kurt described her who she is.

"We took her first," the man replied immediately.

"What about the person who was taken to the hospital with us when we left?"

"Not only are you in an accident, sir."

Kurt tried to remember the moment the car crashed. Could the car crash be designed? How could Lina be badly injured and get over it easily? It was as if this 'accident' had targeted Lina. Maybe I should have asked. Was it an accident or a murder?

13: Hospital

The ambulance carrying Kurt had arrived at the hospital. The robot carrying Kurt on a stretcher jumped out of the car and started to carry Kurt towards the hospital. Kurt was looking around. He was in good condition; he didn't feel anything, he just had a headache. When he looked back for a while, he saw that another robot getting on the ambulance and moving away.

The robot brought Kurt into a corridor. The corridor was a corridor with a white wall and floor, illuminated by white lights from above, with a blue stripe in the middle. The stretcher was constantly shaking as robot was moving Kurt's stretcher on that blue strip. These tremors had irritated Kurt; it was obvious from his face.

Kurt was brought to an examination room. He waited here for a doctor for a few minutes. Then the doctor came and took care of Kurt. The doctor told Kurt that there was nothing to worry about and just a few radiological scans had to be made. If they were fine, he could go. Kurt was happy about this, but his mind was still on his sister. He lay on patient bed and waited for the examinations to be made.

The hospital's robots took Kurt to several places and gave him some examinations. Kurt waited for several hours, doing nothing until to the moment he got out of bed. Two hours later, the doctor said he could go after he had his last examination. Kurt jumped up from his bed and went to the reception, which he saw coming, in front of the building. He was not running, but walking at a fast pace. While walking, he felt dizzy for a moment and had to stop. He continued walking afterward, though his gait was slower. He stopped in front of the reception. There was a woman in her twenties at the reception.

"Lina Schütz," Kurt said simply, gasping for breath.

"Couldn't get it?" replied the woman. He was looking at Kurt in a somewhat strange way. Maybe the woman was frightened by Kurt's haste.

"Lina Schutz. My sister. Do you know which room he's staying in?" Kurt asked again.

The woman started typing something into the computer in front of her—probably Lina's first and last name—then she stopped. She didn't answer for a while. When Kurt asked again, the woman gestured to one near her to look at her own computer. The woman next to him looked at the screen and took out a small piece of paper and wrote something down. Then, handing the paper to Kurt, she said, "See the doctor on the paper."

Kurt took the paper in his hand, asked where he could find the doctor, and started walking to find the doctor. He went upstairs to his right. From there he turned right again and passed four of the rooms on the right along the corridor. There were five more rooms left, but the doctor's room was the fifth room. Kurt knocked on the door of this room and shouted "Enter!" He entered the room with his voice.

The doctor did not recognize Kurt who came. "Here you go, sir. Sit down, please," he said to Kurt.

Kurt calmly sat down in the chair the doctor had indicated, opposite the doctor's desk. "Hello, doctor," Kurt asked. "I am Lina Schütz's brother. How can I see her?"

"Unfortunately, you can't see him anymore," the doctor said, shaking his head in small movements.

"From where. I was told to see this doctor," Kurt said excitedly. He looked around as if he was searching for Lina.

"Sir!" said the doctor. He was trying to bring him back. "Unfortunately!"

Kurt did not want to accept what had happened. It couldn't be, she couldn't lose her brother in a way she never expected. He had no one but his sister. He would be very lonely from now on. What would the children do? What would be the effect on the children that their mothers were no longer present after their mother and father separated? Where would they go? Or will he stay with his fathers now? Kurt slid down from his seat. Seeing this, the doctor grabbed Kurt by the hand. However, Kurt pulled away his hand, stood up and left the room. He just wanted to go outside and get some fresh air.

Eric froze when he heard what Paul had said. But he knew what had happened beforehand; he couldn't understand why he was surprised. "How do you mean one of the rulers of Europe's robotics monopoly just died?"

"Do you live longer when you have a monopoly on Europe's robotics industry?" Paul asked sarcastically.

Eric thought for a while, looking down. Then, "Does R.M.I.E have any enemies?" he asked.

"Pretty much," Paul replied. "But you know the biggest of them all," he winked at Eric.

"Sander?" asked Eric.

"Yes. A man who hates his dark side, R.M.I.E, both as a company and his managers."

The subway slowed to a stop. Eric and Paul had arrived at the stop they wanted to get off at. They both got up and walked towards the door. As soon as the subway door opened, they got off the subway and started walking through the station.

"So, you suspect David Sanders," Eric said. Now was the worst time for Paul to shut up; this was the 'most exciting' part of the story, and Paul didn't seem to want to talk as he walked.

"I don't know of a better candidate."

"Where were you when this was happening?"

"I went to the hospital after I learned that Lina was hospitalized. But when I left, Lina was dead; Kurt was at the door. Paul continued to tell the story as he walked.

Kurt was sitting on a bench in front of the hospital, crying. However, he was hiding his eyes with his hand to cover his tears. At this time Paul came to her. He sat next to Kurt and waited for a while without speaking. He saw Kurt continue to cry and he got what happened. He took a deep breath and touched Kurt's shoulder. After a little pat on the back, he stood up again and began to pace pointlessly in front of Kurt. After spending some time like this, Paul noticed that the cops were approaching them. The cops ignored Paul and went straight to Kurt. The cops were asking questions one after another. Kurt was trying to answer all of them one by one. The cops first asked about Lina's enemies. Then they asked about recent events. Even if Kurt gave detailed answers to each of them, he didn't want to answer any more.

When the last question was asked, Kurt replied, "Enough is enough. It's like I'm..." and then, without completing his sentence, he started walking towards the hospital with fast and nervous steps to enter a toilet, inside the hospital.

Seeing Kurt in this state, Paul came to the police and, "Gentlemen. You see the condition of the man. Let's not ask any more questions, what do you say?" he asked.

The cops looked at each other first. A little later, "Okay. That's enough for today," they said. Then, one of the cops made a gesture to send his phone number to Paul's phone and said, "Call us if you learn or remember anything new," and they started walking back to their car.

After Paul finished talking to the cops, he went inside the hospital to find Kurt. Kurt was not in the toilet; he was standing in the hallway, his condition better than before. He went to Kurt and, "Go home if you want to. I'll take care of the rest," he said.

Kurt nodded in agreement and the two of them started walking out of the hospital together. Although Kurt looked a little tired, he could walk normally. Kurt was walking without Paul's support.

14:Return of the Children

“What happened to the aggressor or aggressors?” asked Eric. Paul didn’t mention anything about aggressors after the event.

“Caught,” said Paul. Even if talking while walking was tiresome, Paul kept speaking with joy. As if, he wanted to story of Kurt and Lina to be known by everyone. That man, wasn’t the man who Eric met in court, barely speaking. Had Paul suddenly changed, began giving effort to spread the story?

“What did they or him sa...”

“Only one person,” Paul interrupted. “Around five hours after accident... or after hitting Kurt and Lina he was caught. To police reports, he had no problem being caught.”

Eric listened what Paul had said and thought about it for a while. Then, “What does that mean?” he asked.

“That,” said Paul, “means aggressor is fine being caught. And that raises suspicion about him getting protected by someone else.”

“Do you suspect from David Sanders?” You said he had a dark side.”

“We can only ‘suspect’ from him. No direct evidence.”

“Good luck finding it,” said Eric, with a lover tone. He shut his mouth while he was speaking. What he had done worked; Paul didn’t hear what he had said. But, Paul realized Eric had said something.

After a pause, “Want me to go on?” he asked.

“Sure,” said Eric, with a serious manner. “Please, I don’t want to stop you.”

Kurt was out of the hospital. She had told Paul that she wanted to go home alone. Although Paul initially objected, he later accepted Kurt's request and accompanied Kurt to the taxi he was going to take. Kurt- though walking a little slower- had gotten into the taxi by himself and was on his way home. Kurt had a feeling he had never felt before, he felt like he was in a great void.

Kurt closed his eyes. He was having a dream: Kurt was standing alone in the garden in front of the house. However, the house was pitch black. It was evening, but the moon was not visible in the sky. The light from the stars was quite insufficient. Kurt staggered a few steps and stopped at the door of the house. When he pushed the door a little, he heard a loud creak of the door. Kurt was surprised that this door made such a sound. He opened it all the way, while looking at the door. The sound of the doorknob hitting the wall behind it echoed in the hall of the house. Inside the house, it was impossible to tell where anything was. From where Kurt was, the house appeared as a big black void. Kurt took a step into that great black void.

"Turn a light on, if you're inside," he commanded the robot. But the only response he heard was his own voice. It was a complete blank.

Kurt suddenly turned around. The door had suddenly closed. With that, Kurt lost the only tiny source of the light that was inside. He was looking for a support he could hold on to but couldn't find it. He felt that some movement in the house. It was as if the furniture of the house was running away from Kurt. He tried to get to the items he remembered where, but failed.

“Sophie!” Kurt called, knowing Sophie wasn't home. Because Sophie was afraid of the dark; it was impossible for Sophie to remain silent in this darkness, unless she was sleeping.

“Marcus!” Kurt called out this time. There was a chance that Marcus was at home. But yet, no answer. Kurt continued to walk around the room.

“Lina!” cried Kurt. Kurt heard the echo of his 'Lina!' voice as he shouted. This piqued his interest, and he remembered that his voice didn't resonate when he shouted 'Sophie' and 'Marcus'. Why not just 'Lina!' Did his voice echo when he shouted? Kurt shouldn't be able to understand that.

“Lina!” Kurt shouted again. The sound resonated even harder this time. Kurt took a deep breath. He felt something strange inside him. He was in the middle of a great dark void and no one was answering his questions.

...

Kurt woke up in the taxi. He was sweating. He looked left and right to see what was happening. The voice from the taxi's driver robot was telling him that he had to get off. Kurt wiped the sweat from his forehead. Then he looked around some more. And finally he got out of the car and started walking to the car.

Eric was quite surprised by what Paul had told him. But his astonishment wasn't against content. “Where did you learn that?” he asked.

“Kurt told me once.”

“Why did you tell this memory? It looks like a special memory.”

“Then you won't write it,” Paul said with a laugh. Meanwhile, the two had entered the street where Paul's house was located. As soon as Eric came to the street, he looked at Paul's house. Eric was disgusted every time he looked at it. How could Paul have this architectural building built here?

Noticing Eric stopping to watch the building, Paul turned around and said, “You can't knock down a building just by looking at it, sir.”

“I wish,” Eric said, taking a deep breath to calm himself. “How did you manage to disturb the architecture of this street, sir?” he asked.

“You can do anything, if you get permission. You just have to hold a piece of paper in your hand.”

“Looks like you're holding all the papers,” Eric replied sarcastically.

“It always was. This house is also his symbol. an answer to them. Otherwise, I am not very interested in architecture.”

“Great,” said Eric, “Really great!” Afterwards, Paul and Eric continued walking to Paul's house.

After a while, Eric paused again and, “Pardon me, but to who?” he asked. But Paul did not answer.

Kurt started walking in the garden of his house. In front of the door was David. Kurt was avoiding eye contact with David. He opened the door with his key and went inside. David still stood outside, saying nothing. Just as Kurt was about to close the door, David grabbed the door with his hand. Because of this, they had to make an eye contact in the end.

“Lina isn't home,” Kurt said. “Thing is...”

"I know. Paul told me. It's also in the news," David replied.

Kurt – just because he had to - invited David in. The two of them stood facing each other in the living room. They were standing up, Kurt didn't want to sit any longer.

Kurt had no intention of talking to David either. He waited for a moment calmly – unexpectedly – for David to say something. Either he thought it was pointless to be angry, or he didn't have the energy to be angry.

David broke the silence, but only "Are you okay?" he asked. It was clear that he had other intentions. Kurt didn't answer the question, just waited.

"I came to talk to you," David said. "Okay, we don't have a nice past, but you better at least help the conversation a little bit."

"About what?"

"Lina's..." David looked around after he said, "you know your situation. We need to talk about what we're going to do next."

"What are we going to do next?" said Kurt. "Since when have we been on the same side?"

"What does that mean?"

"Are you related to?"

"With what?"

"Don't play the fool!" said Kurt, raising his voice a little. "Are you related with?" he repeated his last question.

David understood what he was saying. But ignoring him, he said, "No, I have nothing to do with it."

"It sure is," Kurt said, crossing his arms at chest level.

"This is not our topic. Our topic is not business either. I only think of children. So..."

Kurt silenced David, after a moment of silence, he ran upstairs, yelling "Sophie!" David went upstairs after Kurt.

As soon as Kurt got upstairs, he rushed towards Sophie's room. Meanwhile, he saw Marcus waiting in front of the door of his room. Kurt entered Sophie's room without knocking. Then, David and Marcus followed. Little Sophie was sitting on the floor by her window in her room, crying. Kurt went over to Sophie.

From the back, Marcus said, "She saw it on the news. Didn't calm down," he said. His voice naturally sounded quite sad. David tapped Marcus on the shoulder and led him to his room.

Little Sophie "Mom!" she cried and hugged Kurt.

...

Kurt was sitting in the living room. He was with Marcus. He was seated too, but leaned forward as much as he could. Sophie was standing in the living room with her suitcase and her teddy bear.

"Are you OK?" Kurt asked Marcus.

"Well!" said Marcus. "I don't want to leave this place."

"I didn't know you loved us so much, Marcus," Kurt said.

Marcus laughed. "You have to understand. Not only did I lose my mother..."

"I see," Kurt said. "Just tell me your name,"

"Lina," Marcus said.

"Come on!"

"Really, her name is Lina."

Kurt stood up with Marcus. "Take care of yourself," Kurt said after they hugged each other for the last time. Marcus made a sign for him and got into the car that was waiting outside.

Sophie was next. Sophie, who was about to cry, approached Kurt slowly. Then she hugged Kurt without saying a word. She kissed his cheek as she hugged him and gave her teddy bear to Kurt.

"Take this," Sophie said. "It reminds me of you."

"Thanks," Kurt said, taking the bear from Sophie, "I'll keep it as best as I can."

Sophie smiled – obviously the smile on her face was a fake – then waved to Kurt and walked over to Marcus.

15: Return?

Eric and Paul had arrived at Paul's house and were sitting in the living room. Eric was staring blankly at the portrait of the famous man with glasses on the right side of the living room. Paul, on the other hand, had the television on, watching television in the middle of the room.

"Kurt just let the kids go?" Eric asked, still staring at the painting.

"Would Kurt's children keep him from staying with his father?" asked Paul, who was still watching TV.

"Didn't he sue to take care of the children?"

"Any chance of winning that case?"

Eric smiled and said, "Mr. Schütz is a man who will win his cases." "I thought maybe he wouldn't leave the kids to David."

"But he did," Paul replied. "Go back home now if you want."

Eric thought of his own house. He didn't want to go to that bad apartment. But since every apartment is better than this environmental disaster, they decided to leave. "Will we continue later?"

"Yes," said Paul. Then he turned off the TV and stood up. "I am an old man, dear journalist. Let's continue tomorrow, shall we?"

Eric waited for a while and then, "It was very kind of you to invite me to your house just to say 'Go home'. For that, I am grateful to you," he said.

Paul stopped, looked around, and said, "Yes." Then, he went up to Eric and said, "Please don't let this kindness go unanswered," and walked out of the room. Eric's face got strange. 'Did I just kicked out?' he thought from inside, but walked out without saying a word.

Eric walked halfway through the street where Paul's house was. Then, he turned and took another look at Paul's house. He thought of what Paul had said; this place was just a symbol. When he inspected the house, he thought Paul was right. Indeed, this house represented anarchy. All the houses on the street were built level with the street; Paul's house on a high platform. Other houses were similar to nineteenth-century architecture; Paul's house, on the other hand, had a modern architecture. The windows of other houses were small and transparent; the ones in Paul's house were large but did not show inside. Paul's house was an anomaly any way you looked at it; 'I am here and I am different from you,' the house was shouting. Eric couldn't stand it any longer and turned around and started walking slowly. From politics when he puts his left foot on the ground; from money when he put his right foot on the ground, Eric hated. The saddest part was that this hatred was towards such people. How could such people fall into such situations?

As Paul was walking down the main street, it started to rain. Then lightning... People started running to escape the rain, but there was a man standing on the street. This man was Eric. He put on his coat and waited. Then he turned in the direction of Paul's house – which was not visible from the street where Eric was located – and pointed his finger at Paul's house. "Please nature," Eric said after standing like that for a while, "Please show you're the strongest no matter what," and walked towards the subway.

...

Eric was approaching the apartment where his house was located. The rain had stopped. But Eric got pretty wet. He had somehow wrapped his tablet in his coat; Thus, his tablet was saved from breakdown. He was walking down the street with his tablet in his hand. When he arrived in front of the apartment, he met a neighbor: an old, slightly hunched woman. After greeting her, Eric entered the apartment and started walking towards his house.

...

Paul was lying on his bed. However, he couldn't sleep. He got up from his bed and took a glass from his bedside table and drank the water in it. Then he looked out the window and began to think.

Kurt was alone in the house for the first time. Kurt thought he would never get used to this situation. While Lina was at home, she used to spend most of her time working in the basement, but this time it made a huge difference. The robot was off. Kurt opened the robot to make some noise. Unfortunately, however, the robot was working silently. The robot was running silently, although it was doing a lot of work to be done.

"I had forgotten how quiet it works. Should I talk with it?" he thought out loud.

It had heard what he was thinking on the robot, "If you connect your computer below to me, you will have a more advanced conversation," it said. "The larger data set he has will enable him to build a better personality."

Kurt had turned his back on the robot as the robot answered Kurt. He suddenly turned towards the robot and, "Of course! Personality is the sum of all experience and prejudices," he said. Then, he continued to speak, but this time he was giving orders directly to the robot. "Go up to Lina's room and collect whatever you can find from her personal records, computer records, diary whatever."

The robot was taken aback by this order. "This is to the Second Principle..." Kurt interrupted, "Shut up, you can't hurt a dead person," he said. "Convert all the materials you find into a digital format and redirect them to the computer below."

After staring at it for a while, the robot said, "Okay," and started walking upstairs. Kurt started walking downstairs. As soon as he got downstairs, he turned to his right and started pressing the computer keys. Kurt was going to make a robot, a robot which was going to be one that fed by real experience.

Eric didn't sleep at all that night either. He spent all night preparing the interview that would be broadcast the next day. This time, however, he wasn't working on his desk. He had his computer on his bed; he was writing on the bed. He was annoyed from the pain in his neck because of the last time he had fallen asleep. Due to this, in next time – which was obvious it was going to happen – he was planning to fall on bed instead of desk. Eric, while was preparing the interview, was also drinking coffee to stay awake. Then, he began to hear a voice coming from the living room. He put down the computer and walked into the living room. He drew the curtain of the living room and looked out into the street. He noticed that a car alarm went off. Eric, who had to move here because the rents were cheap, continued to prepare the interview in his bed, devastated by the flat he was in.

Chapter 3

16: Preparing the Robot

Eric was lying face down on the bed with his computer next to him. As usual, he awoke to the sounds of fighting from the street. Waking up with a start, Eric simply looked up from the bed into the room. Then, he buried his head back into the pillow and tried to sleep for a while. He would love to buy a house on the street where Paul's house is located. However, his money was only enough for this house. He wanted so much to live on that beautiful street... He would like to leave this noisy, useless street full of unnecessary men, the lamps that don't even work, and the crime-filled street to live in a decent place.

Trying to sleep for a while amid the sounds coming from the street, Eric woke up to another sound. The sound was louder than those coming from the street, but it wasn't the loudness that woke Eric. What woke Eric was the sound coming from his phone. Eric reached for his phone without getting out of bed. The message was from Paul. Today he wanted to meet with gentleman(!) at the R.M.I.E building. His job, which started as a long series of interviews, was now turning into a city tour, and Eric couldn't decide whether he liked it or not. The good thing about these outside meetings was that he didn't have to see that damn house. The downside was that he went to a different place each time to talk to one person.

Eric got out of bed. He searched her wardrobe for clothes that didn't smell sweaty. What he found was a black T-shirt and jeans. He had to wear these. Then, he took all the clothes that were scattered in his room and threw them in the washing machine in the bathroom. He then took his coat and, having learned how important it was the yesterday, went out. The foyer was filled with voices from Eric's neighbors. Normally this street has always been lively, but today there seemed to be a special contract between the neighbors for them to make some extra noise. Eric quickly descended the stairs so as not to get angry.

When he got to the street, he continued on his way, a little confused. There was not much noise in the street. The voices in the street seemed to made to wake Eric. Eric took a cigarette from his pocket and continued walking, smoking.

...

Paul was standing in front of the company building. He was leaning against a wall at the entrance of the building, looking at the cars passing by on the street. First he saw a white car pass by. Later, a black, old car, not even sure if it had an autopilot, passed by. 'I don't see a scrap every day,' Paul thought. Then he greeted his colleagues passing by. After waiting outside for a while, he entered the building.

There was a crowd in the hallway. People were talking to each other all the time. It was mostly business related. No one was talking about what happened to Lina and Kurt. They went about his usual business as if nothing had happened. Paul took the elevator and went to the top floor.

When Paul got to the top floor, he walked into his office without greeting anyone. He turned on the tablet in his office and started looking at the news. After browsing a few news stories, one news caught his attention. This was the interview Eric did with himself. Eric had summarized what he had heard for two days, turned it into a story, and published it. Paul began to read the news. He was impressed by this interview; He thought Eric was doing a really good job. Halfway through the news, he heard a knock on the glass door of his office. He looked up and saw Eric coming. He immediately signaled for Eric to come. Eric walked in as soon as he saw Paul's sign.

"Good morning," Eric said with a yawn. He obviously didn't sleep very well.

"Looks like a bad evening," Paul said. Then he stood up and shook Eric's hand.

The two of them sat on two chairs facing each other in the office. Eric's eyes were shut constantly.

"Would you like a coffee?" he asked.

"It would be fine," Eric replied. So Paul opened something on his computer and clicked something.

"Well," said Paul. "What do you want to learn today?" he asked.

"Are you really asking me? So aren't you going to tell a random story?"

Paul handed Eric his tablet computer. "Looks like it'd be better if you directed it," Paul said as Eric read what was written on the tablet computer.

Eric was surprised that Paul appreciated him. "OK. So let's start with the robot Kurt made. From making Lina... or whatever it is."

"Yes," Paul said, turning around. "For Kurt – and partly for me – personality is the sum of all the experiences," he said. Paul was going to continue, but Eric interrupted.

"Do you really think so? So just from what we saw..."

"The brain is just a machine too, dear journalist. It works on three basic concepts: input, processing and output. If you add memory and emotion, that is, the current operating mode of that machine, to this trio, it becomes a complex machine. We are the sum of the outputs. There are two factors that affect the outputs: One of them is the inputs, that is, what we experience. The second is how the machine is set up, that is, what the circuits are inside. This is determined by genetics. Understood?"

"So we are not different," said the journalist. But he didn't believe what he was saying.

"We have some minor differences. The most important of these is circuitry changing with output," Paul said, turning back to Eric.

"So I'm thinking, sir," said Eric. "Since they are the same, can we substitute one for the other? For example, a robot made from organic materials."

"Actually, your basic logic is the same as Kurt's. Kurt only thought the opposite. He tried to make a human out of silicone material. But he didn't know exactly what circuits were."

"Good thing we're not at home. You can't just show me a painting and confuse me."

Paul simply laughed at the answer. "Anyway. Kurt transferred everything they knew about Lina to a robot they made by analyzing the brain's neural networks. So a machine will process the input – Lina's experience – and create the output – Lina's personality."

"Approximately."

"Yes," said Paul. Meanwhile, a robot entered through the door. This robot was a wheeled service robot with a tray on top. Judging by the design, it looked like it was made in Japan. The robot approached and placed the coffees on the table. Eric immediately grabbed the coffee and started drinking it. As the story getting interesting, Eric's appetite for it grew. So he was prepared to do whatever he could to stay awake.

“So Kurt partially copied Lina,” Eric continued as he sipped his coffee.

“‘Partially’ is a weak word for it,” Paul said. “Let’s say almost completely.”

“But some parts will be missing, right?”

“It is true, but there is a ‘but’. This ‘but’ is a ‘but’ that applies to all of us. We can forget some things without losing our personality, and we do some things differently than we always do. That doesn’t make us a different person than we are. Also, once Kurt starts to train Lina, Lina can define the rest of it herself.”

Eric agreed with what was said.

Kurt returned home in the evening. As soon as he arrived, he took the robot he brought home from the company, put it in the living room and opened the box. He had brought a lot of material to make it look like a human along with the robot. A wig that looks like Lina’s hair, a synthetic sheath that looks like skin, and more. One by one, he carried them to the basement - carrying the robot last. Then, he looked at his computer in the basement. The transfer was complete. Lina’s diaries, the footage from the system that recorded every emotional moment of her mother and father, the photos and videos on Lina’s computer, and the conversations she gave in various places... All of them were copied to the computer in the basement. The house robot had completely transferred Lina’s diary, which was printed on paper, to the computer. It was a very long job. After Kurt entered the final commands, his secretary called and said he wouldn’t be back for a few days. Then he went to bed to sleep.

17: As if Seen for the First Time

Kurt wasn't going to work this week. He would just focus on making the robot. As soon as he got up, he went to the kitchen and started to prepare his breakfast with the robot. The job of preparing breakfast was short, as there was only one person eating. Then, Kurt started to have his breakfast. He was eating fairly quickly which he had never done this before.

Seeing that Kurt was eating at this speed, the robot approached Kurt and, "Do you want help?" it asked.

"No," said Kurt, with food in his mouth. Later, when he heard the knock on the door, he gave his order, "Look at the door!"

When the robot received the command, it turned around and started walking towards the door. Then it opened the door. It was Paul. The robot told Kurt that Paul was coming. "Go upstairs, tidy the rooms," Kurt said to get the robot away. Kurt didn't want to say anything to anyone until he had finished his new robot. As the robot was going upstairs, Kurt came up to Paul and shook his hand.

"How are you?" Paul asked.

"Better than before," Kurt replied after a few seconds of silence, making strange facial expressions.

"Good, good," Paul said, sitting Kurt down. "Would you like a cup of coffee?" he asked.

"The robot's up there, though," Kurt said as he sat down in the armchair.

"I'll do it myself," said Paul, and went to the kitchen. At the same time, he continued to speak loudly to Kurt. "Your meeting with David went quite calmly. I must say I am quite surprised that this happened so. Did you manage the children issue?"

"They'll live with David," Kurt said. He was leaning back in the chair.

Paul took a few steps back in the kitchen and looked at Kurt for a moment, through the gap that connects the living room with the kitchen, with a surprised expression. Then, "Eh! That'll be the best, won't it Kurt? Children who have already lost their mothers should not be separated from their fathers." After a pause, he continued, "You're a good man, Kurt." As Kurt glanced at Paul, Paul winked at Kurt and then went back to making coffee.

"I heard you're not going to the company for a week," Paul said. "Is it true?"

"No. I thought I should get away for a while."

Paul had finished making the coffees. He came into the living room with two cups in both hands, mindful of his steps, and placed the coffees on the nesting tables in front of the armchairs. These coffee tables were not here before; which meant that the tables had been put by Kurt. Just as he was thinking about this, Paul saw the robot waiting quietly in the corner. He sat in the chair without hesitation.

"This decision is interesting," Paul said. "You are someone who comes to the company when you are bored with your projects at home. Home will be more tiring for you."

"I don't work for the company. That's what you're saying."

"Yes. You usually work at home and finish your work at the company."

Kurt agreed with Paul. Kurt hardly ever worked for the company, only answering questions put to him. Things changed a bit when the Personality Project started, but many things remained as before.

"Maybe I need to work more to distract myself," Kurt said.

Paul thought for a while and said, "Sounds like you!" After saying that, he patted Kurt on the shoulder and asked Kurt's permission to go back to his own house.

Kurt nodded his head in agreement. Then, he said to Paul, "You better work a little bit too."

"I won't work if I don't have to," answered Paul, and stepped into the garden. Kurt walked behind Paul and closed the door. After waiting for Paul to get into a taxi, he headed for the basement.

"Why didn't he tell you he copied Lina?" asked Eric.

"This is Kurt's style," Paul said. "He doesn't say anything to anyone until he's finished everything. Even to his siblings! Then he comes up with a finished project."

"So, you noticed when the Lina robot appeared, just like everyone else."

"A little earlier..."

Kurt was in the basement. He was feeding data to the AI. This one had never processed any data beforehand; only Lina's memory would process what could be considered data. All AIs had to abide by the Five Principles when making decisions; it was a legal requirement. If Kurt removed the principles from the decision algorithm, he might be in trouble, so he didn't touch the Five Principles part of artificial intelligence. Therefore, the 'personality of the copied Lina' would decide based on principles. Kurt thought it wouldn't be a problem. He was sure he knew her. The Five Principles only stipulated not to harm people, they could and should not affect Lina's decisions.

Kurt had nothing left to do with the computer. The AI would repeatedly simulate Lina's memories, it would just have to wait. 'I don't expect him to recreate his personality exactly, but it'll be so close that the margin of error will be negligible,' Kurt thought. Meanwhile, he started to assemble the robot parts he brought from the company. After the process was finished, it would transfer the weights to this robot. Kurt's plan to put the pieces together was simple. He would first assemble the hull, then attach the remaining parts to the hull. However, ordering the pieces correctly was a different task...

"Did you learn from the computer at home?" asked Eric.

"Yes," said Paul. "But you know Kurt is better at the computer than I am."

"From what he told me, Kurt also realizes that personality cannot be 'exactly' copied. But you said it wouldn't matter."

"I tell you that we can't be sure of every..."

"I understand, sir," said Eric. The curious journalist was tired of this uncertainty. "I understand. Gödel, ambiguity, et cetera, et cetera. He didn't see anyone for a week, he didn't say anything to anyone, and he just showed up with Lina's robot, right?" Then, he took a sip of his coffee. Then she summarized the story Paul had told and took notes.

"I went and saw it a few days before Lina showed up. I already said that I learned a little before anyone else."

“Robot Lina, you are not following the court order, sir.”

"Don't worry, journalist, it's not the first time," said Paul, very confidently. "Anyway, he had finished everything when I left. Her appearance was exactly the same as Lina's. I was excited when I saw her again. However, I did not speak that day. Fortunately, Kurt told me the first time he spoke."

"I'm looking forward to it," said the journalist. He took his tablet in his hand, leaned back and began to listen to what was going on.

Kurt was done with the finishing touches. Lina was ready and Kurt was eagerly awaiting the moment when she would speak to him for the first time. He faced Lina, took a deep breath and, “Start!” gave his command.

Robot Lina opened her eyes and looked around. Then, she looked at himself, after that at Kurt. As soon as she saw Kurt in front of her, she closed her body’s private parts. "Kurt! Why am I naked, what am I doing in the basement!" she said.

Kurt started to cry. His sister, whom he loved more than anything, was back. At the same time, his one week's work yielded results. He went to his sister and hugged her.

"Well," said Lina, unable to make sense of what had happened, extending the word, "can you tell me what's going on here, Kurt?"

But Kurt did not speak. He preferred to touch his sister's synthetic skin. He stared at her for a moment, then hugged her tightly again.

"Kurt!" said Lina. "What's going on?"

Kurt peeled a piece of skin from Lina's arm and showed it to Lina. “In short, you are a robot,” he said.

Lina didn't have an answer to that sentence but said, "Okay, but I'm a shy robot can I go get dressed?" asked.

18: New Lina

Lina and Kurt were in the living room. Lina had gone into the room – or her room – and chose one of the outfits she always wore. Kurt still couldn't believe what he had done. His sister was standing in front of him, 'alive and living', if it could be called. Kurt wanted to make sure it was Lina. Therefore, while his sister was getting dressed, she had prepared a few questions about Lina. All the questions were written on a piece of paper. Kurt had deliberately written with a pen on a piece of paper. Because Lina had a robotic body and could be connected to the home network at any time.

Lina looked around without making any sense at the paper in Kurt's hand. Head movements were small but sudden. She would take one small step at a time, look somewhere, then shift her focus elsewhere with another small movement. Lastly, she focused on Kurt's face and moved a little closer to Kurt's face, as if examining him. Then he walked away from Kurt's face.

"Okay, I'm going to ask you a few questions. Are you ready?" said Kurt. His voice was a little excited. Was this excitement because he was going to talk to his sister again after what happened, or was it about whether the robot he built would be successful?

Lina nodded again, but her eyes were still focused on Kurt. "Well, I'm ready," she replied.

Kurt had noticed the first change in the new Lina. Lina was speaking slower than before. Kurt hadn't noticed this when she was in the basement. Kurt considered the reasons for this slow speech. By the way, he had forgotten that Lina was waiting for the first question.

"Kurt?" she asked. "You were supposed to ask questions."

Kurt came to his senses with what Lina said. "Ah! Yes..the question is..."

"Are you alright?" said Lina. When Lina was speaking, she was putting more space between words than usual.

"Okay, Lina. Your birth date?"

"January 9th. Kurt, how do you plan to find out that I am Lina with these questions?" Lina wasn't leaving those big gaps between words in this sentence. Could a problem just disappear like this?

"Okay okay. So, what do you think of the Five Principles?"

"Principles for humans to live in harmony with robots."

"But what about Principle 5, don't you think it prevents us from living in harmony?" Kurt had chosen these questions on purpose. These questions had two advantages. The first was that it was made in an isolated environment. Therefore, there was no such record in the memory of the robot Lina. Second, Lina's views on the relationship between robots and humans were unequivocal.

Lina waited for a while, obviously doing an analysis from her memory for the answer to this question. "No," he said then.

"And do you see any legal or ethical wrongdoings?"

"No. The concept of right in law is a definition. Excluding robots from the definition does not indicate a legal violation. If we consider the purpose of making robots ethically, it is seen that there is no problem."

“Okay,” Kurt said, “that was exactly Lina's answer. word for word.” Kurt asked another question from the paper in his hand. “What do you think of David Sanders?”

“He's disgusting,” Lina replied. But there was a possibility that this answer could only be obtained from memory interpretation. That's why Kurt asked “Why?”

Lina tried to say something but chose to remain silent afterwards. “I don't like what he does in every way.”

“Okay,” Kurt said in a lower tone than usual. “Do you describe yourself as an emotional one?”

When Lina heard that question, she waited a few seconds. “No,” he later said.

Kurt tossed the paper from his hand. And he took a deep sigh. Then, “How can I tell if your personality is the same as Lina's?” he asked. But that question was his own.

“How about asking more questions?”

“Useless. Questions only bring me closer.”

“It will never be complete, Kurt,” said Lina. Then, she took Kurt's hand to share his brother's pain. “There's no way to be absolutely sure even what you're going to do yourself. Remember, you're an engineer, Kurt. Just find the most optimal solution and don't think about the rest.”

Kurt relaxed a little after his brother's answer. “I think you're right,” he said, reaching down in his chair. After a while, he started laughing for no reason. “Oh,” said Kurt. “You have a robot body, right?”

“Yes,” said Lina, “why are you surprised by that,” she continued, again putting extra space between words.

“I'm not surprised,” Kurt said. “I can use it.”

“I don't understand?”

“Make me a coffee,” Kurt said.

Lina had a disgruntled expression on her face. “Go do it yourself!” said. Only then did he realize that he was walking towards the kitchen. “What's going on... Of course! 5. Principle. If you were going to create a personality on the machine, why would you use the Five Principles?” she asked, but his tone was more of a reproach than a question.

“Law Lina. Besides, you don't want to 'break the law' do you?”

Lina, with a fake smile on her face, “Great! I became my brother's personal slave,” she said from the kitchen.

“Lina is right,” Eric interrupted the story.

“Why?” he asked. He couldn't understand Eric.

“If you're constantly changing or circumventing the law, then it's pointless for Kurt to try to obey the law,” he said.

“People like us are very attached to the law,” Paul said. “Without law, there is no property; There is no wealth without property.”

"It's just 'good for society' to 'stretch a little' when it becomes an obstacle to your 'wealth,' isn't it?" said Eric.

Eric's answer was so good that Paul didn't even say a word; which this man had been able to find an answer to every word Eric had said in the last two days.

"I don't understand why you're not rich, journalist," Paul replied.

"I've had more important things to do in my life than 'chasing carrots'," Eric replied. Neither of them could understand what had happened to Eric today. Eric took a look at himself after what he had said. Paul looked at Eric without saying a word.

"I don't really like that you summed up my life as 'chasing carrots', dear journalist," said Paul. The most interesting aspect of this conversation was the level of the conversation between the two men representing the two extremes. Two men with very different views addressing each other, scathing each other like a fly with little damage and a little pain... No violence, there is fighting, but with words. Wouldn't it be nice if all humanity had its share of this?

"Okay," said Eric, "Dear investor. After making money, what do you use the money for?"

"More money..." he said, and Paul paused. Then he went on, "It really did look like chasing for carrots when it is said in that regard."

"Would you like me to bring a stick?"

Paul's mouth fell open. There was nothing left to say. Paul considered possible answers for a while. But he couldn't say any of them. He stood up and said, "Would you like to eat something at the restaurant one street back?" asked.

"What does it mean?" asked Eric.

Paul put his hand on Eric's shoulder and started walking. Then "It means 'checkmate', dear journalist,"

Eric nodded in agreement. "Sometimes the 'king' is really 'helpless'," he said.

Paul laughed, then, "Looks like we're moving on without slowing down. I take my hat off to you, sir. I am unarmed, please do not shoot," he said.

"So be it."

19: New Lina, New Routine

Eric and Paul had exited the company building, walking along the street. There was silence between Paul and Eric. In this silence, Paul and Eric glanced briefly at each other from time to time. They walked all the way to the end of the street and turned right from there. The street they entered was crowded. The cafes and restaurants on the right were full of people. People were laughing, having fun and chatting. "Would you like to eat here?" Paul asked, pointing to a restaurant that suited his taste.

Eric looked at the whole street, then at the restaurant Paul was pointing to. The street was full of restaurants filled with luxury, ostentatious and expensive goods. The people in them wore very expensive brand clothes. A restaurant caught Eric's eye. There were no lamps in this restaurant. Instead of a lamp, a candle was burning. People wore clothes similar to the clothes of the middle ages. Their food looked like it was from the middle ages. Pointing to this restaurant, "What kind of restaurant is this?" Eric asked.

Paul smiled. "It is a restaurant with a different concept. It has a medieval concept. Plates, dishes, drinks and clothes are also chosen accordingly. Clothes are also given inside, if you want, we can eat there too," he said.

"I don't understand," Eric said, shaking his head.

"Why is that?" he asked. After what he said at the company, he was looking forward to what he had to say about this restaurant.

"Look at the people inside!" said Paul. "Everyone is dressed like a noble."

"Isn't it beautiful? In modern democracies, isn't everyone noble? Or everyone becomes... ordinary..."

"It's not that I don't understand," Eric said. "Do you think there weren't inns that served drinks to the villagers in the middle ages? Why does everyone want to be a minority?"

"Being a minority is not a problem, dear journalist. Besides, the lives of the tribes were more glorious at that time. Therefore, isn't it normal for him to imitate nobles?"

"Well... I just wondered who would plow the field, if everyone was a noble. Everyone seems to want to be noble and starve."

Paul has given some thought to this issue. Then, he said, "Right," with a laugh, and agreed. "That's why we make robots, right?" ' he asked, and they continued walking.

Paul realized that Eric didn't like the restaurants on this street. They looked for a more modest place and found it. The food of the restaurant they went to was of high quality, the whole place was quite clean, the service was very fast and very nice. Paul understood why Eric was looking for a place like this. He realized that his choice was wise. Nothing was missing here, but nothing more. Paul was starting to like Eric's style.

As soon as they arrived they were seated at a table. Paul and Eric were sitting opposite each other.

"Are you a vegetarian? We can eat chicken if you're not," Eric said.

Paul said he's not a vegetarian. So they both decided to order chicken. After the waiter robot took the orders, he left Eric and Paul.

"Well," said Eric. "What was the first thing Lina did with her robot? So what did they do together first?" Eric asked for Paul to tell the story.

"Of course they went to work!" Paul rubbing his chin. he said happily.

The day after Kurt made Lina, Lina and Kurt were getting ready to go to the company. Kurt was having his breakfast; Lina stood next to him because she no longer needed breakfast. After Kurt finished his breakfast, he laughed and, "Lina! You were making a great breakfast, you should do more!" he mocked Lina.

Lina, on the other hand, gave Kurt a clever answer. He fell to his knees and bowed his head, "As you command, sir. I'll do whatever you want," she said, a mocking smile on his face.

Kurt laughed, "Okay, okay. After that, we use the house robot," he said.

Lina was smiling, "I'll be glad, arrogant gentleman!" said. Then she hugged Kurt and they went out together.

While walking in the garden Kurt noticed that the weather was very nice. There was a slight breeze in the air, it was hot and sunny. Some people were walking outside. Some of them were running outside for the purpose of doing sports.

"Do you feel it, Lina?" said Kurt.

Lina stared blankly at Kurt for a while, then said, "No, I don't feel it. These models don't have sensors, remember?" he said in the slow tone peculiar to the new Lina.

Lina looked so realistic that Kurt occasionally forgot that Lina was a robot. Only in quiet times did he put too much space between words. This was also an issue that could be ignored.

Standing in front of the house, Lina and Kurt hailed a taxi and got in. They were both in the front. As soon as we got in the taxi, Lina sent the address to the taxi. That was the first advantage of being a robot. He could communicate directly with machines. Would this be a good step for people too? The basic logic of computers was clear. If you can send a signal, you have a chance to receive a signal. There is no perfect security. Perhaps for these reasons Kurt thought that what existed should remain that way.

When the taxi Lina and Kurt took stopped in front of the company, the two of them went downstairs. In front of the company, several employees were chatting with sandwiches in their hands. When the staff saw Lina, their sandwiches fell from their hands. They were shocked to see Lina. One of the employees rubbed his eyes. No one could believe what they were seeing. In addition, Lina's synthetic skin glowed in the sunlight. Thus, Lina looked like a shining star. No one could see Lina clearly, and those who saw could not believe what they saw. Lina and Kurt walked into the building in amazement and admiration.

Paul and Eric have finished eating their meals. It took a long time for Paul to even tell a short story, as he had to eat at the same time. It was dark, half past eight in the evening. After they finished their meal, it was time to pay the bill. Eric wanted to pay the bill, but Paul wouldn't let him. After a five-minute bill paying discussion, they decided to split it in two. After the bill was paid, the coats were taken and they left the restaurant.

Paul invited Eric inside, saying "Would you like a coffee?" However, Eric declined this invitation. Because he didn't want to see that disgusting house. He had cursed that house yesterday, and Eric

had a very strong hope that something would happen to that house. 'Nature will do what I couldn't, and will avenge that architectural disaster. If nature doesn't, let God do it, let Zeus do it, or let Odin do it. Or let another human do it, but whoever does it, only avenge humanity,' he thought.

Turning to Eric, Paul asked , “Can we finish it tomorrow?”

“Of course,” he replied. “A lot of what happened afterwards is public events anyway.”

“It will be fine. Good evening, Paul,” said Eric, and bowed to leave.

Paul held out his hand to Eric. They shook hands and they both set off to return home. Eric took his bus back home. The bus was empty, it was a quiet ride, Eric. The journey took less than 15 minutes.

Eric came to the street where his house was located. The street was again filled with the sounds of windows getting broken and men shouting. Once again, Eric hated where he lived. Then, ' If nature, God, Zeus or Odin; If he's going to do something to Paul's house, please do it to this street, too,” he thought. 'Why does this street have to be so noisy!' he cursed it, afterwards his adventure of writing interviews filled with coffee and insomnia began. Fortunately, he had less to do today. Eric thought he could send in the interview around three o'clock at night and then get some more sleep. This meant that Eric could prepare for tomorrow –for the last day. The thought of being able to sleep had calmed Eric a little. It was not easy to work or sleep in these sounds.

Chapter 4

20: It All Starts With a Child

Eric was having breakfast in his apartment. Unlike other days, he had been able to sleep uninterrupted last night. Along his coffee, he had a few slices of tomato, some cheese, and an egg. He had his breakfast in fifteen minutes. He washed his hands in the kitchen. Then, he returned to his room. His goal was to get his tablet. But, something else caught his eye when he looked out the window of his room. Eric's bedroom window faced a cul-de-sac at the back. A woman was cornered by a man in that street. Seeing this, Eric searched for his phone. It didn't take him long to find the phone, as it was next to the coffee table by the window he was looking out of. Just when he was about to call the police, when he saw the cops coming, Eric took his tablet and left the room.

There was a strange smell in the apartment space. It smelled like rotten and burnt meat. Eric continued down the stairs, ignoring the smell, as Eric was leaving this apartment in a few days. When he came to the entrance of the apartment, he realized that a smell was coming from a cat. The cat was killed and burned at the protests last night. This neighborhood was causing Eric more pain every day. He covered this place he didn't want to see again with his coat and continued on his way.

The meeting place today was Paul's house. Eric was happy to go to that house for the last time. He would never see that architectural betrayal called 'home' again. Also, today was the last day of the story, which was a plus. The veil of secrecy on this story, which would be an important lesson in the history of humanity, would be lifted today. Eric had found an unprecedented opportunity as a journalist. He hadn't turned down this opportunity, he would have ended it like it deserved. He had endured the people—and cultural betrayals—with whom he had worked for three days, toiled day and night, whom he had never wanted to put up with before; would conclude them today. Eric was thinking about this as he boarded the bus.

Eric got off the bus and lit a cigarette. It would take a street walk. He remembered the first day he walked while walking. Everything was like what happened today. The air, the river flowing next to it, the smell of algae stuck to the walls by the river... After walking for a while, Eric came to the street where Paul's house was located. He raised his finger again and cursed the house. Then, he walked towards Paul's house. He knocked on the door after climbing the stairs. It was Paul's maid who opened the door. She was more tired than last time, her expression as if she had received bad news. He invited her in, as he had done on the first day, and then asked him to take a seat in the living room.

When Eric came into the living room, he realized that some things had changed. There was no television in front of the sofa; instead, the painting on the right was hung there. One of the chairs was placed in front of the table. The television was on the right, where the painting was before. The armchair to the left and the sofa across, from where the television used to be and now the painting were, in the same place. Eric sat on the sofa and waited.

Paul came into the hall as soon as he heard that Eric had arrived. Eric tried to stay seated, but Paul wouldn't let him. He squeezed Eric's hand and sat down in the chair opposite Eric.

"It's a pity I won't be able to see you again, sir," Paul said.

"You never know," Eric replied. "Maybe your relationship with the states will come out and we need to do a series of interviews again. Don't worry, I won't write the last thing I said," Eric said. He was true to his word and didn't really write that. But there was something Eric forgot.

Paul smiled, paid his respects to Eric, and, "Shall we begin? What do you say?" he asked.

Eric didn't say anything, but gestured with his hand to begin. His curiosity was immediately evident.

"Lina had no problems for a month. Nobody was interested in Lina's robot body. The result was the same for everyone. It was Lina. But one day, the robot lady faced an important truth."

"What's that?" asked Eric. Paul's words had excited him, his time was coming.

"With how the law works," Paul said, leaning back.

Lina was wandering around the park alone. The weather was sunny, there was no wind. Lina was staring at people as she walked. Lina had caught people's attention, too. Because the synthetic skin shimmered a little. However, gaze towards her was good. She looked like a woman who took very good care of her skin. This naturally caught people's attention. While walking in the park, Lina noticed a small child hiding behind a tree, crying.

Lina immediately went to the boy. The boy was frightened. When Lina approached the boy, she fell to her knees and stroked the boy's cheek and asked "Why are you crying, dear?"

The boy continued to cry, not giving Lina an answer. Thereupon, Lina once again said, "Come on, honey! Tell me why you're crying. Look, maybe I can help you."

The boy was very shy. He didn't answer Lina at all. Every time Lina touched him, the boy took a step back. Lina stood up and looked for someone who could help. Meanwhile, an answer came. "Mom!" said the boy in a low voice and continued to cry.

"Did you lose your mother?" she asked to the little boy. "I see," she said, taking the child in her arms and looking for a police officer to help find her mother.

Lina saw a police car. He took the boy in his arms and walked towards the police car. Inside the car were two robots and a police officer. Lina went to the officer and reported that the child was missing.

The police immediately placed the boy in the back, between the two robots. Then he made a call to the center for the child. He waited a while. His call was answered; the mother was found. "His mother was already looking for him down the street," the police officer said. "I will ask for your ID. For the record."

Without hesitation, Lina sent her electronic ID to the police. The police thanked him first, then entered his credentials on his computer. Lina leaned over the boy and said, "See, it's all right."

The boy answered Lina with a laugh.

After waiting for a while, "Ma'am!" called the police officer. "You have to come with us to the police station."

Lina was surprised by what the police said. "Why?" she asked; as she asked, she could see the police robots approaching him as well.

"We will explain at the police station," the officer said. The robots grabbed Lina by the arms and took her to the vehicle. They sat him next to the child. Then the robots and the police officer sat down. Then, the vehicle moved.

...

“Yes,” said the commissioner at the station. “This ID is fake. It belongs to a dead person, Lina Schütz. Please tell me where you got this identity from and who you really are.”

“I am Lina Schütz. It's just...” It was really hard to explain the situation. It was very difficult to describe this event using the words of the language. Especially to someone who does not understand computers or biology, Lina simply says, “My body was transferred to another body after my death. But that doesn't make me any different.” Still, it could not be regarded as failing to explain the situation.

“Unfortunately, that doesn't change you being dead on the record. I have to arrest you.”

“But...” Lina could only say 'but'. Then she remained silent, there was nothing she could say. While the robots were taking Lina away, Kurt came to help. Because Lina had sent a signal to Kurt while he was being arrested. Kurt came to the commissioner and said, “I'm sorry. My robot used the identity of my sister who died as a result of an error. I will fix this mistake, you can be sure of that.”

“My robot... What does that mean?” Lina asked, her tone clearly annoyed. She was freaked out. In addition, she wanted to go to Kurt, but the robots holding Lina wouldn't let him.

The commissioner scratched his chin. “Is it a robot?” asked. “But, she looks human.”

“Let me show you,” Kurt said, and with a knife he took out of his pocket, he walked over to Lina.

The cops tried to stop Kurt. However, Lina didn't react at all. Realizing this, the commissioner let Kurt let go of his hand and allowed him to approach Lina.

Lina was still angry. However, at Kurt's request, he extended his arm. Kurt cut Lina's skin and showed the wiring and circuits underneath. Then he said, “As you can see, this is my robot. It was just a mistake, that's all.”

Kurt's saying 'my robot' was getting on Lina's nerves a lot. She was Lina; no one could object to that.

“Well, the Five Principles...”

“A robot with everything. There is nothing illegal. One of our other products. She's acting like this because I'm working on my sister's personality. I couldn't anticipate him using the ID. Show some understanding.”

Kurt had succeeded in convincing the commissioner. “Okay,” said the superintendent, “you can go. However, there will be a penalty for accidentally using the ID.”

Kurt took Lina and left the station. However, Lina was cold to Kurt. “Why are you acting like that?” Kurt asked. When asked, Lina replied in a robotic tone, “Annoying words= Product, mine, fault.”

...

Lina and Kurt were in the living room and were in a heated argument.

“You can't call me my own robot, Kurt!” said Lina. His tone was too high. “I am a personality.”

“I know, but what's the point of telling the police that.”

“Right,” said Lina sarcastically, “it doesn't make any sense.”

There was a moment of silence, then Lina asked, "Since I look dead. Who owns the shares?"

"Mine," Kurt said in a stern tone.

Actually, Lina wasn't interested in stocks, but thought she could use stocks to avenge the influence of the word 'my robot'. "See you soon, Mr. Schütz!" said Lina and left the house.

"She sued Kurt Schütz to prove she was Lina and take the shares back. I don't understand, if they don't count the robot as a citizen why did they let them sue?" said Eric.

"Yes," said Paul. "This must be the only thing we don't understand."

Eric smiled, they both understood what Paul meant.

21: Case

Kurt and Lina were in front of the building where the hearing was going to take place. All the press was there. Everyone wondered why these two influential people were the subject of a lawsuit. As the two of them walked into the building, many journalists were asking them questions. However, Kurt and Lina went inside without answering any of these questions. Immediately the cameras were turned on and the news began to be made. The purpose of the reporter coming from each channel was to bring the news to that evening's bulletin.

There was a man who watched these events from one corner of the street and knew everything. He was watching the events from a cafe. He had extensive knowledge of all that had happened; but he was not disturbed because no one knew what he knew. The man sitting quietly in the corner cafe drinking his coffee was Paul. He was waiting for the events in front of the building to end.

Seeing that the crowd was slowly dispersing, Paul paid the bill and left the cafe and walked towards the building. His walk took about a minute. Afterwards, he entered the building and found the hall where the hearing would take place by asking the building's employees. The hall was on the second floor. Paul climbed the stairs to the second floor and entered the second hall to his right. He immediately took his place among the audience, sitting on the left side.

Kurt was on the right side of the courtroom and Lina was on the left. Lina had turned her back on Kurt; apparently she didn't want to come face to face with Kurt. Because of what Lina and Kurt had been through at the police station, they had grown apart.

The audience was sitting in the back of the hall. Paul had already took his place. After a while, someone with a tablet sat down next to him. The man was carrying a press pass. "Eric Berger," he introduced himself to Paul. They shook hands.

"Aren't you one of R.M.I.E's partners?" asked Eric the journalist.

"Yes," Paul replied. "I'm really surprised you recognized me."

Eric scratched his head. He was a little excited. "I did some... research."

"So be it. You came from abroad, I suppose?"

"Yes, for this case," he said. Then they turned back. After a while, Eric turned to Paul again and said, "You know these two people very well, don't you? Well..."

Paul gestured for Eric to shut up, "I got it. Yes, I know," he said.

"I was wondering if we could talk to you about this deeply."

"Sure," Paul said, and the two exchanged their phone numbers.

The judge entered the courtroom. As soon as he entered, he started the trial by inviting the people around him to silence.

"Plaintiffs are the Ministry of Justice and the Ministry of Technology; Defendant Kurt Schütz," he said. Then he looked at the file. What was written in the file seemed strange to him. Then "Hmmm! According to the file, Lina Schütz died a month ago. But you transferred it into the body of a robot, is it true, Mr. Schütz?"

"Partially, sir."

The judge slammed his hand on the table to make a sound. "Mr. Schütz. This hearing is not a good place to say 'partially'. Please answer what you know clearly and unambiguously."

"I have reconstituted my sister Lina's consciousness. Using what is known about Lina and a few simulation techniques."

"Well done!" the judge said in a low voice. He didn't want anyone to hear it, but some people in the hall had heard it; everyone who heard it laughed. Some even said, "Really, well done." The weirdest of the laughs was Lina; even he couldn't help laughing. Afterwards, the judge said in his normal voice, "For the record, the plaintiff will be addressed as 'New Lina Schütz' until a decision is made to avoid confusion. So you made the New Lina Schütz using Lina's memories and what is known about her."

The judge turned to the prosecutor next to him and said, "Maybe you understood something. What is your indictment?"

"The new Lina Schütz claims to be real. And since she is Lina Schütz, she demands that her shares be given to her and that Lina Schütz's death certificate be invalidated. Is it true the new Lina Schütz?"

"Yes sir. This is my claim. Just because I'm silicon-based doesn't mean I'm not human. Carbon and silicon are elements that are very close to each other. 'To be human' is not a carbon-specific feature. I also have all the characteristics of being human, I am a human being like those in this hall."

"The question is not what material you are made of, Miss New Lina Schütz. There is no definition of the word human in our constitution," the judge interrupted. "Laws of law are not like laws with universal validity. Laws are presupposition, unlike scientific laws, they need acceptance."

Meanwhile, Kurt's lawyer stood up. "I object. According to our laws, robots are proprietary. And personal property cannot be sued."

The judge shook his head, "Denied. This case is considered as part of a civil lawsuit. new Lina Schütz's complaint was dismissed, but seen as lawsuits filed by the Ministry of Justice and Technology on behalf of the new Lina Schütz."

Eric's gaze, sitting in the back, had changed. 'I wonder if cleaning robots are treated the same?' he asked himself. 'There is something else.'

The judge continued to speak. "The new Lina Schütz needs to be proven human. For this, it is decided to establish an expert committee consisting of psychologists and biologists and to discuss Kurt Schütz and New Lina Schütz on being human. As the creator of The New Lina Schütz, Kurt Schütz will ask questions (Lina, meanwhile, was obviously blushing and angry), and the board will decide whether she's human or not. If the board decides that the New Lina Schütz is Lina Schütz, her portion of her assets will be returned and her death certificate will not be valid."

"Your Honor, why did you decide to have Kurt ask me questions?" she asked.

"For the moment, Kurt is the owner," the judge said. Of course, this pissed Lina off, but before she could speak, the judge spoke again, "I'm looking at the records, you don't like it (looking at some files in your hand) but legally I have to say it. He has to prove to us that he owns his product."

"However..."

"Sorry New Lina Schütz. The legal framework at my disposal allows for this. Well, that's it for today."

Voices began to rise in the hall. Much of it contained gossip and guesses as to what might happen. Some of them condemned the judge and sometimes even insulted him. Fortunately, these fanatical people were immediately kicked out. Paul stood up to leave the hall. But Eric was still sitting still. At the same time, he was smiling. "Isn't it interesting to be treated differently, even as a robot copy of an influential person?" he said to himself. Then he took his things and left the hall as the last person.

"Now I realize, Mr. Journalist, that you were the same even that day," said Paul.

Eric chose to reply with a laugh at what Paul said. He leaned back on the sofa and took a sip of the coffee that was brought in. Then she continued talking to Paul.

"The case has gathered a lot of attention. It's not every day that powerful corporate executives are sued by robots, after all."

"Indeed, sir. For two weeks, a team of the best biologists, doctors and psychologists in the country was formed. I can say that the next two weeks were the most interesting two weeks of my life. There have been such conversations that our conversations remain zero on the left."

"I know I was there too, remember?"

"It was like watching two ships pass each other on the dark open sea. Throughout the case, we watched to see if the two of them could collide and sink."

"Interesting analogy," Eric said. "So you're saying everything could have been teared apart at any moment."

"Exactly, dear journalist."

22: Journey of Two Ships in the Dark

Why was only the first hearing open? Why was no one allowed into the hall afterwards? What were they hiding? Did they think they could hide the verdict once the trial was closed to the public? Eric was preoccupied with these questions. He was too busy thinking about this while he waited for Paul to get water. Paul brought his water and sat back in the chair.

"It's time for the other hearings," Paul said. "If you're ready, let's continue."

"Before we begin," Eric said, interrupting Paul, "Why were the other hearings closed to the public?"

"It is quite difficult to answer that. I don't know the real reason either."

Eric wanted to say something against what Paul said, but chose not to say anything. "Let's move on to the other hearings, then, what do you say?"

"It will be fine."

Two chairs were placed in the middle of the courtroom. In these chairs, Kurt and Lina were sitting opposite each other. The board was in the back. Before the hearing began, the board read a report. This report said that computers could have a personality as a result of complex programming. Additionally, he was drawing attention to R.M.I.E's Personality Project. They pointed out that the purpose of this project is to do something similar to what New Lina Schütz said.

"All right," said the judge. "I understand from what you have said that such a thing is possible, is it true?"

"Right," said one of the board. "Theoretically, we think this is possible. Also, considering the possibilities of the R.M.I.E company, we believe that the new Lina Schütz can be Lina Schütz in practice."

"If you're ready, Mr. Schütz, start asking your questions," the judge said to Kurt.

Kurt took a sip of water, then cleared his throat. "Okay, Lina," (after clearing her throat again) "Can you describe feelings for us on your own?" he asked.

The board was intently focused on Lina's response. After thinking for a while, Lina said, "What people give to events is a complex behavior pattern peculiar to living things. It provides primitive impulses such as defense, finding a mate."

"Do you think that's it?"

"You asked me to make a definition for myself, so I did. If you have a more objective definition, I'm all ears."

Some of the men in the board began to laugh. Kurt chose to remain silent. "So be it," he continued afterward. "Do you think robots have or can have feelings? You know, emotions are part of personality."

"They can if you program it," Lina replied. The board was stunned at this answer.

"What did you want to say?" Kurt asked.

"No matter why it is done, circuit is circuit. If you liken a silicon circuit to circuits in the limbic system of the brain, robots can have feelings too."

"So you think you're reacting emotionally. Because if you ask me, you are simulating emotions."

"Your concepts are not equal," Lina replied. This caught everyone's attention. "To lie when you do; to simulate when I do it. How do you know if your emotional reactions are real?"

He was listening to Lina, with her hands folded in front of the judge. Lina's answers caught the judge's attention. These were the answers that satisfied the judge. However, the judge was aware that he was not an expert on the subject. For this reason, he put his own thoughts aside and asked the board to evaluate the answers given to this question.

The discussion continued for two minutes. Then came a positive response from the board for Lina. These were answers that could come from a human. The board also approved this. So, Lina shed the first blood in this war. The judge recorded this report of the board. Then, turning to Kurt, he said, "Your other question, Mr. Schütz," gave Kurt the floor.

After Kurt paused for a while, "Well, do you think you can tell me another feature that makes up the personality?" he asked.

"Experiences," Lina replied. "Small and big events that he is exposed to in daily life."

"Can you describe the experience, Lina?"

"People are constantly exposed to some input while they are awake. These experiences form experiences by passing through a rational critical filter as to whether they are true or not. Experience is used to form personality."

"So you define experiences by memory."

"Partially. It is to derive inferences from memory using a method," Kurt replied.

The judge intervened. He couldn't devote more time to these two. Also, this decision was not a one-day decision. Therefore, the judge decided to interrupt the hearing. If he had more than one hearing, his job would have been much easier. "That's enough for today. Let the board think again with today's answers. Mr. Kurt would also have time to think about other questions. Today's hearing is over for today," he said, and started walking to leave the room.

After the judge's exit, the board also left the hall. Kurt and Lina were sitting and looking at each other. These two people, who were going to go to the same house in the same taxi, were looking at each other as if one of them would shoot him with a gun when he turned his back.

"Don't give me an order at home!" said Lina sternly.

"What do you mean..."

"You know what it means. DO NOT GIVE ME AN ORDER!" said Lina. She had shouted so much at the last sentence that several people from outside the room wanted to come in and see what was inside. Angrily, Lina turned to her side, crossed her legs, and looked down.

"Alright. Get up and come with me," said Kurt.

Lina stood up. Because he had to. But the look of hatred on his face was indescribable. She looked at Kurt not as his brother, but as an enemy he had fought for years. "I told... you to not... command..."

"Shut up," Kurt said in a tone that was close to a shout. "You said at home."

One of the muscles in Lina's neck began to twitch. Kurt went over to Lina, began to examine it for problem. But Lina quickly backed off. This caused Kurt to fall. Just as she was falling, Lina caught Kurt and stood up again.

“Thanks,” Kurt said coldly. “We will take a taxi.”

23: Round Two

Kurt and Lina came to the courtroom for the third hearing. Out of necessity, Lina had to live with Kurt. Lina had no identity and was not seen as a human being. Therefore, it was not possible to stay anywhere else. She couldn't afford a house or stay in a hotel. And this stay together was causing more strained relationships with each passing day. According to Lina, this case should have ended as soon as possible. From the outside, Lina's nerves seemed to be gone. However, Lina was a robot and was very good at hiding her own emotions.

Kurt and Lina again sat on opposite chairs in the middle of the room. At the judge's signal, the trial resumed. The first question, as always, was Kurt's. The board eagerly awaited Kurt's question. Looked like he was acting cool it to make a better impression on the case.

"If I remember correctly, you said in the last hearing that a factor that creates personality is experiences and that experiences are the systematic inference of events from memory. To understand what experiences are for you, you have to understand what memory is for you. So can you define memory for us?"

"Memory," said Lina. "It is the filtering of people's input according to their own attention and prior knowledge."

"So how do you decide whether to memorize an event or not?"

"As I said. It depends on what he directs his attention to."

"Do robots have a human-like attention?"

"Robots have attention, too. Why not? One of the tasks of attention is to reduce the load that may occur on memory."

"I didn't ask him," Kurt replied. "The key part in the question is 'human-like'. Human attention is a construct that will change how one sees reality. This creates such a complex memory. I don't think there is such attention in robots."

The board listened attentively to what Kurt had to say. Kurt's argument was pretty deep. While Lina was thinking, the board debated for a while what Kurt had said. Meanwhile, Lina silently contemplated her answer.

Lina broke her silence after a few seconds, "Is there any criteria for how they will perceive reality?" she asked Kurt.

Upon Kurt's "No" answer - which Lina expected - "Then the real perception of robots is just as valid. No measurement when it says. If there is no measurement, there is no comparison. So we can't compare one's perception of reality with another."

"I think that's enough for this question," the judge interrupted. "From now on, it will be an off-topic discussion." Then, "Do you agree?" he asked the board.

The board thought for a while. Then a member of the board stood up and said, "Yes, that's enough."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the judge. "We take a 15-minute break. In the meantime, let the board consider what has been said. Then, Mr. Schütz will ask his other question."

And the people on the board started to come out of the hall one by one. There was great curiosity about this trial outside. But no one was saying anything. At the will of the judge, and at the request of the ministries, no information would be made public until a decision was made.

After the break, everyone took their places again. It was just a little late for the judge to arrive. He promised Kurt to ask questions after the judge took his seat.

“Since we've talked about all the factors of personality, let's talk a little bit about what personality is. What do you think personality is, Lina?”

“It is how people react the stimuli around them. Even if the input is not the same, processing will give different responses, even if their brains are similar at birth. This is because of personality. It is formed by shaping the circuits in the brain, for you, with inputs.”

“However, your shaping was done by someone else. Doesn't that mean you can't have a personality?”

Lina knew Kurt wasn't asking questions. This was indirectly Kurt provoking Lina. Lina was annoyed at this question, but remained calm so as not to seem unfair. And he came up with a wise answer to give. “Aren't you 'made' by someone else? Again, you use the same definition for humans, but a different word for robots.”

“Partially,” Kurt said. “It is not the same.”

“True, but my 'creation' can also be partially categorized. Why did you choose to discriminate in this way?”

Kurt was going to answer but the judge stopped him. “Okay, that's enough. It seems that Mr. Schütz does not want to believe that he is copying his sister.” From that sentence even the judge seemed to believe that Lina, now officially called the New Lina Schütz, was real. “Let the board prepare its report on whether the new Lina Schütz is actually an individual. Mr. Schütz has one more chance as the legal creator of New Lina Schütz. If you show that there is a logical error in what the New Lina Schütz said, I will rule in your favor. But if not, I have to act according to the board report.”

“So if I can't prove I'm incompetent, I'm going to lose a substantial share of my company,” Kurt said, with a laugh. This joke cleared the tense atmosphere that had just formed. Everyone started laughing.

“I guess so,” replied the judge, as they went out.

24:An Unexpected Event

"Why did Kurt and Lina fight?" asked Eric. "The events you have described so far show that they are quite close to each other. A few days after the trial started, they attack each other like enemies."

"This is an interesting question, but I don't have a clear answer. There may be financial interests. Or it could be something else he lived with the robot Lina. And at last, something he lived with Lina before she died. There is no way of knowing."

"It must have been a situation for you," Eric said with a slight smile. There was something wrong with what Paul said.'material reasons'. As he understood, Kurt had little to do with material affairs. Even if he did, it wasn't normal for him to behave like this to someone he believed was his sister. Kurt must have believed for some reason that Lina wasn't real, at least in his own thought."

"Exactly," Paul replied.

"Did their fight happen after the third hearing?"

"Yes. Right that evening. I remember that it was also covered in the press, is it true?"

Eric approached Paul from his seat and, "No, I have the ability to predict the future!" he whispered.

Paul stopped and thought. "Then you tell me," he said.

After a moment's silence, Eric said, "I guess my future prediction skills aren't working that well today. Can't you tell me?"

"Okay," Paul said after laughing, "I'll tell you so," he added.

When Kurt and Lina returned from court, they were quite angry with each other. They tried not to talk to each other for a while. But in the hour after Kurt had dinner, the inevitable argument began.

"WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?" yelled Lina. Her voice echoed throughout the house. In fact, this shout brought the other robot of the house into the hall. However, that robot only watched the discussion.

"I'm trying to protect you," Kurt said. Even though he had a calm tone, even he himself didn't seem to believe what he was saying.

"By making me your property?" she asked. She didn't shout this time, but it could still be said that he was angry. "At first you treated me to the police station as your own property. And now you're preventing me from having an official personality."

Kurt remained silent. He was more incapable of responding than not giving an answer. He was just staring at Lina.

"I am Lina. I copied your whole personality. She's me now. This is not on debate."

"I have a feeling you can't be Lina," Kurt said. He turned his eyes away from Lina.

"This is not a problem you can solve with your feelings," Lina replied. Kurt was silent. "Is it about company stocks? Do you like running the company alone, Kurt?"

Kurt felt stuck. "This is not true," he said. He didn't want to talk any more. He didn't think so, but what Lina said made him feel bad. He was doubting himself. Was he really acting this way out of greed? Did money get in the way of your dreams?

"I didn't know my brother was so greedy," Lina continued, putting her hand on her forehead. "I thought you were a humble person who helped me with everything. I can't believe I'm so blind."

"I think I made a mistake somewhere," Kurt said, and started walking towards Lina. "I'll go to the lab and find out what happened." To turn Lina off, she had to press and hold the button under the synthetic skin on her neck for five seconds.

As Kurt put his hand on Lina's neck, Lina grabbed Kurt's hand and pushed it away, "Leave me alone," she said. But Kurt tried to reach out again. This time Lina slapped Kurt. Kurt lost his balance due to the impact of the slap. As he fell, his head hit the nesting table next to the sofa. His eyes were completely closed when he fell.

Lina called the ambulance as soon as she saw Kurt's condition. She had a worried expression on her face. "Kurt!" she called out, but Kurt didn't answer. He had lost consciousness. Lina called Kurt again. But still no answer...

"How could Lina hurt Kurt? Isn't it against the First Principle to physically damage a human?"

"I cannot say that I know the answer to this question. But I guess it's a copy error. All robots must be tested for the Five Principles. In this test, possible scenarios are tested with some questions. I think I'm pretty sure Kurt didn't do this test when he did Lina."

"How can you be so sure?"

"I can't think of any other logical explanation," Paul said.

25: The Hospital and a Thought

Kurt opened his eyes in the hospital. He was staring at the white light hanging above. The room Kurt was in was quiet. Its walls were also white. Some voices were coming from the next room. Kurt listened to these voices. He likened these conversations to a conversation between a patient and a doctor.

Kurt turned his head to the right when he heard the click of a glass on his right. Lina was with him; she had placed his hands on the edge of the bed, next to Kurt's pillow. She was smiling and staring at Kurt without speaking. When he saw Kurt looking at him, he tilted his head to the right and continued to look at Kurt without breaking his smile.

"What are you doing here?" Kurt nodded while asking.

"I... well," Lina said. She spoke very slowly and calmly.

"I thought you didn't like me," Kurt said. His attitude towards Lina was very aggressive. However, Lina didn't seem to mind that, as if she agreed with Kurt. She was ashamed of what he had done.

"I want to apologize," Lina said. She admitted that he regretted it.

"I don't know why..."

Lina immediately interrupted Kurt. "You wonder how I can do it? There are some problems with the interpretation of the First Principle. Tests of his home computer show this." The twitches started again in Lina's neck.

Kurt sat on the bed. He was dangling her feet off the bed. He made room for Lina to sit next to. Lina happily sat next to Kurt. She wanted to make him forgive her no matter what. Kurt put his hand on his chin and began to think. Then he snapped his finger and said, "Yeah, I didn't do the principle interpretation tests."

"Why?" Lina asked. These tests were quite necessary. Because as much as the principles, the interpretation of those principles was also important.

"Because I didn't need it," Kurt said. "I knew your character well. I didn't even considered that you would act like this. I didn't know I was such a bad mechanic though."

Lina smiled. "If you don't do the tests, you don't know exactly how I'm going to act. Don't worry about my neck. I've seen worse."

"Is there a computer here?" Kurt asked.

"I knew you wanted to fix me," she said, and handed Kurt the laptop she had brought along. Kurt opened the computer and started looking at the code. Lina lay next to him. They started looking at the code together, just like in the old days.

Lina was better at programming. He found the problem after struggling for half an hour. She pointed his finger at the problem with the new gesture command, "I think it's here," she said. They wanted to try and write something alternative.

Lina turned around. She was ready to try the new code.

"Will you trust me?" Kurt asked. Especially after all that.

"Were we enemies?" she asked. Then he turned and hugged Kurt.

The new program brought more problems. Now there was always twitching. "Did we create an infinite loop? What do you say?" Kurt asked.

"How should I know?" said Lina.

"You were supposed to be better than me, but unfortunately you're not," Kurt said, then canceling the twitching engine. There was no point in wasting any more energy.

Lina turned and pushed Kurt onto the bed. Then she jumped on Kurt and started to poke her constantly with her finger, "Look at you! I was not better after all, huh. Try asking a Turing-complete question!"

When Lina uttered that sentence, lightning began to flash in Kurt's brain. He remembered the moment when he lived with the dog man in the garden of the house.

'You can't always predict exactly what a dog will do... Doesn't that apply to everything...'

Kurt started to smile. Seeing this, Lina bent down to look into Kurt's face and, "What happened?" she said. After saying that, the smile on Lina's face grew.

"I'm not saying," Kurt replied.

"Why?"

Kurt didn't have an answer to give.

Lina kissed Kurt's cheek, then stood up and said, "I'll get you something to eat." She was acting like a cute little girl.

"Did Kurt tell you that?" asked Eric.

Paul shook his head. "No, I had company engineers scan the remnants of Lina's memory. There was such a moment in it."

"That day Kurt seemed to have noticed something. What do you think noticed?" said Eric. Then, he thought that Lina must have noticed that too. After all, he must have known Kurt well. However, since it was impossible to know anymore, he did not dwell on it much.

Paul pointed to the painting of the man with glasses standing behind him. Then, "He realized what she had to say in court."

"Here we go again," Eric said, taking a deep breath. He just didn't want to worry so much about a conversation.

At Eric's reproach, Paul began to laugh. Then he said, "Okay, okay, let me tell you."

26:Last Case

The last case was postponed for five days due to Kurt's hospitalization. But Kurt did not complain; therefore Lina did not receive a penalty. Lina waited beside Kurt until he had fully recovered. During this time, Kurt's relations with Lina partially improved. If not like siblings, they were at least talking like two distant friends.

After Kurt recovered, the final trial began. Again, as in other cases, Kurt and Lina were seated in the middle. The press was also invited, as a decision would be made in the last case. This meant that the curious and inexhaustible journalist, Eric, who followed the subject most closely, would also attend the hearing.

When Eric came into the living room, he saw that Paul was also in the room. He immediately sat next to Paul. Paul knew her, but Eric had no concern about being recognized. Last time he spoke to Paul, Paul had promised to give Eric an interview for what happened. Eric reminded Paul of this promise. After some thought, Paul agreed and said he had to come home in two days. Eric was glad to get the interview and started watching Kurt and Lina.

Kurt and Lina were sitting opposite each other. The cold and tense air that was present in the previous cases was not present this time. Lina and Kurt were calm, laughing, there was no problem.

The judge began to speak, "All right, Mr. Schütz. In the last case, I said that if you had no further questions to ask, I would read the report and decide. Do you have any further questions to prove that the new Lina Schütz is not the real Lina?"

"I just want to ask a few more questions just to be sure," Kurt said, calmly. Then he turned to Lina and, "Lina. Everyone knows my sister as a calm person. Lina would never hit me or anyone else," he said, recalling the events at home. "According to this, either I made a mistake in copying his personality or my sister had thoughts about me that I did not know. Can you prove any of them?"

There was silence in the hall for a while. Meanwhile, Lina thought about her answer. "So I can't be sure..." he said. Both the board and the press paid attention. Lina continued, "However, I don't think anyone can be sure of that...(after a pause). So, even the real Lina can't answer that. (Pauses a little longer) All people make decisions that they can't even explain, right?"

People were satisfied with this answer. Even though Lina wasn't sure, she gave a good answer. But Kurt had saved the best for last.

"Isn't one side of a human personality from artificial intelligences, that people constantly shape themselves?"

"Yes," said Lina, "people reshape themselves sometimes." But that was not the question.

"Well, Lina, let's say, as a human being, you make similar wrong decisions all the time. You think the reason is because the decision-making method or the decision-making algorithm is wrong for you. What would you do?"

Lina didn't move after the question. Everyone was waiting for an intelligent answer, as Lina always did. But, Lina didn't say anything.

"Would you change your algorithm that makes the wrong decisions?" Kurt asked again.

But Lina could not give any answer. She was just looking left and right. She was shocked, she didn't know what to say. She just stared frozen at Kurt.

“So it is impossible for you to shape yourself. Like people, you can't change the way you make decisions using what you've learned. Is it true?”

“No,” Lina said, but her voice was low.

“Then tell me please. If you think your decision-making algorithm is wrong, will you change it?”

Lina didn't have an answer to that question.

Even the judge was surprised that Lina couldn't answer. He paused for a moment, waiting for Lina to answer. He was waiting for the board to say something on this question. But even the board could not give an answer. When the judge saw that one of the panel was shaking his head, he banged his gavel on the table and said, "It has been decided that the new Lina Schütz is not the real Lina Schütz and that the shares go to Kurt Schütz," and concluded the case.

Lina never spoke again that day. He only followed Kurt when he wanted to. They went home together. Who knows how the current was circulating in Lina's algorithm?

27: Separation of Siblings

Kurt and Lina came home. Lina still did not speak. She hadn't spoken the whole way. As soon as Lina got home, she went to the kitchen and waited there. She was doing nothing; just leaving it out the window. Did it make any sense to do anything? It didn't make sense for him to think he was a robot or a human after the last case.

As soon as Kurt got home, he went down to the basement. For both of them (whether Lina was a robot, human, or whatever) being alone was the best option for them. Kurt calmly went down to the basement. He sat down at his desk in the basement and put his hands to his head and began to think. Had he done the right thing? Asking a question that is difficult for even yourself to answer, knowing that you can't answer... Would it be right to trash a robot that caused a lot of trouble and replaced his sister? Maybe what Lina did was his own fault. Maybe he did something wrong while making the robot...

"Kurt is a man who has always blamed himself before anyone else. He's always been like that," Paul said, taking a break from telling the story. Then, he hurried to the kitchen to go to the bathroom.

"Aren't you going to continue?" asked Eric. By this time Paul had already passed Eric's seat.

"Ask your journalist friends for more. They know better than I do," Paul shouted from behind.

Eric opened his tablet. He typed 'Schutz' into the search engine. There was a news that had been made a week ago. He took out a cigarette from his pack in his pocket. He was just getting ready to light it, when the maid of the house came and said that he could not smoke in the house. Eric, who could not smoke at home, went out into the garden. He also took his tablet with him.

There was some wind outside. Because of this, he had a hard time lighting his cigarette. He thought about what had happened as he smoke his cigarette. Having such an end after all that power, money, connections and success... After taking the first smoke of his cigarette, Eric opened the news he found inside the house and began to read. The news included police reports and drew a general framework. However, he did not give details. Eric tried to visualize the event from the news he had read.

Lina was sitting by the window, looking outside. She had nothing to do. Because she still hadn't decided what to do. Would he stay as a robot and serve Kurt? Or should she keep trying to prove to Kurt that she's human? Even if it went on, did it make any sense? It was proven that he was no longer 'legally' human. Besides, there was nothing he could do if Kurt didn't let her. 5 Principles forbade him to disobey his command. She could only not abide his word, unless there was a interpretation mistake in the 5th Principle as well. She couldn't do anything but hope that there was a bug in Lina's software.

Lina stood up. But his face was still turned to the glass. He watched the street while sitting and watching it standing for a while. Then, she lost his balance and fell to the ground. She was receiving an error signal from his right leg. Looking at his right leg, he realized that it had been severed from her. She crawled back a few steps. Then she looked behind him. Kurt was standing, an axe in his hand. His eyes were teary and his hands were shaking.

"What more do you want from me! The shares are yours, you won the case. Didn't you get everything you wanted?" cried Lina, frightened (if it could be called fear).

Kurt continued to stare at Lina without answering. Then he lifted the axe from his hand and slammed it into Lina's head.

After Eric finished smoking his cigarette, he went inside. A part of the news he had read left question marks in his mind. The report said that Kurt was found hanging by a rope in the stairwell in his house. Why did Kurt commit suicide? That's the only person who could answer that question.

Eric entered the room. Paul had already taken his place. And Eric sat across from Paul and the painting and asked, "Why did Kurt commit suicide?"

"You're pretty fast, I see, journalist," Paul said.

"I may have run out of patience. You know there is still a lot of news to be done," Eric replied.

"Well then, let me answer. According to Kurt, Lina's inability to prove she's human indicates that Kurt is a bad engineer. I guess Kurt though like that ."

"So he committed suicide because he thought he was incompetent."

"True,"

"What was that last question? Why couldn't Lina answer?"

"Question isn't Turing complete. She can't answer that."

Eric leaned under the seat. Then, he thought for a while. Everything became clear today. "Now everything is 'complete'. Including why you moved the seats today," Eric said. Then he pointed to the painting with his finger.

Paul nodded. He walked over to Eric and said, "Exactly," and left the room. Eric watched the painting alone. He had nothing else to say.