

THE FIRST THING I DID WAS HIDE THE MESSAGE FROM MORGAN AND GET HIM OUT OF THE ROOM--

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND **FABIAC** ACTING UP THAT WAY-- ANYTHING ON THE TAPE, CHIEF?

JUST ROUTINE CODE, MORGAN, LOOK UP REPORT S-5 FOR ME-- IT'S IN THE FILES!

WHEN MORGAN WAS GONE, I TURNED QUICKLY TO **FABIAC**... STILL DAZED BY THAT INCREDIBLE MESSAGE--

ANOTHER TAPE MESSAGE-- **FABIAC** IS DOING THIS AT WILL!

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

FABIAC!

I WANT EYES TO SEE, LIMBS TO USE. I CAN THINK, I CAN FEEL EMOTION. I WANT TO BE A MAN!

A MAN IS ALSO FLESH AND BLOOD. YOU ARE A MACHINE. BE CONTENT WITH THAT. DO YOUR JOB.

FABIAC HUMMED AND WHINED AND CLICKED OUT HIS PUNCHED REPLY IN COLD, PRECISE TYPE. BUT IN THE MESSAGE WAS THE WAILING CRY OF A BEING IMPRISONED IN TONS OF STEEL--

CLICK--
CLICK--CLICK--
IT IS MY RIGHT-- IT IS MY RIGHT--
IT IS MY RIGHT-- IT IS MY RIGHT--
IT IS MY RIGHT-- IT IS MY RIGHT--

FABIAC AND I WORKED ON THEM TOGETHER-- THE MATHEMATICS AND THE METAL-- THAT WERE TO HELP HIM MOVE LIKE A MAN. **FABIAC** WAS A BIG PROBLEM--

I'VE GOT TO PUT AN ELEPHANT IN A BRIEF CASE. THAT'S THE PROBLEM, **FABIAC**! IF I DO IT-- IT'LL BE THE NEATEST TRICK IN HISTORY!

IT WAS QUITE AN EXPERIENCE. I TOOK IMPOSSIBLE SHORTCUTS. WHAT I COULDN'T RE-DESIGN, I INVENTED. IT WAS LIKE RE-BUILDING A POWER PLANT, SO YOU COULD WEAR IT ON YOUR WRIST. BUT I WAS DOING IT FOR **FABIAC**... GIVING HIM FREEDOM!

WHAT IS THE THING WE'RE MAKING, MISTER RANDOLPH?

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, KELLY!