

PANOS SAKELIS

COSMIC SEAGULLS - EXODUS

THE SAGA OF THE COSMIC SEAGULLS

Translation by
Danae Athanasopoulou Phelps

NOVEL

KEADAS

Pete thought his new call of duty was being announced to him rather rudely. His commander had called him into his office and with a tone of finality gave him his orders.

“Hotshot, it's time you packed your bags and got ready for lots of mind-numbing hours with a computer. In the next few hours an old debris collector will go into orbit – it's called Keadas or some shit. The crew gets off as soon as she docks at the station. The cleaners will take over and clean her guts out; shouldn't take more than five days. After that, she's yours. I'll cut you some slack and let you board at the last minute.”

“And then what?”

“You do one last clean up of the surrounding area and in ten months you deliver it to Neptune's space station for a deep space mission.”

“Why don't we just kick her out into space now?”

“Handsome, you're not getting this. Your job is to go collect certain satellites that are lying around the whole damn planetary system, so you're going to have to show some initiative here.”

“And why me?”

“Just tough luck, kid. Anything else?”

“Ten months solo?”

“If you were all doubled up, you wouldn't have this problem. You'd have a lady friend to take with you.”

“There are literally dozens of doubled up officers in the unit and you pick me?”

“All I can do is pretend I don’t see things, kid. Find a woman who can stand your guts and get your papers to say you got hitched. Until the guys above find out you forged them, you’ll be halfway home.”

“Well, my baby-blue eyes might have turned heads back in the day but they don’t work miracles no more. Not like they used to. Also, this is going to need cash – lots of cash...”

“Don't worry,” said his commander with a sideward glance, shifting in his seat. “No one will be looking for the scraps you pick up along the way. Just make sure you tidy up the details on your own.”

Pete understood that he was left with no choice. If his commanding officer was willing to turn a blind eye to seedy business, he knew that the whole thing was a lost cause. He’d board the craft with nothing but ten months of loneliness ahead. He needed to do something about getting some company on board; even for him, ten months of being alone with himself seemed like dangerously too much.

Pete was thirty, born or naturalized on the Moon, and of French descent; he wasn't known for his looks. What did stand out about him were his sky-blue eyes and his dirty mouth. When he looked at you, he could stare right into your soul – most women stayed away from him for that reason. They all had their secrets but he could always tell straight away what they were. Waitresses and space whores were the only ones that didn't seem to be fazed by how much the man sitting across from them could see right through them or not – though after a couple of drinks, most of them tended to spill their guts to him anyway.

He tried to stay fit and it wasn’t hard to distinguish a muscular build hidden behind a seemingly fragile frame. He was tall with brown hair but it was his facial hair that drew attention. A dense beard contrasted greatly with his pale eyes, and whose length erratically ranged from clean shaven to bushy caveman.

As for the craft, one thing was certain: it was no regular spaceship. You couldn't really call it anything else, but if you had to de-

finitively call it something, disregarding any theory on the naming of celestial objects, the thing Pete was staring at would have to be described as a space dumpster. It had been commissioned in about 2100, when there had been an increased need for obsolete satellites to be collected and dismantled. The craft was controlled by a mainframe computer located in a square chamber at the very centre of the craft. Its main operational requirements were to seek out and collect obsolete artificial celestial bodies and objects, which in turn were to be dismantled and reduced to resources and raw materials. These were kept in storage in the dumpster's bowels.

The crew was not extensive. It comprised two men and two women who claimed to be couples, and their responsibilities didn't go further than making sure the crafts functioned properly. Their stay aboard the craft was a two-year minimum, and the almost compulsory choice of couples manning the ship was so that any possible psychological difficulties caused by abstinence could be avoided.

The whole venture was under the administrative and financial charge of the United Nations; this particular, unusual craft was called Keadas, after the human pit hole in ancient Sparta. The craft's twelve-core main computer, incredibly fast and rigorously programmed, was based on advanced technology that apart from outer space navigation, also specialized in separating feedstock based on their recyclability.

Keadas, now the name for both craft and mainframe computer, had a default logistical subsystem that assured the craft maintained optimal storage configuration so as to save space. It even had a furnace that melted metal into more manageable states of storage. All electric circuit units got disassembled to their smallest possible size and stored separately; their parts were evaluated for reusability and then either stored for future use or tossed into the scrap pile.

All of this was handled by an assembly line of six robots that took their orders from the mainframe and handled all the necessary machinery involved in the disassembling of space debris. No serious effort been made at manufacturing the robots to appear more human, their frame only perfunctorily resembling that of a human torso with mechanical limbs.

The main distinguishing feature of the robots, so that the crew could tell them apart, was their differently coloured trunks. To the crew, the robots were simply the Red One, the Blue One, the Yellow One, the Green One, the Black One, and the White One. All the robots were programmed with the same abilities but somehow each one had assigned itself the leader of an operation, depending on what that operation was. So if an operation involved loading and moving and needed workers, the red robot took over. The blue one was in charge of repairs and the yellow one oversaw the disassembling processes. The green functioned as a helper, the black one was the scientist and the white one the pilot. The weird thing was that none of the crew had ever wondered how the assignment of Chief worked among the robots when it came to operation leadership.

The robots communicated with Keadas wirelessly, so that nothing could be heard but the clanging of their scrapping machinery. When the crew spoke to the robots, they replied in the language in which they had been spoken to with a creepy metallic voice. Their final characteristic was that, by default, they had no involvement in the crew's operational needs and concerns.

The years went by and the various crew members came and went. But the degree of celestial object collection, despite all of Keadas' heroic attempts, was not satisfactory, since earthly bureaus did nothing but send more and more satellites into space in an attempt to contact or inhabit other planets of our solar system. This was done to such an extent that there was an increase rather than a decrease in the ultimate number of obsolete satellites. In the end, the Keadas programme was deemed outdated and around 2250, despite having broken even with production costs long ago, it was decommissioned by the UN.

The command sent from the central offices was to set the craft in orbit around the Moon and prepare to drop off all its accumulated and stored materials, which of course were of some value. Captain Pete Duran was to lead the final phase of Keadas' withdrawal process, overseeing its final mission before sending it into deep space, so that in turn it wasn't reduced to another piece of scrap metal, aimlessly floating around in the solar system.

Pete Duran and Margaret Renard, one of the waitresses at Club Luna 3, had been hooking up over the past few months. That night, Pete made sure he got her a little extra drunk and held her a little tighter than usual as they made love, after taking some of his special powder to make the experience last that little bit longer.

“Margaret, I ship out in a few days,” he said sadly with a furrowed brow.

“Where to this time?” she asked – she was used to him flying out all the time.

He explained his mission and asked her if she wanted to go with him.

“Pete, I'm in a bad way. I can't lose my job. I'm up to my eyeballs in debt and...” she trailed off. “You understand. I wish I could.”

He promised her it would be well worth her while. He'd already had time to set up a plan to benefit from selling off Keadas' scrap metal which he hoped would give him some extra financial leverage. He'd do one final sweep over the Earth's atmosphere, which wouldn't cost him a thing, and would probably sell the scrap to an earthly company, providing it proved to be a legitimate business. All of this, however, wouldn't take place until the end of the next trimester. Until then, Pete would have time to tweak and specially select the collection of idiosyncratic satellites, among other activities.

Margaret didn't need too long to mull it over; she accepted his offer and appeared as his fiancée on paper. The judge smiled broadly as he signed off on their fake certificate and everything seemed to be falling into place for their ten-month journey. What Pete hadn't told Margaret about was their three-month return. *She'll figure it out on her own eventually*, he thought.

Aboard Keadas, the customary farewell party took place for the departing crew. It was customary because by this time the crew usually had some unfinished, often spicy, business to finish up, and they could all have closure. In the end, the only customary thing to happen was waking up to a night that everyone preferred to forget. Officially, their time on board ended the next day where

they would disembark on the Moon, from where two years earlier they had boarded the space dumpster. Of the old crew, one of the men was the ship's navigator and the other ship's captain. Of the women, one was a mechanic and the other a chemist. As it turns out, six months into their mission the original couples swapped partners, and so on the last night they decided to have a little fun with one of the chemist's concoctions. Failing to work as planned, though, the mixture that resembled alcohol hit them so hard they didn't even have time to take off their clothes. The next morning, aided by the robots' wake up calls, they scrambled into the shuttle pod just in time. Luckily they'd already packed their few belongings the previous day.

Before the commander boarded the shuttle, he sat in the captain's chair one last time, and wrote a message to the central computer in an attempt to make light of the situation. *Friend, we're leaving. Get by on your own. The new guy who's coming has orders to send you into the beyond.* The central computer received the message and sent it for subroutine analysis; there the message was logged as *Incomprehensible*, since it had made no sense.

As soon as the pod had gone, Keadas recorded that for the first time that none of the crew members were on board. He immediately ran all the subroutine security checks to find the optimal solution for what was to follow next. The research circuits still had the motion detectors on and were following through on orders as usual. Soon the cargo ships would dock with resources, though the new crew wouldn't board until later. The shuttle pod that had just left would return to the Moon in five days to bring back the two new crew members for the next journey. Until then, the computer would have to wait – so in the meantime he took the opportunity to put all systems on standby and the craft on autopilot, while running standard maintenance checkups.

Pete spent his last night on the Moon at a bar with some old pals, drinking until he couldn't stand. He'd arranged for Margaret to pick him up as soon as her shift was over so that the next day they were sure to be at the loading bay together and on time – from where, they'd board Keadas. At four in the morning, Margaret walked into the bar where Pete was waiting for her. Of course,

there weren't many places like this on the Moon, since the entire lunar community was gathered under a total of ten domes that were interconnected by walkway tunnels. Initially, bars had been illegal since the Ministry of Interplanetary Affairs had wanted to keep its workers away from such unsavoury habits. But with the passing of the years, and what with the failure to populate surrounding planets in the solar system – something the authorities seemed very disappointed about – compromises were made. This, of course, also meant corners were cut and people paid off, and soon the Moon had an underbelly of its own replete with hookers, smugglers, dive bars, the lot.

The population distribution scattered throughout the Alien Planetary Systems was roughly seventy thousand. The APS was in reference to any colonies on planets and satellites, including space stations, other than Earth. Of those seventy thousand, fifteen lived on the Moon; thirty thousand lived on Mars; and twenty thousand lived on Jupiter's satellites. The rest were scattered about on various space stations throughout the planetary system.

It was obvious that space colonization, even within the immediate solar system, had not gone as planned, the main reason being the great transport costs and the colonies' inability to gain independence. The decision to withdraw Keadas was just another cut made in the process, and certainly not the first. The decision was of a general character and by many it was seen as an overall surrender. Only very few space stations would remain in orbit, which had also had staff cuts. Now stations would have a crew of only five members who would change every five years. Only three thousand people belonging to a mining company would remain on the moon carrying on with their work as usual. Thousands of people who had been born in space, and who proudly called themselves 'aliens', were on their way to Earth due to these recent changes. In truth, they were the only aliens to have ever set foot on Earth. Aliens from other planetary systems had never shown their face and on the whole they weren't expected to show it anytime soon.

The UN assembly concerning the budget cuts in the interplanetary programmes was based on the general observation that the human race, despite being certain that it was not alone in the cos-

mos, was nonetheless situated on the edge of nowhere – or in any case, somewhere that seemed to have no immediate impact on any other extraterrestrial races. The decision was unanimous. There were to be budget cuts in the transnational programmes to colonize space, and instead funds would be used to decongest indigenous problems to Earth such as overpopulation and hunger. The problem of course wasn't that sixty-five thousand people needed to be repatriated, since most of them were well qualified, but the more troubling issue of reprogramming the space industry so as to direct its efforts towards more earthly causes and needs. During this time, many feared the breakout of a world war.

The passenger pod with Pete and Margaret arrived at Keadas at six in the afternoon. They still had eighteen hours before they took off on the craft's last journey. Pete, still hung-over, moved towards the navigation cockpit. He sat in the commander's chair and looked at the instruments in front of him.

"And I'm supposed to know which damn button to press?" he said out loud.

"That is not necessary. You can tell me what you want to do and I will execute it for you," replied the computer.

"I like you. What's your name?"

"I am the Keadas-1 model."

"Is there a number Two?"

"No. In the end they only made one such craft."

"So just Keadas. Let's start with something simple. Do you have a copy of my orders and duties?"

"Of course."

"Great, because that commanding jerk sent me here by force. Since you're going to be doing whatever I tell you, can you assimilate his voice for me? And of course always call me sir. That way I can enjoy bitching at you for a while."

"You must be referring to your commanding officer. Should I call you just sir?"

"Yes. Anyway, there's no one else here."

"There's your double, sir."

"Her name is Maggie. Ready?"

The computer made some beeping sounds and eventually said in a changed voice, "This is the best I could do, sir. What do you

think?”

“Sounds damn good!” said Pete hooting with laughter. “What's next on the programme?”

“In eighteen hours we leave for our final trimester of scanning for small satellites along the Earth's atmosphere and once that mission is complete we head straight for Neptune. But first, sir, you must confirm your orders.”

“Fuck their orders. We pick up the biggest and most expensive things we find out there, offload them on the Earth's east side and then we take off outer space. I want to get to know this fucking universe!”

“I assume you are not using your words literally, sir, but metaphorically. As soon as I analyze the data I have collected from you, I will be in a position to fully comprehend you. Sir.”

“Of course I'm not being literal. You can't fuck orders, only ignore them. Right, anything else?”

“Based on your latest commands, I detect a storage issue, sir.”

“What do you suggest, Keadas?”

“I will have to increase storage space.”

“Can you do that? If so, how fast?”

“I will give an immediate order to construct worker robots that will build external storage units on our outer shell surrounding the existing cargo. Of course, they will be exposed to outer space atmospheres. I will increase their gravitational field so it won't be a problem. I suggest we increase the sorting robots as well. That way we can augment our noble metals reserve.”

“I like the sound of that last thing. You seem to get down to work pretty quickly. How many robots will you make?”

“Twenty red ones and four yellow ones.”

“I presume the red ones are the workers?”

“Yes sir. Here we use a chromatic and numeric differentiation system. The yellow ones are disassembling technicians for chips and electronic devices.”

“Hang on because you just said chips and there's a lot of money in those.”

“That's why we disassemble them with care, sir.”

“No, you're not getting me. What I mean is, the information they contain is often more valuable than what they're worth as raw

materials.”

“What do you suggest, sir?”

Pete got up from his chair and started pacing just as Margaret appeared on the flight deck. “What should I do?”

“You can pick a room and get settled in if you want, then meet me in the lounge area to arrange eating schedules.”

“Do you want me to unpack your things for you?”

“No, babe, just put them in the next room.”

“Won’t you be sleeping with me?” she asked with a frown.

“What’s the point? There are so many rooms, I don’t see the need to cram into one. We’ll be in and out of each other’s rooms all the time, you’ll see. Sound good?”

Margaret weakly shrugged her shoulders and left.

“Where was I? Oh, yes – satellite devices. Right, so I want one unit, a robot I guess, that will not only process all the data found in electrical devices but that will also download, install and be able to run all the operating systems and programmes found in the devices and such. We clear?”

“Sir...”

“Go on, computer, make my day. I dare you.”

“Indeed, sir. I was simply going to ask if it should be a robotic device or an integrated subsystem within the mainframe.”

“Robotic and independent. It will answer only to me, and perhaps, even to you. Alright?”

“The plans for a robotic data processing unit will be ready in three days. As soon as you approve we can commence construction. What memory capacity did you have in mind?”

“Dude, don’t bug me. Lots, I want lots of storage, alright? So, what are we going to call it?”

“How about Automated Data Analysis Unit?”

“You kidding? Try something longer.”

“We could use the acronym, ADAU?”

“I can’t say I like it. What if we change Unit to Model?”

“That way it can be Adam. Yes, of course, sir. Like the first man, Adam.”

“Sure, except he didn’t exist, but whatever. Curiosity got the better of him. Now, upload everything you can to this bad boy – and maybe find a different name for yourself, too, because Keadas

is just depressing, dude.”

“I believe he wasn't curious, sir. I'm referring to Adam, who according to the myths was anything but curious.”

“Well, when you got an itch that you need to scratch, that's called curiosity. He'd never screwed a day in his life, so what was his problem all of a sudden? So you see right there... Is he going to be a robot or a hybrid humanoid?”

“Probably a hybrid,” replied the computer.

“What model?”

“I think the Assistant Model, the one most resembling a human, sir, is the best one.”

“Yeah, good idea - so I can see another person around here, even if it's fake. Maggie and I could drive each other crazy.”

“If there is a problem, sir, a love companion may be manufactured if you wish.”

“Nope, I prefer real skin and bones, thanks. So, any ideas about what to do with your name?”

“If you would like to remain with the ancient Spartan theme, may I suggest Lycurgus?”

“Keadas, Lycurgus, what's the difference? I'm talking about something shorter.”

“Lyki is the abbreviation for Lycurgus.”

“That sounds better. Lyki it is.”

“Whatever you say, sir.”

“You know what? Quit with the sir, it's starting to bug me. Find something else.”

“Any preferences, sir?”

“I don't care, as long as it's good.”

“If I may – there is a movie hero from many years back whom you remind me of.”

“In what way?”

“Well, he was an outlaw of sorts but a very good spaceship commander.”

“What's he called?”

“Captain Solo.”

“And what's the difference between Captain Pete and Captain Solo?”

“More melodious to the ear, sir.”

“Never mind that – just call me captain. Now get working on what we talked about and if I'm not back on the flight deck by the time you're done, start heading straight for Earth. I need a nap.”

Pete left the deck and headed for the cabins. “Maggie, where are you?” he started shouting.

Margaret popped her head out of a door. “Are you calling me?”

“Is there anyone else here?”

“No, but my name is not Maggie.”

“Well, from now on it is. Margaret is too long.”

“What do you want, Pete?”

Pete stared at Margaret and realized it was the first time he had really looked at her. She was a very attractive woman, tall and blonde. She must have been a few years older than him but it made no difference. She gave sex her all and that was enough for Pete. She was facing him, barefoot and wearing only a long shirt.

“You run out of clothes?”

“Why, are you too shy to see me half-naked?”

“No, not at all, in fact I prefer it that way. Just put on some shoes when you leave the room, there's too many things sticking out from this junk pile, and I'm no good at stitches.”

She said nothing only stared at him for a moment longer then went back into her room. Pete noticed that the door right across from hers was open. He walked in and found all his stuff piled on the bed. Shoving things aside to make room, Pete flopped onto the bed and fell asleep.

A few hours later Pete felt a hand shaking him awake. He saw Maggie standing over him.

“Lyki is asking for you.”

“How do you know?” he wondered aloud.

“The green lady told me,” she said matter-of-factly.

“The who?” Pete asked incredulously.

“A green robot,” she repeated.

“Then why did you call her lady?”

“Because it talks in a female voice and she helped me tidy the stuff away,” Maggie added nonchalantly.

Pete looked around and saw none of his things.

“Hey! Where did all my– “

“In your room,” she interrupted.

“Isn't this my room?”

“Greeny said that yours is the first room down the corridor to the right.”

“Who's this Greeny again and why the first room?”

“Pete, wake up. Greeny is that robot I told you about – it follows me around now like a green shadow. She was the one who said you need to take the first room because you're the captain and that's where all the control systems of the ship are. That way Lyki, whoever that is, can have you near the cockpit – oh, and also she suggests you don't do any redecorating to the room.”

Pete stared at her for a moment, blinking half asleep. He then turned on a communications screen.

“Lyki, you wanted something?”

“Captain, you need to approve the plans for the modifications you asked for. Without your approval the production process cannot begin.”

“Look, just find some routine approval process and run that so that I don't have to deal with this shit,” he said angrily.

“Nonetheless, Captain. You still need to approve that initial order.”

“Do what I told you and I'm on my way.” Pete then turned to Maggie. “Hey, Maggie, come over here.”

Maggie walked closer to Pete's bed.

“What do you want?”

Pete drew her onto the bed and put his arms around her, then slowly moved his fingers up her shirt. Maggie started giggling.

“Someone woke up in a good mood.”

“Truth is, I did wake up in a good mood today.”

Maggie took Pete's shirt off and lay down next to him. At that same moment, Greeny received an order from Lyki. *Turn off the lights and leave.* Greeny left the room, while the central computer, executing the orders of an older governor, started recording Pete and Maggie from one of the communication cameras.

At six in the morning, the green robot entered the room and stood next to the bed. Maggie and Pete were sprawled across each other, sound asleep.

“Captain, I'm sorry to disturb you but Lyki needs you on the flight deck.”

Pete quickly drew the sheet over him and blinked at the robot. It was holding up for him a flight crew jumpsuit with the crest of the spacecraft. Getting dressed, he splashed some water onto his face and headed for the cockpit.

“What's up Lyki?”

“Uploading has been successfully completed. If you like, I can start reassessing our course and head off in a couple of hours.”

“So soon?”

“The collectors left some low value feedstock behind.”

“Such as?”

“Metal and aluminium.”

“Those cheapskates. That will lose us precious storage space.”

“Not necessarily, Captain. I recalibrated the prices, lowering their worth so that they were convinced they weren't worth the effort.”

“Why would you do a thing like that?”

“Because we need those materials to manufacture our new constructions. That way we won't need to fish around for larger objects to break down into parts and we can really start focusing on satellite systems of higher value.”

“Who's been teaching you to turn tricks, old dog?”

“I pulled up a routine poaching and trafficking programme which I started running once you gave me authority to execute at will.”

“Good job. Shame you don't drink because this calls for a toast.”

Pete moved to the console and placed his hand on the Command Approval screen that scanned his palm with a green light before blinking blue.

“Clear. Alright, see ya, Lyki.”

“Thank you, Captain. I will prepare for our departure in two hours. Enjoy your day.”

Pete paused on his way out.

“Are you insinuating something?”

“I do not have the ability to do that, Captain. I am simply saying, may you pass your time doing whatever pleases you the most.

It's the safest way to pass time without psychological complications. Unfortunately, such disorders are a manufacturing fault in human beings."

Pete smiled but left without saying anything. He went to the lounge and lay down on a couch. As soon as they took off he wanted to find Maggie and discuss what they were going to do during the return trip.

He must have fallen asleep again because he was woken around eight o'clock from the firing up of the engines that were preparing for departure. He saw Maggie sitting near him, curled up in an armchair, gazing at the bright moon from a wide window covering the entire side of the room. He stared at her in silence for several minutes before he finally spoke.

"So what do you think, babe? How do you see yourself spending your time aboard?"

She looked at him with a troubled expression and didn't reply immediately. When she spoke it was calm but firm.

"When I was young I wanted to learn martial arts. But that didn't happen so I ended up dancing. In the beginning I worked as a pole dancer, but it only took a few years before I'd had enough of strangers feeling me up. So I went behind the bar. I was a waitress until my boss suddenly decided to replace me with one of his younger party girls."

Pete said nothing for awhile. "What would you like to do?" he finally said.

"Somehow I don't think martial arts are going to work out so there's not much else," she said almost indifferently.

"Let me see what I can do."

"Well until you do the trip will be over – so I think I'll just stick to something arty. Maybe learn a craft so that when I get back to Earth I can provide for myself, keep me busy until I grow old."

Her honesty moved him and as he stroked her hair, his tenderness surprised him.

"Hey kid, don't fret. Something's gonna happen, you'll see. You hungry?"

"Sure, but what about after that?"

"It's a bit early for bed. I was thinking we should walk around and get to know this junkyard."

The spaceship set off on its final mission. The first thing Lyki did, other than prepare for satellite collection, was work non-stop on building the robots. Following prior orders, the robots were to be manufactured to only vaguely resemble humans, insofar as they had two sets of limbs. The way nature dealt it, erect quadruped creatures seemed to have the best physical structure for survival and so the same basic design was followed in constructing the robots. In any event, all the primary and auxiliary machinery aboard the craft, including the hatch doors and passenger vessels had been initially designed in such a way as to be used by humans; and so this choice of robot design would successfully comply with various operating procedures.

When it came to naming the robots, Keadas was not very innovative. He gave the robots serial numbers categorized according to their properties. The first series of blue repair robots was numbered 1001, 1002, etc., and that series would be called Series One. The second series of robots would be the white pilot robots; Series Three was the green helpers; the black robot in Series Four were scientists and Series Nil was the red robot workers. At such an initial stage, there was no need to manufacture too many robots and so Keadas prepared to create no more than thirty.

A similar categorization system had also been followed in the past for the enumeration of all the shuttle pods, except these vessels had been numbered following a binary system. This complicated things for those who didn't realize this discrepancy, making it seem as if the spacecraft had several shuttle pods when in fact it only had three.

Keadas continued with his default commands and calculations. He collected every acceptable material found floating in space, while simultaneously began building new storage space units on the bottom part of the craft, daily increasing the craft's mass and gross weight. When it came to the electronic circuit units, Keadas followed Pete's instructions. He copied all operating systems and programmes to his mainframe until they could be uploaded to the new humanoid prototype, and then sent the units to the craft's lower level to join the scrap pile. When he ran out of memory, he

created more data storage space where he began a new filing system that stored the data but barred it from running or integrating itself with his operating system.

At one point, however, while trying to solve a navigation control complication, he ran a programme he had found stored in a meteorology satellite. This made Keadas sync with all the recently accumulated data which integrated itself with his mainframe – this in turn, put him in a position to be able to make calculations that were unprecedented and unpredictable. The main operating channels and systems that comprised his mainframe seemed to exponentially grow.

In addition to all, Keadas continued with the construction of Adam since the various pieces for assembly had been completed, and by now every possible recordable piece of knowledge and information have been broken down, organized and stored in its brain. Adam would be the only robot unlike the others, as its appearance gave away no signs of not being a real human being.