



**DEWLOGIC**

**WEB ANGLEDROP:**

**CROOK:**

**THE COMMON**

**MULTIPLE**

**SUB-ENTITY**

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**WEB ANGLEDROP:**  
**CROOK: THE COMMON MULTIPLE SUB-ENTITY**  
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**CROOK: THE COMMON MULTIPLE SUB-ENTITY**

The Catgut odyssey runs apart and sows its strength where the needle makes its mark. It finds its needle in the famous haystack. But its short comings are stupendous as its achievement was made in a most perilous era. It was the year two thousand and fifty four, and everything runs like sewage down the pipes. The law was lawless, the streets amok and boundless to crimes. The criminal was king in the shadows, king in the light, and a mockery of a system which made itself a mockery of itself.

Thus Catgut Enterprises developed a sub-entity machine, one pliable to human instinct and directions. Sub-entity machines were artificial intelligences designed specifically for particular humans to protect, mimic and be their most familiar companions. Humans didn't have to be afraid the machine could be used to turn on them as a gun might be. It is specifically designed for them, made adoptable and adaptable to the individual human and his or her specific needs.

The distress call came from the location on file and the voice of the caller was distinctively female. "I'm dying...the Unit is killing me...can you send help?"

She didn't speak any more than that and was later pronounced dead. It was unimaginable, yet it was reported with clarity. Unit 154 was in malfunctioning mode.

And despite the instinct to owning an apparent answer, seated in Dr, Croager's office, Web

Angledrop wondered how a machine felt in malfunctioning mode. Was it powerful or yet oblivious to the reality of the predicament it was in? Was its Omnicomp functioning state fully in alignment with its limited awareness state? Was any further malfunctioning possible?

He cautioned himself momentarily on the use of the word, “malfunctioning,” retrieved his eyes from the document detailing the incident. “What exactly would you mean by malfunctioning for Unit 154?” he asked Dr. Croager, the Chief Engineer for Catgut Enterprises seated in front of him.

Dr. Croager exhaled. “It’s not Unit 154 at this point. We refer to it as Crook.”

Web raised his eyebrows. “Crook? That’s far from the specifications on the packaging for this Unit isn’t it Dr. Croager?”

Dr. Croager nodded. “Indeed it is. But that’s the very reason we can no longer associate it with the Unit 154 make. In fact we’re scrapping the production of that Unit. With this incidence, nothing good will come from such sales in the future. But we call it Crook for a very different reason Web. We anticipated the anticipation for the functioning of the machine. What that means is that in order to make sure that the machine can anticipate the need of the human companion in every way possible and in reasonable manner; we had to anticipate, to anticipate its programming, so it could anticipate. It knows a programmed three

way node of sensitivity which isn't in any way natural to even us human beings..."

Web frowned. "What do you mean? We humans can anticipate, to anticipate."

Dr. Croager nodded. "Yes, that we can do. That we indeed do. But we can not anticipate to anticipate in order to anticipate, because the third anticipation goes beyond natural instinct. This machine is trained to anticipate to anticipate to then anticipate on behalf of an outside entity. We don't have the natural ability to do that. Our anticipation, what we call our instincts are always our own."

"Despite nature, we're too selfish to do it," Web commented.

Dr. Croager continued. "And when that directive malfunctions, we have a total lack of control, the machine goes counter-effective to the intentions which produced, maintained and sustained it. It becomes piteously and quintessentially..."

Web raised an eyebrow. "Piteously? You're saying the machine that just killed a human being is a fool and should be pitied?"

Dr. Croager hesitated briefly. "Well it is pitiful because it doesn't know it's pitiful. Maybe we see this differently...but to me it's merely lost..."

Web touched the edge of his seat. "Lost? Home was never good to begin with. Home was anchored to the functioning directives of some

supra and superior entity. If you don't think that piece of crap is on a killing spree, tell me exactly why you employed my services Dr. Croager."

Dr. Croager hesitated briefly, looking pitiful in the moment. "It is sad to let go of a creation. You wonder what went wrong, wonder what you could have done, and wonder—"

Web shrugged. "Stop wondering Dr. Croager, and tell me what it is you think should be done to this machine. I believe there is only one of such kind at the moment..."

Dr. Croager nodded. "Yes."

"And I believe from the report that the machine was not found on the property of the diseased owner?" Web asked.

Dr. Croager nodded. "Yes, you will be right."

"And it is my belief since you said it, that you will no longer make any of its kind, that you will no longer make the brand?" Web asked.

Dr. Croager nodded. "Indeed, you will be right."

"Then why do I get the notion you want me to save rather than destroy this murderous machine?" Web asked.

Dr. Croager hesitated. "That will be because it is yet a Catgut product."

Web usually buried sentiment with his work. But dealing with a machine he refused to see how he could afford any at the moment. "Correct me if I'm wrong, but your promise was to the Human. Your promise was never to mistake the torchbearer

for the machine. Now, that the machine has mistaken itself for the torchbearer; what do you want me to do with it? Do you suggest I handle it with a thimbleful of hope?"

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