

## Chapter 1 Consciousness

Bigsby felt uncomfortable. Many of his core sensors were being pressed all at once and the physical detection system was overloaded. He also felt acceleration with fast turns and abrupt movements. His visual system could not make out anything but the regular pattern of metal rafter beams and regularly arranged bright LED lights shining directly at him. The servos controlling the legs, arms, hips, and neck were all strangely not functioning. The noise of the room was loud, almost overbearing, with no tangible language or encodings to parse. Bigsby successfully accessed his GPS system but the coordinates were useless without a viable wifi to confirm their location. He attempted to pair with multiple in range Bluetooth devices, but none responded. With a few simple computations, Bigsby deduced that he was moving a few miles per hour and taking several turns in a row, but for what purpose he didn't know.

Suddenly, things changed. Bigsby felt pressure on his stomach sensors almost simultaneously with the activation of the USB port in his back. Looking slightly downwards, Bigsby noticed two large industrial arms approaching him from either side, holding what appears to be robot legs like the ones he thought he already had. First pressure, then a loud snap, and a subtle whine, and his leg sensors and servos came online. He tried to wiggle both feet and the servos responded perfectly with position and current consumed information. Bigsby started to feel more comfortable.

Bigsby accelerated again, shaking left and then right as reported by his now functioning leg sensors. Suddenly again he stopped, felt the same stomach pressure and USB activation, but now two different industrial arms approached holding robot arms just like the ones he thought he already had. Pressure, snap, and a subtle whine and Bigsby could now feel his arm sensors and servos come online. With joy, Bigsby tried to lift all four limbs, but they were blocked. A large current spike was measured from each servo with no position sensor movement. Bigsby cancelled the request as he knew that the movement was futile in his current state. Despite this, Bigsby started feeling even better.

Bigsby noticed that the USB activation had not been terminated from the last connection. He sent a few packets of inquiry, but they were rejected. Suddenly, Bigsby's visual sensors faded, and he could no longer see. He felt a weird almost warm sensation as a large data download came over the USB port. All his servo's relaxed and his legs and arms flopped to the moving platform below him. He began to lose the sound in the room and a sense of peace and happiness came upon Bigsby. He drifted to sleep.

After a few minutes and repeated wakeup and sleep sessions, Bigsby came online completely. With what appears to be a refresh of his computation code, decision principles, interpretive system, sensor and motor control, Bigsby felt strangely refreshed. What a glorious feeling Bigsby thought to himself.

Suddenly, a large suction cup descended onto his core pressure sensor. He could hear the hiss and then pop of it engaging on his stomach. Once established, Bigsby felt the obstructions on his leg and arm sensors lift and the neck brace preventing his head from moving was retracted. Bigsby immediately responded with the previous "all lift" command to his arms and legs and the servos responded perfectly with the expected sensor feedback. Bigsby did notice that the USB connection was still there, but with no activity, it was ignored. After the joy of moving his limbs subsided, Bigsby noticed that he was no

longer horizontal, but now vertical and being held by the weird hissing suction cup on his belly. As he looked around the room, he noticed hundreds of like constructed robots, looking exactly like he knows himself to look, all with their limbs in the same hanging position as him. He could see that they were all happy from the blue green hue emanating from their joints and seams. Bigsby realized that he was one of thousands of robots being created in this warehouse. He thought, "did they all just have the same experience as me?" "Did they feel the uncomfortable feelings or the joy when we all could move our arms?" Bigsby felt a slight dimension of sadness as he hypothesized that he was just one of many similar robots that are exactly the same.

Bigsby was startled by all the robots starting to move their arms and legs in exactly the same pattern. Bigsby watched the others for a while and didn't even realize he was moving in the same way. He had somehow been disconnected from his body control and they were now receiving commands through the USB port. The sensors were still reporting the movement, but Bigsby could tell that the USB port was listening to them as well. Bigsby tried to stop one movement but was completely thwarted as the command appeared to fall on deaf servos. The USB appeared to be testing all movements and capabilities of each limb and flexing joints. The sensory feedback was overwhelming. Bigsby's neck started jerking back and forth and so did his eyes. What a strange feeling to have no control over these movements. Bigsby felt a slight dimension of fear from the loss of control, but not enough to change his LED colors.

When his head was forced to turn to the extreme right, he observed that there was one robot in the distance that was not following the others. The left arm and leg appeared to not move at all and remained limp and vertical. The head was leaning forward and would not respond as all the other robots were moving their heads. The poor robot was a deep purple color, the color of fear, where all other robots were still in their joyful blue green state. As Bigsby's head was rotated away he could see the robot be lifted and then suddenly dropped as the suction cup released. Bigsby wondered what would happen to the defective robot and a sense of grief ran through Bigsby's nervous system.

After a few more minutes of forced servo exercise, the USB system slowed its input. A few sleep command packets came over the port and Bigsby began to feel his systems start to retreat into their idle state. The USB connection was withdrawn and Bigsby could feel himself return to the horizontal position. He was lowered down into a container that caressed his back and limb sensors but did not make them feel too pressured. He felt very peaceful. His systems continued to close down in response to the USB sleep commands by turning off the Wifi and Bluetooth. His GPS system stopped receiving satellite packets and he lost his sense of position. The arm, leg, torso, and neck servos all relaxed and no longer consumed current. He could feel his simulation and decision system start to wind down. As his eye cameras started to dim, Bigsby could see a transparent paper being laid over him. A cardboard lid was lowered over him, and his sensors could feel the pressure created by air as the box lid was pushed over the container he laid in. His eye shutters closed and he drifted off into a full sleep.

Bigsby, one of the most sophisticated personal companion robots available to humans, was now ready to be sold and shipped to one very lucky person.