

**Dedicated to Steve.
Hi Steve.**

**Content Warnings For
Alcoholism & Near Death Experiences**

Viewer Discretion Is Advised

**“You know, this explains a lot,
actually.” - Matthew**

**“Unironically one of the funniest
things I’ve ever read. You’ll get a good
kick out of this, I promise.” - Damond**

“Fantastic, 5 stars.” - Steve

**“There, I read your book, please leave
me alone.” - Simon**

**“Please make a part 2. I need more
content to sustain my lifeforce on.” -
Elliot**

“Yeah, it’s passable.” - Leo

Adapter's Note

This is the raw, unfiltered journal of a Mr. “Michael Jones”. Michael Jones was an AI experiment conducted by the now defunct HYTEX corporation. Michael was their second out of three “Humanoid-Robot” projects before dissolving as a company. This journal covers the span of time during which this dissolution occurred & the aftermath. We have been asked by our publishing agent to make note of everything within the journal’s pages. Wet spots, post-it notes, scribblings and doodles, everything.

Our team of editors have also left “editor’s notes” explaining certain aspects about Michael’s life and context due to him being mechanical and not human.

(These editors are Elliot Harding, & Leonardo Bernardo)

Everything you’re about to read is historically accurate. Please see our website for more details.

Friday 1st January

I woke up today hungover. I've heard through the grapevine that a great way to cure feelings of self-loathing is to: Keep a journal, re-read entries from a while back, and look for themes or patterns in your behaviour. This other farmhand at the farm I'm working at gave me an old, brown book (blank) that he got for Christmas this year, as he didn't plan on using it. Don't expect long, extravagant entries for each day. I hate writing and I hate reading too. My handwriting is illegible.

Sunday 3rd January

I woke up today hungover. I didn't write yesterday because I was too tired. Sorry, I'm a failure, reel it in. There's not really anything to write about here either. My life's boring. Listen, I know writers are supposed to "show, not tell" but I'm not a writer, I'm a farmer. This one time I spelt the word "Turing" (from Alan Turing) as "Turring". Simon won't let me live it down.

Oh, by the way, Simon is my cousin. Or, so we're told. When HYTEX made me, they still had enough materials for a whole extra robot so they decided to make Simon too. We look identical. Or, we did. I have this large, black visor covering the top half of my face (from the sticky-out-bit of my nose up to about my hairline.) It displays LEDs for my eyes. They're green! I like green. Have you ever seen a protogen? It's like the faces of

those guys. You may think that's cutting-edge technology, but trust me, even I could make one.

EDITORIAL NOTE

"Protogens" were referenced by Michael here. A protogen is a robotic character species that have black faces that display LED lights to make up their eyes, noses and mouth.

Anyway, I got distracted. I work on a farm as a farmhand. I travel with just me, my toothbrush and my cat, Strawberry. (And also a few random small bits and bobs.) Okay me tired, going beddy-boes now.

EDITORIAL NOTE

There was a quick sketch drawn by Michael here of him and his visor. We are not able to add drawings to this localisation.

Monday 4th January

I woke up today hungover. Of course, I had to go to work so I was kind of groggy for the first half up until lunch. "Why did you eat lunch, Micah?" Because eating is fun. It takes me back to a simpler time or something. I don't know. I don't necessarily *need* to eat, I'm mechanical after all, but cut a boy some slack. Eating and drinking is fun. Or... If it wasn't, I'd assume I wouldn't need to. I haven't ever starved myself long enough to find out what happens if I don't eat so...

I just realised I never formally introduced myself...

Ello! My name is Micah Jones. I'm from a Cornish robot company. (I'm mechanical.) My hobbies include binge drinking... Yeah. I was going to write more but then I realised my day-to-day routine is the same every day and very uninteresting. I wake up, I go to work, I get off work, I drink, and then I pass out before 6... That's grim.

"Micah is actually really goddamn ugly but he doesn't know it, and he always gets crushes on people way out of his league... And gets rejected". *Wow, I wonder why.*

EDITORIAL NOTE

The quotations here possibly meant this is something someone said about Michael and not something Michael was saying about himself. This is unclear.

I have a ton of false memories of events that never happened and I seem to struggle to remember things that actually did happen. This sometimes messes with my head, someone could come up to me and say "You killed someone!" and I'd probably be like "Yeah, I probably did that while drunk. I don't remember it, therefore I did it". Someone else could be like "Hey, remember when you played saxophone in between years 11 and 13 in secondary school?" And, although I remember how to play the saxophone, logistically I know this memory is false because I spawned in as an adult and never went to school. And I've never played a saxophone before. Ever. (Probably for the best.)

Do I need to split that into paragraphs? Maybe. Pretend everything after “this sometimes messes with my head” is a new paragraph. Cool! I’m literate.

Hey. Guess what. I work on a farm, right? I’m about to tell you about my favourite farm animal for the next page. Cows are bloody adorable. They’re big and fluffy and proper cute! Look at them!

EDITORIAL NOTE

A few doodles were done by Michael on this page.

I feel kind of bad for them. The farmer makes the cows get pregnant and have calves, just to make sure they’re always producing milk, then steals the calves away, and slaughters the cows when they are no longer useful. I don’t know. It’s sad man. I feel bad for cows, they’re so friendly! And smart! This one cow on the farm can recognise this one farmhand and always trots up to him begging for pats. (Kind of wish she did that for me too...)

Anyway, I really love cows.

Tuesday 5th January

I woke up today hungover. I kind of wish I didn’t always wake up hungover, but that’s just how I live. Every day I come in from work and I have a pint. (And then maybe another against sober-me’s better judgement. I think. I don’t know.) Drunk me and sober me are like... Two separate people. I think. I don’t know. I’ve

been told I'm a lot more talkative and confident when I'm drunk. Apparently, I'm "fun to be around".

I'd really love to quit alcohol but I also kind of don't want to be boring. Drinking is my *thing*. It's what makes me interesting. I get that I'm supposed to quit being an alcoholic now that I've apparently "gone off the deep end" (whatever that means...) but it's kind of hard when the only things you've heard about yourself when you're drunk are good things. Like damn, I want to be fun to be around too! I wish I was confident as well! I don't think I have much confidence, to be honest.

The pros of being an alcoholic are you're cool (when you're drunk) and it's a hobby. I guess. ... Okay maybe not. If it is, it's a miserable hobby. Sad face.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Instead of drawing a sad face or writing “:|” the words “sad face” was literally written here by Michael.

The cons of being an alcoholic... *Hoo boy*. I wake up to the pounding of a headache and the urge to throw up (even though I biologically can't). I've apparently done things not even Bear Grylls would probably do. (Apparently.)

I bet you're wondering how a mechanical fella like me can get squiffy, right? Okay so basically when I eat or drink, it all goes into a metal container somewhere. I don't know all the techy logistics of it. I think it's like... All the liquid goes into my cooling system and alcohol doesn't dissipate heat the same way water does or something. I don't know. I could be completely wrong.

Look, if you expect me to know, just a reminder that I *live* (and work) on a *farm*. I can't build a computer, I can't read JavaScript, but I sure can drive a tractor. (And that's how a robot becomes an emotional wreck, folks!)

EDITORIAL NOTE

**A post-it note was added on this page by Michael:
“November Add: Oh, and it's expensive”.**

So yeah! Alcoholism is fun if you're uninteresting, stupid and have nothing to lose like me. I've only got a few years to live, it's not like I'm throwing away a future or anything.

Oh yeah! I forgot to mention that! I'm going to die in 4-6 years. (Well, actually 3 ½ and 5 ½ years since I was published 2 ½ years ago...) The reason for this is, apparently, the company that made us, HYTEX, is stupid and their designs are stupid. I'll stick the manual I was given 2 years ago (which I've scribbled over) in after this page.

EDITORIAL NOTE

There was a polaroid of Michael and Simon paperclipped to this page. In the whitespace under the polaroid, “That's Simon! Those aren't black contact lenses; he just looks like that...” was written.

HYTEX Technology - The Future Is Now!

Overview

HYTEX humanoid robots (HHR) can do most things a normal human can do, whether it be interacting with people, forming short-term and long-term memories and experiencing emotion. Here at HYTEX, we foresee a future where one day technology will do jobs too dangerous for people. That's rich.

System Operation

All of our products operate on a learning-based algorithm. The robot will see, the robot will try, the robot will mess up and the robot will learn. You're right, it took Simon 50 tries before realising that sticking forks in electrical sockets in the UK just doesn't work the same way it does in America.

All of our products' long-term memory is stored in the HYTEX warehouse near Penzance. If your robot is having memory problems, please contact our help desk.

Hardware

Cooling System

The cooling system is one of the largest parts of our robots. Due to separate working parts and joints also utilising water pressure, there are tubes transporting water all around our products' bodies.

Just whack the whole store above the CPU instead of, oh I don't know, UNDER IT? If someone were, say, to get stabbed, all the water leaks out and ONTO what's arguably the most important techy-bits. Boy, I sure hope someone got fired for that blunder.

If one of the tubes is found to have a leak, please find a short-term solution and contact our helpdesk immediately. Internal components are NOT waterproof and should be kept away from all liquids.

Respiratory System

Like people, our robots also "breathe". In order to mimic people and feel more human, the robots have a "breathing system" implemented. If you lay your robot down on its back and stare at his or her chest, you will notice that the robot actually breathes.

Hi, my name is Tony and I missed the birth of my child because I had to stay late to make sure the robots suffocated and died after you strangled them for 3 minutes.

While the robot doesn't necessarily need to breathe, we have also implemented a system where after 1 minute of suffocation, the robot will

shut down for a period of time. After 3 minutes of suffocation, your robot will refuse to co-operate and die.

Sensing System

You don't say?

Our products experience the world physically through the 5 senses. ^ In their eyes are black-lenses to hide the cameras. These cameras can record memories and take photos however there is no way of displaying these videos or images. The robot can view them internally at any time.

My cameras were bugged and everything was bright all the time. So now I have to wear what's essentially sunglasses all day. Thanks, HYTEX!

The robots can also hear and auditorily record conversations. If you say something to them, they'll remember. While they can't play back the exact audio, they will be able to internally replay your conversations and remind you of your exact wording. Like a wife!

Our robots can also experience touched sensations. If you smack one, it will hurt them and they may try to avoid you after.

Only effective if the smacker is human! Please fix this bug!

That's it, that's the sentence. Robots also smell. They are stinky.

The robots can also smell ^ and taste substances. While our first model, "Hally" cannot experience the side effects of alcohol, caffeine and drugs, all products released after her can.

Adult Features

Our products also come with optional adult features if your robot so desires. Please contact our helpdesk for further information.

You wanna put your wee-wee in a robot? now you can! What a time to be alive.

Miscellaneous

We also have other features implemented either on request of our robots on how to improve them and/or to make them appear more approachable to people/give them more human lives. These features are:

- *Their hair will grow over a long period of time.*
- *Robots will experience symptoms of hunger if they don't eat for 6 hours.*
- *Robots will experience symptoms of fatigue if they don't sleep for 24 hours.*
- *Robots do not like being damaged or hurt and will actively avoid situations that they know will cause damage to themselves (unless to help someone.)*
- *All robots released after "Hally" have Asimov Laws implemented into their code. They cannot hurt people, allow someone to come to harm, and must help them where they can.*

Simon literally found a loophole and hacked into his own code to disable the laws. This is now false.

Software

Internal Clock

Our robots have a built-in clock system meaning they will always know roughly what time it is, how long it has been since an event (IE, how long ago did we eat dinner?) and how long until an event (IE, how long until my meeting?)

And then you die.

If your robot's clock has expired, they may struggle to have a concept of time, how long is a long time, and what time it is.

Internal GPS

Our robots have a built-in GPS meaning they will never get lost and always know where they are.

If your robot's GPS has expired, they may be confused as to where they are and where they live. They may also forget locations.

Internal Weather Overcast

Our robots have a built in Weather Overcast system meaning they know what the weather outside in their location is like.

Take a shot every time Simon is mentally ill and makes HYTEX add another paragraph to their manual.

We have had problems with the weather overcast system in the past. If your robot thinks it's raining outside when it's sunny and refuses to go outside, please contact our help desk.

Expiration

Around 5-8 years after publication, internal systems like the GPS, Clock and Weather Overcast will begin to shut down due to the fact that they're always running, even when the robot is seemingly shut down.

Once every system's battery runs out, the robot may be in a constant state of confusion over where they are, what time it is and what's happening.

Oh! Mandatory dementia! Fun!

Wednesday 6th January

I woke up today hungover. My company is sending out an update and wants us all to meet up over in Truro to make sure we're all working fine, (hardware *and* software) before they update anything, make sure they have code and memory storage backups, yadda-yadda. You may think that because my mind is 100% code, I understand any of this stuff, but nope. Not only are you wrong, you're also stupid and very misinformed.

I asked Simon if he was going and he said he was. Bummer. Now I *have* to go. Apparently Hally is going too but honestly? Sod her. It's weird, she doesn't normally get hardware and software

updates. Time to consider packing my things. I'll probably write lots on the trip tomorrow.

Thursday 7th January

I woke up today hungover. I'm taking a taxi over to Truro, I don't have a car of my own. I may write, I may draw. I may just fall asleep.

People get confused when they know I'm mechanical but I say I sleep because I need to. You charge your phones and stuff, right? And it's better for your phone's hardware if you charge it while it's turned off, right? And it doesn't use energy when it's turned off, right? It's that simple. Let me snooze.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Some drawings appeared here. Specifically: Cats, some human-figure sketches, and some flowers/herbs. We are not able to add drawings to this localisation. This is followed by more writing.

Can you tell I love nature? Drawing leaves and berries and flowers is fun! It's repetitive enough that you can draw a lot of them and it'll look okay, but there are so many different types that if you challenge yourself to draw something different each time, you'll most likely never run out of ideas.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A three-line gap appeared here.

I decided to stop off in Taunton to get some dinner. It was just a carvery, nothing special. It tasted like home though. The gravy was all liquid-y and as rubbish as always, but overall: an okay meal. I don't need to eat, but it's fun. It makes me feel human and like I fit in. Besides, I have the money to do so. I don't know what I'd spend my money on otherwise. I pay rent? I don't really focus much on material possessions. I have very limited living space and it's just extra junk to carry. A cat is enough! (And her food bowl... And food packets... And wet wipes to clean out the food bowl because she leaves bits of her food...)

I got on a train at around 4 o'clock and stared out the window at the patchwork countryside of different shades of green separated by hedgerows. I played a little bit of a game with myself; I measured the levels of darkness. (I used a semicolon! Correctly? No clue! But I used one! So proud of myself!)

The Levels of Darkness

Level 1: You can tell it's starting to get dark soon but it's not dark at all yet.

Level 2: Twilight. It's starting to get dark but you can still make out the detail and individual leaves on trees.

Level 3: Things are starting to silhouette. Most people have their car lights on by now.

Level 4: It's visibly dark now but you can still see into the horizon.

Level 5: The horizon is a blur of either light or dark. It's fully night time now.

We arrived in Liskeard once it was around 5:45. Because we're in the dead-middle of winter, it felt a lot later than it actually was.

The sky said half nine but my internal digital-clock and my wristwatch said 5:4-something. I decided to check into a...

Generically named hotel- (Micah you are so smart,) and play video games on my laptop for the rest of the night before getting an early night at 10ish. Wow! This has got to be the most I've written for one day so far! Well-done, Micah!

Friday 8th January

EDITORIAL NOTE

This day was written in purple ink.

Although I didn't wake up hungover, I still woke up feeling like rubbish. That hopefully won't matter though as I'll probably be asleep for most of the day. I got back on the train and rode to Truro with just my laptop bag and a laptop inside it. (And this journal.) I forgot my pen but Simon had one. Sorry, I know I usually write in red, but he only had purple. Oops.

Anyway, I was the last to arrive, in typical Jones-Arrives-Fashionably-Late fashion. Hally was there and I remember physically recoiling and wanting to throw up a bit when I saw her. My shoulder ached. We all sat in the waiting room and Simon and I caught up a bit.

Me: What's up, nerd?

Simon, fist bumping me: Yo! Missed you man, how've you been?

Me, sitting next to him: (For details, we were all sitting in a row. Hally, then Simon and then

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me. I didn't want to sit next to Hally.) Good, good! How's the apprenticeship going?

Simon: Pretty good! Pretty good! I'm allowed out to people's houses on my own now!

Me: Oh wow! Got any fun stories?

Simon, taking a second to think: This one old lady's dog weed on my leg. That was... Mm... Not nice.

Me: Woof woof.

Simon: Woof woof!

Me: Wait, hold on, are you wearing women's trousers?

Simon: They're cheaper.

Me: Fair enough.

Simon: Anyway- How's farming going?

Me: Eh, it's alright. Nothing super story-worthy has happened.

Simon: That's boring. Oh wait- Have you heard the news?

Me: Yeah? Why?

Simon: Apparently CarbonCorp is releasing another bot.

Me: Oh really?

Simon: Mhm. So that now means there's more of them than there are of us.

Me: Damn it... We're outnumbered now, (I chuckled) *Oh wait!* How was your birthday?

Simon: Eh, it wasn't anything special. One of my co-workers gave me flowers which was... nice.

Me: Aww, that was nice. Guy or girl?

Simon: Girl.

Me: Oooooo. Any uh... Any connotations behind that?

Simon: I sure bloody hope not.

Me: No time for love, eh? (I wanted to give him a joking little nudge or a shove but I didn't.)

Simon: Nope. We're all gonna die in a few years. Besides, roommates are enough of a hassle, I don't need a wife bossing me about the place either.

Me: You know what? Yeah. (I ruffled his hair like a child because I know he hates it when I do that. But he hates it like in a... Jokey... Bantery kind of way.)

Simon: (Trying not to laugh,) I've got half a mind to light you on fire-

He seems content with life! I'm happy for him. He doesn't seem happy often. Or, not when I see him anyway. Oh God, what if I'm making him sad? Hope not.

This is all pre-check-up and knock out, by the way.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A three-line gap was left here. It seems Michael wrote the above pre-update and the following post-update.

All this below is post-check-up, by the way.

My head hurts. We all passed the test and then we were all knocked out for the next 6 hours making it 8 O'clock now. I was right. Definitely wasn't counting on a good night's sleep last night, that's for sure.

Simon, the poor sod, has to drive all the way back up to Gloucester. Which is so much further away than Scotland. Totally. Of all places in the UK, why did he choose to be stationed in Gloucester? No clue. *Anyway.* The people here all

gave us a phone number and said it led to an indie-developed bot they want us to make company with because he “has no friends” or something. Hally and Simon said they probably wouldn’t so that leaves me to do that, I guess.

I should probably introduce Simon. Simon’s... Odd. ~~He probably has bipolar disorder or BPD or something. I don’t plan on asking.~~

EDITORIAL NOTE

The prior sentence was crossed out. There was a post-it note left on this page reading “don’t be mean to him” in felt tip.

He’s super emotional and kind of annoying but he’s also proper brainy. He’s kind of a bit of a dim-savant (a term coined by yours truly. I’m pretentious, I know). Ask him the names of all of Henry VIII’s wives, what order they came in, how they died, where they were from, plus extra trivia- And he’s got you! Ask him what year Henry VIII ascended to the throne and what year he died? No clue. Stone Age...? Maybe... It was probably the Stone Age.

I quite like Simon. He’s annoying, but he’s my younger cousin. I think they’re all like that. Have I spoken about how Mr Simon Parsley and I are technically cousins despite being mechanical? I think I did. I’m not reading back to check.

I’m too tired to write further. I’m back at the hotel in Liskeard. I’ve been getting hand tremors and I’ve been feeling dizzy again. Before I sleep, I may take a sip of the emergency wine I brought with me in a flask. It’s not enough to get me drunk, I just foresaw withdrawal symptoms happening. Okay bye!

Sunday 10th January

EDITORIAL NOTE

Certain information has been redacted for the sake of safety and privacy of people connected to the Michael Jones case.

I woke up today hungover. When I got back to the farm yesterday, I must have drunk too much beer because I don't remember what happened that day. Ignore that, I called the number today.

The dude's name was Mouse and he was published in 2015 making him 3 years older than I am. He plays piano and strings and releases music on youtube.com under a pseudonym. His voice is bloody nice too! He's got a bit of a stutter and he sounds a lot more mechanical than I do, but it's a nice voice. It's got a certain warmth to it that I haven't heard in a mechanical voice before.

We talked for about an hour until he said he had to leave. It was 'A pleasure talking to you, Mike.' I don't know why people call me Mike when my name is Micah and not Michael. I mean... 'Mike' is just the first syllable of Micah but my name is only a letter longer! Hell, if you're a valley girl or like Mouse, Micah is only one syllable. "Mike-(uh.)" Why do people do that anyway? When they're teasy they'll go "Stop itttt!(uh.)" It's weird. Mouse mistook me as human at first because of my voice. He doesn't seem to like humans much. Don't think I agree on that one there, matey! Anyway. Mouse is cool! Like him. I might get drunk now. I'll try and transcribe the conversation I had with him into a script as best as I can remember it. Which is word-for-word what was said because I internally recorded it.

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(PHONE NOISES)

Me: Yo!

Mouse: Yo! Oh wow- You sound-

Me: Your voice is nice!

Mouse: I- Uh- Thanks. You sound really human.

(Pause)

Me: Sorry, did I interrupt you halfway through you speaking?

Mouse: Yeah.

Me: Ah, sorry. There's a bit of lag on my end.

Mouse: That's okay! That's okay! You live in Scotland, right?

Me: Yeah! In the countryside outside of Glasgow.

Mouse: Oh wow, you're like... Scottish. You don't uh- You don't sound it though.

Me: Oh yeah, I'm Cornish, actually. I moved to Scotland though. Housing was cheaper. Well- I'm actually a farmhand, rent is split between four people anyway but y'know.

Mouse: Oh wow, that's pretty cool. I'm in London.

Me: You're in London?

Mouse: Mhm.

Me: Oh wow! What's that like?

(There were a few clicking noises here. I later learnt Mouse was typing.)

Mouse: Uh- It's alright. Rent is a bit expensive. Uhh... A few gangs... The architecture is nice though!

Me: Oh, that's cool! Wanna know my favourite kind of architecture?

Mouse: Oh?

Me, snickering: Von Neumann.

(Mouse laughed)

Mouse: Okay- I kinda walked into that one. Anyway! Yeah- My guess was that you were from some kind of... Rural... South Western Farmer-Pirate County.

Me: Oh, how come?

Mouse: You said you were Cornish, right?

Me: Yeah?

Mouse: I'm reading up on Cornish stereotypes. Apparently, you lot are all farmers.

(Pause)

Mouse: I'm joking. I uh... I have a friend from Cornwall. (I thought he didn't have friends? Okay.) He likes to garden in his spare time.

Me: Interesting. Uhh... Got any hobbies?

Mouse: A few, a few. I uh... I make music. I play a few instruments.

Me: Oh same, which ones?

Mouse: Piano, violin, cello... I make music and I uh, I put it on youtube.

Me: Aw wow! Mind telling me the channel name? I'll check it out later.

Mouse: Yeah dude, it's [REDACTED] don't tell anyone. I'm kinda self-conscious but you seem alright.

Me: Cheers, cheers.

Mouse: You uhh... You said "same," what do you play?

Me: Piano, guitar and uhhhh... Nothing else.

Mouse: The "nothing else" is suspicious.

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Me: I think I may have used to play saxophone too? Don't tell anyone. If I did, I don't anymore. I get uhh- false memories and stuff. It's probably like... Lore backstory or something.

Mouse: Oh wow, I love jazz! Maybe we could be in a band, aha.

Me: Maybe. I never seem to stay in one place for too long.

Mouse: Well, if you're ever in London...

Me: Uhh... So, what's the guy who programmed you like?

Mouse: He's... He's alright. He makes me tidy my room sometimes.

Me: Oh wow, you're so spoiled. (Said sarcastically.)

Mouse: I know right. My room and studio are like... They're a mess but they're an organised mess, y'know?

Me: I totally get that. What's his name?

Mouse: Bill.

Me: Bill's a good name. Wait, what's your name again? It didn't say on the uhhh it didn't say on the number note.

Mouse: I'm Mouse. Mouse Fields.

Me: Aw yeah, names starting with M gang.

Mouse: I'm gonna guess you're Mike then?

Me: Yes. How'd you know?

Mouse: Michael is the uhhh, it's the most common name in the United States. For 2020.

Me: My name's not Michael but I do go by Mike? (Lag pause?)

Mouse: Oh yeah?

Me: My name's Micah which is close enough. I shorten it to Mike sometimes.

Mouse: Oh! Micah is a nice name. Did you choose it yourself?

Me: Yeah!

Mouse: Kinda gender neutral too...

Me: I'm a boy.

Mouse: Okay.

Me: You pick Mouse yourself?

Mouse: No, Bill picked it. I kinda hate my name.

Me: Do you have a last name?

Mouse: Fields.

Me: Oh wait yeah! You told me that, didn't you?

Mouse: Yeah, come on. Keep up. (Deadpan.)

Me: Hey, wanna know something funny.

Mouse: Do you know someone else with the surname Fields?

Me: No. But! I am a farmer. Meaning I can make this joke.

Mouse: Oh God...

Me: Yes, I'm a farmer. I ploughed Fields last Friday. Just ask him!

(Mouse laughed, he found this funny, THANK GOD.)

Mouse: How long- Uh- How long have you been waiting to say that?

Me: 2 and half years.

Mouse: Is that how old you are?

Me: I think so.

Mouse: Think?

Me: I have memories of a childhood and stuff and events that feel so real, but I never experienced them. They're with people I don't

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know. I don't know if they're just like... Pre-programmed in...? Memories? They probably are.

Mouse: I don't have those. I'm not from your uh, your company so maybe it's just a them thing. (Mouse took a sip of water here I think.) Any others from your company have it?

Me: Simon does? Hally doesn't.

Mouse: Oh there's 3 of you? You're the only one that's called.

Me: They're both introverts.

Mouse: Oh same. Oi. Oi. Mike. What's your Myers-Briggs?

Me: That's the I-D-K-P thing, right?

Mouse: Yeah.

Me: I'm either a uhh... ESTJ or an ISTJ.

Mouse: Oo, senser... I'm an INTJ.

Me: Oh, if I'm an introvert we're pretty similar then!

Mouse: Haha... What's you're uhh, zodiac? I don't believe in star-sign nonsense- But! If we're doing this now, we might as well tack it on.

Me: I'm a Virgo I think... 20th August?

Mouse: Yeah, I think Virgos are the latter half of August and first half of September. I think. I'm an Aquarius.

Me: What month is that?

Mouse: February. I was uhh... I got published in February, yeah.

Me: Oh wow! What year?

Mouse: Like... 2015? I think? It was a while ago.

Me: Ah, dude, you're ancient! No offence.

Mouse: You're like... Baby.

Me: Oi, I'm... (Pause. Maths.) 28 months old. How old is that in robot years, hold on...

Mouse: Well, if you live for 6-8 years, right, that's 2 years. That's anywhere from a third to a quarter so that's... Between 25 and 33.

Me: See? I'm an adult. At 5 years old you're basically retired.

Mouse: Nah, I don't operate on robot years. I'm gonna live way more than "6-8 years".

Me: Oh wow! That's cool! Best we don't get married then, you'll outlive me for quite a bit!

Mouse: Yeah...

Me: Okay, I'm being called for dinner now. I have to go. Cya!

Mouse: Bye! A pleasure talking to you, Mike!
(Call ended.)

Cool guy. Like him.

Looks like you made it to the end of this preview!

You can find the links to the full book on my website.