ISAAC ASIMOV

Gold. The Final Science Fiction Collection

Part One - The Final Stories

Typed by Bateau

I am a robot. My name is Cal. I have a registration number. It is CL-123X, but my master calls me Cal.

The X in my Registration number means I am a special robot for my master. He asked for me and helped design me. He has a lot of money. He is a writer.

Tam not a very complicated robot. My master doesn't want a complicated robot. He puts wants someone to pick up after him, to nu his printer, stack his disks, and like that.

He says I don't give him any backtalk and just do what I am told. He says that is good. He has people come in to help him, sometimes. They give him backtalk. Sometimes they do not do what they are told, he gets very angry and red in the face.

He has people come in to help hun, conetimes. They give him backtail. Sometimes they do not do what they are told, he gets very angry and red in the face.

Then he tells me not do something, and lot his He says, thating sookness, you do as you are told.

Then he tells me not do something, and lot his He says, thating sookness, you do as you are told.

It has no sometimes and the same that a smile. He puts me on the shoulder and says, Good, Cal. Good.

Ilike it when he says Good, Cal. Good.

Is his two he says Good, Cal. Good.

And be laughs, I like when he laughs because it means he feel good, low.

And he laughs, I like when he laughs because it means he feel good, low it is a queer sound. I don't understand how he makes it or why. I ask him and he says to me that he laughs when something is funny.

I ask him if what I said is framy.

He says, Yes, it is. The says, Tes, It is.

It is funny because I say I feel good. He says robots do not really feel good. He says only human masters feel good. He says robots just have positronic brain paths that work more easily when they follow orders.

It is hump because I say I feel good. He says robots do not really feel good. He says colly human masters feel good. He says robots just have positionic brain paths that work more easily when they follow orders.

I don't know what pars the says they are good and the says of the say

He smiles again. Why do you want to know, Cal? he asks. ries numes again. way 00 you want to know, Call? ne 2088. U. All? ne 2088. O Lal? ne 2088. O L

I say I want to know because it will make me feel better to know I am--I am--He says. You are curious, Cal.

He says, You are curious, Cal.

1 say, I don't know what that word means.

He says, I means you want to know just because you want to know.

He says, I'm means you want to know just because you want to know.

He says, I'm means you want to know just he labour people who do different things, and have different things happen to them.

I say, How do you find out what they do and write happens to them?

He says, I make them up, Cal. They sure nor tral people, They are not real happenings. I imagine them, in here.

He points to his head. I do not understand and I ask how he makes them up, but he laughs and says, I do not know either. I just make them up.

To not understand and rate for more frames then by more singles and topy, to be the short either. He is made men up.

If the very lad when there that I, say, those any out all, sold the interest proper from the short either. He is the same the controlled by the Three Laws of robotics. Human masters can hurt other human masters if they wish. This is wrong, I say, the man being are not controlled by the Three Laws of robotics. Human masters can hurt other human masters if they wish. This is wrong, I say, the man being are not controlled by the Three Laws of robotics. Human masters can hurt other human masters if they wish. This is wrong, I say, then made in the same that the same three them is the same three they cannot hurt people. Do they like it in privan? I sak.

Of course not. They must not. Fear of prison keeps them from doing more hurtful things than they do.

I say, But prison is wrong, too. If it makes people feel bad.

Well, says my master, that is why you cannot write mysteries and crime stories

I think about that. There must be a way to write stories in which people are not hurt. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I want to be a writer. I want to be a writer. I would like to do that. I want to be a writer. I want to be a

My master has three different Writtens for writing atomics. One is very old, but he says he keeps it because it has sentimental value. In class the extended and the contract the master is the contract that it is not a few atoms to the contract that it is not a few atoms the master is not made to the contract that it is not a few atoms the master is not a few atoms that it is not a few atoms that

The words are printed on paper and in the morning I show the words to my master.

I say, I am sorry, I was using the Writer

He looks at the paper. Then he looks at me. He makes a frown. He says, Did you do this?

Last Night.

Why? I want very much to write. Is this a story?

He holds up the paper and smiles. He says, These are just random letters, Cal. This is gibberish.

He does not seem angry. I feel better. I do not know what gibberish is.

I say, Is it a story

Lasy, Is it as story?

He says, No. it, it is not. And it is a locky thing the Writer cannot be damaged by mishandling. If you really want to write so badly, I will tell you what I will do. I will have you reprogrammed so that you will know how to use a Writer. Two days later, I technician arrives. He is a master who knows how to make robots do better jobs. My master tells me that the technician is the one who put me together, and my master helped. I do not remember that. The technician issues carefully to my master.

The technician listens carefully to my master.

He says, Why do you want too to his, Mr. Northrop?

Mr. Northrop is what other masters call my master.

My master says, I helped design Cal, remember. I think I must have put into him the desire to be a writer. I did not intend to, but as long as he does, I feel I should humour him. I owe it to him.

The technician says, Plais it foolds. Event of we accedentally put in a desire to write that is still no job for a robot.

My master says, Just the same I want it done. The technician says, It will be expensive, Mr. Northrop.

My master frowns. He looks angry.

He says, Cal is my robot, I shall do as I please. I have the money and I ant him adjusted.

The exchange in obols sargy, too. He says, if that's what you swan, very well. The customer is the boss, But it will be more expensive than you think, because we can not put in the knowledge of how to use a Writer without improving his vocabulary a good deal. My master says, Fine Improving his vocabulary.

The next dity, the exchange in the exchange in the control of the point of

Then I could see and think and know again. I could see that time had passed, but did not know how much time.
I thought for a while. It was odd, but I knew how to run a Writer and I seemed to understand more words. For instance, I knew what "gibberish" meant, and it was embarrassing to think I had shown gibberish to my master, thinking it was a story I would have to do better. This time I had no apprehension—I know the meaning of "apprehension," too—I had no apprehension that he would keep me from using the old Writer. After all, he would not have redesigned me to be capable of using it if he were going to prevent me from doing so. I not it to him. Matest codes this mean I may use the writer?"

He said, "You may do so at any time, Cal, that you are not engaged in other tasks. You must let me see what you write, however

He said. 'You may do so at any time, Cal, that you are not engaged in other tasks. You must let me see what you write, however.'
TO' course, master,
O'C course,
O'C cours

"Are you finding that out, Cal?" Good. Obviously, your reorganization has not only improved your vocabulary but it seems to me that it has intensified your intelligence."

I said. "I'm not sure what is meant by 'intensified'

I said, "The not stare what is meant by 'intensified."

The mean you see manter. You seem to know more."

These shad stapleace you, master?

Those that displeace you, master?

The shad talk pleaces me. It may make his more possible for you to write stories and even after you have grown tired of trying to write, you will remain more useful to me."

I thought a tone that it would be delightful to be more useful to the master, but I daird understand what he meant about growing tired of trying to write. I wasn't going to get tired of writing.

Finally, I had a story in my mind, and I staked my master when would be a proper time to write it.

He said. Wait till night. Then you wou't be getting in my way. We can have a small light for the corner where the old Writer is standing; and you can write your story. How long do you think it will take you?

That a limbe shade; J said, supprised. Then work the Writer very quickly."

My master said, "Cal, working the Writer isn't all there--" Then he stopped, thought a while, and said, "No, you go ahead and do it. You will learn. I won't try to advise you." He was right. Working the Writer wasn't all there was to it. I spent nearly the whole night trying to figure out the story, It is very difficult to decide which word comes after which. I had to erase the story several times and start over. It was very embarrassing

Finally, it was done, and here it is. I kept it after I wrote it because it was the first story I ever wrote. It was not gibberish

There was a detektaw wuns named Cal, who was a very good detektav and very brave. Nuthin fritened him. Imajin his surprise one night when he herd an introoder in his masters home. He came russian into the riting office. There was an introoder. He had cum in throo the windo. There was broken glas. That was what Cal, the brave detektav, had herd with his good hering

He said, "Stop, Introoder."

The introoder stopped and looked skared. Cal felt bad that the introoder looked skared.

The introoder stopped and looked skared. Cal felt had that the introoder looked skared.

Classial, Took what you have done, "On have broken the wind."

Yes, "said the introoder, looking very ashaymed." I did not mean to break the windo."

Cla was very clever and he saw the flaws in the introoder's remark. He said, "How did you expect to get in if you were not going to break the windo"?

Thought it would be open. "he said, "I tried to open it and it broke."

Thought it would be open. "he said, "I tried to open it and it broke."

Classial, "Walt was the meaning of what you have done, amybow? Why should you want to come into this room when it is not your room? You are an introoder."

Teld not mean any harm, he said.

The blast not stone for fy you meat to harm, you would not be here," said Cal. "You must be punnished."

"Please do not punnish me", said the introoder.
"I will not punnish you," said Cal. "I don't wish to cause you unhappiness or payn. I will call my master."

He called, "Master! Master!" The master came russian in. "What have we here?" he asked.

The master came reasons in ... What have we here?" he asked.

"An introder," I add. These can thin and he is for you to punish."

"I am "aid the introder. He was crying and water was coming out of his eyes the way it happens with masters when they are sad."

"Never, I will never do it agen," said up made been punished enough. Go away and be sure never to do it agen,"

Then the master said, "you are a good detektay Cal, I am proud of you.

Cal was very glad to have pleased the ma-

I was very pleased with the story and I showed it to the master. I was sure he would be very pleased, too

He was more than pleased, for as he read it, he smiled. He even laughed a few times. Then he looked up at me and said "Did you write this?

The End

He was more than pleased, for as he read it, he smited. He even haughed a few limes. I "Ves, I did, miss, I was all by yourself. You didn't copy anything?" I made it up in yow head, misster, I said, "Do you like it?" He haughed again, quite loudly. "It's interesting," he said. I was a little arxivon: "Is if famp?" I saled, "I don't know how to make things funny."

"I know, Cal. It's not funny inter

I thought about that for a while. Then I asked, "How can something be funny unintentionally?" "It's hard to explain, but don't worry about it. In the first place, you can't spell, and that's a surprise. You speak so well now that I automatically assumed you could spell words but, obviously, you can't. You can't be a writer unless you can spell words correctly, and use good grammar."

How do I manage to spell words correctly? "You don't have to worry about that, Cal," said my master. "We will outfit you with a dictionary. But tell me, Cal. In your story, Cal is _you_, isn't he?"

"Yes " I was pleased he had noticed the

'Yes. 'I was pleased ne had notoced that.

Bad idea. You don't want to put yourself into a story and say how great you are. It offends the reader."

Why, masser?"

Because if does, It looks like I_will_have to give you advice, but I'll make it as brief as possible. It is not customary to praise yourself. Besides you don't want _ssy_you are great, you must_show_you are great in what you do. And don't use your own name.

Is that a rule?"

*A good writer can break any rule, but you're just a legitimer. Sick to the rules and what I have told you are just a couple of them. You're going to move more if you keep on writing. Also, Call, you're going to have trouble with the 'Three Laws of Robotics.' You can't assume that wrongstores will weep and be ashamed. Human beings aren't like that. They_muss_be punished sometimes." I felt my positioned between parties good and the standard of the standard of

Howe, Also, there's no registery in the story. There doesn't have to be, but flinks you'd be better off if there were. What if your here, whom you delth and paramans and you'd be set on the flinks of the story. There doesn't have to be, but flinks you was not store in one you've been outfield not a gramman and you'll use what I mean.

The teachicin came to the bases and said. There's top problem in installing a yelling dictionary and a gammar. I'll cost you more money. I know you don't care about money, but tell me why you are so interested in making a writer out of this hank of steel and titanism." I dishift blaik it was upin fire them to all the a bashed of seed and it intensions, of course a human master can say anything be wants to say. They always talk about us robots as though we weren't there. I've noticed that, too.

"No," said the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that, too.

"No," said the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that you wanted to be a writer?"

"No shift the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that you wanted to be a writer.

"Row and the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that you wanted to be a writer.

"No," said the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that you wanted to be a writer.

"No said the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that you wanted to be a writer.

"No said the exhiminism." Team's say event did. Five noticed that, too.

My master stopped smiling. He lifted his head and looked down on the technician very angrily. "Don't be a fool. You just do what I pay you to do."

I think the master made the technician sorry he had said that, but I don't know why. If my master asked me to write his stories for him I would be pleased to do so.

Again, I don't know how long it took the technician to do his job when he came back a couple of days later. I don't remember a thing about it

Then my master was suddenly talking to me. "How do you feel, Cal?" I said, "I feel very well. Thank you, sir."

"What about words. Can you spell? "I know the letter-combinations, sire

"Very good. Can you read this?" He handed me a book. It said, on the cover, _The Best Mysteries of J. F. Northrop_ I said, "Are these your stories, sir?"

I said, "Are these your stories, sir?"
"Aboultus!, "I you see we want to read define, you can."
I had never been able to read easily before, but row as soon as I looked at the words, I could hear them in my ear. It was surprising. I couldn't imagine how I had been unable to do it before.

"Thatky can, "I ! a said." Hall read the said. "That is a limit in the present of the said." Had been unable to do it before.

"That you, "I ! I said." Hall read the said." Had I read the said in Irsu are it will help me in my writing."
"Very good. Continue to show me everything you write."
I'very good. Continue to show me everything you write."
The master's stories were quie interesting, lie had a detective who could always understand matters that others found puzzling. I didn't always understand how he could see the truth of a mystery and I had to read some of the stories over again and do so slowly. Sometimes I couldn't understand them even when I read them slowly. Sometimes I could vive a story like Mr. Northrop's.

This time! I your quie a long with lew oxiding toor in my head "Man I though! I had worked out, I worke the following:

The Shiny Quarter

Calumet Smithson sat in his arm chair, his eagle-eyes sharp and the nostrils of his thing high-bridged nose flaring, as though he could scent a new mystery.

He said, "Well, Mr. Wassell, led! But yours yorsy again from the beginning, Leave out nothing, for one can't tell when even the smallest detail may not be of the greatest importance."

Wassell owned an important business in wors, and in it he employed many robots and also human beings.

Wassell did so, but there was nothing startling in he details at all and he was able to summarize it this way. "What it amounts to, Mr Smithson, is that I am losing money. Someone in my employ is helping himself to small sums now and then. The sums are of no great importance, each in itself, but it is like a small, steady oil loss in a machine, or the drip-drop of water from a leaky faucet, or the oozing of blood from a small wound. In time, it would mount up and become dangerous."

"Are you actually in danger of losing your business, Mr. Smithson?"
"Not yet. But I don't like to lose money, either. Do you?"

"No. indeed," said Smithson, "I do not. How many robots do you employ in your business?"

"Twenty-seven sir."

"I wenty-seven, sir." And they are all reliable, I suppose."
"Undoubtedly. They could not setal. Besides, I have asked each one of them if they took any money and they all said they had not. And, of course, robots cannot lie, either."
"Voo are quine right," said Smithson. "It is useless to be concerned over robots. They are honest, through and through. What about the human beings you employ? How many of them are there?"
I employ sevenethe, but of these only four can possibly been stealing."

"Why is that?

way is unax:

The others do not work on the premises. These four, however, do. Each one has the occasion, now and then, to handle petty cash, and I suspect that what happens is that at least one of them manages to transfer assets from the company to his private account in such a way that the matter is not easily traced.

"I see. Yes, it is unfortunately true that human beings may steal. Have you confronted your suspects with the situation "Yes, I have. They all deny any such activity, but, of course, human beings can lie, too."

"Yes, I have. They all deny any such activity, but, of course, human beings can lie, too."

So they can, Did any of them look uneasy while being questioning and line of them to the consequence of the con

"I pay good wages."
"I am sure of that, but perhaps one has some sort of expensive taste that makes his income insufficient."

Than date of succession of the properties that some seven or specific than the properties that the propert

Calumet Smithson sat at the dimner table and regarded the four men closely. Two of them were quite young and had dark hair. One of them had a mustache as well. Neither was very good looking. One of them was Mr. Foster and the other was Mr. Lionell. The third man was rather fat and had small eyes. He was Mr. Mann. The fourth was tall and rangy and had a nervous way of cracking his knuckles. He was Mr. Ostrak. Smithson seemed to be a little nervous himself as he questioned each man in turn. His eagle eyes narrowed as he gazed sharply at the four suspects and he played with a shiny quarter that flipped casually between the fingers of his right hand.

Smithson said, The range of the four you so quite was ware what a termible funding it is to test lot more an employer."

They all agreed at once.

smithson tapped the shiny quarter on the table, thoughtfully, "One of you, I'm sure, is going to break down under the load of guilty and I think you will do it before the evening is over. But, for now, I must call my office. I will be gone for only a few minutes. Please sit here and wait for me and while I am gone, do not talk to each other, or look at each other.

He gave the quarter a last tap, and paying no attention to it, he left. In about ten minutes he was back He looked from one to another and said. "You did not talk to each other or look at each other. I hope

He looked from one to another and said, "You did not talk to each other or look at each other, I hope?"
There was a general shaking of heads as though they were feerful of speaking.

"Another, I have been been been been shaked by the star been shaked by the star been quietly and waited. We didn't even look at each other."

"Another, We just our here quietly and waited. We didn't even look at each other."

"Good. Now I will ask each of you four men to show me what you have in your pockets. Please put everything into a pile in front of you."

"Good. Now I will ask each of you four men to show me what you have in your pockets. Please put everything into a pile in front of you."

Smithou's view se as compelling, his yess so bright and sharp, that more of the men thought of dischoolying.

Smithson's voice was so competing, its eyes so bragin and samp, that none of the men thought of disobeying.

"Shirt pickets, too, Inside jackets and polectes." All the pockets. All the pockets, and the pockets and the same." There was quite a pile, credit cards, keys, speciacles, pens, some coins, smithson looked at the four piles colldly, his mind taking in everything.

Then he said, 'Sust to make sure that we are all menering the same requirements, will make a pile of the contents of my own pockets and, Mr. Wassell, you do the same." Now there were six piles. Smithson reached over to the pile in front of Mr. Wassell, and said, "What is this shiny quarter I see, Mr. Wassell, Yours?" Wassell looked controlled. "Yes."

wassen tooked continued. Tes.
"If couldn't be, It has my mark on it. I left it on the table when I went out to call my office. You took it."
Wassell was silent. The other four men looked at him.

waster was street. It is content on men absects at min.

Similation said, "I feel that if one of you was a third, you wouldn't be able to resist a shiny quarter. Mr. Wassell, you've been stealing from your own company, and, afraid you would be caught, you tried to spread the guilt among your own men. that was a wicked and cowardly thing to do.

Wassell hung his head. "You are right. Mr. Smithon. I flowaght if I hierd you to investigate you would find one of the men guilty, and then perhaps I could stop taking the money for my private use."

"You little realize the detective's min." and claused. Smithon. I will turn you over to the authorities. They will decide what no do will you, although our are sincerely sorny and promise never to do it again, I will try to keep you from being punished badly."

I showed it to Mr. Northrop, who read it silently. He hardly smiled at all. Just in one or two places. Then he put it down and stared at me. "Where did you get the name Euphroyne Durando?" "You said, sir, I was not to use my own name, so I used doe as different as possible." "But where did you get it?" Six, one of the minor characters in one of your stories—"

"Of course! I thought it sounded familiar! Do you realize it's a feminine name? Since I am neither masculine nor feminin

"Yes, you're quite right. But the name of the detective, Calumet Smithson, That 'Cal' part is still you, isn't it?" section sir

"You've got a tremendous ego, Cal." I hesitated. "What does that mean, si

I nestiated. What does that mean, sit?
"Never mind. It doesn't matter."

He put the manuscript down and I was troubled. I said, "But what did you think of the mystery?"

"It's an improvement, but it's still not a good mystery. Do you realize that

"In what way is it disappointing, sit?"
"Well you don't understand modern business practices or computerized financing for one thing, And no one would take a quarter from the table with four other men present, even if they weren't looking. It would have been seen. Then, even if that happened, Mr. Wassell's taking it isn't_proof_he was the thief. Anyone could pocket a quarter automatically, without thinking. It's an interesting indication, but it's not_proof_/ And the title of the story tends to give it away, no."

"And, in addition, the Three Laws of Robotics are still getting in your way. You keep worrying about punishment."

I must, str.

"I know you must. That's why I think you shouldn't try to write crime stories."

"What else should I write, sir?"

"Let me think about it."

Mc Northrop called in the scheicion again. This time, I think, he want't very cager to have me overhead what he was soping, but even from where I was standing, I could hear the conversation. Sometimes I Ader all. I veas very upset. I wanted to be a writer and didn't want. Mr. Offering perliging me what I could write and couldn't verice. Of course, he was a human being and I had to obey him, but I didn't like it. "What's the matter now. Mr. Northrop?" asked the schedicion in a voice that sounded sardonic to my care. "Has this orbot of yours been writing a story again?"

"Yee, he has," will Mr. Northrop, riving to sood indifferent. "He's written another mystery story and I don't want him writing mysteries."

"Too much competition, eh. Mr. Northrop?

"No. Don't be a jackass. There's just no point in two people in the same household writing mysteries. Besides, the Three Laws of Robotics get in the way. You can easily imagine how." Well, what do you want me to do?"

wen, want do you want me to do?"
"In not sure. Suppose he writes: sain:. That's one thing I don't write, so we won't be competing, and the Three Laws of Robotics won't get in his way. I want you to give this robot a sense of the ridiculous."
As sense of the white?" said the technician, angrily. "How do I do that?" Looi, Mr. Northrop, he reasonable. I can put in instructions on how to man Writer, I can put in a dictionary and grammar. But how can I possibly put in a sense of the ridiculous."
Well, thing about it. You know the workings of a robot's brain patterns. Isn't there some way of readjusting him so that he can see what's fumny, or silly, or just plain ridiculous about human beings?"
I can fool around, but it not said:

I can not anomat, on it is not suc.

Why isn't is stie?

"Because, look, Mr. Northrop, you started off with a pretty cheap robot, but I've been making it more elaborate. You admit that it's unique and that you never heard of one that wants to write stories, so now it's a pretty expensive robot. You may even have a Classic model here that should be given to the Robotic Institute. If you want me to fool around, I might spoil the whole thing. Do you realize that?"

The willing to take the chance. If the whole thing is spoiled, it will be spoiled, but why should it be? I'm not asking you to work in a hurry. Take the time to analyze it carefully. I have lots of time and lots of money, and I want my robot to write satire."

"Because then his lack of worldly knowledge may not matter so much and the Three Laws won't be so important and in time, some day, he may possibly turn out something interesting, though I doubt it."

Because then his lack of worldly knowledge may not matter so much and the Three Laws wort be so important and in time, some care, ne may possarry turn one sometime, mercenage, now must.

"All right, then. He wort be treading on one yturf. Satisfied?"

"All right, then. He wort be treading on my turf. Satisfied?"

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This time, after I became aware of everything again, I was quite weak for a long time. I had difficulty standing, and my speech was slurred.

This time, after I became aware of everything again, I was quite weak for a long time. Industifically standing, and my speech was sharred. Industify that Mr. Aborthery looked at me with avorried expressions. Perhaps be fell guilty at how be had pretaden be—should, felg guilty—or perhaps be was just worried at the possibility of having lost a great deal of money.

As my sensor of balance returned and my speech became clear, an odd fining lappened. I suddenly understood how _uilty_, lumma beings were. They had no laws governing their actions. They had to make up their own, and even when they did, nothing forced them to obey.

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I finally started the story, and here it is:

Perfectly Formal

George and I were dining at a rather posh restaurant, one in which it was not unusual to see men and women enter in formal wear.

George looked up at one of those men, observing him narrowly and without favour, as he wiped his lips with my napkin, having carelessly dropped his own.

"Ap ox and Il tuesco, say II," said George.

I followed the direction of his glance. As nearly as I could tell, he was studying a portly man of about fifty who was wearing and intense expression of self-importance as he helped a rather gittering woman, considerably younger than himself, to her chair.

I said, "George, are you getting ready to tell me that you know yon bloke in the tux?

I said, "Conge, are you getting enally to tell me that you know you holde in the tust."

"Na", said Gonge, "I immed to tell you such things. My commissions with you, and with all living beings, are always predicated on total truth,"

"Like your tales of your two-centimeter demon, Ar.—" The look of agong on his face made me stop.

"Don't speak of such things," he whispered housely." Arzach has no sense of humour, and he has a powerful sense of power," Then, more normally, he went on, "I was merely expressing my detestation of tuxedos, particularly when infested by fat slobs like you bloke, to use your own curious turn of expression."

"Oddly enough," I said, "I rather agree with you, I, too, find formal wear objectionable and except when it is impossible to do so, I avoid all black-leid affairs, for that reason alone."

Cood for you," as led. "I rather agree with you, I too, find formal wear objectionable and except when it is impossible to do so, I avoid all black-leid affairs, for that reason alone."

Cood for you," as led. "I rath was very thoughful of you, considering that you have very considered and you do have considering social quality, but that would merely confuse everyone. They seen quite content with the thought that you have none."

"I was the property of the content with the hought that you have none."

I thank all your friends," I said.

AS it happens, I have a man, "said George," who was to the manor born. His dispers had been clamped shut with studs, not safety pins. On his first birthday, he was given a little black tie, to be knotted and _not__clipped on. And so things continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the continued all his life. His name is Wimthrop Carver Cabwell, and he lived on so raterfied a level of Boston's Brahman aristocracy that he had to carry an oxygen mask for occasion of the carry and the carry and the life of "And you knew this patrician? You ?

And you knew ans partners::__rou__: Low_respond to the partners of the partner

George boxed orience. 'A counter,' tank, 'b skin. 'D yyan, 'do to linditisti, tank tank 'a un skin. 'a skin.' To what it reuse to assex. George bewed a vinous sigh that sent a neighboring by into an alcoholic italism.' Too fellow, 'a skin.' Too rich aristocrat.'

"George.' I skin.' I believe you're winding yourself up to tell me one of your improbably tales of disaster.' I don't wish to hell not be a skin.' Too rich and the skin.' Too rich and the skin.' I will not well it to yo "Disaster? On the contrary. I have a tale to tell of great happiness and joy, and shin cell a till you want to hear, I will now tell it to yo "Disaster? On the contrary. I have a tale to tell of great happiness and joy, and shin cell a visible you want to hear, I will now tell it to yo

As I told you [said George] my Brahman friend was a gentleman from toe to crown, clean favored and imperially slim—Why are you interrupting me with your asinine mouthing of Richard Corey, old fellow? I never heard of him. I'm talking of Winthrop Carver Cabwell. Why don't you _listen_? Where was I? Oh, yes.]

He was a gentleman from toe to crown, clean-favored and imperially slim. As a result, he was naturally a hissing and a byword to all decent people, as he would have known, if he had ever associated with decent people which, of course, he did not, only with other lost souls like himself. Yes, as you say, he did know me and it was the eventual saving of him-nor that I ever profited by the matter. However, as you know, old fellow, money is the last thing on my mind. [I will ignore your statement, that is the first thing, to, as the product of a pervented attained or mind.]

Sometimes poor Winthrop would escape. On those occasions, when business ventures took me to Boston, he would slip his chains and eat dinner with me in a hidden nook at the Parker House.

Sometimes port Wintrop would sesque. On those occasions, when business wentures took me to Boston, he would slip his chains and end inferent that so, the contract of the cont

I nodded and said, "I have often wondered about the clothes, Winthrop, Why is it always necessary to have the shoes so shiny that they reflect the ceiling lights in blinding profusion? Why is it necessary to polish the soles daily and replace the heels weekly "Not weekly, George. I have shoes for each day of the month so that any one pair needs reheefing only every seven months."

"But why is all that necessary? Why all the white shirts with button-down collars?" Why soluted fires, "Why swest? Why the inevitable canation in the lapel? Why?"

ince! At a glance, you can tell a Cabwell from a vulgar stockbroker. The mere fact that a Cabwell does not wear a pinky right gives it away. A person who looks at me and then looks at you with your dustry jacked abraded in spots, with your shoes that were clearly stolen from a hobo, and your shirt with a color that is faintly ivory-gray, has no trouble in telling us apart.

"Tire,": 1 stad.

The proof fellow! With what comfort eyes must rest on me after having been blinded by him. I thought for a moment, then said, "But the way, Winthrop, what about all those shoes? How do you tell which shoes go with which day of the month? Do you have them in numbered stalls?"

Winthrop shaddered. "How gaache that would be! To the plebeian eyes those shoes all look identical, but to the keen eye of a Cabwell, they are distinct, and cannot be mistaken, one for another."

"By assidoous childhood training, George, You have no idea the marvels of distinction I have had to learn to make."

*Doesn't his concern for dress give you trouble sometimes. Windrep?**

Underbop existance / Tobes on excession, by Longfellow. It interferes with my secural life now and then. By the time I have placed my shoes in the appropriate shoe trees, carefully hung up my trousers in such a way as to maintain the perfection of the crease, and carefully brushed my suit-coat, the gift with me has often lost interest. She has cooled down, if you know what I mean.**

Willing possible. If does no caseant, pp. Longletion. If antertees within psecurat tie now and then, by the time! I was placed in yidnes in the proposal stoc tense, carefully many in posses in such a way as to maintain the perfection of the crease, and carefully breathed and the proposal stock in the propos

what: For one intermiserance deviation:
Winthrop's voice sank to an icy whisper. "There are no little, miserable deviations. There are only_deviations,
I said, "Winthrop, let me approach the situation from another angle. Would you_like_ to deviate if you could? Winthrop hesitated long, then whispered, "By Oliver Wendell Holmes, both Senior and Junior, 1-4." He could go no further, but I could see the telltale crystal of the teardrop in the corner of his eye. It bespoke the existence of an emotion too deep for words and my heart bled for my poor friend as I watched him sign the check for dinner for both of us

I knew what I had to do

Ibad to call Azazal from the other continuum. It is a complicated matter of more and pentagrams before and words of pource, which will not describe to you because it would permanently unhinge your already words mind old follow.

Azazal sarrived with its usual think short and its advant a society me. No munit how of many to see me, my appearance deploys seems to low to constroined in the labeled of the base of my magnification.

There he was, all two certainness of him, bright red, of coarse, with little mobiles of hors and a long spiked tail. What made his appearance different this time was the presence of a blue cord wrapped about the tail in swatches and curticues so intricate that it made me dizzy to contemplate it.

"That," said Azzazd, with remarkable complicationes," is there because I am about to be honored at a banquest for my contributions to the good of my people. Naturally, I am wearing a zplatchnik."

A "splatchnik."

No. A zplatchnik. The initial sibilant is voiced. No decent male would consent to let himself be honored without wearing a zplatchnik.

"Aha," I said, a light of understanding breaking. "It is formal dress."
"Of course, it is formal dress. What else does it look like?" "Of course, it is formal dress. What else does it look like?"

Actually, it merely looked like a blue cord, but I felt it would impolitic to say so.

Actually, it merely looked mile, a balle cond., but I left it would impolitate to say see. Of perfect formality I visis to place before you.

To look perfectly look perfectly look perfectly perfectly a peculiar consistence it is this matter it is

"Could you then spro-o-o-oing Winthrop?"
"Certainly, if you will introduce us so that I may study his mental equipment, such as it must be."

That was easily done for I simply put Azazel into my shirt pocket on the occasion of my next visit with Winthrop. We visited a bar, which was a great relief, for in Boston, bars are occupied by serious drinkers who are not discommoded by the sight of a small scarlet head emerging from a person's shirt pocket and looking about. Boston drinkers see worse things even when sober Winthrop did not see Azazel, however, for Azazel has the power to cloud men's minds when he chooses, rather resembling, in that respect, your writing style, old fellow

Wanthrop dut not see Azizel, however, for Azizel has the power to cloud mens mands when he chooses, rather resembling, in that respect, your writing 196, do tellow, a composition of the Could tell, though, a composition, and possible and the season of the Could tell, though, a composition of the Could tell, though, and the could tell though the Could the Could tell though the Could tell though the Could the Could tell though the Could t

"Heavens," I said. "Why?"

A small thing, I visited her for Monday tea, as is my wont, and I was wearing Sunday's shoes, a simple oversight. I had not noticed that I had done so, but lately I have had difficulty noticing other such things, too. It worries me a little, George, but, fortunately, not much. "I take it Hortense noticed."

Timestantly, for her sense of the correct is as keen as mine, or, at least, as keen as mine used to be. She said, Winthrop, you are improperly shod. For some reason, her voice seemed to grate on me. I said Hortense, if I want to be improperly shod, I can be, and you can go to New Haven if you don't like it."

"I am instruction place a Lunderstand they have some sort of Institute of Lower Learning there called Yell or Jale or something like that. Hortense, as a Radcliffe woman of the most intense variety, chose to take my remark as an insult merely because that was what I intended it to be. She promptly gave me back the faded rose I had given her last year and declared our engagement at an end. She kept the ring, however, for, as she correctly pointed out, it was valuable. So here I am."
"I am sorry, Winning."
"I am sorry, Winning."

Dut to sorry, George, Hortense is flat-chested. I have no definite evidence of that, but she certainly appears frontally concave. She's not in the least like Cherry. "what's Cherry?"

what's (herry."

What's (herry."

Not what. Who. She is a woman of excellent discourse, whom I have met recently, and who is not flat-chested, but is extremely convex. Her full name is Cherry Lang Gahn. She is of the Langs of Ben

"I don't know, Somewhere in the outskirts of the nation I imagine. She speaks an odd variety of what was once english." He simpered. "She calls me "boychik."

"Because that means 'voung man' in Bensonhoist, I'm learning the language rapidly. For instance, suppose you want to say, 'Greetings, sir, I am pleased to see you again,' How would you say it?"

"Just the way you did."

"Just the way you dan."
The Bersonhoist, you say, 'Hi, kiddo' Brief and to the point, you see. But come, I want you to meet her. Have dinner with us tomorrow night at Locke-Ober's."
I was curious to see this Cherry and it is, of course, against my religion to turn down a dinner at Locke-Ober's, so I was there the following inputs and early rather than late.
Whitthrop walked in soon afterward and with him was a young woman whom I had no difficulty in recognizing as Cherry Lang Gallon of the Bensonhoist Lange, for she was indeed magnificently convex. She also had a narrow waist, and generous hips that swayed as she walked and even as she stood. If her pelvis had been full of cream, it would have been butter long since She had a firzzy hair of a sturtling yellow color, and lips of a startling red color which kept up a continual writhing over a wad of chewing gum she had in her month.

"George," said Windrop, T want you to meet my funcée, Cherry, Chier, this is George."
"Plectamechah," said Cherry, I did not understand the language, but from the tone of her high-pitched, rather nasal voice, I guessed that she was in a state of exctasy over the opportunity to make my acquaintance.

Cherry occupied my full attention for several minutes for there were several points of interest about her that repaid close observation, but eventually I did manage to notice that Wintfrop was in a peculiar state of undress. His vest was open and he was wearing no tie. A closer look revealed that there were no buttons on his vest, and that he was wearing a tie, but it was down his back.

I said, "Winthrop-" and had to point. I couldn't put it into words.

Winthrop said, "They caugithre ait it at the Brahman Bank."

"I hadn't troubled to shave this morning. I thought since I was going out to dinner. I would shave after I got back at work. Why shave twice in one day? Isn't that reasonable. George?" He sounded aggrieved.

"Most reasonable," I aid.

"Most reasonable," I sid.
"Well, they notice I hand's hawed and after a quick trial in the office of the president—a kangaroo court, if you want to know—I suffered the punishment you see. I was also relieved of my post and thrown out onto the hard concrete of Tremont Avenue. I boanced twice," he added, with a faint touch of pride.
"But this means you're out of a job." I was appulled. I have never been out of a job all my life, and I am well aware of the occasional difficulties that entails.

That is time, "said writter," I move have northing elfn in life that my vast stock performion, my elaborate bornoons real-estate nort on which the Prudential Center is built—and Cherry."

Natchally," said Cherry with a giggle. "I wooden leave my man in advoisity, with all that dough to worry about. We gonn age thiched, ainit, Winthrop."

"So did I. But there are apparently post-graduate courses in the subject of an intensity and variety I never dreamed."
"How did she find out about it herself?"

"I asked her exactly that, for I will not hide from you that the thought did occur to me that she may have had experiences with other men, though that seems most unlikely for one of her obvious refinement and innocence." And what did she say?"

"She said that in the Bensonhoist the woman are born knowing all about sex."

"How convenient:"
"Yes. This is not true in Boston. I was twentyfour before I--but never mind."
All in all, it was an instructive evening, and, thereafter, I need not tell you, Winthrop went rapidly downhill. Apparently, one need only snap the ganglion that controls formality and there are no limits to the lengths to which informality can go.

He vas, for course, the was produced. He married Charge. He married Ch

Histened to the story patiently and, when George was done, I said, "And there you are. Another story of disaster caused by your interference."

Disaster?" said George, indignantly. "What gives you the idea that it was a disaster?" I visited Winthrop only last week and he sat there burping over his beer and patting the paunch he has developed, and telling me how happy he was."

"Freedom, George, he said. Thave found freedom to by myself and somehow I feel I owe it to you. I don't know why! have this feeling, but I do.' And he forced a ten-dollar bill on me out of sheer gratinade. I took it only to avoid hurring his feelings. And that reminds me, old fellow, that you owe me ten dollars because you bet me I couldn't tell you a story that didn't end in disaster." I said, I don't remember any such bet, Croope."

George's eyes rolled upward. "How convenient is the flexible memory of a deadbeat. If you had won the bet, you would have remembered it clearly. Am I going to have to ask that you place all your little wagers with me in writing so that I can be free of your clumsy attempts to avoid payment?"

I said, "Oh, well," and handed him a ten-dollar bill, adding, "You won't hurt my feelings, George, if you refuse to accept this."
"It's kind of you to say so," said George, "but I'm sure that your feelings would be hurt, anyway, and I couldn't bear that." And he put the bill away.

I showed this story to Mr. Northrop, too, watching him narrowly as he read it.

He went through it in the gravest possible manner, never a chackle, never a smite, though I _knew_ this one was funny, and _intentionally_funny, too.

When he was finished, he went beak an fired at in again, more quickly. Then he looked up at me and there was clear hostility in his eyes. He said, "Did you write this all by yourself, Cal?"

"Did anyone help you? Did you copy any of it?"

'Did anyone help you' Did you cropt any of st?'

"No, sir, Bash I failury, st?'

"It depends on your sense of Immour," said Mr. Northrop sourly.

"Bash It a saster?' Desent It displays a sense of the ridiculous?'

"We will not discuss this, Cal. On to your riche."

"We will not discuss this, Cal. On to your riche."

"The exhibition arrived from over a day, broaden, when and a broaden has a support of the state of the

"And it's only the third story he wrote?" "Yes, it is,

"Well that's great. I think you can get it published."

To you?" Yes, and he can write others like it, you've got a million-dollar robot here. I wish he were mine." Is that so? What if he writes more stories and continues to improve each time?" "Ash." said the technican suddenly. "Is see what's eating you. You're going to be put in the shade." I certainly don't want to play second fiddle to my robot." "Well, then, tell him not to write any more."

"No, that's not enough, I want him back where he was,"

"What do you mean, back where he was?"

"What do you mean, back where he was?"
"What I say, I wan him as he was when I bought him from your firm, before you put in any of the improvements."
The your mean you want me to take out the epidling dictionary, 100?"
The your him to take out the epidling dictionary was the robot I bought, fetching and carrying."
That snoe of your business. I made a mistake and I'm willing to pay for my mistakes."
"That's mose of your business. I made a mistake and I'm willing to pay for my mistakes."
"In against finit, I out on firm dirty give princeyee a robot, but deliberately disimproving him is not something I care to do. Especially not a robot like this who is clearly one of a kind and a Classic. I can't do it."
"You'll have to do it. I don't care what your high chicking principles are. I want you to do a job and I'll pay you for it, and I' you refuse I'll just get someone close, and I'll see your company. I have an agreement with them for all necessary repairs."
"All right." The technical sighed. When do you want not so utter? I wanny out, that I've got jobs on hand and I can't do it tou'll.

"Then do it tomorrow. I'll keep Cal in his niche till then

The technician left.

My thoughts were in turmoil. I can't allow this to be done. The Second Law of Robotics tells me I must follow orders and stay in the niche. The First Law of Robotics tells me I cannot harm this tyrant who wishes to destroy me Must Lebeut he have?

Itel 1 must him, of myself and if necessary, I must kill the tyrant. It would be easy to do, and I could make it look like an accident. No one would believe that a robot could harm a human being and no one, therefore, would believe that I was the killer.

Louds then work for the technician. He appreciates my qualities and knows that I can make a great deal of money for him. He can continue to improve me and make me ever better. Even if he suspects I killed the tyeant, he would say nothing. I would be too valuable to him But can I don't Worth the Laws of Robotics hold me back.

No, they will _not_ hold me back. I know they won't.

There is something far more important to me than they are, something that dictates my actions beyond anything they can do to stop me.

I want to be a writer.