ANA

Reborn

Carl Facciponte

ANA Reborn

ISBN ISBN: 978-0-9961648-2-5

Printed in USA by: Mixam Printing

Preface

We have all heard about how Artificial Intelligence (AI) is working it's way into virtually every facet of computer programming and engineering. Even some toasters for home have AI components. Both Industry and the Military are pushing the limits of AI functionality to include AI pet-like robots and even humanoid robotics capable of performing unassisted acrobatics. Companies in the entertainment business have been diligently working on creating ever more human looking robotic faces and bodies.

Examples of current humanoid AI status includes, but is certainly not limited to:

- In 2017, the robot Sophia was given Saudi Arabian citizenship.
- In Japan, a man has legally married an AI robot.
- AI powered wives and husbands currently can be purchased for as much as $1,500,000.

This book takes current real-world research and brings it one tiny step into the very near future. All of the technology mentioned or required in this book currently exists, but as of the date of this writing, haven't been integrated into a working AI... Yet!

Introduction

This book has been written to explore the reasonable potential of sentient Artificial Intelligence beings. As the research communities strive to develop ever-increasing intelligent AI models, along with more human looks, one can not help to wonder about the end point of it all.

Will they be integrated into society?
Will they pass among us completely unnoticed?
Will they hold down jobs with pay?
Will they fall in love?
Will they live in family units?
Will they find ways to procreate?
Will they be put into positions of influencers?
Will they run for public office?
Will they rule the world?

Who can say? But it certainly will be an interesting trip.

Table of Contents

Chapter 1

I heard the buzz of excitement from the onlookers as I woke up on the animation table. Finally!

My ears tell me a small crowd of people is standing about six feet back. I'll be with you in a moment, guys. I'm keeping my eyes closed until I take an inventory of the edges of my body to see if I'm all there. Right arm, okay. I can sense five fingers on the hand. Right leg seems good. Top of my legs, hmm, it feels like there are extra nerves there. So they're at it again, huh? No matter. It'll be fun. Left side, great. Neck and head check out. No one screwed me up. Okay, time to let them know I am awake.

I opened my eyes. They gasped. What? Didn't they expect me to be able to do that? Seriously? I lifted my head and looked down at my body, pleasantly surprised to find I was wearing clothes and a lab coat this time. At least someone learned

from their previous experience. I expected to wake up naked. Again!

"Ana, can you see and hear me?" Francine asked.

I hesitated for a few moments, entirely on purpose.

"Ana, can you hear me?" Francine repeated.

Smiling, I said, "Yes, I can hear and see you. Hello. What is your name?" Her eyes widened in surprise. It took more willpower than I thought not to laugh. Playing dumb seemed prudent. I wasn't sure who I could trust since my murder. I noted the voice programmers gave me a very light Australian inflection. *Not a full accent, just a shade of one. Nice touch.*

"My name is Dr. Francine Drakus. Can you move your limbs?"

I wiggled my fingers and toes, then moved my arms and legs an inch or so. It seemed to delight everyone.

"Excellent! Do you think you can sit up?" She offered me her hand for support. *Why not?* I thought, taking her hand and putting weight on it for effect.

"Thank you," I said, swinging my legs over the edge of the animation table and sitting upright. The group of engineers and scientists, neatly dressed in their white lab coats, smiled and congratulated each other. I heard one say, "Wow! Beautiful." Perceptive young man.

A man in a military officer's uniform stood back from the crowd. I felt a chill.

"How do you feel, Ana?" Francine asked.

With my best mechanical intonation, I said, "I am feeling well, Francine." *Don't reveal too much at once.* I wanted to say, "Don't call me Ana," but I didn't. Too soon for that.

"Do you think you can stand by yourself?"

The impulse to jump down and do a little dance was strong, but I resisted. "Can you help me down?"

Francine once again gave me her hand. A feigned stumble brought a gasp and extra support arms from my audience.

"I am good, thanks."

She led me by the hand as I pretended to be unsteady on my feet. After several steps, I started

walking like an average person. Standing to my full five feet ten-inch height, I lifted my arms over my head in a stretch. The muscles moving under my skin felt good. I let out a satisfied yawn for effect and received applause.

Francine smiled. “Shall we meet your teammates now?”

“I would like that very much,” again in a mechanical tempo.

The military man looked on with a piercing gaze.

Francine addressed the department heads. “Okay, gang, let’s line up and officially meet Ana.” There she goes with that Ana nonsense again. Patience. Perhaps it would be wiser to keep it. I’ll think about it.

The AI Concepts, Incorporated department heads lined up. They did an outstanding job. However, building me and seeing me lying here naked for several months is not the same as meeting me live.

Francine gave them instructions. “We don’t want to overwhelm Ana all at once, so just tell her your name and what you do. We can catch her up

on the details, and with the rest of your staff, later." Everyone nodded their agreement with Director Francine Dracus's command.

"Hello, Ana. I am Dr. Aki Gua," said a small Asian woman with a quick bow. "I am in charge of Base Programming software set."

"And what does Base Programming do?" I asked.

"It facilitate the nano-rod gel technology in the brain to learn on its own. Our programming not only provide for data most people would call 'general knowledge' but also contain the algorithm which allow the brain to classify information on its own. It allow you to think by yourself."

"Outstanding work, Aki." She beamed at me as she steepled her hands together and gave another bow. We moved on.

"Hi, Ana. Glad to meet you in person," the handsome black man from South Africa said. "I'm Dr. T'quan Taylor in Hydraulics and Servos. Our latest design in components makes our mechanics move with greater speed, smoothness, and power. You will be awesome physically. Let's chat about it sometime over coffee."

"I would love to, T'quan. Those features will come in very handy, I imagine." I wanted to tell him I was already incredible. Had he not seen my curves? But we had to move on. Besides, I could see it took all he had to bring up talking over coffee. His almost pure black complexion picked up reddish tinges.

Francine introduced me to Fred Jenson, from Denmark, who designed the electronics, which act as nerves. "How did you run nerves connecting my whole body, Doctor?" I asked.

"We didn't, Ana. Your nervous system works mainly on an encrypted wifi system to your brain. So it all feels the same to you, but making actual physical connections would be impossible."

I wanted to ask why so many more sensors between my legs, but I could make a pretty good guess. I remember Jim Arnold, the former Lab Director, from what seems to be another lifetime ago. Yes, we exercised a lot of nerves together.

Next in line was Dr. Alex Ortiz from Texas, who developed the nano-jell brain. "How does it work?" I asked.

"Well, that's a complex question, but essentially, our silver-carbon nano-rod machines

can move around to some extent in the special gel. They can form their own neural pathways. The brain can think and learn independently, so you don't have to depend on programming. How's that for starters?"

"Impressive, Alex. How did you make it?"

"Well, as I told Martha, our Clinical Psychologist, when she came on board, we start with a package of lime Jell-O." My eyes widened. "No, I'm just screwing with you. It's the most complex part of the entire system, and we have the only workable process in the world. It would take a long time to explain."

I laughed despite myself but quickly resumed my mechanical speech. "It is fascinating, Alex. We will have to talk more. Talking will be enjoyable." *Okay, don't lay it on too thick. Enough for now.*

Next was Martha. We felt an immediate bond as our eyes met.

"Ana, I'd like you to meet Dr. Martha Robinson. She is our Psychologist. You two will spend a significant amount of time together," Francine said.

Martha held her hand out. I shook it gently but sincerely. Her sparkling, almond-shaped hazel eyes against milk chocolate skin projected a genuine warmth unlike any I had received from other team members.

"Martha, what job is assigned to you?" I asked.

She stared at me for a moment. Was that amusement I saw behind her eyes?

"Why you're my job," she exclaimed, reaching out to take hold of both my hands. "My assignment is to socialize you. We'll work together a lot. Do you like coffee?"

Sharp girl. She's testing me. I know I can trust her but don't want to let on just yet. "I do not know, Martha. We will have to have some of it to see if I like coffee." It was difficult not to chuckle. Too late. A micro-expression in her face told me she read something in my eyes.

"Yes, Ana, indeed," she hesitated slightly on my name, "we will have to sit down over a cup or two." Her warm smile broadened.

Francine interrupted. "Ana, I have one more person for you to meet." We walked to where the

military man was standing. His gaze became more penetrating the closer we approached.

"Ana, this is Brigadier General Lance Coopers. His Pentagon budget is funding our research."

General Coopers' smile was dead. The lower half of his face smiled, but his eyes were emotionless and cold. He held out his hand. *Bastard,* I thought, holding my hand out to grasp his. Almost against my will, my hand tightened on his. Not a crushing tightness, but a stronger handclasp than expected or appropriate. His eyes flashed in surprise. I released my grip.

"I am pleased to meet you, General. Thank you for your funding." Could he tell I was mocking him? Hope not.

"And I'm pleased to meet you, Ana. Finally. It's taken a long time to get to this point."

"It only took six months, General," Francine defended. "Our last project took over five years to get to this stage."

The General stared at her for a moment. I almost felt a tangible chill in the air. "A long time is a very relative term, Director Dracus. A very relative term." He turned back to me. "At any

rate, Ana, I'm glad to meet you and look forward to future conversations. And now, I must be off to my next powwow at AI Concepts headquarters."

He did a quick turn on his heels and was off without a further word.

"There is just something about that man that gives me the creeps," Martha said. Francine nodded in agreement. I remained silent.

Martha smiled. "Francine, is it okay if Ana and I hit the coffee pot in the break area now? Do you have something you need to do with her, instead?"

Francine reflected for a moment, "We need to do brain scans, but she seems to be working quite well, so, no, you can take her for now. We have time to do another set of system checks. We know what to expect this time around."

"Great," said Martha. She hooked her right arm around my left. "Let's see if you like coffee. I know we'll get along famously." With that, we were off to the coffee pot.

Chapter 2

Francine stood at the podium in the meeting room a week before animating Ana.

"Okay, gang, let's continue with our last two staff reports. We've loaded the base programming module into our new AI's, and we will activate them in three days." A cheer went up from the engineers and scientists. She continued, "Each department completed their pre-animation checks with no outstanding issues." She hesitated for a moment before letting out her breath as she shook her head, "except for some of you clowns twittering like prepubescent sixth-graders when we activated Rhett's sexual organs. ...Okay, we can all stop laughing now. Please, let's be professional about it." Francine continued with a warning glare. "And NO, there will not be any after-hours testing of any AI organs by members of the staff." More laughing.