

# Myriad Book Elements and Styles to consider when designing

Folio (indicates publication info/date)

Running header

Headline

MRS. MARCUS AND HER SON

Byline

By M. Copeland

Drop Cap

(Note that the first paragraph in a story typically does not get indented, or will have some other special type treatment to indicate it is the beginning.)

**A**bram Marcus sighed deeply. His frown that began with the meeting remained as Dr. Fredrick Handell of the research and development lab continued with his presentation. He was not following the charts and graphs that the large screen projected. His hand continued to calculate the sum needed to pay a caregiver. That looked lamentable. He tried then pricing convalescent home boarding over the design hand outs. "Mother was supposed to be and remain the giver," he thought to himself. "She is no better than a child now, taking without even knowing. The medical treatment is like a college tuition payment."

President Franz of Intel Tech coughed and stood. "Doctor, this lab advancement information is well and good but what are you trying to say?"

The doctor of bio-robotics adjusted his glasses and took a deep breath.

"Submitted for the approval of the members of the board, I bring you our latest achievement. Rather than a dog or smart car, our labs are pleased to say that we have perfected a humanoid being." A collective, audible gasp filled Doctor Handell's pause.

"Already four prototype models have been created in what we have called mecha-sapiens series. Like the three series prior, the mecha-sapiens are an artificial intelligence built to serve man efficiently," Dr. Handell said proudly to the Intel Tech company board of directors. "With programming, mecha-sapiens will be able to do any task for their owners. I am confident to say that they are capable of serving any need a real human can perform."

The boardroom of men and women rumbled with oncoming downpour of commentary. Abram idly listened, resting his head against his hand. The slow rolling hands of the clock told him that the meeting should be over shortly. After that it would be another hour before he needed to run home and be sure that Mother had not harmed herself since he saw her last. The storm around him of accusations and ethical talk were beyond Abram's focus. His ears strained to catch each tick that brought his release.

"Then a test there shall be," said Dr. Handell. "The mass production of mecha-sapiens will be put on hold until thorough testing is completed."

President Franz looked to Abram from across the table. "Marcus, will you be willing to provide a use for the prototype?" Abram started and leaned back at the sound of his last name.

"Use for the prototype?" Abram echoed. His body felt as though his suit rapidly constricted around him. The chalky substance used to sweeten the coffee had coated his mouth with a dry light film Abram only now noticed

as he fought to wet his dry mouth. His mind raced to recall what this entire meeting was about.

"Yes, you had mentioned that your mother is in need of care. The prototype is capable of acting as a nurse," President Franz answered.

Dr. Handell nodded vigorously. "Yes, yes. That would be a perfect opportunity for the mecha-sapient to display skills in a domestic setting."

"Of course. Why not?" Abram found himself saying still hazy on the details of what he was agreeing to.

The members of the board shuffled away in their stiff, dark colored suits each hurrying to their place in the large building to fulfill a day's work. The doctor stepped down from his podium and shook Abram's hand. "You will consider yourself a proud owner when the trial is done, sir, a very proud owner indeed. Please come down to the labs and see."

Abram shoved his notes and folders into his suitcase. "I'm not completely sure what I'm getting myself into, doctor." He followed the small, older man to the hallway. "What is so special about this prototype?"

An elevator entered its dock and the two men shuffled in. Doctor Handell gave the voice command for the basement laboratory. "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. Marcus. Since this company began, as I'm sure you are aware, the old 20<sup>th</sup> century thinking has been threat to progress. We create dogs and cats for many years with little uproar, what is so different about a human? A mind, a body, a system of tasks makes the humanoid model not so different from its predecessors," Dr. Handell said as the elevator bolted down its large metal frame shaft. He looked sightlessly through the glass that blurred the cityscape around them.

Abram nodded. "Now you make people," he offered glad to have insight at last. "You make people to do our bidding without pay."

"No," Handell laughed and smiled, surprisingly amused. "We make dogs, Mr. Marcus. All of this time and we still make dogs."

As Abram opened his mouth to speak the doors of the elevator pulled open in a silent, wide sweep. The doctor scurried ahead; he was rather fast for a man of his age. They walked through the long narrow hallway lined with glass. On each side one could see experiments being conducted. Abram was feeling a bit winded when he caught up with Dr. Handell who waited in front of a large door. "Please do remember that the models within are still prototypes. Their processing has been placed at a lower setting for lab monitoring purposes. A great number of them are quite childlike," Handell said as he pressed his thumb onto the ID plate within the door.

Abram could think of nothing else to do but nod at all of the strange statements passing him by. The large, multiple metal-layer door groaned open to reveal what looked like a simple cafe. There were tables and chairs with drinks as ordinary as can be. The smell of good, real ground bean coffee perfumed the air. Abram blinked several times at seeing two men in plain casual clothing with two women dressed in the same conservative manner with eight white coat wearing lab technicians. He looked to Doctor Handell confusedly.

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MRS. MARCUS AND HER SON

At their entrance, and likely Handell's request, the technicians stepped out of the cafe setting. "Welcome to the Galatea lounge," the older man said jovially. "Please sit down. Perhaps you'd like a coffee."

Abram pulled out a chair, feeling rather bewildered. "What do your mecha-whatchamacallits have to do with me having a sick mother?"

"I believe a job that requires patience, time and gentleness would be a perfect example of how the mecha-sapiens function," Handell answered. He turned to look at one of the remaining people in the room. "Fetch a coffee for our guest please, 9K4810."

"WELCOME TO THE GALATEA LOUNGE," THE OLDER MAN SAID.

Abram stiffened in his seat. "Can they really just watch over my mother? Feed her, bathe her and make sure she doesn't fall?" Behind him, one of the two remaining men poured a hot cup of coffee and slowly set it down in front of Abram.

Handell smiled. "If it is a task, the mecha-sapient can do it. Already you are witnessing work at first hand." He tilted his head to the man that now stood beside the table, arms hanging at his sides. "You hardly noticed."

Abram looked from the steaming cup of coffee, to the plain man at his side to the grinning Dr. Handell and blinked furiously. "This is your artificial person?"

"Yes, this is 9K4810, a mecha-sapient of rather simple design," Dr. Handell stood beside the man and took one of his relaxing arms. "His body is coated in a soft, skin like synthetic latex anti-allergy blend used on prosthetics.

We felt that a humanoid look would be best rather than matted metal." He dropped the prototype's hand. "His hair and eyes are a simple brown, nothing ostentatious. Unfortunately, the height could not be compromised. We needed a solid frame to support the complex system. Six and a half feet could be utilized nonetheless."

"I'm just supposed to take it home?" Abram's mind was reeling at the incredible simplicity of it all.

"Yes, and give him verbal directions of what to do. He has a databank of terms and tasks already downloaded. 9K4810 is specifically designed to gauge human reaction and act accordingly. I think he will be best for your situation. If you feel it is needed, you may also show him what to do," the doctor replied as he smiled in triumph.

Handell turned to the mecha-sapient who all this time had been waiting like a soldier at ease. "9K4810, I am handing you over to Mr. Abram Marcus, he needs you. You are to follow his instructions completely. Understood?" In a flat, even tone that lacked any sort of tin intonation the artificial person answered, "I hear and shall obey, Doctor Frederick Handell."

The doctor smiled and cleared his throat. "9K4810, you are to call me Doctor Handell."

"I shall do as you ask, Doctor Handell," said the mecha-sapient.

"Well, Mr. Marcus, I give you my creation, my personal number and my hopes that he meets your needs," Dr. Handell said as he stepped back. "Lead

and he'll follow."

The ride home was more than a little awkward. The mecha-sapient sat quietly in the passenger seat of the hover car, large brown eyes darting here and there taking in the surroundings. Abram's attempted conversation ended when the prototype said he was feeling the temperature of the car at 78 degrees. "At least I get to stay in the carpool lane," Abram thought to himself.

The clogged, winding drain of vehicles ended and the calm sleepy countryside settled around the hover car. After a staggering forty minutes of traffic the open spaces were welcomed. Penned cattle grazed the long green fields at either side. Some days like this day Abram didn't want to sell old house when Mother passed. The older house was visible ahead as though waiting for visitors.

As they stepped up to the porch, Abram had to reread the information card that Doctor Handell gave him to remember what the artificial person was called. "Alright 9K4810, we are going to see my mother. She's not completely in her mind. If she speaks, humor her. I will show you how to take care of her," Abram couldn't believe he was talking to an object.

"I shall do as you ask," 9K4810 said, his brick brown eyes blinked as though he actually needed to lubricate his eyelids.

Abram stepped into the house that he and his older brother had grown up in. The décor was very 2001 retro, it always had been since they moved in. "Mother, I'm home." He walked into the living room, seeing that she was just where he left her—sprawled on the couch watching the news on the old thick screen TV with the rose colored blanket cocooning her thin body.

Mrs. Marcus sat up slowly, her short white hair puffed about her head like wispy clouds. "John?" she asked slowly. "John, dear did you bring bread?"

"Mother, it's me, Abram," he said stepping farther into the room. "John is living in New York City, remember?"

"New York? Oh. I guess that's right. Isn't it? I must still be asleep. Oh! Abe you brought a friend! I'll go make some sandwiches," Mrs. Marcus swung her legs over the side of the couch after a few tries. Her white floral slippered feet gripped the carpet for dear life as she stood intent on getting to the kitchen.

"Mother, please sit down. We ate before coming. This...is... Uh. Well, this is..." Abram stopped dead unsure of how to introduce an artificially intelligent being to a woman that found the satellite phone complicated to work. "9K4810, introduce yourself to my mother."

The tall mecha-sapient's facial skin pulled upward on either side of his jaw to form a smile. "Mrs. Marcus, I am 9K4810, the third of four models of mecha-sapiens crafted by the Intel Tech company. I am here to serve you

Pull-out quote

Widow. Don't do this!

THE RIDE HOME WAS MORE THAN A LITTLE AWKWARD.

older woman sat down on the couch and pulled the rose colored blanket around her.

"Am I natural?"

"Natural? Of course you are, Aiden. You're a creation on this green earth with a purpose just like the birds that sing and the flowers that grow. Yessir, you're a good young man."

The mecha-sapien stepped into the kitchen to cook an evening meal after their fourth walk in the garden. He did not try to put on the apron, recalling that he was too large. His auditory system listened to Mrs. Marcus's words but no reply seemed appropriate with the data given by Mr. Abram Marcus about Mrs. Marcus's relations with technology. The meal was served and cleaned shortly after.

9K4810 turned on the TV for Mrs. Marcus as he cleaned away the dishes. When he returned the older lady was weeping. "Mrs. Marcus, are you in pain?" The older woman shook her head. "Mrs. Marcus, are you sad?"

She nodded and blew her nose. "You have not called me mother all day. Are you angry with me?"

"I'm not angry," 9K4810 said at a low volume. "I am not John or Abram."

Mrs. Marcus sniffled. "You are Aiden. I know. You take care of me, you have for a very long time."

"I do care for you, Mrs. Marcus. That is my purpose for being here." The artificial person stepped close to the couch.

"Then why do you say you are not my son?"

9K4810's hands rested, one on each knee. The couch dipped under his weight. "I am fulfilling my given task."

A warm, age creased hand rested on the room temperature synthetic latex of the mecha-sapien's arm. "Don't be upset for having to stay with me, Aiden. I am not a chore, I'm really not."

"You are not a chore, Mrs. Marcus," 9K4810 said. He looked at her with his brown optic sensors taking in the deep frown that went against all of his system tasks. "I am not upset."

Mrs. Marcus shifted closer and lifted her birdlike arms to try and wrap them around the large frame of the artificial man. "That's a good boy. Please, don't ever leave mother." Each bone seemed to rattle with a new set of sobs. "I couldn't bear to be alone."

"I will not leave you, Mrs. Marcus," said 9K4810 at his volume's lowest setting.

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"Hello? Oh, it's you. I'm on my break. Hurry up, what is it? Why are you calling? Is my mother alright?"

"Please, Mr. Abram Marcus" the artificial human began, "do not worry. Mrs. Marcus is in fine condition."

Abram sighed loudly in relief and glared at 9K4810's image in the screen he spoke to. "Well, that's good at least. Where is she? Why did you call?"

"Mrs. Marcus is sleeping. I must inform you that she was upset last night," 9K4810 said.

"Is that so? What did you do?"

"I told Mrs. Marcus that everything was fine. She was saddened that I was not her son. I believe that she is lonely," the mecha-sapien answered.

"Lonely? You're supposed to keep her from being lonely. I can't make it there for the next few days. I'm working on marketing your kind. Handle things until I can get there," Abram almost growled. His break time was ticking away his spare moments before launching back into the fray of paperwork.

9K4810 nodded. "Her perception of reality is working to make her unhappy. That is part of it."

"Of course it is. Just keep her from hurting herself or being sad. I will be there when I can. Don't do anything I wouldn't do," said Abram. A soft soothing chime was heard and he rubbed his face. "I have to go."

"Wait," said 9K4810. "Wouldn't you wish to speak to Mrs. Marcus when she is awake?"

"I will, later." Abram didn't say goodbye. Robots don't need goodbyes.

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Abram finally reached the house after another depressing traffic stand still. As if he wasn't already unhappy that he wasn't able to visit for the rest of the week due to the work load at the office. The weekend could not have come sooner. His hover car rushed dangerously close to maximum speed, disturbing the cattle. Within the six days since he left the mecha-sapien prototype they stayed in contact, but Abram was not put at ease at all.

9K4810 was waiting on the porch alone. He stood as Abram sprinted from the car. "Where-where is my mother?"

"Welcome back, Mr. Abram Marcus. Mrs. Marcus is inside decorating the cookies," the artificial human answered. His face was pulled up in the mask of a grin.

"Cookies? What?" Abram was glad to know she was still breathing, but this? His mind flashed to the memory of walking into a smoke filled house.

"Mrs. Marcus was not allowed to operate to oven, as you ordered," 9K4810 said, seeing concern on the man's face.

9K4810 lead Abram inside. Baked goods sugared the air. Mrs. Marcus called from the kitchen, "Aiden, did you bring your brother?"

Abram stopped dead in his tracks and glared at the mecha-sapien. "You let her believe that we are brothers, robot?"

"I have tried correcting her, Mr. Abram Marcus. I speculate that Mrs. Marcus views us as equals. I care for her and you care for her. They are the similar but not same. I am sorry that I have allowed a mistake," 9K4810's smile fell. Abram even saw his shoulders sag a little.

Shaking his head, Abram stepped into the kitchen to kiss his mother's cheek. He endured her small misunderstandings of being away at school for too long and bullying his brother. In his heart knew that the damage was deep. The rainbow slathered men of gingerbread smiled up at him from their flat sheet, built from the same shape as he but not at all human. Their smiles were sweet and thoughtless. ■

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## UNTITLED

Marysol Jauregui

Wedged in a dark and frigid space encompassed by coarse walls,  
where the wounding recollections of the past devour the mind  
and demolish the hearts of many,  
she is trapped in her thoughts.  
There is no way out.

Relinquished in her painful past, she buries her face  
in her soft and unbeaten hands.  
Solitude and sorrow slowly swivels down her face.  
Her heart  
It throbs  
1,000 miles per hour  
Her mind  
clashes  
against the ramparts of confusion

Her thoughts of past deceptions  
eat at her soul.  
Barbaric mendacity infests her heart with odium.  
Her body twinges at the sounds of contentment.  
Happiness is deceased.  
Abhorrence lingers over her mind, body, and soul.

Wedged in a dark and frigid space encompassed by coarse walls,  
the putrid carcass of her precedent rises  
with wrath and revulsion-the only sentiments left.  
There is no way out.



TOMAS JONES  
Rubens  
Pastel on paper

Poem page

Image page with caption