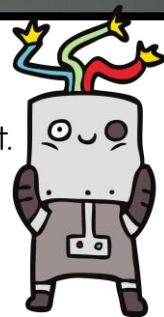# The Invention

"It's alive!" Liam gasped as he put the finishing touches on his school project.

"It looks alive alright but more dead than alive", James, his cousin, laughed.

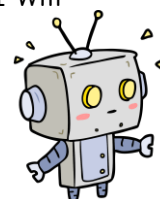"What do you mean?" Liam joked, "It has got eyes and ears and a mouth."

"Yes, exactly that. It looks a bit too human" James shook his head. "What if he gets up in the middle of the night and does something to you?"

"Why would that even cross your mind. You are watching way too many movies" Liam rolled his eyes.

"Sure, but can we go to bed now and please do not bring your invention upstairs? I might not be able to sleep."

"Fine. "Liam smiled. "If he manages to get to our room from the basement, I will certainly let him know that you were the one who let him sleep in the dark."

"A costly joke", Liam replied as he darted up the stairs.

As both boys went to bed that night, Liam had forgotten to unplug his little robot from his computer. His initial intention was to program it to carry out menial tasks, but he left the little robot plugged in too long, and disaster struck.

The metallic entrapment suddenly opened its eyes and began to move. It could feel its legs and arms, and it certainly wanted to see what it looked like.

The device thought it strange that it didn't know its environment. All the young robot could recognize were the clothes splayed on the floor, the washing machine by the corner, the data from its owner's server and the events of the night that had just transpired.

Somehow the machine knew it would be safe as long he called the name "James", which coincidentally had been the safe word Liam had used to configure the robot.

"James", the device drooled with its static-like voice as it slowly made its way up the basement stairs, aiming for the boys' room.