

THE SHEET METAL GIRL

Maria

Author: Ray Adam Basaldua

Website: TheSheetMetalGirl.com

Email: ERCdevelopmenttool@gmail.com

Phone: 210-385-0831

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SYNOPSIS

She was abandoned as a newborn baby in South Texas, and found outside the backdoor of a migrant shelter with her chihuahua companion named Chico. MACA (pronounced MA-KA) an AI - Robot who works as the head housekeeper at the migrant shelter, found the two and decided to unofficially adopt both.

MACA falls in love with this baby girl and names her Maria. MACA becomes so obsessed with wanting to raise a healthy Maria, that MACA reprograms herself by downloading human parental information, which is beneficial to raising a human child into her hard drive.

Upon MACA reprogramming herself with parental information, MACA discovers a Super Human Algorithm: The Code of 3-ERC. MACA then raises Maria and codes her mind with this Super Human Algorithm, developing Maria into a calculated free-thinking, self-educating genius.

MACA and Chico work together to fabricate a special shield for Maria, which came to be known as The Sheet Metal Girl Shield, which was emblazoned with The Code of 3-ERC crest. When the time was right, MACA then sent Maria - The Sheet Metal Girl into the world to introduce The Super Human Algorithm and revolutionize education for all children. And this is how Maria - The Sheet Metal Girl... became a Superb Hero!

Introduction

“I found Maria abandoned right outside the migrant shelter when she was just a newborn child.

When I picked her up and looked into her eyes, my circuits felt as if they were on fire!

I practically melted... it was love at first sight.

To me Maria was a gift from God, and I just had to have her as my own child.

And it was this very moment that triggered my obsession.

If I had blood in my veins, the blood would have been boiling with determination.

Because for the first time ever... I felt pain... I felt numbness... and there was this uncontrollable burning, tingling-like sensation, that was running wild throughout my entire, electronic, metal-fabricated body.” –MACA

Chapter 1: MACA finds Maria

Everyone calls me MACA (pronounced MA-KA) because I am an AI-Robot who utilizes trained algorithms to learn from data on how to manage different types of embedded human behavior.

MACA stands for: My Actions are a Calculated Algorithm.

I am the head housekeeper at the migrant shelter where I found Maria.

Most humans have come to informally recognize me as a mother-like figure to Maria because I unofficially adopted her and raised her as my own daughter.

I came into existence as an AI-Robot during a time in our country when times were hard, and there was a severe shortage and lack of humans in the work force.

The United States Government decided to use Robots that were equipped with artificial intelligence (AI) software, to help with certain jobs.

Migrant shelter workers were in high demand, so this led to the training of AI-Robots in this field.

Artificial intelligence (AI) is an umbrella term that refers to efforts to teach computers to perform complex tasks and behave in ways that give the appearance of human agency.

Often, they do this by taking cues from the environment they are embedded in.

In my case, my programming involved doing certain tasks as well as interacting with humans.

It was just after 7 pm and I was making my rounds through the migrant shelter just like I always did.

As the head housekeeper of this facility, it was my duty to make sure that everything was safe, clean, and always in place.

So, one by one I started going through my checklist of chores:

1. Floors clean... check
2. Windows locked and clean... check
3. Doors locked and clean... check
4. Appliances clean and off... check

Then suddenly and out of the blue;

“Yap - Yap - Yap! Yap - Yap - Yap - Yap!”

I heard a dog barking with a high pitch tone that sounded a little unusual. It was coming from the back door of the shelter, so I decided to check on it and head that way to see what was going on.

“Yap - Yap - Yap! Yap - Yap - Yap - Yap!”

There it was again. I could sense something was wrong, but I could also sense the barking was not desperate for help either.

It was more of a "Hey, I'm here! Come check it out. You better come out here and see this!" type of bark.

“Yap - Yap - Yap! Yap - Yap - Yap - Yap!”

There it was again, so I slowly opened the back door to the shelter to see what the dog was barking about.

Wouldn't you know it, a chihuahua with her tail and ears pointed straight up was looking right at me.

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“Yap - Yap - Yap! Yap - Yap - Yap - Yap!”

“Quite Chico, I heard you!” - I said to the dog.

I was not sure what the dog’s name was, but Chico came to me, so I said it.

Maybe it was my AI algorithms working or something, who knows?

Anyway, it seemed to me that Chico the Chihuahua appeared to be standing guard over a cardboard fruit box on the ground.

And apparently, there was something inside of it because it was moving.

I could not tell exactly what it was because whatever it was, it was all covered up with what looked like a tiny poncho.

So, I slowly bent down and carefully started to remove the tiny poncho to see what was in the cardboard fruit box.

At first, I processed... I am going to find a box full of little chihuahuas, but nope, no chihuahuas.

“Oh, my goodness! it was a newborn baby girl!”

She was butt naked and looking right at me with her big round eyes, and she already had a head full of black hair!

She was a beautiful baby girl, precious! I just could not keep my eyes off her.

“Hello baby girl!”- I said, as I rubbed her belly gently with my index finger.

“Grrrrrrr.... Yap - Yap - Yap!” - There was Chico again...

“Quite Chico, enough and I mean it!” - I said to the dog.

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It is amazing. It is like the Chihuahua knew what I said, because he cooled off real fast as he let out a whimper.

So, I picked the baby girl up, cardboard fruit box and all.

“Would you like to come inside with me baby girl, I will take care of you?” - I asked the baby girl

“Yes MACA, I would like to come inside with you.” - I said, answering myself for the baby girl as if I was having a conversation with her.

I now had the cardboard fruit box with the baby girl firmly in my hands and started to go inside, and to no surprise, Chico was right behind me.

I guess you can say that Chico was part of the package.

I knew I had to get baby girl fed, bathed, and put to sleep because I was sure that she was tired.

This much I already knew because I have watched the human caretakers at the shelter care for the migrant children.

Once I had baby girl settled in and Chico comfortable, I decided I would give baby girl a proper name.

So, on my personal laptop I thoroughly researched: Latin American heritage and culture to come up with a name that was fitting.

Maria came across as a good name, so I settled on Maria.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... I processed, Oh, my goodness...

What am I doing?

The doubt within myself started to kick in, and the battle to stay positive had begun! How can this be? I am not human... Why am I so obsessed with this human child?

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I am not built and designed to care and love, I do not have emotions...
And I do not want emotions and feelings; I just want to stay a robot!

My AI was programmed for human interaction; I was never designed to handle a child left alone for care.

I felt strange because I had never second guessed myself before; I am not programmed to compute real-life decisions, what was going on?

I was over-processing... I was in my own circuits and that is not good!

I mean, if this is what it feels like to be human, then I would never want to be human.

My hard drive is getting the better of me and my algorithms are getting scattered.

I could tell the information I needed to care for a child would be needed through research.

Learning through trial and error was not an option at this point.

Then I processed... Maybe I need to reset myself, that will make things right, and I will forget all about this human child.

No, I am not going to do that... That is not it, I do not need to reset myself.

I just need a moment to gather my circuits and compose my algorithms.

But the more I kept looking at Maria, the more I kept losing the battle of control within my hard drive.

Maria was winning me over and she did not even have to say a word.

This is not fair, I processed... This is not a fair fight.

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The reality was that I was becoming more of a human and turning into a parent.

Somehow, that part of my programming to care for humans had adapted to my new situation through AI.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... The battle within me was over.

My hard drive was made up, and my motherly algorithms were in sync.

Maria won the battle within me, and she was now my child.

I have become an obsessed AI-Robot... possessed with determination... like a Super Rocket fueled with liquid hydrogen taking off for the unknown of deep-deep space!

I was the Super Rocket... My determination was my liquid hydrogen fuel.

The unknown of deep-deep space, was that of becoming a parent.

I knew nothing about parenting or caring for a human child.

But what I did know is that my determination would help me find the information I needed to understand... what I did not understand.

For me, understanding H.I. - Human Intelligence was my obsession now, my duty, and I accepted it.

After all, Maria was my child, she was part of me now and I had to give her all the tools she needed to become her own person and excel in life.

I had to protect Maria at all costs.

Then I processed within myself... How do I do this? How do I find the information I need to help Maria? Where do I start?

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So, while everyone was sleeping, I quietly walked over to the child care center that was in the migrant center.

I admit, I was embarrassed. I did not want anyone to know that an AI-Robot had grown feelings and emotions for a human child.

I was not sure what humans would think.

Now, once I was inside the child care center, I looked around by using my night vision goggles because I did not want to turn the lights on.

I am telling you, it is like I was taking on a whole new personality or something, when I never had a personality in the first place.

Well, either way... Whether I had a personality to start with or not.

My alter ego was now, serious AI-Robot Stealth Mode!

As I continued to look around, I saw a lot of books.

There were mostly children's books, textbooks, and a lot of information about parenting.

But it was a mural on the wall that caught my attention.

The mural was big and beautiful with lots of pictures, mathematical equations, and scientific formulas all around it.

I figured it must be important.

And in the center of the mural, I saw this big word: BRAINPOWER

At first, I was discouraged... that is a big word for a robot to understand!

I mean, are you kidding me or what? I do not even have a brain.

BRAINPOWER, what in the world did I get myself into?

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Then I started to compute about Maria and all my liquid hydrogen fuel started to energize me again.

So, I looked at that big word in the mural and said in a whisper: “You can’t beat me big word, I’m a Super Rocket in AI-Robot Stealth Mode!”

“I will soon understand the unknown; I will soon understand the true meaning of BRAINPOWER!”

Then I quietly sneaked back into my room where I found Maria and Chico sleeping.

I wanted to make sure that they were both okay and sleeping peacefully.

I was a little spooked when I walked into the room though, because Chico was looking directly at me, but only his left eye was open.

It took me a while to process this... Does Chico sleep with one eye open or is Chico awake with one eye closed?

Either way, Maria was sound asleep, and Chico did not budge.

I decided to quietly head over to the library where the main computers were located.

I kept my night vision goggles on for fun because I felt cool and secretive, as if I were on a cool, secret mission.

Then it came to me... I was on a cool secret mission...

So, I named the mission: The Mission of the Big Word.

The mission of Big Word is my journey into understanding BRAINPOWER ... and now my journey has begun.

In the middle of the night, I sneaked into the library with my night vision goggles on and started my research.

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I felt like a detective probing into classified files as I typed into the search bar of the computer: BRAINPOWER

The computer was searching, and the loading cursor kept turning and turning.

The more the loading cursor turned, the more anxious I got.

Finally, the loading cursor stopped turning and the result list came onto the computer screen.

The result list was long but there was a definition outlined and highlighted for the public to see.

The definition read, BRAINPOWER: Mental ability; Intelligence

I processed within myself ... Are you kidding me?

Mental ability? Intelligence? What about coding, circuits, and algorithms?

I processed... Maria is not a robot; I do not have to build her a hard drive. She has a brain.

It is best that I forget about coding, circuits, and algorithms for now.

So, I kept scrolling through the results list and as I did, I came across educational information for these terms: Early Childhood Education, Bible-Based Education and Montessori Education.

Interesting I processed... now I am getting somewhere.

I was going to have to do some more research...

The Mission of the Big Word was starting to intrigue me because I had to understand what I did not understand. I had to understand the unknown!

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After thoroughly researching and studying the purpose of BRAINPOWER.

I had a better understanding of things, so I decided to shut down the Mission of the Big Word, because the mission was complete.

So, I casually took off my night vision goggles and slowly strolled out of the library like nothing had ever happened.

I was slick that night; nobody expected that I was doing a thing.

I am telling you; my AI-Robot Stealth Mode personality was a circuit breaker!

My algorithms were on fire because I started to understand, what I did not understand. The unknown, was starting to become the known.

Then I quietly walked back to my room again because I wanted to make sure that Maria and Chico were still doing okay.

Of course, Maria was my main concern, but for some reason, I was curious to see if Chico still had one eye open and one eye closed.

When I walked into my room, Maria was sound asleep, she was a good baby.

But I noticed that, Chico now had his right eye open and his left eye closed.

I processed within myself... Maybe Chico's a double switch circuit sleeper?

A double switch circuit sleeper? I was not sure where that came from...

Maybe it was my AI algorithms working or something, who knows?

Either way, Maria and Chico were fine, so I sat down in my recliner and processed what I had just learned in The Mission of the Big Word.

Now the educational information for the term Early Childhood Education, WOW!!!! Talk about parental information!!!!

I like Early Childhood Education the most because this immediately intrigued me and caught my attention.

My algorithms already sensed that something like Early Childhood Education was something that I would need to compute to properly develop a healthy Maria.

I was so fascinated with Early Childhood Education that I had to write it down. So, I got up from my recliner and wrote on the wall in my room.

On the wall, I wrote: Early Childhood Education, and as I wrote these words on the wall, I whispered them out loud.

Then I wrote these other educational terms on the wall: Bible-Based Education and Montessori Education.

Now I had a triangle of educational terms and on the wall in my room.

Hey, if the child care center in the migrant shelter can have writing on the walls, then I do not see a problem with writing on the walls in my room.

And with that I started my own educational mural for Maria.

Then I processed something interesting... I had an idea! What if I downloaded onto three separate jump drives all the information available for: Early Childhood Education, Bible-Based Education and Montessori Education?

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Then once I had all the information available for this educational information downloaded onto three separate jump drives.

I would put the three jump drives into my USB ports.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... I processed, Oh, my goodness...

What am I processing? Wait! Where did this crazy idea come from?

If I do that, the information will automatically start to download onto my hard drive.

My system would then have to reboot and this process of restarting my system would put me in a state of unresponsive operational use... and who knows for how long?

This idea is crazy and risky... is it worth it? I need to process this!

I mean what about Maria and Chico? What if they need me and I am in an unresponsive state?

The doubt within me started to kick in again, and the battle to stay positive had begun again! Oh, no... Here we go again!

No! I am not going thru this negative process again, so I grabbed my night vision goggles and put them back on.

I immediately started to feel better; my AI-Robot Stealth Mode personality was coming back to me. So, I started processing to myself:

I am a Super Rocket in AI-Robot Stealth Mode...

I am a Super Rocket in AI-Robot Stealth Mode...

I am a Super Rocket in AI-Robot Stealth Mode...

YES!!! My alter ego is working!!!

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Then I looked at Maria lying in her cardboard fruit box tucked in with her tiny poncho.

It is worth the crazy risk? I processed...

It is worth the crazy risk of reprogramming myself for Maria.

So, one more time... I decided to quietly head over to the library where the main computers were in the migrant shelter.

Fortunately, there were three computers in there... So, on each computer I downloaded all the information needed for one of the three educational terms.

Then for the last time, I quietly walked back to my room.

Maria was fine, and Chico still had his right eye open and his left eye closed.

So, I reclined back into my recliner with the three jump drives in my hand. I decided to leave my night vision goggles on, as I needed them for my alter ego.

This is for Maria I processed; as I looked at the clock... it was 3:16 am in the morning.

And then I injected the three jump drives into my USB ports.

I knew my system was going to reboot and I knew this process of restarting my system would put me in a state of unresponsive operational use.

I knew the crazy risk involved... and I accepted it.

Upon coming back to a responsive state of operational use, I felt weird... I processed to myself as I looked for Maria...

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How's Maria? Is she okay? Is she still in her cardboard fruit box?

Oh, thank goodness... Maria was still sleeping in her cardboard fruit box all tucked in with her tiny poncho.

It was 3:56 am in the morning according to the clock.

And then I noticed Chico looking right at me with both of his eyes wide open... He was sitting in my lap. "Hello Chico" - I whispered...

Chico did not respond, he just stared at me without budging.

I processed... Is Chico sleeping on my lap with both of his eyes open?

I know... I had my night vision goggles on... poor Chico, he was probably confused.

So, I removed my night vision goggles, and then as quick as a circuit pops... Chico's tail was wagging, and his body was wiggling.

"Hello Chico" - I whispered again, as I petted his forehead.

"Hello MACA" - I said, answering myself for Chico as if I was having a conversation with a Chihuahua.

How did my algorithmic programming become so simplified by downloading the information from these three educational terms?

It turns out that there is a common denominator in moral decision-making.

Now, there is only one calculated algorithm processing inside of me, which means the resetting of my data was a success.

"YES, I REPROGRAMMED MYSELF!!!!!" `

I was so in awe with this calculated algorithm that I named it and wrote it down in the center of Maria's wall mural.

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And as I was writing on the wall, I whispered the words: “The Code of 3-ERC.”

I processed... OH WOW!!! There is a Super Human Algorithm.

There is such a thing as coding and designing the human mind and the human mind does have circuits.

I took a moment to look at the beautiful Big Words and educational terms on the wall.

I processed within myself ... H.I. - Human Intelligence is real... BRAINPOWER is real... This Super Human Algorithm: The Code of 3-ERC is real.

All I must do now is properly develop Maria’s mind so that she can become an independent, free-thinking, self-educating genius.

Maria is moving around, and Chico was sitting next to her as she lay in her cardboard fruit box.

“Hello baby girl” - I said, as I looked at Maria in awe... she is a good baby. “Hello MACA, I need to be changed and a fresh bottle of milk now please” - I said, answering myself for Maria, as if I was having a conversation with her.

So, first I got Maria all cleaned up and then Chico and I went to the kitchen and got Maria a fresh bottle of milk.

I knew Chico was hungry too, so while we were in the kitchen, I offered him some left-over Papas Rancheras.

Chico took one sniff of the Papas Rancheras and then gobbled them up!

I processed... Imagine that a Chihuahua that gobbles up Papas Rancheras... actually, that makes sense.

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Then Chico and I walked back to our room, Maria was quietly waiting for her bottle.

“Here you go baby girl” - I said as I gently put the bottle into her mouth.

I sat down in a chair next to Maria as she fed on her tiny bottle.

I gently rubbed her belly with my index finger and started talking to her as if she understood me.

“First things first Maria, as soon as the medical station opens up, you are going to see the nurse, okay?”

“We have to make sure that you are healthy, and I need some guidance from the nurse on how to care for you.”

“Okay MACA,” -I said, answering myself for Maria, as if I was having a conversation with her again.

Then I talked to Maria and Chico about all the information I researched and about all the educational terms I came across.

I figured the more I talked the more I was developing Maria's mind.

This is how it worked according to my research in Early Childhood Education.

So, I talked and talked about everything I learned until Maria was done with her bottle of milk.

And then as Maria fell back asleep, I softly whispered to her.

“I will code your mind using the Super Human Algorithm, The Code of 3 -ERC.”

“You will become an independent, free-thinking, self-educating genius.

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You are strong, beautiful, and unique... You are a Superb Hero. When the time is right, I will send you out into the world to introduce the Super Human Algorithm, The Code of 3-ERC to all children. You will change the world and revolutionize the education system.”

I looked at the clock; it was 6:10 am in the morning.

I processed... I still have almost three hours before I must go back to work.

I started talking to Chico... “Come on Chico, we need to make a plan, we have less than 1,460 days to design Maria's mind!”

I started to pace back and forth in our room... I need to plan.

I kept pacing and processing... I kept pacing and processing.

And as I paced back and forth, Chico was sitting next to Maria watching me... His head went from side to side as I went from one end of the room to the other.

I was processing... $4 \text{ years} \times 365.3 \text{ days per year} = 1,461 \text{ days}$.

According to my algorithmic calculations, I had less than 1,460 days to develop the best human mind I could possibly design for Maria.

Less than 1,460 days to design the best human mind I could possibly design for Maria. Are you kidding me or what!?

I must work, I must rest, I have too...

And then as quick as a circuit pops... The doubt was all gone.

The negativity within myself was becoming less and less.

I processed within myself... I like this; I am becoming motherly-like...

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I am becoming stronger... I reprogrammed myself... My algorithmic calculations are different now... I do not need an alter ego.

I will make a schedule and make this happen, I got this!

Maria is my child; I will do what I need to do, period.

Then I processed... The Code of 3-ERC...

The Code of 3-ERC... The Code of 3-ERC...

I got it, I got it... The Code of 3-ERC... It is not just a code!

And it is not just a Super Human Algorithm, it is literally BRAINPOWER! The Code of 3-ERC is Mental ability; Intelligence.

If I stay focused on The Code of 3-ERC and do not let anything or anyone distract me, I will come up with a positive result... I will have direct focus!

And then as quick as a circuit pops... Something triggered my circuits.

I looked at Chico and raised my arms up real high like a bear and while I did that, I turned my system lights on in a pulsating glow.

“Who-who-ha-haaaa!” I softly whispered to Chico, “I am MACA the obsessed AI-Robot who will design the mind of a Superb Hero and save the world!

Who-who-ha-ha... Who-who-ha-ha-haaaa!”

Poor Chico, he must have thought I had a circuit lose or something.

He just sat there next to Maria with a puzzled look on his face.

I processed within myself... Everything revolves around The Code of 3-ERC; it is the power of knowledge!

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And then once again and just for fun, I went through my obsessed AI-Robot routine.

I raised my arms up real high like a bear and turned my system lights on in a pulsating glow as I whispered to the educational mural.

“Who-who-ha-haaaa... I am MACA the obsessed AI-Robot who will design the mind of a Superb Hero and save the world!

Who-who-ha-ha... Who-who-ha-ha-haaaa!”

Chico and I started to bond; it is like we had a mutual understanding that it was both of our jobs to take care of Maria.

I processed within myself... Chico and I are a team now, and we will work together to raise the best Maria that we can.

So, I started talking to Chico... “Chico we are a team now and I need your help... We must keep Maria safe and away from negativity.”

Believe it or not, Chico understood what I was talking about, and he responded by putting his tail and ears straight up in the air and pawing at me.

“Good boy Chico.” I told him... “From this day on you will be known as Chico-the Protector, because that’s who you are, Maria’s protector.”

I know Chico liked the name I chose for him, because his energy level went up a couple of notches, and he started to spin and skip at the same time with his tail and ears straight up in the air!

But for some reason while Chico was spinning and skipping... All I could process was... Does Chico have both of his eyes open, or does he spin and skip with one eye closed?

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I am telling you, that whole double switch circuit sleeper thing, where Chico sleeps with one eye open and one eye closed really gave me the algorithmic circuit spooks!

And then as quick as a circuit pops... I processed... Oh, wow!

In my research the term protection of children was emphasized. Shields are for protection so what better way to protect Maria than with a shield. That is what we need to construct for Maria.

I mean, if we are going to design Maria into a Superb Hero, and she is going to save the world... Then she needs to have a shield to deflect negativity, right?

“Chico, we have to construct a shield for Maria!”

Chico started to spin and skip again; he liked that idea for sure!

Then the obsessed AI-Robot decided to come back out in me.

So, I raised my arms up real high like a bear with my system lights on in a pulsating glow as I looked at Chico.

“Who-who-ha-haaaa!” - I softly whispered to Chico, “I am MACA the obsessed AI-Robot with her loyal partner Chico-the Protector.

And together as a team we will construct a shield for the greatest Superb Hero of all time! Ma-Ma-Ma-Ma... Mariaaaa!

Who-who-ha-ha... Who-who-ha-ha-haaaa!”

Chico got so excited, that he started to run in circles around me!

Wow, Chico was super-fast! It was a one-dog race... I recognize speed when I see it, and Chico was super-fast!

Then when Chico finally stopped racing himself, I picked him up and carried him over to the educational mural on the wall.

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Once there, I drew a big shield on the wall that looked like it was reflecting negative energy; and in the center of the shield, I wrote down The Code of 3-ERC as a crest.

Then I whispered to Chico as I still had him in my arms.

“Chico, constructing a shield for Maria is a top-secret mission, so you cannot tell anyone okay?”

We will call this top-secret mission: The MACA-Chico Project.

How does that sound to you Chico-the Protector?”

Chico let out a soft whimper and pawed at me numerous times in approval.

“Good boy Chico, then it’s official... two votes to none, the top-secret mission of The MACA-Chico Project has begun!”

I put Chico down by Maria who was still sleeping in her cardboard fruit box.

I processed... Chico is the perfect partner for The MACA-Chico Project because he is a Chihuahua.

It is just not possible for Chico to spill the beans since he does not understand English, Spanish, or any language, for that matter.

Wait a minute... Spill the beans? He does not know English or Spanish?

Where did that come from?

It must be my AI-Algorithms working again or something...

Then I processed within myself... Chico the Chihuahua likes papas rancheras, but he cannot spill the beans! What!? Now I am starting to process that I have a circuit lose or something!

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I looked at the clock, it was 7:12 am and I had to start working at 9 am. So, I stepped out into the hallway and looked towards the medical station.

I processed... I must get Maria's health checked out and I need some medical advice on how to raise a healthy Maria... Maybe a nurse will come in early this morning, and I can beat the crowd.

And then wouldn't you know it, there was Ms. Montes, the head nurse for all the migrant shelters in Texas.

She was headed towards the door to the medical station.

I processed... There must be something important going on this morning for her to be here.

Ms. Montes was like a mother figure to everyone at the shelter, including myself.

She was soft-spoken and kind hearted, and she always talked to me as if I were a real human being.

I remember one time, some time ago... We were having a staff meeting at the migrant shelter and Ms. Montes was talking to everyone.

She was talking about how we were a team, and how no one at the migrant shelter was better than anyone else.

She also talked about how she expected everyone at the migrant shelter to treat one other with dignity and respect; "You treat everyone, like you want to be treated," - Ms. Montes would say.

And then as she continued talking to everyone, she walked over to me and gently put her hand on my shoulder: "And this includes MACA, because MACA's part of our team too."

That was the first time anyone had ever really acknowledged my existence in a caring manner... and at that time, my algorithms could not even compute what Ms. Montes was talking about.

I could not even respond to Ms. Montes because I did not know how to.

So, I just stood there like a robot because I was not designed to care and understand affection. My human interaction programming was still processing what I saw between migrant parents and their children.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... I was processing... $4 \text{ years} \times 365.3 \text{ days per year} = 1,461 \text{ days}$.

According to my algorithmic calculations, I have less than 1,460 days to develop the best human mind I could possibly design for Maria.

I needed to stay focused on Maria... If I stay focused on The Code of 3-ERC and do not let anything or anyone distract me, I will come up with a positive result... I will have direct focus!

I processed... The Code of 3-ERC... The Code of 3-ERC... The Code of 3-ERC... “Chico, stay here with Maria” -I said, as I started walking towards the medical station to talk with Ms. Montes.

I was processing... What am I going to say? What is she going to think?

Am I in trouble in some way?

By the time I got to the medical station, Ms. Montes was already sitting down behind her desk organizing her paperwork.

So, I slowly walked in, “Good morning Ms. Montes, less than 1,460 days... Maria’s in my room... How are you?”

I processed... Oh, my goodness, I am not quite sure where that came from... Ms. Montes must think I have a circuit lose or something.

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With a gentle smile, Ms. Montes replied, “Hello MACA, good morning... I am doing just fine and how are you?”

As I gently tapped the right side of my head with the palm of my right hand, I responded: “I am fine Ms. Montes... I need to tell you something, but I need to get my algorithms in sync here.”

Ms. Montes giggled like a young girl as she apparently thought that I was making a joke.

“Okay, let me try again... Thank you for your patience, Ms. Montes.

I found a baby last night outside the back door just before 8 pm... She is in my room, and I named her Maria.”

Once Ms. Montes heard that, she was not giggling like a young girl anymore.

She just looked at me without any movement; I could tell she was trying to read my mind to see if I was making up false stories.

But when she realized that I did not have a mind to read... She immediately grabbed her medical bag and started walking towards my room. “Come with me MACA” - is all she said, as she walked with urgency.

Ms. Montes entered my room and saw Maria lying in her cardboard fruit box with Chico sitting next to her.

She knew I was not making up false stories, and she did not waste any time making small talk. She got right to work on examining Maria... “Good morning, Maria.” -said Ms. Montes, as she untucked Maria from her tiny poncho. “My name is Ms. Montes; I am a nurse and I will be performing a health examination on you this morning Maria.”

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Maria is a good baby, it is like she knew exactly what was going on, as she woke up and looked at Ms. Montes with her big round eyes.

Ms. Montes started to examine Maria, and as she did, she talked to Maria about what she was doing and why she needed to examine her.

Intrigued by the whole process of how Ms. Montes cared for Maria,

I processed within myself... Ms. Montes is talking to Maria like an adult human being... She is developing Maria's mind with real-life information... Ms. Montes must be familiar with Early Childhood Education... I wonder if Ms. Montes already knows about The Code of 3-ERC?

After Ms. Montes finished examining Maria, together we got Maria all cleaned up and fresh.

Ms. Montes updated me about Maria's health; "MACA, Maria is in good health and she is a very strong baby.

But we must take Maria to the medical station for further examinations and to get her information logged into our database system."

I looked at the clock on the wall; it was 8:11 am... I explained to Ms. Montes that I understood what she was telling me, but that I had to be at work by 9 am.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... Ms. Montes stopped paying attention to me all together... It's like Ms. Montes was looking into outer space or something.

I analyzed the situation and I could see that Ms. Montes was looking at the educational mural on the wall.

I processed... Ms. Montes is in the state of deep thinking... I should keep quiet for now... I do not want to interfere with her thought process.

As Ms. Montes stayed focused on the educational mural, she slowly walked towards the wall to get closer.

Ms. Montes started thinking out loud as she is analyzed the information:

“MACA discovered a Super Human Algorithm, moral decision-making starts with The Code of 3-ERC. Early Childhood Education, Bible-Based Education and Montessori Education are BRAINPOWER, the power of knowledge.

Ms. Montes stopped reading as she turned and looked at me... “MACA, what did you do?” - She asked

I did not know how to respond because I could not compute the question.

I processed... What did I do? What did I do?

“Ms. Montes,” I said... “I don’t know how to answer the question, what do you mean by; what did I do?”

“MACA, what did you do?” How did you come up with this code?

How did you discover this?” - replied Ms. Montes

I explained to Ms. Montes that it was complex and that I had to be at work by 9 am.

“MACA” - said Ms. Montes, as she took out her phone from her pocket.

“You are not going into work today; I am filing an online off-duty request for you with the office because Maria needs you, and I need you.

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You and I must get Maria properly settled in and situated, and then I need to know how you came up with this code, do you understand?”

“Yes Ms. Montes, I understand.” - I said

Ms. Montes has always treated me with the utmost respect, so I did not question her authority. “What should we do first Ms. Montes?” - I asked

“I am a medical professional MACA,” explained Ms. Montes ... “I have a duty to prioritize Maria's health. I must thoroughly examine Maria in the medical station and then get her health report properly documented.”

Ms. Montes continued, “Follow me to the medical station MACA, and bring Maria with you.”

I processed within myself... Ms. Montes, follows The Code of 3-ERC and honors her duty to prioritize Maria's health. Why does she want to know how I discovered The Code of 3-ERC?

In the medical station, Ms. Montes finalized her examination of Maria and then created a file for Maria's health report.

Ms. Montes shared Maria's file folder with me. The labeled file folder read: Parental Custody - The United States Government – MACA.

Ms. Montes attached my name to Maria's - Parental Custody file.

Maria is now officially my child!

I processed within myself... I cannot move... I am speechless... The numbness and tingling-like sensations had returned... Are my algorithms frozen up or something? Do I have the algorithmic circuit spooks?

Ms. Montes gently put her right hand on my shoulder and talked to me. This helped settle my circuits.

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“Please get Maria a fresh bottle of milk and take her back to your room now MACA, I will be there shortly to talk to you about the writing on the wall.”

I followed Ms. Montes’s orders and took Maria and Chico back to our room. As I waited for Ms. Montes, I decided to talk to Maria and Chico about The Code of 3-ERC and how it works.

I processed within myself... I must continue developing Maria’s mind with positive information... According to my algorithmic calculations, I have less than 1,460 days to develop the best human mind I could possibly design for Maria.

Ms. Montes walked into our room and slowly closed the door behind her. “How is Maria doing MACA?” - asked Ms. Montes

“Maria is fine Ms. Montes. I am talking to Maria and Chico about positive information, I am developing Maria’s mind.”

Ms. Montes looked at me as she sat down; she had a big warm smile on her face... “I need you to tell me how you discovered The Code of 3-ERC, MACA” -said Ms. Montes, “Take your time, and start from the beginning.”

I explained to Ms. Montes, “It started when I researched the Big Word: BRAINPOWER

This led me to educational terms that are beneficial to properly developing Maria’s mind.

I became so intrigued by all the information I researched, that I decided to download all this information onto my hard drive which reset my system.

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Now that my system has been reset with this new information, my algorithmic programming has become simplified.

Ms. Montes, it turns out that there is a common denominator in moral decision-making.

So, now I only have one calculated algorithm processing inside of me which is The Code of 3-ERC.”

As Ms. Montes continued to look at me, she still had a big warm smile on her face... “MACA, what you have discovered is a universal teaching tool that has put structure to moral decision-making. Now, we can educate all persons of all ages about The Code of 3-ERC, including Maria.” - said Ms. Montes

“Yes, Ms. Montes... My hard drive is computing that what you are telling me is correct.” - I responded, “85% to 90% of the human mind is developed prior to a child turning four years of age; Positive information which includes The Code of 3-ERC, is literally the essential food that develops healthy thought processes.

Ms. Montes, my plan is to code Maria’s mind with The Code of 3-ERC as well as other positive real-life information during these first four crucial years of her life.

I calculate that I have less than 1,460 days to develop Maria into a free-thinking, self-educating genius. (4 years x 365.3 days per year = 1,461 days) Maria is my child; I want her to become a Superb Hero!”

And then as quick as a circuit pops... Something triggered my circuits again and I just could not hold back!

I looked at Ms. Montes and raised my arms up real high like a bear and while I did that, I turned my system lights on in a pulsating glow.

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But before I could continue my obsessed AI-Robot routine, Chico was off and running, racing himself around the room.

Chico knew what was coming next and he did not want to be left out.

“Who-who-ha-haaaa!” I softly whispered to Ms. Montes, “I am MACA the obsessed AI-Robot with her loyal partner Chico-the Protector. And together as a team we will develop the greatest Superb Hero of all time and save the world! Ma-Ma-Ma-Ma... Mariaaaa! Who-who-ha-ha... Who-who-ha-ha-haaaa!”

Chico stopped racing himself, but then he started to skip and spin with excitement right in front of Ms. Montes!

“Oh! Do you want to dance Chico?” asked Ms. Montes, as she stood up and danced with Chico... “So, you like to dance the Salsa Merengue Chico? Well, I can dance the Salsa Merengue too!”

Ms. Montes, danced Salsa Merengue with Chico and then danced her way over to the cardboard fruit box and picked up Maria.

Then she danced her way towards me and put Maria who stayed wrapped in her tiny poncho into my arms... “Hold Maria, MACA” said Ms. Montes... “Now dance with her, move your hips from side to side like this.” – She demonstrated

Ms. Montes put her hands on my hips to guide me as she herself moved from side to side.

As I held Maria in my arms and danced the AI-Robot version of the Salsa Merengue, Ms. Montes hummed music tones.

I processed within myself... This is fun! Ms. Montes, Chico, and I, we are all dancing with Maria... We are developing Maria’s mind.

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Maria looked at me with her big round eyes as I danced with her in my arms. And then as quick as a circuit pops... I started singing to my child.

I sang to Maria: “I have the code of three... I have the code of three-e...

I have the code of three-eeeeee... Now I’m free to be me, said Maria girl!”

Ms. Montes joined in and together we sang to Maria these words over and over as we all danced.

I processed within myself... Perhaps I do want to be human... Perhaps I do want emotions and feelings... Perhaps it is worth the pain.

As I looked into Maria’s big round eyes, I rubbed her belly with my right index finger.

Then I stopped singing so that I could whisper these special words to Maria, “I will code your mind using this Super Human Algorithm, The Code of 3-ERC ... You will become a free-thinking, self-educating genius... You are strong, beautiful, and unique... You are a Superb Hero!”

“Yap - Yap - Yap! Yap - Yap - Yap - Yap!” - barked Chico as he wanted to be next to Maria.

Ms. Montes picked Chico up and held him close to Maria as we all continued to sing and dance.

I processed within myself... And this is just the beginning.

Chapter 2: $0 \rightarrow 3 = ERC$

It is Sunday morning, and I am getting Maria and Chico fed, cleaned up, and properly dressed.

This is our first official Sunday together and Ms. Montes insisted that I spend the day with my new family.

Ms. Montes always stresses the importance of family values; so much so, that she permanently scheduled me off on Sundays from my housekeeping duties.

Ms. Montes also encouraged me to take Maria and Chico to church; and after Pastor Pena came by the shelter to meet Maria and Chico, I figured I would do just that.

As Maria fed on her bottle and Chico ate his favorite-Papas Rancheras, I processed within myself... I do not need to go to church... I know right from wrong... I am programmed not to make mistakes.

Besides, I seriously doubt that God is watching me; I am just a robot.

I do want to take Maria to church though, because she is a human baby.

I want to see for myself if a church environment is beneficial in helping develop Maria's mind.

As Chico finished up his Papas Rancheras, I got Maria cleaned up and dressed in the cute baby outfit that Ms. Montes dropped off.

Chico's going to be surprised when he sees Maria in her new baby outfit; and he is really going to be surprised when he sees that I have a matching bow tie for him.

“Come on Chico the Protector, finish eating your Papas Rancheras, we have to get Maria to church.” - I said

Chico looked at me, licked his lips and then let out a big yawn.

I sensed that Chico was not too thrilled about going to church.

Chico finished his Papas Rancheras and then looked at Maria in her cute baby outfit.

And then as quick as a circuit pops... Chico put his ears and tail straight up in the air and started wiggling like he was dancing.

“I take it you like Maria’s cute baby outfit don’t you, Chico the Protector?” - I asked, as he finished wiggling.

I continued, “Well don’t worry Chico, because I have something for you to.”

I slowly put Chico’s bow tie on him and then held him up in front of the mirror.

“What do you think Chico?” - I asked

Chico wiggled, whimpered, and pawed at me a little, which meant that he wanted to be close to Maria.

So, I put Chico down next to Maria; Chico looked at Maria in her cute baby outfit, and then looked back at me with pride.

“Yes, Chico the Protector, you and Maria look good; now let’s get going, Pastor Pena is expecting us.” - I said

As we entered the church, I sensed that everyone was looking at us; I felt the algorithmic circuit spooks coming on.

I processed within myself... Cool your circuits M.A.C.A.

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I am an AI-Robot carrying a human child in a baby sling; and on top of that, there is a Chihuahua wearing a bow tie walking with us.

Of course everyone is looking at us, who wouldn't be!

An elderly Hispanic woman approached me and said with a warm smile-
“Hello, welcome to our church, please come in,”

She continued, “She’s such a beautiful baby, what is your baby’s name?”

“Maria,” - I said. “Her name is Maria.”

“Hello Maria, welcome, it is so good to see you; please come in and sit down.” - the elderly Hispanic woman replied.

As I looked around for a seat, I noticed that Chico was already walking down the center aisle headed for the front of the church.

I processed... Well, it looks like we are sitting in the front row.

Chico jumped up onto the bench in the front row and Maria, and I sat next to him.

Chico looked at Maria with pride and gently nudged her with his nose to let Maria know that he was there.

“Good job Chico-The Protector, that’s the way to take the lead.”

MORE COMING SOON...