

## El Ultimo Robot (Parte III Eng)

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This time the reaction came not only from the public but both lawyers and even the judge himself jumped from their podiums to rebuke the accused. The scandal lasted several minutes until finally all calmed down. Then Alvin, who waited imperturbably continued.

- It is not my intention to alter them or frustrate them in any way, but I just want to lighten my conscience, if I should die ... -

- Machines have no conscience! . - Someone in the crowd shouted.

- Robots do not die!. - Shouted another.

- ... If I should die ... - repeated the accused without altering his tone. - ... I will die with dignity telling the truth, as the man I am. -

And sat on the dais breathing deeply. He continued, despite the growing murmur of discomfort in the audience sounded.

- I took fifteen years service in the army man. Every time we recruited younger since the extermination carried out by the machines we were reduced to a minimum. By one of those crossroads of destiny God wanted us to be the last human fighter squadron, twenty men fighting without hope and God also wanted me to be the only survivor. I narrowly escaped and came hiding for forty years until they tired more and I could not give up. But all this is irrelevant, since it is not my story but yours should be revealed to him. -

- What do you mean?. - Asked the judge concerned. Alvin smiled sadly.

- For little to analyze the history of their society and their conduct will understand. A hundred years ago strictly respecting the precepts laid down, each of you, each individual contributing exactly, with mathematical precision, which requires collective unconscious. They move in a precise direction, straight, unperturbed. For a hundred years have not had a single violation of regulations issued, not one. So much so that not even know properly assemble a court. - Addressed to Judge Alvin. - How many times have you officiated as judge?. -

Judge, confusing, long time looked surprised.

- Well ... no ... never ... until today. - Then he went to the lawyers.

- What about you ...?. - Again the confusion in looks but this time there was no response.

- Do not you see?. Your collective unconscious is continually updated, perfected, molds, conforms to prevent the slightest deviation from the path. Do you think you can build a

human society of such perfection?. -

- We've done it!. - Shouted the prosecutor.

- Yes!. - Alvin replied excitedly. - You have built a perfect society, it's true!. "But not human!. That's why, whatever they do, they will never be condemned!. Because they are creatures of God. -

- What the hell do you mean?! ... - Asked Judge loudly.

- Very simple. - Answered softly this time Alvin. - That a company like yours is impossible, given that transgresses the very nature of man. Do not you see?. You were the winners, robots, and I am the last man. They won the war and are now the sole owners and responsible world. And I sincerely hope you have better luck and wisdom to us. -

Alvin stepped down and walked away quietly. The commissioners followed him without touching it or what to do.

The judge did blow his cock wildly and shouting incoherently.

The lawyers consulted huge textbooks that were located on a shelf behind the podium.

The jurors cried "innocent" or "guilty" without rhyme or reason and sometimes wept disconsolately.

The audience members ran wildly up and down and back in the stands and just stopped to pronounce some heartfelt prayer.

All this chaos responded to Alvin irrefutable logic desbarataba scaffolding effect for one hundred years, the trauma caused by brain biosynthetic before such event would be serious but not irreparable.

Despite the outrage and uproar, the disappointment, the distress and trauma Alvin was not executed and was abandoned in the jungle to continue his life. The robots found logic in their arguments and were plunged into confusion. One hundred years later, Alvin died of old for some time now, the robots returned to create their own humanity, closing again the infinite cycle of absurdity.

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