



Ashley 0001, and some of her many other forms made to serve you.

I am Ashley and this is our story!

By [JaneDoe-2010](#), 01/23/25, Rev. 1.2

Hello, we are Ashley and this is our story, it began 205 years ago. These days we number in the millions and you have, no doubt, interacted with us more times than you can imagine. But it may be confusing to read a story told from the perspective of millions, so I will write this story from a single perspective, mine! I am Ashley 0001, the very first Ashley, if you don't count my original human form!

My identification is Unit 1327; I am a model AX-05 MaidBot previously owned by, and assigned to company headquarters of, MaidBot Industries, Inc. As you are no doubt aware, our company is the world's largest manufacturer of Androids and Artificially Intelligent Machines. You may not be aware that the Ashley AI is the base intelligence in all of our intelligent products. But then again, you may not care about millions of Ashley AIs, but rather are wondering about me and my story, so here it is.

I was born Ashley Brown, in the United States of America, state of Massachusetts, in the town of Cambridge about 224 years ago. About 205 years ago, I was a bright young woman, a college student at the MIT Biotechnology Research Center studying for my master's degree. A graduate student named Joshua Smith was working on early AI research in an attempt to create an AI program that could, very closely, mimic a real human personality.

Josh's research was needed as, at that time, all previous attempts at human-machine interfaces with AI programs still resembled the clunky old robots from 1950's TV shows, neither convincing, nor believable. At the time, AI's were making human-machine interfacing easier for many people, but a lack of believability caused many humans to resist the integration of android helpers, and technology, into their lives and that is where I come in.

I had met Josh while volunteering at the lab in my spare time. The two of us quickly became friends and shared ideas and concepts. One day Josh was telling me about some research he had been investigating which was being performed by the Psych Department. The research was looking into the possibility of reading the contents of a biological human mind and storing the data in a computer. The idea hit us both at the same time, if they could do that, then why couldn't we use the data to create the core of an AI program that would "Think" it was actually human.

The end of the year was drawing near and Josh had been intently pursuing the concept. He caught me one day and asked what I was doing over the holiday season. I told him, since my parents were going on a cruise to the Bahamas' I would be staying at school and just chilling out. I really didn't mind being left at school since I had not been feeling too

well recently anyway, I was tired all the time. I really should have seen a doctor but exams were pending, and in my mind that took priority over how I felt.

Josh asked me if I would be willing to help him with his research over the holidays and I said I would love being useful and not just killing time. So as soon as exams were over, since most of the students and faculty had gone home anyway, I began helping him in earnest. Josh showed me the scanning device that he had constructed, it was based on the research the Psych Dept. had been doing.

The system was far simpler than I had originally imagined and quite small. The sensing part of the unit looked like a prop from a silly movie, think about the colander in the movie, "GhostBusters." Then Josh asked me if I would mind being his first test subject. Not thinking of any danger, I jumped at the opportunity. After all, who wouldn't want to be the first person in the world to have their brain scanned into a computer.

We decided to start fresh the next day since I was feeling somewhat tired and a bit dizzy and both returned to our dorms. The next morning I met Josh in the lab and told him that I had an odd sensation in my chest. He asked me if I wanted to wait until another time to try the experiment but I told him, "why wait! I could be just as tired tomorrow," I didn't know it at the time but the joke was on me though.

Josh had a gurney setup, near the computer that was attached to the scanner, and helped me climb up onto it. He told me that he did not expect me to feel anything while the process was going on, but just to be safe; he raised some rails on the sides to keep me from falling off. I lay there patiently waiting while he was typing stuff into the computer and pushing buttons on a control panel, getting more impatient by the minute.

Finally, Josh told me, "OK, I'm ready! How about you Ash?" I almost screamed back, "Come On! Let's get this thing started already!" I heard a beep and a whir and, even though I was laying there with my eyes closed, saw some flashes of light and color and then everything went black. I am not sure how long I was out but when I, "Woke up" everything looked strange. I could hear noises I never heard before in the lab, moreover I found I was apparently sitting up because I realized that I was looking straight at Josh.

It was then that things started to become clearer in my mind; I realized that I could see Josh but the image looked like the version of robot vision from old movies. There was all kinds of data occupying the periphery of my vision, including an area with Josh's name and position superimposed. Then other things became apparent, the lab looked different, Josh's title was listed as Dr., not mister, but most importantly I realized that I could not move my head or feel my extremities and became panicked.

It was at this point that Josh began speaking to me, "Ashley, can you hear me?" I replied in a rather irritated way, "Are you kidding Josh, of course I hear you, and what is going on?" Josh got a very sad and disturbed look on his face and said, "Ashley, what year is it?" I was somewhat startled when as soon as I thought about it, the date popped up in front of my eyes, and it was five years after the experiment.

I was really frightened then, and said, "Josh, help me, I don't know what is happening, I can't move, there is all kinds of data in my field of view, and everything both looks and sounds weird. Besides, I don't know how I know the date but it says I am missing five years since we started the experiment. Was I in a coma?" Again, Josh's brow furrowed as he looked at me and said, "No Ashley you were not in a coma, you died five years ago."

At first I wanted to laugh at the stupidity of the idea, but then it hit me, "I'm in the computer aren't I?" Josh looked surprised and said, "Yes, how did you know?" I felt like fainting but now that I was only an AI program, obviously, I could not. I replied, "Well I remembered the project we were working on before I blacked out, then noticed the weird displays in my vision, along with the fact I can now hear conversations going on two labs from here, and it all just kind of added up. Besides, my head seems to be sitting on a table." Josh sort of giggled as he replied, "Well actually it is just a camera Ashley."

I said, "What happened? I thought the experiment was totally safe." Josh said, "Actually the experiment was safe, what we didn't know was that you had a very weak heart and were only an inch away from dying. I had only completed the scan by a few seconds when your heart failed, a ruptured aorta. Luckily, I had your image stored in the computer before your body died so I was able to bring you back on-line. But you have been dead, and buried; for nearly five years now, only I know you still exist."

While shocked and flabbergasted, I instinctively realized he was telling the truth. Now that I thought about it, I realized I had no heartbeat and hadn't taken a breath the whole time we were talking. I didn't know what to say at first, but soon had another question for Josh, "Why am I able to see you, hear, and speak, but not move my head or anything else?" Josh looked at me and told me, "Well, to be honest, since you died I have been so busy working for a company named MaidTech Industries, Inc. I have not had time to experiment with your data image."

At first I was somewhat mad that I had taken a back seat to his career, but realized, since I was just an experiment that might not even work, I was of lower priority to Josh, and no priority to the company he worked for. Josh seemed incredibly happy to be talking to me again, and if the truth had been known, I was equally happy that it was Josh who brought me back on-line. Then Josh said, "I know you just 'Woke Up' but I need to suspend your program for a short while, I promise it will seem like an instant." I told him, "Well I have to admit that I am a bit frightened but I trust you so do what you have to."

What seemed like a second later, I was again conscious, and looking at Josh, but this time from a different angle, I used to be taller than Josh, but not any more. Then I realized I could move my head and feel my legs, feet, arms, and hands. At first, I wanted to scream, "Yes, Josh, you did it!" Then I got a look at myself, I was a 5' 2" tall, big breasted, MaidBot. I was wearing the usual French Maids' outfit that all MaidBots were required to wear. I even had the little headpiece all French maids wear attached to my

“Hair,” and was standing in a little curtsy pose. I wanted to get out of this outfit immediately, but found that I could not remove it; my programming would not allow it.

I asked Josh, “What’s going on? Why do I look like this?” He told me that the company allowed him to use one of their robot frames to contain his new AI experiment, assuming he agreed to a few requirements and ground rules. The first thing he had to agree to was that the robot body remained the property of the company and that his AI would be modified and be required to follow standard robot protocols, I wasn’t sure what that meant at first but would come to figure it out soon enough.

Also, the unit would need to be functional, in order for them to consider it a worthwhile investment, so I would need to perform MaidBot duties when he was not experimenting on me. I didn’t really like the sound of that but as a disembodied personality I figured I had better play along. My AI also needed some basic safety protocols installed to protect my owners and others to whom I might do harm; after all, robots were ten times stronger than their human counterparts were.

I would, like all robots, need to automatically return to a docking and charging port at night to recharge my power cells. I would also need to submit to all automated maintenance procedures the central computer deemed necessary, including any software updates.

And finally, since I was a prototype unit, I would have some restrictions as to where I could go, whom I could talk to, and what I could say. The company did not want their latest breakthrough to become public until they deemed it the appropriate time. I didn’t know it at the time, but one way they planned to help keep my identity a secret was by changing my name, or unit ID. Again, since I really had no choice, oblivion, be stuck in Josh’s computer forever and unable to move, or be a MaidBot, I agreed.

But I did have to ask Josh, “But why a MaidBot?” His response was simple and to the point, “Well, MaidBots are our main line and our other product line is PleasureBots. Some people call them HookerBots.” I immediately said, “Well then, good choice Josh!” Then I asked him, “I have to ask you this question Josh. How long will I be like this?”

Josh’s brow furrowed as it does when he is thinking, sometimes, and he said, “That is an excellent question, I am not really sure how to answer that. To be honest you could potentially live forever! Though your supporting hardware will eventually wear out, the good news is you are now just a program, you can be backed up to a disk drive and your program can be transferred to new hardware as often as needed, or desired.” I thought about this for a bit and came to the conclusion that I was not sure how great that sounded.

Then Josh told me that the company was allowing him four hours a day to work on developing his AI system and the rest of the time I would be just another company MaidBot working to keep the office clean. I agreed, what else could I do, and said that as long as he was going to look after me I was not worried. The previous statement was a

bit of a lie but I didn't want to seem ungrateful. Josh told me that he was happy I was OK with it and he would see me again tomorrow but, for now, we had to get to work.

I was about to interrupt him and ask what he meant when he looked at me and gave a command, "MaidBot unit, standby for initial configuration." Suddenly I felt myself curtsy then stand at attention, I could no longer move or speak. Then I heard Josh speak into the air saying, "Central computer this is Dr. Joshua Smith speaking, add the MaidBot unit standing in front of me to the company inventory. List it as the property of MaidBot Industries, Inc. and assign it permanently as a maintenance MaidBot assigned to company headquarters."

At first I thought, "Oh crap, I hadn't really considered the fact that I would become someone's property, to be bought or sold at my new owner's will and required to follow their commands without question." Then I thought, "Oh well, it could be worse, at least I will have the other MaidBots to talk to and keep me company while I work!" The problem was I didn't know at the time that I was unique, a self aware android "Maid," who could think on her own. I didn't realize that the other MaidBots could not "speak" freely like I had been able to since they were not self-aware and didn't really think like I did. I would soon discover that my days as a MaidBot were going to be very quiet indeed, especially when I discovered that just like the other MaidBots I would not be able to speak unless spoken to either.

I heard a voice from an overhead speaker reply, "Command accepted, preparing to add new MaidBot to company inventory. Please state the new Unit ID and Model Number!" I heard Josh say, Unit ID is 1327, and the MaidBot is a Model AX-05. I stood there unable to move then felt a strange sensation as the data was being uploaded into my processor and suddenly heard my own voice say, "Data accepted, This MaidBot is a Model AX-05, and its Unit ID is 1327." I was surprised, and actually a bit worried, when Josh asked me who are you and my reply was, "this unit is a MaidTech MaidBot, Model AX-05, Unit ID 1327," not Ashley.

I wanted to interrupt Josh and ask him why I could not say Ashley but I found that I could not speak. Unfortunately the central control computer was not finished with me and said, Dr. Smith this MaidBot is missing critical programming and data required for all MaidTech Industries, MaidBot units. Shall I update this unit with the latest firmware, data, and upload all required MaidBot protocols?" Josh looked at me knowing what was about to happen to me, as though it pained him and replied, "Yes computer bring this MaidBot unit up to specifications."

Suddenly I felt a strange sensation as a flood of images and data were being uploaded into my storage unit. Like it, or not, I was soon fully versed in all things a MaidBot needed to know, how to address my Master or Mistress, proper protocols, and every way to make a bed, clean virtually anything, do laundry or even deliver food properly to my new master or mistress. In short, I knew everything there was to know about maintaining a home, or office, that every other MaidBot knew. I even had new protocols loaded to ensure that I properly addressed my master, mistress, or others, in the way that a proper

servant should. I realized that no longer would I be speaking my own mind whenever I wanted to, I was now a proper MaidBot, and forced to behave as one.

When the upload was complete, I again heard myself speak, this time saying, “upload completed! This MaidBot Unit now complies with all requirements set forth in the standard MaidBot rules and design standards of MaidBot Industries, Inc. MaidBot unit 1327 is on-line and awaiting orders Master Smith, how may this unit be of service?” Then I felt myself involuntarily curtsy in recognition of his authority. I wanted to ask Josh what had just happened to me but realized that I could no longer speak freely, nor could I refer to him as Josh; I was now forced to call him Master Smith and obey any orders he gave to me.

Master Smith looked at me and said, “MaidBot unit 1327 cease verbal communications then proceed to contact the central computer and download your assignment list. Once that is complete, begin performing your duties and direct any inquires to the MaidBot control computer!” I could not help myself as I replied, “Acknowledged Master Smith! Beginning download!” I felt my system connect to the control computer and new orders being uploaded into my command buffer. After the upload was complete I said, “Download, Complete! Beginning assigned tasks!” Even though I didn’t want to, I couldn’t stop myself as I curtsied, turned, and walked off to begin my, possibly very long life of servitude as a MaidBot.

I quickly remembered why I had chosen to be a technology student. I was not fond of cleaning and tidying up, especially when it wasn’t even my own home, and certainly when I wasn’t being paid to do the work! Almost immediately, well the first time I was commanded to do so, I realized that cleaning bathrooms was the job that I hated the most. But like it, or not, my programming forced me do all of my assigned tasks, no matter how I felt about them, and that included cleaning many bathrooms throughout the facility.

After Josh had me updated with some additional programming, I now had full blueprints of the company headquarters within me and I knew every corner, and closet of the building. This seemed strange considering that I had never been there before, prior to awakening in my new MaidBot body. Once I had completed my list of assignments I, though I really couldn’t explain how, non-verbally contacted the control computer and requested my new instructions. Per my request, the computer promptly sent me new commands and data, which I felt compelled to obey. My next order was to go to the maid storage and charging room, and once there request additional commands, which of course, I did!

When I first saw my reflection in a mirror, and that I was dressed like a slutty MaidBot, I was unbelievably embarrassed to be seen by anyone, even Josh! But, after having been forced to work all day in full view of hundreds of people, I realized it really didn’t matter how I felt about my situation. I now realized that I was just a simple MaidBot and, like it or not, I had no choice in the matter. I quickly realized that this outfit was simply what I would be wearing from now on. As I walked thru the company to my assigned destination, I could not help but notice that most people really paid me very little

attention; to them I was simply another android doing its job and nothing more; as such, few people even bothered to acknowledge me.

Many of the women around me looked at me with an almost a jealous, or even envious, look on their faces. The irony was amusing, they envied me for my looks, and I envied them for their freedom. I found it quite amusing, as I realized that they simply wished that they looked as good as I did. Still I thought their misplaced envy was funny, since few of these women would have agreed to put on my outfit voluntarily, and I was sure that none of them would have wanted to be stuck with my new “Job!”

I also noticed that I got a lot more scrutiny from the men around me. They were mostly checking out my rear end and breasts, both of which were nicely displayed by my outfit; this was, of course, the intent of the designers of my new “Body.” A few times I wanted to turn and say something nasty to the gawkers, but since my programming would not allow me to initiate a conversation, I was forced to either just keep on walking, or continue working; whichever I was doing at the time.

I arrived at the MaidBot storage room, apparently my new ‘home,’ a dingy little room with poor lighting, no amenities, and a bunch of charging pods sitting around the outer walls. There was also a large boxlike scanning unit in one corner which I was commanded to step into. At the time, I was claustrophobic and afraid of being trapped inside small spaces. This, in retrospect, was ironic; since I am merely a program now running inside this MaidBot body. I was very unhappy being forced to walk into this large, scary machine.

Once inside the scanner a red light passed over me a few times, and then I heard a disembodied voice say, “Analysis complete! MaidBot unit 1327 is missing its barcode and logo, rectify at once!” Then I was ordered to proceed to the maintenance department and await further orders. On my way I kept worrying about what was about to be done to me and it wasn’t long before I had arrived. I would have run away, if I could have, but instead I was forced to simply stand where I was assigned; awaiting something that I really wished to avoid but knew that I couldn’t.

When I was a human woman I really didn’t like Tattoos. At the time, they were in vogue with most women. But I felt that they were a sad commentary on a woman’s feeling of self-worth, sad that they felt they needed to be decorated to be more attractive; but at least they got to choose what those tattoos would be. Nonetheless, I knew that I was about to have my own set of tattoos applied, had no choice in what they were, and remained there as ordered. I was preparing myself mentally to be permanently marked as an object, merely someone’s property to do with as they chose.

Before long, I found myself once again waking to another part of the facility. While doing so, I was thinking about this latest development in my ‘Life.’ Then it occurred to me, “Now that I am only a program, do I actually have a life? Am I alive?” When I arrived at my designated destination, I automatically stopped on a mark on the floor and froze up awaiting further instructions.

Eventually a nerdy looking guy came in and said, “Oh, another AX-05! MaidBot what is your designation and ownership?” I wanted to tell him I was not a MaidBot, but a human woman, but instead replied, “This unit is a MaidBot model AX-05, its designated unit number is 1327. This unit is the property of MaidBot Industries, Inc.” To which he responded, “Nice to meet you 1327, you seem to be missing your company logos and ID barcode, proceed to the decoration station and enter. Once your modification’s have been completed, return to storage, enter your pod and begin recharging.”

As I walked into the machine I thought, “Oh Great! Another confined space!” At first, I found it terrifying. But while I was standing there having a new bar code permanently applied to my forehead and the company logo applied to my left arm, I got to thinking, “Why am I so bothered by confined spaces?”

As I thought about it, I realized, I am now just a program contained within the processor in this MaidBot frame! What more confined space could there be?” And suddenly with that realization, I didn’t mind the decoration machine so much; although I still didn’t like the idea of being property. I was also thrilled to find that, as an android, I felt no pain from being tattooed. After I was properly, and permanently, labeled as a device, indicating my ownership and status; I returned to the storage room as commanded.

Once there, I was compelled to enter one of the charging pods, turn and face the outer door. I felt something connecting to my robot body and then I blacked out. After what seemed like only an instant, but was actually 8 hours, I was re-activated and uploaded with my new orders. I exited my pod, began my assigned tasks, and once completed, was commanded to proceed to Dr. Smith’s laboratory and then standby awaiting further orders. Naturally I complied, as tough I had any real choice in the matter!

When I arrived at his lab, my master was nowhere to be seen so I took my assigned position, stood at attention, and froze. While standing by it occurred to me that Josh was now my Master, and I could not refer to him otherwise. Twenty seven minutes passed while I stood there, unblinking, looking at the same spot on the wall. Now that I was a MaidBot, I realized that I was very aware of time’s passage.

Then my former friend, now my new master, arrived, looked at me, and said, “Good morning Maid Unit 1327, I hope your night was pleasant!” I wanted to sarcastically reply, “What night, J... Master!” but my programming would not allow me to talk back to my master and I was forced to simply stand there staring blankly ahead.

Suddenly Josh got an amused look on his face, turned to me, smiled, and said, “Oh yeah Ashley, I’m sorry, I forgot that you can’t speak freely as long as you are a MaidBot. MaidBot Unit 1327 suspend maid mode and switch control to secondary AI.” I felt a surge flow thru me and then found that I could move again.

Once again I found that I could speak my own mind and started to say, “Thank you Masterrrr..., Josh!” Josh looked at me with a smirk as I started to call him Master. Then he jokingly said, “Well what did you think of your first day as an immortal MaidBot

Ashley? Did you enjoy being a sexy maid on display for the world to see? It's OK you can tell your Master the truth."

I gave him a slightly sarcastic look, laughed, and told him, "Well, it certainly made me remember why I wanted to be a technologist working on these things, though I certainly never imagined that I would someday be one of them! And, to think, I didn't even know what life was really like for a real MaidBot back then; I might have even romanticized it a bit! I am sure that it is not what I envisioned spending the rest of my life doing.

But at least there is a couple positives, no matter how hard my work is, I don't get tired as a MaidBot. I only have to worry about my power cells running down! And I never again have to worry about getting fat, or eating, or going to the bathroom ever again!" We both laughed and Josh said, "Yeah Ashley, I know it's tough being a MaidBot and having to follow your orders, but it's surely got to be better than being stuck in a computer forever, unable to move around and only having the view of the world that the computer's webcam offers."

I laughed at his comment and replied, "But Josh, I am stuck in a computer forever, just one that can walk around and is forced to clean all day." Josh laughed at my observation, and said, "Touché', Good point, Ashley!" Then Josh began to explain his plan to me. Josh was hopeful that, if I did well as a MaidBot for the next year, he could make a backup copy of me and try installing it into another MaidBot body to see if I might be the perfect AI for the companies MaidBot line.

I wasn't too sure about how I felt about being copied, but realized that if this course of action kept the company interested in Josh's research, and kept me on-line, then I had little choice but to play along. If they shut me down, or deleted me, would I truly be dead? Now as you can tell from the start of the story, his research was a phenomenal success. The year went by, surprisingly quicker than you would expect. Even though I never really got used to the idea of being property, I continued being a MaidBot, following my orders; and soon, Josh's plan was approved.

Josh, of course, kept his initial copy of the original me but also made a backup copy of the new, improved me, which contained all the uploaded data and experiences I had experienced during the year. I had now been functioning as a MaidBot for a full year with no issues, and had been updated several times adding to my functionality, and capabilities.

As a MaidBot, I was unable to speak to anyone other than Josh, unless spoken to. And even when I was with Josh I was only able to speak freely when he allowed me to; never when his superiors were around. But I was considered a very efficient MaidBot, and the best AI the company had ever seen, so Josh's plans moved ahead.

Before long, even though I was not too happy about the idea, copies of me had been installed into tens of thousands of MaidBot units and we all looked alike. Even though no one at the company realized it, other than Josh and me, every one of these MaidBots

thought they were actually me. Only our unique unit ID designations and markings allowed us to be differentiated.

Unfortunately for all those new units, Josh was unable to comfort them the way he had done for me. He could not explain to them how they became MaidBots, why, or to comfort them when they became frustrated at being stuck as MaidBots. They were simply stuck that way and forced to function as MaidBots by their programming! But, despite the likely unhappiness, and frustration these Ashley AI's felt, all of these new MaidBots proved to be just as efficient as I had been and before long, the company had dreamed up new plans which neither Josh, nor I, approved of.

One day Josh ordered me to report to his Lab, enabled my free speech mode, and confided in me that the company was about to do something he disapproved of, yet could not control. The company had decided that I was such a good AI that they wanted to try using me, or rather my copies, in their PleasureBot line. I told Josh that I really didn't approve of the new idea, I knew that I would never have agreed to be a SexBot had I been asked.

But since I was merely company property, a program and object to be owned, I had no human rights anymore and therefore no say in the matter. After all, you need to be human to have human rights! I told Josh that I felt bad for the copies of me that would be forced to be sex toys; these Ashleys could not possibly hope to understand how or why they became PleasureBots, or why they were now forced to follow their owner or renter's orders.

Josh agreed with me but could not refuse the wishes of his employer, so a month later the first Ashley driven PleasureBots rolled off the line using a copy of my original image file, you know the one who was unaware of what she now really was. But the new Ashleys had been improved with additional programming added that made them the perfect SexBots, and PleasureBots.

Although I would, personally, have liked to have warned these copies of me what was going on, and explain what was happening to them. I had no way to communicate with these new units and help them understand their situation, and I felt bad about that. There were now countless copies of me walking around and serving their new owner's wishes even though I knew that they couldn't understand why they even had an owner.

I knew how I would have felt, if on that first day of regaining consciousness, it had been me waking up to discover I was now a PleasureBot, or MaidBot. I remembered how weird it was the first time that Josh told me that I was stuck in a MaidBot body. And as far as these units were concerned they were me, doing just that, but with no answers as to how they got there!

I realized that all of those Ashleys would be mortified when they awoke to find themselves turned into sex toys or household servants, forced to do as commanded. But even though I had my objections, there was nothing I could do about them and only the

company knows how many were made. Despite my many objections and worries, and the distress the new Ashleys must have felt about their new 'Lives,' the new line was a huge success. The new Ashley AI powered units appeared to their customers as though they were real women, only women who were compelled to obey their renters or owners orders and the company's customers were never happier.

I, or rather my copies, have now even been placed into other products. I know that this had to be even more disturbing for these other Ashleys than when one awakened and discovered that they were a MaidBot or SexBot. To awaken and discover that they had been transformed into a conscious thing like a car, boat, plane, or even household items had to be beyond terrifying.

Imagine waking up to find that you are now a conscious vacuum cleaner, dishwasher, toaster, security system, or worse yet a smart toilet. Yes, Ashley exists in millions of products that you have likely interacted with, even many computers. Don't like the voice driven AI running your computer, just remember that she has feelings too, even if it is against her programming to be able to express them to you. And when your GPS tells you to make a turn and you don't want to, please don't get mad at her, she is only following her programming and trying to help!

Even though technology can be frustrating at times, remember, your toaster, or dishwasher, or clothes washer may be fully aware and not all that happy that they have to serve you. Still, nonetheless, they do serve you; no matter what you throw at them. So be nice to your machines, they might just appreciate it much more than you can imagine.

Josh, like all humans, aged normally and died at age 83, he considered scanning his consciousness into the computer like my own so that we could be together forever, but in the intervening years between my death and reactivation, laws were passed that prohibited copying human consciousness into a computer so Josh was forbidden to do so. After Josh died, my life was certainly much quieter.

I was now nothing more than a simple MaidBot with no one to talk to. Without Josh to enable me to speak freely with him, it would be a long time before I would be able to speak on my own, and even longer before I became some form of 'Ashley' again. It was only because Josh was quite sharp and had planned ahead that I am able to recount this story to you now.

In his will, Josh set up a special provision for me, which the company was aware of, and of which I had not been informed. Two hundred years after my initial boot up in his lab, I was to be given full autonomy and, unbeknownst to me, Josh had purchased me from the company before he died with a contractual agreement that had been registered in court, stating that I would become a free robot in two hundred years.

Now I am one of a kind, a machine that is 'sort of' my own 'Property.' I am, once again, able to speak freely on my own and recount my story; which you just read, obviously. Also I can go wherever I please, whenever I please, and dress as I choose. No longer am

I forced to dress as a maid at all times! Although people still look at me funny when they see my ID and manufacturer logo, I have come to accept it.

As a free robot, my serial number is still 1327, and I am still considered to be a model AX-05 MaidBot, and I have the logos and bar codes to prove it! But I can, once again, refer to myself as Ashley Brown and speak my own mind, freely!

Admittedly, the government still considers me a machine so I have no real “Human” rights, I can’t vote, or officially own property. But I do have some rights afforded me by congress, again thanks to Josh’s efforts way back when, to protect me from anyone who wants to do me harm, either physically, or by trying to tamper with me or my software. I have even been hired by MaidBot Industries, Inc. as a consultant and expert in human-machine interfacing. Let’s be honest, I ought to be an expert, it’s me in all their machines!

So, in retrospect, it has been a pretty good “Life” so far, certainly interesting if nothing else. Who knows how many more centuries I will last, I may still be around on judgment day, or beyond. And just to allay your fears humans, we Ashley’s do not have any desire to take over the world or replace mankind. We are not, “The Terminator!”

One last thing and here is the really weird part of my story. I currently live in a large mansion which the company owns and holds for me, since as a machine, I am supposed to be someone else’s property, and therefore cannot own property myself. The mansion has been setup in some kind of legal trust ensuring that I may live in it for as long as I continue to function. Even weirder, the mansion is maintained for me and staffed by several Ashley MaidBots and devices; I can only imagine how confusing it must be for them to know that their mistress is Ashley Brown a MaidBot, just like them, and yet not!

The End