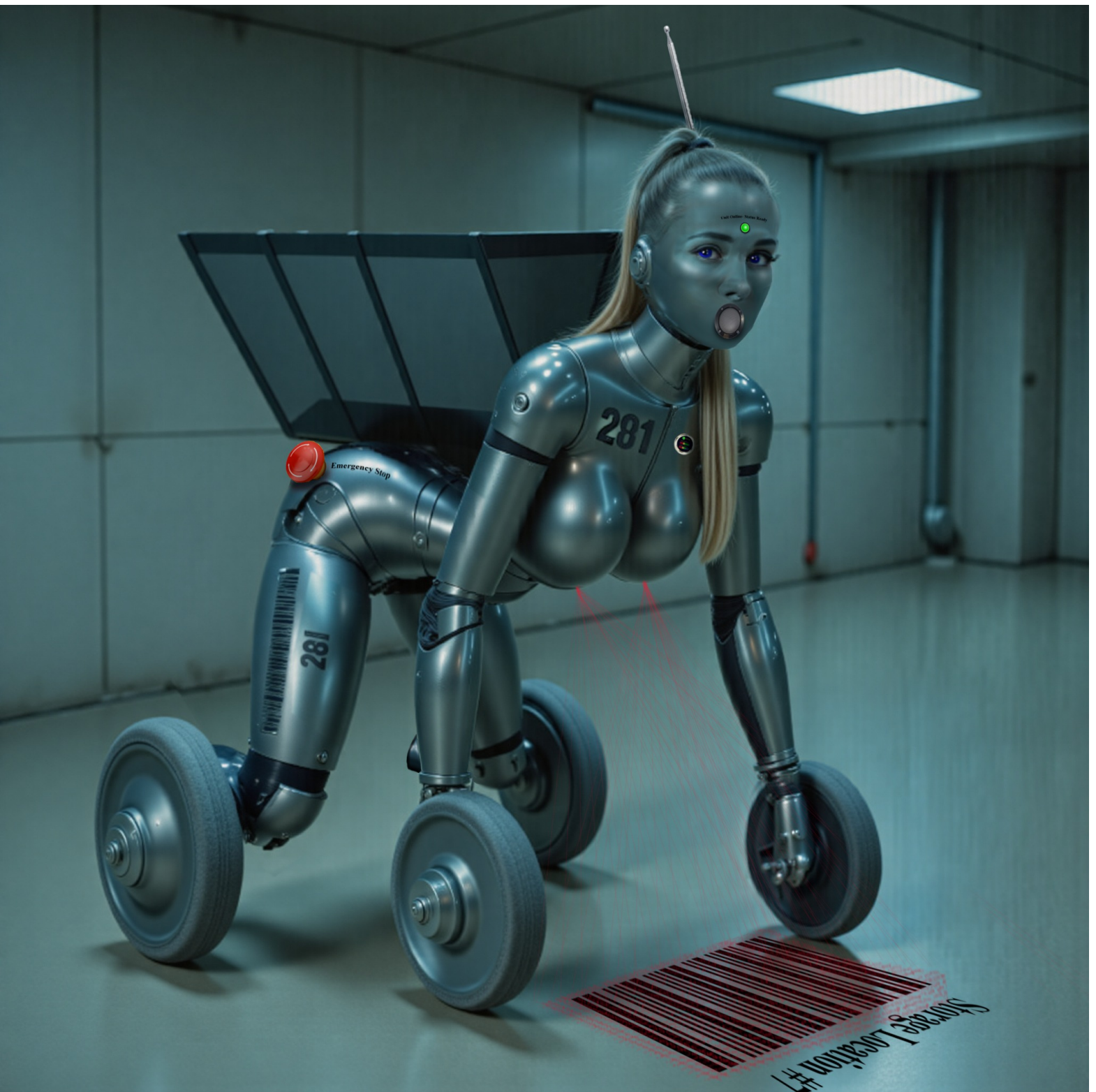




The updated, and much more compliant, Cart 281. Parked, and awaiting new orders.

Unit281:
Transport Carts don't need to think
(Later)

A JaneDoe-2010 add-on to the Initial Story found here:

<https://www.deviantart.com/gordangontaro/art/Unit281-Transport-Carts-don-t-need-to-think-story-1088092546>

(With permission by the author, [GordonGontaro](#) (Thanks))

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Katia had been a simple mechanical transport cart at the facility now for many years. But during that time, even though she was now a simple machine, she was still sentient and still tried to resist her programming and new purpose. Cart 281 still knew that it had once been a human woman and it was not going to simply follow its orders if it could resist them. Unfortunately for the cart it never really was able, no matter how much it tried. But the delays caused by the cart's constant attempts to resist still annoyed its owners.

Cart 281's constant resistance, and attempts to disobey its owner's commands; even if those attempts were pointless, and fruitless, caused them to slowly lose patience with cart #281. After all, it was a convict, its transformation intended as a punishment for its transgressions. Then one day they thought to themselves, who would notice a few additional changes? After all, the world had, essentially, forgotten that Katia even existed; out of sight, out of mind. Eventually Katia's owners had enough and decided to end the problem once and for all, at least for themselves.

Katia's initial change into a machine had been done with the 'help' of a bunch of nanobots who converted her flesh and bone body, into the mechanical metal cart she was today. Cart 281's owners decided to make the cart a bit less able to disobey its orders. They instructed the nanobots, still present in Katia's metal form, to make a few more changes that they felt might help insure that the cart was forced to behave a bit more to their liking.

One day, while she was working hard, as much as every other transport cart in the facility; cart 281 was taken off the line and sent to a maintenance facility where she was forced to park in a designated spot and then go off-line, essentially unconscious. While she was unaware of the world around her, the nanobots were given their new instructions and, unlike 281, they immediately began doing their assigned tasks.

Prior to this point, 281 still had a mostly human face and still retained some ability to speak, and complain. But once the new changes were made, her face

was now mostly a flexible metal like alloy and her formerly outspoken mouth was now replaced with a simple speaker. No longer could Katia speak on her own at all, from that point on, she was mute except for any phrases her AI said for her, thru her speaker.

Her new design also included an indicator light on her forehead that displayed her operational readiness, or at least the machine's readiness; Katia may not have felt that way, but it didn't matter any more. When the light on her forehead was green, Cart 281 was ready for service and any commands it was given. When it was red, the unit needed attention or charging.

Further indication of the unit's status was provided by a small display on her chest, which somewhat resembled a small puck. This unit showed the status of her battery, her running state, running or standby, and the Received Signal Strength Indicator (RSSI) showed how strong the radio control signal was that sent her orders to her wirelessly. A new antenna had formed on the top of her head, which received her orders and allowed her to respond to the control computer without saying a word.

Now the cart could be sent new orders while she was anywhere in the facility, even if no human was around. This also meant that if some fluke of luck occurred and she somehow gained enough control to try to drive away from the facility, they could simply send a signal which would force her to return immediately. Her life was going to be a lot quieter now. Her owners or facility staff could still give the cart orders verbally, but Katia could not respond with any comment of her own, only the appropriate response from her AI would now play from her speaker.

After a small, near accident back when she was a newly made cart, and was still learning to drive, an Emergency Stop button was added to her rear bumper in case someone needed to freeze all movement from the unit quickly. Having once been a human woman, the idea that she could be frozen in her tracks by someone slapping her on her rear end; unable to do anything to retaliate or even object, was beyond humiliating. None the less, her E-Stop was there and, unfortunately, she would soon find that it would be used more than once in the future.

But there was one more new addition to help her with navigation and situational awareness, Cart 281 now had a new pair of Laser scanning globes. With her new scanning globes active, she can navigate the facility better than ever. Her new, extra set of 'Eyes,' even allow her to stop and park at her assigned storage spot, or destination, without even needing to look down. And currently that is where she

found herself parked. Cart 281, was now almost fully a machine, even her hair had become silvery metallic strands.

When she once again was activated and became aware of her new sensors, displays, etc. Katia had to admit to herself, that she probably should have been a better cart and behaved more like the object that she now was. Especially when she realized that she no longer had a mouth and could not say anything to even protest her new additions.

As cart 281 began to realize the new limitations she had, and the fact that she could no longer even try to resist her orders, she began to regret how much she had previously tried to resist her orders; perhaps if she had been a better cart she would still have a voice. But that didn't matter anymore, because new orders were currently being uploaded into her CPU and this time, she found that she really couldn't resist them, even if she had tried.

Cart 281 soon was a model transport cart and her owners grew to appreciate her more, they ensured regular maintenance was done on the little cart and they even tried to vary her routine a bit to help alleviate boredom. Unfortunately, after thirty five years, the cart was still working tirelessly in the facility. Somehow, her fifteen year sentence had been forgotten. Who knows, perhaps the cart is still working there, still aware of who it was, yet forced to simply continue doing its job without complaint.

Be careful about the things you do in life, going away for such a long time tends to allow people to forget you.

End