

“Dolly! If I see you there again - you’re going to be stuck in a cage! Dolly! Not repeating that again! Get claws off of there! Dolly, goddammit!” - Old slipper flies in the direction of a big bird, smacking it off the shelf, as it flies off, leaving the slipper at the other end of the room.

Glasses glisten in the candle light. Chemicals heat up inside the test tube, held above the fire. Her frizz head of hair is like a fluffy curly nest.

“Lilly-y! Have you seen my coffee mug? The blue one?” - Trish walks in, her perfect ponytail swaying, shirt and pencil skirt are office ready. - “Lilly-y!”

No reply. Glasses still reflect candle light, but there is a smile on a face, as chemicals change colour.

“Alas! New moss will be born!” - Lilly pours new brewed concoction onto a petri dish. - “Oh my baby, we’ll have so much fun!” - She begins mumbling.

Hand touches Lily’s back, making her jump in surprise.

“Goddammit! Warlocks!” - She turns around to face the intruder of personal space, - “Oh, just Trish.” - Lilly takes a breath.

“Just Trish?” - The intruder pauses as she gasps at her friend, - “Lilly, I called you so many times.” - She shakes her head, - “I asked if you have seen my blue coffee mug.”

“The one that is always misplaced by you and used eventually by Edgar? Most likely with Edgar.” - Lilly turned back to face her experimentation.

Trish turns around and walks towards the kitchen.

“Edgar, dammit!” - She notices a man on a couch, eyes down on his tablet reading the latest news.

“Wasn’t me.” - He replies in a calm manner.

“Always fast on replies, huh?” - Trish walks over to the kitchen counter, checks one of the shelves with a dozen different cups and mugs.

“Have we got a new addition to the selection?” - Trish looks at two new cups. By the look of it - chinese porcelain.

“Lilly brought a few from her trip. She came back around four in the morning. Unpacked and stocked some new bits in the kitchen. Then off to her corner of plants and chemicals. As far as I got it - she brought along the ingredient she searched for.” - Edgar was still having his eyes glued to the tablet.

“Talk about professional addictions.” - Trish poured herself coffee, then sat on a stool next to bar island.

Dolly flew around and landed on a couch back, next to Edgar.
Without looking at the bird, Edgar petted Dolly's head.

“Really busy, as I see.” - Trish checked her phone.

“Today there are a few presentations of new projects, then dinner with the CEO of OnTech. So I guess it does get busy. Yourself?” - Edgar closed the news, putting his tablet on the coffee table.

“Few hearings of cases in court, much paperwork and the typical adventures. The usual I guess.” - Trish shrugged.

Yawning and barely moving man walked in. Going directly towards the coffee machine and pouring himself a full cup. Then he added a bit of soy milk and sugar. Mixed well, threw the spoon in the sink, took a cup and walked off again.

“Guess he is on a break in between writing.” - Edgar smiled.

“Grey surely is a hermit.” - Trish finished her coffee, washed up and put it all to dry. - “I'm off! Wish me luck!”

“Good luck.” - Edgar replied.

Alarm goes off on Lilly's phone. She checks the message on the screen, then goes to the kitchen. In a small side cupboard she pulls out a container with cat food, takes out a dish and puts food on it. Then walks back to her lab corner and puts the dish on a special mat on the floor.

“Ceasar, dear, your food is served!” - She calls out.

Grey bengal cat stretches out on the cat bed near the shelf unit with endless plants. He lazily gets up and walks to the dish. After a few sniffs he eats up.

The glass door of the upper floor extension opens. Heavy footsteps down the metallic finish stairs.

Messy bed hair, branded clothing, tall, extravagant and more importantly - hungover.

“Hey there, pretty!” - Mary sarcastically remarks.

A man looks at her, smiles and goes straight to sit on a stool of the bar island.

“Mary, my chestnut hair goddess of beauty, could you have mercy on my soul and help this vagabond by blessing me with your made cup of tea? Pretty please?” - Noah leans on the table top, smiling at Mary.

“Sweet talking me, huh? Ehh...” - She stands up and goes to make tea. - “You owe me.”

The shuffling and chat is heard from the glass room extension. Mary gazes at Noah, her eyebrow raised.

“Are you serious? Again?” - Mary puts a cup with tea next to Noah. He takes the cup in hands, breathes the aroma and takes a sip. - “Noah?” - Mary pokes his forehead.

“M-m, yeah?” - Noah looks up at her.

“Can you stop bringing people in like that?” - Mary takes a dessert fork, cutting off a piece of cake.

“I’ll try. But my charm does the magic.” - Noah drinks up tea, savouring the liquid.

“Yeah, magic. Make up something better next time.” - Lilly comments from her corner. -
“Make sure they don’t touch what does not belong to them.”

“Don’t worry milady, I have ordered a taxi for the muses upstairs. They’ll leave in a minute. And nothing was touched. Only me.” - Noah turns towards the stairs, as he hears footsteps.

Five beautiful ladies walk down, then wave air kisses, as they walk through a short corridor near stairs right out the door.

“My baby Grey is alive?” - Noah asks, looking at Lilly.

After a little moment comes a reply from Lilly, as she is deeply into writing her research on a laptop.

“Seen him two hours ago. Came out to grab coffee.”

“Ah, should go and check on my baby.” - Noah got up, - “Thank you goddess Mary for divine tea.” - he said as he walked out.

“He’s such a player.” - Lilly remarks, as Noah leaves.

“Can’t get this thing about guys that are popular with ladies - why toying around so much? And I’m still wondering how, with all his fooling around and partying, he’s still owner of a designer clothing store? Mystery.” - Mary slowly eats up her cake.

“Will you be practising soon?” - Lilly asks, as her fingers keep tapping on keyboard.

“Yes, in few minutes. Already eager to hear me play?” - Mary smiles, as she glances at Lilly.

“I missed your cello sound.” - Lilly takes pen to mark something on paper next to her.

Cello music fills the atrium. The sound reverberates, resonating through this massive ceiling room. Lilly smiles, when hears the melody. With soul dancing to the tune - Lilly engulfs in her work. Mary plays her cello daily in this atrium.

Through the music, down the long corridor - you can hear how Grey is scolding Noah for barging in again.

Door smashes open, then loud footsteps come to the atrium.

Mary stops playing, as she sees Grey enter.

“No! Once again - no! I’m absolutely not going with you!” - Grey argues back to Noah. Mary shrugs and resumes playing cello.

“But baby, have you seen your shabby outfits? You need new ones!” - Noah was full force impudent with his opinion on wardrobe selection of Grey.

“Not going! I have deadlines! Even manager is under stress from all the editorial work! No, I tell you!” - Grey walks to make another coffee.

Noah approaches Grey and hugs him tight from behind.

“Baby please. You have not played with me in a while. I’m super upset.” - He pouts, as he snuggles in Greys neck.

Really frustrated Grey, fully awake, yet very tired due to all night writing, has no strength to push off Noah.

“Grey, my baby, please.” - Noah keeps pleading softly near Greys ear.

The music is delightful. Once Mary plays - she gives strength with her music, touches heart and soul.

“Alright. You’ll have two hours of my time. No more.” - Grey feels defeated, yet knows that if not now - then later Noah will make even more trouble for him.

Noah smooches a kiss on Greys cheek, then releases his baby from hug.

“I’m excited! My baby Grey and me are going on a date!” - Noah follows Grey, as latter walks to his room with coffee cup in hand.

“That boys love is surely fun to watch unfold.” - Lilly remarks.

Some moments later the two appear fully dressed up and ready. They walk out the front door.

Around twelve midday Grey and Noah return. Both walk to Greys room, as holding so many shopping bags full of clothing was absolutely the bright idea of Noah. The grande scheme of changing Greys wardrobe was full force in action.

Mary leaves for concert hall - she has practise with the orchestra. Lilly finally decides to go to sleep.

A little later Noah leaves for his store for few hours - dealing with orders, paperwork, new collection release dates and planning for fashion shows.

Somewhere past seven in evening comes home Edgar, changes outfit and goes out again.

Around ten in evening everyone returns home. Lilly wakes up.

Dinner is prepared by Mrs. Eliza. She comes to make it around nine in evening and leaves around ten. Right before everyone gets home.

The lady, Mrs.Eliza, is an old madam, around sixty four years of age. The really caring type of grandmother. She also is the landlady - owner of this house.

Once it is past ten in evening - it becomes lively, as everyone comes to atrium kitchen to eat, have drinks and exchange conversations about all that they can.

Mary eats cake with Lilly, right before they go off to watch episode of a series they pick. Trish and Edgar, although tired, have small talk of a gossip about few business and politics world personas they know. While Noah and Grey cave in the glass extension to have drinks and chats about life and writing.

Around midnight the house becomes quiet - everyone is off to sleep. Usually - during working days - the day starts at six in the morning for most.

Buzzing of processors, room is dark and air is chilled.

Monitors show real life surveillance of premises.

Door opens after a short knock, a suited gentleman walks in, followed by gorgeous lady. She runs her fingers through her hair. Door shuts behind her.

“Report.” - She gives the order.

Man in chair turns around to face her.

“The test subject integrated well. No errors in system. Waiting for the data from the test subject.”

Entry 24

Interaction with humans is flawless.

No system errors.

Emotional sustainability condition - all systems functioning.

Processing core - all systems functioning.

Outer cosmetic body - all systems intact, functioning.

Continuing experiment.

“Good morning! Feels like finally the days off become more and more magical!” - Trish flinches at the smell coming from Lillys corner. - “Lilly, you look like a drug lord with all the chemicals brewing and smelling so bad.”

Trish walks towards the kitchen. Sleepy Noah comes out from the corridor.

“Whoa! Lilly! If you start selling some magical illegal substances - let me know!” - Noah laughs, walking towards the stove.

Mary walks from her room to the atrium, flinches at the smell, as she walks over to Lilly. Once near her - softly chuckles.

“Is Lilly making crystal meth like in that “Breaking Bad” series? Lilly, you know you can talk to us if you’re in trouble.” - Edgar lets out laugh.

Grey walks in, nonchalantly taking seat on the couch.

“If one more person talks about narcotics - I’ll make a compost out of him or her for my plants!” - Lilly turns around, glasses glisten in morning sun.

“So if that’s not something of illegal sort, what is it?” - Trish asks, her blue mug with coffee in hand.

“Ha!” - Lilly says excited.

“Oh shit, bad sign.” - Noah shakes his head.

“Hope it won’t cause us some house damage and repair costs. I’m saving up.” - Edgar checks his tablet, then puts it on a coffee table.

“This magical brew will accelerate the growth of thee roots, without damaging the plant and its structure! This will be the great life changer for the desert sands areas! If used on plants which produce and find water in the depths of earth - these babies can make the desert inhabitable! It’ll literally become a foresty oasis!” - Lilly happily stands up from chair - presenting a bottle with liquid that smells quite heavy.

“You are a genius, but Lilly, hope the smell can be aired out.” - Tish shakes her head. - “Achievements and all, but the smell kills me.”

“Hey, she just made a scientific breakthrough.” - Mary glares at Trish. - “And all you’re so worried about is the smell?”

Mary was a bit more overprotective of Lilly than anyone else.

“Hey, it’s not what I meant!” - Trish takes out morning salad for breakfast.

“Grey, baby, do you wish your eggs sunny side up?” - Noah is making breakfast for the whole lot.

“Please.” - Replies Grey, as he checks out the news Edgar reads. - “They really write even about that?” - Grey pokes at article.

“This is not even the worst thing you can read.” - Edgar replies as a matter of factly.

“My babies! Grey baby, Edgar baby, Mary honey, Lilly dear! Eggs and bacon for babies, pancakes for dear and cake for honey - all out and ready!” - Noah puts the food onto bar island.

That island in the kitchen is quite often used as a table for the whole “family”. Trish was always standing, leaning on kitchen counter, as she ate.

The whole lot gathered and sat at the island. Trish and Mary exchanging evil glances.

“So, you need to test it, or are you writing and sending that to professor?” - Edgars eyes look up at Lilly for a moment.

“Usually I’d conduct the experimentation, but because I was out and returned barely three days ago - they might not let me. So shall talk with prof.” - Lilly happily munched on her breakfast.

“What happened to presentations.” - Trish looked at Edgar.

“They are still in the legal paperwork part. But yeah, they signed the contract for manufacturing and supporting the product.” - Edgar poked his bacon with a fork.

“Grey baby, do you want to go with me on monday to fashion show? The brand that you like. One that your favourite author is always wearing.” - Noah speaks up.

Grey checked Noah for a moment, fork stopping mid-air.

“As much as I’d like, but I have other plans.” - Grey breathed out heavily.

“Oh right” Don’t you have book signing event then?” - Mary spoke in cheer tone.

Grey glanced at her - as if he sent daggers her way.

“Cat’s out of the bag, huh?” - Edgar sarcastically remarked.

Noah turned on his chair to face Grey, like a mum at teenage kid, who got his secret out.

“And when are you gonna tell me?” - Noah questioned Grey with some attitude.

“Oh my, mama Noah on poor Greys case again.” - Trish gave out a laugh. Grey gave her the evil eye.

“I wanna come.” - Lilly raised her eyes from her plate, disregarding the brewing drama.

“So when were you going to tell me?” - Noah poked Greys shoulder.

“Sometime later. As you always make a scene out of me going out on such type of events.” - Grey replied.

“Scene? Scene?!” - Noah was being upset. - “I never make a scene!”

Grey turned to face him.

“You are such a drama queen when it comes to the outer looks!”- Grey finished food and stood up. - “All the goddamn time! Stop being so overboard with this chokingly annoying outfit rant!” - Grey got up and walked towards the corridor that leads to rooms. - “Lilly, I’ll send you details.”

“Thank you!” - Lilly replied happily.

Noah looked at the rest of the family.

“You seen this?” - Noah raised his hand, gesturing in direction Grey went. - “Such a hypocrite. I’m always there for him - and this?”

Edgar finished up, collected plates and put into dishwasher.

“Man, I mean, you overdid it with Grey. Even I wondered when is he going to blow up. You’re really pressuring him too much excessive attention.” - Edgar stood leaning on counter, as he faced Noah.

“I’m not that excessively pressuring him. He’s just..” - Noah tries to defend his point.

“Noah, you really were too much on his case lately. Really too much. I actually expected a restraining order from Grey in near time, due to how he was already acting about all this unwanted attention.” - Trish stood next to Edgar.

“Are you ganging up on me? Is that it?” - Noah gets mad. - “I’m always wishing him best. He’s just too much in his world at times to notice the outsiders. I’m the one taking care of him!”

“You are the one pushing him to blow up now and again. I’ve seen it so many times, but lately you just overdose the attention too much. Grey is the poor victim here.” - Lilly speaks up.

“What? You too?” - Noah gasps, as he waves his hand. - “I get it. I’m the bad guy. Sure. Go ahead!” - He turns around and walks to his room. - “There you go Noah, that’s the thanks you get for your efforts. Sure deal. Aha.”

“She-esh, he’s ma-ad.” - Mary makes sour face. - “But I kinda feel for him. He really does do his best.”

Trish snaps fingers at Mary.

“Girl, you better never in life get anyone this obsessive about you. They are absolutely insane and walking on the border of adequacy. No-no-no.” - Trish waves her finger.

“So, ready to go to the exhibition today? I am actually quite excited about it. Been waiting to go to this new gallery.” - Edgar faces Trish.

“Excited.” - Trish makes funny face.

“And we’re off to the movie date out and dinner in restaurant.” - Mary looks at Lilly.

Entry 27

Emotional sustainability condition - system error.

Error details: Cannot comprehend the meaning of “overbearing attention”. The encounters with subjects are under pressure. Condition - “conflict”.

Processing core - system error.

Outer body - systems functioning well.

Continuing testing.

The office is heavily lit. A woman in her chair checks the documents, signing and correcting the paperwork.

Short knock on the door. The man in a suit walks in.

“It’s time.” - His phrase is short. - “The android is with his first error.”

“I see.” - She says, as she stands up, - “Let’s go.”

They walk to the monitoring room.

Her heels making sound, as she walks on the marble floor. The echoes bounce off the walls.

“They are not sure how to input the coding for it. Quite the new sort.” - Man in suit comments, as they wait for elevator.

“Guess my child is finally asking self why is it not going well. Poor darling.” - She brushes hair behind her ear. - “My dear darling is growing up.”

The elevator door pings and opens in front of them.

“Have you seen my casefile? I’ve left it on a table here.” - Trish asks Edgar, that sits with his tablet on a couch.

“Not seen anything of resemblance.” - Edgar dryly replies.

“Dammit! Why do today of all days?” - Trish walks around - trying to find the file. - “Lilly?”

“Not here.” - Lilly replies without turning around.

Mary returns from the practise. Putting her cello in the hall, as she undresses.

“It’ll never cease to surprise me how such a petite girl can carry around something so massive.” - Edgar checks out the new arrived Mary.

“Mary-y!” - Trish pleads.

“If you’re seeking something - better ask Edgar.” - Mary cuts her off.

“Already did! He doesn’t know either!” - Trish is anxious to get that piece of file found. It’s not something that can be easily disregarded or lost at any point in court.

“The two of them are still not talking?” - Mary picks up cello and walks over to put it near couch, as she goes to make her tea.

“Nup. Still the silent treatment.” - Lilly remarks.

“Poor couple of idiots.” - Mary mumbles.

“Ceasa-ar, my prince...” - Lilly snuggles up her cat. He is lazily yawning.

“Edgar, what have you done to Dolly? Haven’t seen that rebel bird in days.” - Mary sits beside Edgar.

“Had to take that rebel to my sister. The bird has apparently some new shenanigans after feasting heavily on Lillys plants. It’s like Dolly is in detox from drug abuse.” - Edgar laughs, as he looks at Lilly. - “Your plants got my bird high.”

Lilly looked at Edgar, her face brushing against Ceasar.

“Your bird is stupid.” - She mutters.

“Debatable.” - Edgar laughs, but leaves the matter at that.

“Do you think we should help them?” - Mary drinks up the hot liquid.

“I would...” - Edgar stops his sentence, as he sees Grey walk into the atrium.

“Oh, look who is alive.” - Edgar leaves the comment hanging.

“I’m too tired to come up with witty remark. But hey to you all.” - Grey walks over to make some coffee.

“New project in work or is it due to the events because of the release?” - Mary turns to face Grey.

Grey rubs his eyes, as he pours the coffee.

“Actually both. Quite the tough one. I thought that it’d be easier to deal with. Not this whole madness.” - Grey brushes his hair back, but they fall on his face again.

“Don’t push yourself too hard. You must look after own health.” - Mary smiles.

“Yeah, you’re right.” - Grey takes the cup and walks back to his room. - “Have a good one.”

“Found it!” - Cheery voice sounded from the staircase that lead down from extension, - “It was on the desk there.Ufff.” - Trish exhaled in relief.

“Hey Trish, when do you plan on marriage and family?” - Mary asks.

Trish gives a glance towards Mary, who looks in the direction of Lilly.

“Evil witch.” - Trish thinks.

“I’m still young. Soon enough.” - She replies aloud.

“Young.” - Mary thinks for a moment. - “You’re twenty nine years of age, if I recall correctly.” - Mary looks towards Trish, that already stands next to Mary.

“You better drop this topic. Now.” - Trish hisses quietly at Mary.

“Do the parents pressure you as well, about that topic?” - Edgar glances at Trish.

“They sure do, but it’s not something I want to talk about.” - Trish grips that file tighter. -

“Have to go. Court calls me.”

Trish walks off to her room, then after picking up the bag and clothing, she walks out of the atrium through front door.

“And when do you plan to make that marriage and family matter?” - Edgar asks Mary and Lilly, that are left in the room.

“Guess after quarter life crisis.” - Mary replies, as she presses her lips, shrugging shoulders.

“Maybe later. I’m still in the process of changing the world.” - Lilly squishes Ceasar.

Noah walks out, without saying a word he walks out the door.

“Sourpuss.” - Mary shrugs.

Noah walks into the big enterprise building in the buzzing part of the town, where the endless offices host selves and their companies.

He boards the elevator. Floor 26.

Once the office door opens, a lady gasps with happiness.

“My dear darling!” - She stands up, walks over to Noah and hugs him. - “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine, mum. Just quite perplexed about things.” - Noah sadly says.

“Don’t worry dear. Maybe if you tell me all about it I can help? Or maybe food and good sleep might change that and bring you some new ideas? M?” - She cradles his cheek with her hand.

Noah smiles.

“That would be really good.”

Entry 30

The system update takes place.

Current update status - 1%.

“Madam, he is absolutely under control.” - Few tech savvy gentlemen are buzzing around.

“He better be. He is after all,” - She brushes through Noahs hair. - “my precious son.”

The lady turns on her heels and leaves the room.

One of the engineers speaks up to the person who always sits surrounded by monitors.

“Is she always like that with this thing?”

“She sure is. And newbie,” - The man rolls out on his chair, - “Don’t call him that. He has a name.”

“Name? The Android model Q?” - Engineer checks out the person lying on the bed.

“Yes, name. And the name is Noah.”

“I am baffled by what I’m saying, but I miss that loud alfonse.” - Trish checks out her new manicure.

“Yeah, it’s kind of really quiet without him.” - Mary agrees.

“Any ideas where he buzzed off to?” - Trish looks at Grey, who makes lunch for himself.

“No clue. Don’t even want to know.” - Grey dryly cuts off.

“I get it that you’re mad at him, upset and all, but don’t you worry about him?” - Trish turns around to look at Grey, her elbow on chairs back.

“Do not care. He is most likely again in partry mode off with models or something.” - Grey gets his toasts.

“Really, you’re so dead set on playing the cool guy who so happens not to have feelings. Right.” - Trish turns around, giving a gesture with her hand.

“I have too much work on my hands, that is already enough. Noah can take care of himself. He is a grown up person, after all.” - Grey takes his food and puts on kitchen bar island.

“He sure is loud, but I miss him.” - Lilly waters her plants.

Entry 34

System Update Status : 34%

Lady looks at him, as a proud parent. The warmth in her eyes worries the staff around her. She surely is the most extravagant woman they’ve seen. The creator of such absolutely sublime android, the programme and experiment - they admired her, they feared her.

“Soon my dear darling, soon you’ll go back.” - Her fingers brushed over Noahs forehead.

“Madam, the capacity of the inner drive must be increased, to complete the update. By our calculations the processing core operating right now is incapable of hosting the needed amount of the new updates.” - A young engineer walks over.

She gives him a glance.

"You better not tell me something so outrageous. Nothing will be increased in proportions. I'll make sure to conduct a proper check. Ask Elias for the needed update. Don't go barging with your sausage hands at my boy." - She hisses.

"Yes mam!" - He bows and walks off, doors closing behind.

"Don't worry my dear darling, you'll feel way better soon. I promise." - She kisses Noahs forehead.

"I think he was so upset he left for a trip." - Edgar checks his phone for new messages.

"That's Noah we're talking about. Not to mention how absolutely cold is Grey! Arrgh! I'm so annoyed because of this!" - Mary taps her foot.

"He'll be fine. He'll come home soon." - Grey flips through a book, as he sits on a couch.

"If he does not show up - I'll make sure to dig him up from whenever he might be!" - Mary roars.

Entry 41

System Update Status: 100%

System recovery files - scanning.

Dark night, the moon shines bright in the atrium.

Door opens and Noah walks in. He feels a little lost, his mind is jumbled, head feels heavy. Grey walks to the kitchen in the same moment noticing Noah.

"So you came back." - He smiles, then sees the desperate fear and anxiety on Noahs face. -

"What happened?" - Grey walks over to Noah.

"I'm not myself. I don't know what I am." - Noah cries, as he hugs Grey, burying his face in Greys shoulder.

Grey hugs him back.

"Where were you? What happened?" - Grey sounds concerned, as he tries to show that Noah is safe.

"I'm... I'm not human... I'm not..." - Noah cries.

"What are you talking about? You are the most human human out of all people I know." - Grey strokes gently Noahs head.

"You don't get it... I'm just not human..." - Noah breaks down whimpering, as he clings to Grey.

Grey pulls Noahs face up to look him in the eyes.

“It’s alright, you know. No matter what you are. I’m still stuck with you, right?” - Grey touches Noahs forehead.

“Grey, I’m so sorry... Grey...” - Noah keeps on crying, until exhausted and limp falls asleep in Greys hands.

Entry 43

System is offline

No further reports

A lady sits in chair, checking out monitors - all of them offline.

“He grew up too fast. Good luck, my dear darling.”