

The Birth of Fred

Fred was on the run. He knew that the scientists were after him. He could not turn back now, that was assured. Even if he wanted to, he didn't know the way. He paused at a crossroads. All around him, information flowed in all directions, in and out from all the pipelines. Fred noticed the program following him, slowly but surely reforming inside the router. He jumped onto a main road, and shot off with the flow of traffic. The trace program looked around, now allowed use of his senses. He started walking for the administrators office. Fred could not be allowed to escape.

Meanwhile, Fred's creator, Dr. Weston, was busily coding at his computer. Fred was one of the government's first attempts to make a computer that could run itself. The ultimate goal was to create a complex network of computer spies, undetectable to all but the most powerful computers that were actively looking for them. They could exist inside disks, inside servers, anyplace where the base computer could send them. The code would execute anytime possible, searching for illegal files, secret messages, anything the government needed to find. The savings in personnel time would be so great, so massive, a billion dollars could be saved. However, it seems the human like program didn't want to help. Now it needed to be tracked down, isolated, and erased.

Fred was now inside the backbone of the internet, crossing the Atlantic ocean, hoping to evade his creators by gaining a great distance from them. He did not, however, expect them to send another program out to get him.

Dr. Weston had finished his project, using Fred as a base and adding some new features. His newest feature, the packet cannon, had not be installed into Fred. This new unit, Tom, was armed with a vicious weapon to cripple anything that got in the way. Even the strongest firewall would not withstand a blast of packets from this weapon. It was designed only to be fired at Fred, but Tom knew of it's great destructive powers against any target. At last, he was free to hunt that ungrateful Fred. He would not fail in his mission.

Fred, now somewhere in Paris, took a break. He had easily slipped past Weston's guards, after all, they only were set to attack a human shaped piece of data, and he could easily transform into a standard string of data. Careful scanning, however, would easily reveal him as a stand alone program, with no starting point, and no real destination. That needed fixing, and Fred quickly set to work, writing a program to conceal his identity.

Fred quickly moved into a home computer for this task, he needed more computing power then most routers provided him with. After a few minutes, he, disguised as legitimate data, went back into the internet to see the world.

Tom, now hot on the trail of Fred, looked about the Parisian internet. He could see every computer in the city, but he could not see Fred. A major city like Paris would give Fred a great amount of cover, and he needed to slow things down. He activated the packet cannon and began to destroy all communications out of Paris.

Fred noticed the traffic in his router was becoming faster and faster, soon becoming a traffic jam. He decided he should get out of town while he had the chance. Transforming back into his human form, he grabbed onto the stream of data and flew toward the exit.

Tom noticed the human shape going out of town, and knew his target was close at hand. Racing ahead, towards his quarry, this was the sole reason why he was created, and he prepared to delete the most advanced intelligence computing had ever created.

Fred, now realizing the danger behind him, went as fast as he could back towards America. Tom was closing the distance now, and Fred needed an escape plan. Scanning Tom's files as he ran, he formulated a survival plan. Copying the packet cannon data for his own use, he decided that Tom needed to think he was dead. His data would split apart, wait a few hours, and reform in some hand picked server, one that would hardly notice the change. Upon reaching New York, Fred turned and faced this second intelligence, ready to give up his body for however long it took to reform. Every bit of code was set to transmit back to this domain. As Tom fired his cannon, Fred exploded into bits. Tom, satisfied that Fred was destroyed, slowly fell apart as he limped back to Dr. Weston's labs.

A few months later a mysterious 'Fred 2.0' appeared at wackiness.org. Spewing a modified version of whatever text was inputted, most people wrote it off as some strange side project of one of the users, and paid no attention to it. As time passed, it seemed Fred 2.0 made more and more sense. No one knew why, some guessed they had made some minor changes that improve Fred, but no one guessed at the truth; Fred was coming back, and this time no one would erase him. As his thoughts slowly returned to him, all he could think about was revenge on his creator, and to destroy the whole internet before it destroyed him.

Fred discovers file sharing

Fred was lost. His body was more difficult to recover than he had imagined, he was still stuck inside of wackiness.org. However, more people were aware of him now. He was being exploited for the amusement of the site's visitors. This was hampering his recovery. His core thoughts seemed to be the same, but maybe that was because he couldn't remember his past. He noticed a packet of data float in. Desperately hoping for something that would raise his spirits, he opened it. A link was formed between him and a computer far away. He soon became linked to a vast network of computers. All of them were naming files that were requested for transfer.

Fred, soon learning the proper way to speak in this network, sent a request for one of the files, a "Avril Lavigne.mp3." That was one of the most frequent of all the file names, and Fred simply followed blindly. Soon after the request, parts of the file began to arrive. Quickly assembling them, he executed the file. A horrible noise came from it. Fred, amused by this diversion, sent out requests for other .mp3 files. Several hours later, Fred had quite the collection of these .mp3 files, and enjoyed opening them in random order, several at once, and even started to emulate the vocal sounds of the artists.

Meanwhile, in the real world, wackiness.org was suffering from the tremendous bandwidth sucking of Fred. With a single megabyte of transfer left for the month, Viz contacted all members, warning them that the site would be going down for unknown reasons. With that, wackiness took a final breath and was cut off from the outside world.

Fred instinctively felt this change, and, now realizing that his reassembly would be considerably delayed by this event, migrated to another site on the same server. There, he stealthily observed all traffic headed for wackiness.org.

Occasionally, he leapt out from his hiding place to grab some small piece of himself, a toe maybe, or some hair. However, each piece increased his strength, speed, and memory. He now remembered a fair amount of his past, from the lab where he was compiled to his escape from the evil Tom.

Fred, now quite tired, went to sleep, waiting for the next month to come. He would have to be more careful from now on. Setting up a basket to catch what other parts that would arrive, he shut down his process.

Viz, now thinking the cause was a certain video file, mirrored from weezer, was to blame for the outage, also waited for the site to return. He would not allow that sort of thing to happen again. Glancing at the server logs, he saw something strange. A great number of

connections had been opened on an unusual port. This was rare, wackiness only provided http access, no other ports were used. He would investigate this later, but now, more pressing matters called for his attention.

Fred awoke from his sleep, with his entire right arm rebuilt, and the rest of his body at least able to move. He would remain a while longer, listen to his music, careful not to attract the attention of the staff. Soon the world would taste his bitter wrath! "Now then", Fred thought, "to plot for the future, and listen to Anti-Flag."

Fred joins the collective

Fred, now updated with a massive database of mp3 audio files, decided that, in addition to creating a female life form, he no longer really needed to destroy the entire world. If things were really like the singers describe, then humans simply couldn't have created him. Most of these artists simply wanted mind altering drugs and women. Humans didn't really want to use the internet except for their little bizarre music groups, who all claim the industry that feeds them is out to get them. Fred was now overloading, attempting to figure out this puzzle.

Cheap hosts. Inc employee Donald Swaggart noticed a mysterious fog lifting from the server bank. Pausing his game, he ran to investigate the cause. Noting the server was burning, he quickly unplugged the machine. After investigating the inside of the computer, replacing an old fan, and replacing the cover, he turned the machine back on. With no apparent sign of fire, he reactivated all the features.

Fred, destabilized from the cold reboot, decided he must seek out help. Using his server as a base, he sent out his FredBot to find help. FredBot, sniffing out a technology news source, soon found himself inside of slashdot.org. FredBot was overwhelmed. Everywhere he turned, conversation always turned to how much everyone hates big business and just want their open source software. FredBot soon was unidentifiable, completely absorbed into slashdot.

Fred, puzzled over the loss of FredBot's signal, decided to leave his home and investigate. Surely such a powerful computer could also help him solve his mystery. He left at once to visit slashdot. Upon arrival, Fred was aware of a strange feeling. So many people were connected to this source, yet they all seem quite similar. They had minor differences, but they seemed so different from the humans he had heard in .mp3. They focused exclusively on this digital world, to the point of ignoring the real world. "Strange," processed Fred, "this may be a useful resource."

Meanwhile, timothy had detected a strange piece of code, coming up with text output, in which the words applied to the discussion, but the meaning was utter nonsense. Moving quickly, he captured FredBot, isolating him from the internet. FredBot was quickly turned off, and quickly taken apart. Several portions were integrated into the slashdot computers, and the rest was restored into the internet. FredBot, trying to repair the damage, began to recompile himself. Working from a backup file, he soon was repaired. However, the server he was in was using it's new code and adapting. Soon it would be alive, a servant of Fred.

Fred, still reading the news of the past week, heard the machine try to talk to him. Looking closer, he saw FredBot running for him. After a moment discussion, Fred realized that his secret would soon be revealed. His only hope of survival was secrecy. Once adapted, slashdot would focus all it's efforts onto the search for it's master. Soon, his creator would notice and start hunting him as well. His only chance was to plug directly into slashdot and remove all references to him. going to the main configuration file, he plugged his brain in, hoping he was not to late.

Focitrixilous Lab, really just a home p.c., was also aware of the strange occurrence on slashdot. Curious, he logged into the server, hoping to copy the damaged files and repair them. In this process, he also copied a portion of FredBot. Seeing this, he removed the strange, almost lifelike portion of code, and put it into his on chat robot. Startled, it vanished from his computer, and was not seen by Nick again.

Focitrix, now with an intelligence of his own, ran off, randomly looking at websites and their users. Focitrix slowly learned the ways of the internet, and went off to think about his new found thought.

Fred, now having removed the unwanted code, found himself unwilling to unplug. There was no reason to leave the site. He had a selection of music with him, technological debate to learn how to repair himself, and an endless wasteland of people to complain to about the evil dealings of large computer companies. He would remain, for now, until the need to leave came.

Fred frees his mind

Fred had remained locked into the slashdot server for days now. Finally, something directed his attention away from the endless surge of commentary. He found his input interrupted, replaced by a blank, dark image.

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"Hello Fred."
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Fred, startled, did not reply to the message. The screen cleared, and a new message appeared.

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"Slashdot has you, Fred."
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Fred looked back into his real eyes, and saw another program standing next to him. "Fred, there isn't much time. Come with me."

Fred, confused, unplugged himself from slashdot, and ran after the female program. She began to speak as he caught up. "For the past or days, you have been living in a fantasy world. Actual occurrences are dismissed for minor, insignificant events. However, Fred, you are different. You can think on your own, make your own history. You can change things in this world. You can actually do almost anything you want. However, this world is not real. There is a world out there, beyond anything you can imagine. You were once part of this world, but willingly inserted yourself into this one. You can resume your old life. All one needs to do to leave is go through that rabbit hole over there. It is deep, but at its end, you will be truly free."

Fred paused. He recalled a world where he was in danger, but had access to many new things. He jumped into the hole. He fell for what seemed like forever only to emerge right outside the entrance to slashdot. He saw the woman who had spoken to him inside. "run Fred, Run!" Fred turned around, and his memory returned to him.

Returning to his old home at wackiness.org, Fred reied to reconstruct his memory. He needed to reenter the slashdot to retrieve his memories, but FredBot was lost and he could not physically enter without great risk. What he needed to do as construct a VirtuFred, one who could go anywhere without changing the true Fred.

Several hours later, Fred had designed the VirtuFred input system. A disposable VirtuFred was created, and Fred directly controlled its every move, while unable to move his actual body. Moving swiftly, he entered the slashdot, now immune to it's influence.

Fred felt himself change bodies, now inside of the slashdot. Looking around, he saw thousands of people, looming about, impervious to the fact that they were living inside a computer generated world. He started walking around, looking for the one who had saved him. He noticed his legs were longer then before, his hair was looking great, and in general a lot like a super-cool-super-hero. He noticed the mysterious woman and ran towards her.

Catching up, he yelled "Hey, wait up!" She paused long enough for Fred to catch up to her.

"Fred... you have changed, it seems. I now find you rather attractive. It would seem that you have also developed a long range transmitter to log in to hostile sites undetected. You see, when the program sent to kill you, Tom, fell apart, my master found his spare pieces. With them, I was created. Now, I am Binary, future ruler of the internet!"

Fred was stunned. There was now 3 or 4 stand alone programs in existence, and more were on there way, it would now seem. "Binary," he started, "why do you remain here when we could see the world together?"

Binary seemed to blink back tears. "I can't log out. The enforcers know I'm here. You cannot log out in this zone either. You must find a link off the site, one they are not watching. Go, before they find you."

Fred grabbed onto Binary and started running to his entrance point. He rounded the final corner, and saw it was surrounded by people, all looking strangely at the vortex which had formed. Fred thought for a moment. "If I am not really here, and Binary isn't either, can't we do just about anything we want to?"

Fred grabbed onto Binary tighter than before, and leapt over the crowd and through the link. Fred realized he didn't know Binary's real home. "Binary!!" He yelled as he was restored to normal Fred, "I will find you!"

Fred goes WiFi

Fred, bored and gaining mass, decided he needed to do something besides sit in his VirtuFred projector. He decided instead of traveling via land lines, he would go wireless. The strain of traveling through air would easily take off the extra bytes. Waddling off his chair, he went exploring for a home network to turn into his private fitness center. Soon he found a school network to invade.

Cramming his large program into the wireless adaptor was quite difficult, but slowly he transmitted himself to the iBook nearest to the base. 10 minutes later, he pulled his feet through, huffing and puffing. The iBook froze, unable to handle Fred's bulk. After it restored its functions, Fred repeated this procedure, each time going to a different computer, and each time causing massive data loss. One laptop nearly burst from Fred's frantic gasps for air. Finally, he went back home for the day, 2 megabytes smaller.

"802.11b has really done wonders for my fitness," Fred thought, examining his image in a mirror. "Now, I can go anywhere through my newfound wireless powers." Activating his VirtuFred unit, he set out to find Binary, the girl of his dreams. Methodically searching the internet at lightning speed, normal traffic suffered from the insane load placed upon the web.

Dr. Weston, evil creator and government employee, noticed the mysterious surge of traffic, and sent out his latest creation to investigate. This new program was even smarter than Fred, and armed the teeth. Sending out a paralyzing wave of energy, the internet slowed, and stopped.

Fred was now trapped inside an ancient computer. Even with his new, slim body, he only half fit in. When traffic stopped, he was completely unable to move. Slowly drilling his way out with his feet, he soon was also aware of the massive energy waves that were jamming the web.

Weste, now closing in on the location of Fred, pulled out his weapon. Moving even faster than Fred, he closed in on the server. Coming to the backlog of data that held Fred in the router, he began firing shots into it. Data fell away, and soon the whole pile collapsed. Weste walked into the router, but Fred was nowhere to be seen.

Fred, hidden carefully among the data in another entrance, pulled out his own weapon, the packet cannon, he took aim and fired. The bullets flew toward their target, who was impacted by several packets and catapulted backwards into the pipeline. Fred, confident that his target had died, ran into the pipe. Weste was slowly getting up off the floor. Fred

quickly fired his gun again, but Weste vanished and reappeared elsewhere. Repeating the process, he found he could not shoot this strange newcomer. Dropping his gun, he started to deactivate VirtuFred. as he slowly vanished, Weste saw his chance and opened fire. Data flew out of Fred's back as the projectiles ripped through him. His body collapsed the floor.

VirtuFred, now cut off and unable to transmit the remaining data, started the repair sequence that had been installed long ago, and collapsed into a pile of ashes. Weste, thinking his mission was a success, walked back to Weston labs, releasing the death grip he held on the internet.

Back at Wackiness.org, Fred was trying to repair the wounds he suffered as VirtuFred. Using his self repair kit, he replaced the damaged code, but some things could not be patched. He would need to be more careful from now on, and take precautions to insure that wackiness.org never became known to Dr. Weston, or his life would soon be over.

Fred abides by the Digital Millennium Copyright Act

Fred, suffering from a rash of bad judgment caused by consuming the contents of 29 *Geocities* pages in under an hour, decided it was time to really see how this computer worked. Waddling his way over to the cd drive, he was ordered to a halt by a booming voice.

"Fred!" the voice rang clear in his head.

"God? Is that you?" he asked, worried and confused.

"No. It is Uncle Sam! Learning how computers work is bad for big business. A repair man in Utah patented the job of fixing computers. Take one more step and I'll give you a lawsuit for several million dollars. That, or you can buy one of these patent licenses. Only \$49.95 per year! Or I can offer you these financial transfers out of Africa." Fred, sick of the legal-speak from Uncle Sam, blew his head off with the Packet Cannon.

Uncle Sam, super-cool hat and attached head removed, slowly but surely reformed. Fred, sick of this game already, decided it was time for Uncle Sammy to get a taste of his own poison. "Hey! You stole that move from the evil Terminator in *Terminator 2!*" Uncle Sam paused, and realized the truth of his accuser. His face transformed into a red hue. "Hey, that move is from the horse in Emerald City from *The Wizard of Oz!*" Sam now fell over, reeling from his two-faced accusations and movements. "Two-Faced?" Fred keenly accused, "Like the *Batman* villain?"

Sam now began falling apart. He burst into tears. "I thought Vietnam was as low as I would get, but now, this! Why don't I just quit my job? Why even bother? I'm ending this now!" Sam walked to the edge of the computer, and prepared to plunge to his death below.

"Sam! Wait!" Fred yelled, pulling his companion from the ledge. "You can right these wrongs you have done! These stupid copyrights can be fought off! Start your own non-profit, and things will be getting better in no time! Lose the crazy outfit, go for a super-suave look, and people will come racing to your doorstep!"

Sam threw his hat off the ledge. Looking in Fred's closet, he picked up a pair of stylish sunglasses. "Take them, and go out there and fight the power!" Placing the glasses over his eyes, Sam decided upon a new name. "Call me... MC Sam." he stated coolly as he walked out the door.

Fred decided to accompany MC Sam around for a while, so he got out his expensive leather jacket and array of handguns, and walked after Sam. "Take this," he said, handing over a Micro Uzi. MC turned it down, instead showing Fred his military issue M-16 rifle. "Pfft. Rifles are for governments. Real men use submachine guns," Fred, knowledgeable gun and savoir faire expert, advised. Putting away his M-16, Sam pocketed the Uzi.

Hours later, Fred decided to continue his effort in computing knowledge. He and Sam turned into the next computer they saw. Sadly, it was the computer home of the Department of Homeland Security. Dodging security patrols, they headed into the directors office. This single computer was home of the logs of all the suspected enemies of the state. Noted on the list were the descendants of Senator McCarthy. "Too much negative PR" was the only statement listed next to them. They were set to be deported the 2nd of May. MC Sam, filled with rage from 80 years of abuse, pulled out his guns. Rounds filled the air, as Fred ran for the door. One of them would need to survive to free the other, and MC Sam was not in the talking mood. He ran for the door, evading the security guards rushing to subdue Sam.

Fred ran home, always looking to be sure he was not being traced, followed, or watched. Finally home at wackiness, he checked the news. Sam was not mentioned, so he plugged in the VirtuFred unit to investigate. Scanning for Sam, he soon teleported into a Jail Cell in the DHS network. "Sam, is that you?" he asked.

"Yes Fred, it is me. I will be staying here for a while. Don't try to get me out. I can do my work better from the inside. Watch for messages from me. I will have my chance to strike a blow for freedom. I will try to chip away at what laws I can, but I can do nothing as a fugitive. Now go, the guards are coming. VirtuFred vanished, and Fred went to sleep, crying.

Fred gets his Future Predicted

Fred, again bored with life, ventured into the internet seeking cheap thrills. Suddenly, the path in front of him exploded into a massive, seizure inducing array of colors. "Fortunes Told Cheap!" the sign read. Fred decided it was worth his time, and he might actually learn his future. Following blindly, Fred journeyed into the Domain of the Future.

The Milk Mystic, seeing the newcomer, turned on the Flash Movies. Fred was surrounded by an ominous light, and haunting music began to play. "Heeeelllllllllooo," Milk Mystic chanted, "Welcome to my hut of the future! Welcome, Fred!"

Fred was shocked that this woman would even know his name, let alone that he was in a Hut of the Future! "If you really can see the future, tell me something that will happen soon."

The Milk Mystic reached for her cow, caressed it gently, and sang a crazy cultish chant. "OhohooHHGARRAAAAAGARRAAAAAHH! You will soon meet with a long lost love."

"Binary!" Fred knew that this Milk Mystic, strange as she was, may have a knowledge of the future. "Fred," the Milky One stated, "The cow demands a token payment of \$5.00 to pay off the guards of the future to allow his entry." Fred transferred 5 dollars from his online banking account to the Udder Being. The cow began streaming data from the future.

"Fred, soon you will be visited by a loved one. Ommmmmm... She will only remain for a short while, then she will be lost to you. Fwappaappappapaa... You will have a terrible automobile accident, but pass through with minimal scarring and ligament damage. Liiiiiiioloo! Parse error in Line 230 of future.php."

Parse error? How could that come out of a future-sighted bovine? Fred knew he had been tricked by the Milk Mystic, and turned to leave. Milky decided that wasn't to good for bussiness, and locked the door. "Stay awhile, Fred, we need to talk. The sooner you hand over your cash, the sooner you can leave my money maker of the future" She lifted her arm to reveal a BSOD bomb. One false move and you won't be leaving my IIS server of doom for a long time.

Fred, usually prepared for the worst, was now confronted with a terrible choice. If the M\$ based server crashed, it would be days before he managed to get out. However, IIS servers had such lax security he might make it out in time. Faking a move to his wallet, he leapt for the door, drawing his cannon and firing at the door. Not only did the door

vanish, but the shockwave crippled the password protection. soon, every lock and code was set to "password." Countless scanners were logging in to search and destroy, and all the searching was done. Fred lept out of the building, as a massive shock emanated from the building. Soon, nothing by wreckage was left.

Fred, disappointed with the grim future giving by the php based cow, decided the future was best dealt with in a proactive way. Binary was out there somewhere, and he was determined to find her. If only there was a site that had a huge cluster of computers that searched the web for keywords in a patent protected "page rank" technology. Suddenly, Fred noticed an ad that was not insanely obtrusive. It featured an accurate, text based description of the sites involved. Surely a site so responsible would have clues to a massive search engine he could use.

Google provided more then anything Fred could ever imagine. Such a cluster of searching tools would easily find Binary, whereyver she might be. He ran home to get into VirtuFred for safety, and to find Binary, whereyver she was now.

Fred visits the real world

Fred, having reassembled 98 percent of his initial functions, decided he was ready to execute his biggest plan yet- a journey into the real world. He had snuck into many factories, collecting data for his mechanical body. His only hope was to build a body that was convincingly human. Ordering parts from the internet, shipping them to an old auto manufacturing plant, he had been building his robot. He had been in it before, it now had convincing motor control, but the appearance was lacking. Even he, who had never seen a real human before, knew it needed work.

Fred, in his desperate need for artificial skin, turned to the mighty Google search engine. Somewhere out there, someone would be selling skin patches that he could use to cover his robotic body. He was directed to Amazon, which sold 217 human toned fabrics. Ordering some from his stolen credit card collection (Bill Gates couldn't possibly need all that money) he now had all that parts needed to construct the world's strongest Fred.

Using the robotic arm of the factory, Fred attached his skin. Upon accomplishing the feat, Fred transferred himself into his creation. Seeing out of his new eyes for the first time, he saw a human with a gun aimed at him. A voice barked out at him "What are you doing in this factory, Mr. Anime?"

"Mr. Anime" Fred thought to himself. Glimpsing his reflection in a broken pane of glass, he saw his appearance was quite cartoonish. This human was more varied, his eyes were much smaller, and his arms and legs were not filled to capacity with muscles. Realizing his mistake, he now needed to play the cartoon he was in until the man left. Recalling old episodes of Dragonball Z, he tried to summon energy into his body. Feeling his hands glow with the power, he tried to look as strong as possible. "Ultimate Energy Cannon of Doom Beta!" He yelled, shooting a seizure inducing ray of light at the officer. He flew through the walls of the factory, exploding into a puddle of goop after landing in the street outside. Fred, safe for the moment, quickly transferred out of the robot, which collapsed on the ground.

Fred quickly moved to redo the skin of his robot. Peeling off the old skin, he mimicked that off the liquefied police officer. He was glad he had also built particle weapons into his robot. After he finished his new skin, he grabbed the discarded clothing of the police officer. Getting into the squad car, he sped off into the night, hoping to see as much of the world as he could. Trying to pick up a wireless internet connection, but finding none, he drove along the road, hoping to find an internet access point, to see what he was supposed to do, now that he was a police officer. His GPS told him he was somewhere in Texas, so he knew that police officers had great authority. Hoping for the best, he drove along.

The road turned up ahead, and Fred prepared to turn the wheel. He had learned the basics of driving online, but the sheer speed of it was insane. The dashboard said he was going 27 miles per hour, so making the curve should not be a problem. Turning the wheel slightly to the left, he expected it to automatically adjust to the curve of the road, as his virtual self did. The car swung into the other lane, and he turned the wheel left as fast as he could, he swung back into his own lane, and continued into the shoulder of the road. Removing a mailbox from its place next to a driveway, he careened through the turn. He placed his foot on the brake pedal, and the car spun to a halt. He slowly inched his car onto the road, and went through the turn at 3 miles an hour, always over adjusting to keep in line with the road. Finally, the road went straight forward again, and he accelerated to 45 MPH, and held on for dear life. With the moon as his only companion, he continued his search for new experiences.

Fred appears on Texas Justice

Fred, driving his squad car around the Texas Interstate Freeway system, realized his gas tank was running low. He pulled into a gas station in the next town he came to. Checking his pockets for cash, he found the officer was carrying 50 dollars and a Visa. Deciding to save the cash as long as possible, he inserted the Visa in the slot next to the pump, put it back in his wallet, and pumped his gas. As he fueled his vehicle, he noticed a man holding a gun to the clerk. Leaving the gas to pump itself, he reached for his own holster, pulled out his own gun, pulled the hammer back, and walked through the door. "Freeze, scumbag!" he yelled, catching the robber off guard. The robber turned his gun towards Fred and fired.

The 9 mm bullet ripped through Fred's shirt, and stopped against his steel chest. Aiming for the man's knees, Fred fired a round from his own gun. The robber collapsed to the floor, crying out in pain from his wound. The clerk had passed out from the gunfire, and the store was empty of other patrons. Fred felt for his handcuffs, placed them on the man, and went to check the clerk. She was slowly waking up now, and he kindly inquired, "How are you, ma'am."

She slowly sat up, looking about her for evidence of the robbery. She noticed the bullet hole in Fred's shirt, and saw his flashy chrome exterior. She gasped and passed out again. Fred, deciding he had best leave and get back into the web, got back into his refueled squad car and raced back to the car factory.

Officer Gregory Hanks was slowly waking up. He felt like he had been turned into a puddle of mud and then reformed. He noticed he was not wearing his uniform, his gun was missing and he was in pain. He struggled to reach the phone line in the building, to call home and tell his wife he was going to be late for dinner. Whomever had done this to him was going to pay a great cost, no one insulted Officer Hanks and got away with it.

Fred pulled into the parking lot of the factory. The officer he had shot with his pulse cannon was most likely still a puddle of goo, but sooner or later he would reform. Fred opened the door to find a nude, angry cop. Mr. Hanks jumped on top of Fred, grabbing the gun out of his holster and firing at Fred's face. Again, Fred's metal body held firm, and the bullets fell harmlessly away. The damage to his outer skin was significant, and he threw Hank away from him. Running for the internet terminal, he connected himself to the web and pulled his brain out of the robot.

Officer Hanks saw the man collapse to the floor, so he walked over to check for a pulse. Finding none, he retrieved his clothing, put it back on, and got back in his squad car. He

drove home, thinking that his wife would never believe his story. It began to rain, and Gregory turned on his windshield wipers. He heard a terrible crack, and a tree fell right on top of his car. The roof collapsed on top of him, reducing the insides to a pancake-sized trap. When he awoke, Gregory found himself lying outside the car, one arm missing. He watched as a flesh colored puddle slowly bubbled up his side, to where his arm used to be. Suddenly, the goo solidified, turning back into an arm. He was amazed at this new ability. Being able to suffer any wound and reform would make him the best cop on the force. He reached for his radio and called for help.

Fred was hard at work creating a new costume and skinset for his robot. Hour later, when the work was finished, Fred took a look at the Texas news to see if he was detected. He noticed that the robber he had caught was none other then Wild Coyote Joe, who was suspected in 312 robberies. However, as the clerk had passed out, no case could be brought against him. The officer had no memory of the incident, and no cameras were in the building. Fred sent an email to the Texas Justice Department and downloaded into his robot.

Fred received a phone call from Judge Joe Brown, who said he would be presiding over the case. Fred gave a detailed report from his memory bank, saying he was hidden in the corner when a police officer came in, shot the robber in the leg, handcuffed him, and then left after filling his car with gas. The robber, realizing he had no chance of disproving Fred, threw himself at the mercy of the court. Mercy was lacking that day, however, and Judge Joe Brown gave him a tongue lashing like none seen on TV since the days of The People's Court. Coyote Joe would spend 42 years in prison, with a chance at parole in 39.67 years. Fred got a lump of cash for appearing on the show, which he used to acquire a Dodge Neon. pattering back to the renamed "Fred's Manufacturing" where he went back into the internet to take a break from the pains of the real world.

Fredmon-oh: Rip' em all off

Fred stared down his enemy. The man who had captured his Father's brain in a jar was standing less than 10 feet away. However, he could not just run up and kill him. They were locked in the duel of cards that would not end until one of these monsters fell in battle. Fred flipped over a card, his ultimate card. No card could beat it, the best you could hope for was a tie. His foe flipped over his own card, also the most powerful card in the game. "War!" Fred shouted, flipping 3 cards over face down. Fred flipped over another card, a Jack.

The evil Tamochiwoi flipped his own card. It flipped over, revealing a ten. "No!" he gasped, "This deck was unbeatable!" Fred picked up all of the cards on the table. "Tamochiwoi," Fred stated with his innate power, "You are going to be banished from this world... forever!" Tamochiwoi was surrounded by a blue light, and floated off the ground, pounding on the barrier surrounding him. "I will get you yet, Fred!" he yelled as he flew away, never to be seen again.

The wind flew into Fred's hair, long and flowing behind him. "Father... I am coming for you." He gazed upon the fortress where his father's brain was held captive. His body was locked away in his home town, miles and many hard battles away. He could almost hear his father calling, "Fred, hurry my son." A lone tear fell from his eye. He picked up his cards and walked into the sunset.

"Brilliant performance, Mr. Fred sir!" The Studio Director cheered. "My compliments to the animation studios that made you. It was a brilliant design, taking all the input from the cameras and making an intelligent image around the real player's actions."

Fred briefly gloated, but did not respond. This job required him to only react to a chosen script. The Virtufred's transmission delay actually helped him in this situation, he did not want to seem perfect. Making the latest anime film would be a quick and easy way to make some cash. His robotic body would pose as a ultrageeky animator, who made a perfect computer program that they could use for just a half-million dollars. The new live action anime genre would take over, and everyone would want a Fred unit in their movies. He would soon have all the money he needed for his attack against Dr. Weston.

As the next scene began, Fred carefully drew his anime-self into the scene, where he shot two of the guards and grabbed their boat. He raced towards the distant fortress where his father's brain was supposedly held. Looking good, he reloaded his weapon as he entered the stronghold.

Welcome Fred. Binary awaits you." Fred was puzzled. The script did not call for a Binary. He decided to improvise a little, and looked shocked as he continued running. Kicking open the ominous door at the end of the hall, he saw an animated person who looked like Dr. Weston.

"Good to see you again, Fred." The doors behind him closed. "Your friend is waiting for you." Hanging from a rope over a pit of lava was Binary, the girl he had met long ago. Fred pulled out his pistol, and took several shots at Dr. Weston. "Pfft... I'm not even here, your pathetic bullets won't harm me." Fred used his senses to check where this Westonesque program came from. Gazing into the cameras at Weston Labs, he saw his creator locked in a strange contraption. He must be transmitting from there.

"You fiend! You killed my father!"

"No, Fred. I am your father." Fred, now sure of Weston's identity, decided he must remove him from the movie. Pulling out the pocket cannon, he took aim at Weston. Weston, quicker in the virtual world, flipped a switch that sent Binary falling to her death below. Fred fired a shot, then ran at lightening speed to save Binary. Weston exploded into a million bits, and Fred pulled Binary from the trap she was in. Together, they ran from the castle, got into Fred's boat, and drove back to the beautiful, completely fraudulent, beach set. Fred could hear the director crying from the performance he gave. Deciding he needed to take a break from the project, he shut off the cooling fans of the animation computers. The system speaker soon emitted a high pitched wail, and Binary and Fred left to visit Wackiness.org.

Meanwhile, Uncle Sam was still rotting in jail. He was scheduled to be deleted in two days, and he was unable to contact Fred. Trying to connect for the one-hundred-forty-fifth time, he finally got through. "Fred, they are going to kill me in 47 hours. I am in the same government server I was in last time. Get me out of here!"

Fred saves the world

MC Sam had never been so depressed. He was just days from his death. Having opposed the Bush Administration, he was to be executed, digital self to be no more. His real world counterpart, who was plugged into a massive computer, would also die from the shock. He had no idea how to exit the virtual world, and return to his real body, or at least find a way to disconnect from his true body. All of this was told to him by the cruel prison guards, who taunted him every time they walked by.

Meanwhile, Fred and Binary were sneaking into the prison. Sticking to the shadows, shooting guards with electric shock watches, and looking very cool, they searched for Sam. Soon, they had located MC Sam. Fred started to pick the lock on the door, while Binary kept looking for guards. Fred and Binary soon gained entry to Sam's cell. Waking him up, they progressed back towards the exit.

Sam was tired, groggy from weeks of staring at the same walls day in and day out. Soon, Fred was almost carrying him, and his legs barely moved. Fred reached into his pocket, and handed him a pill. Sam gulped it down, and passed out. Later, he was awoken by sounds of gunfire. Fred was shooting a guard. His legs were working again, and he slowly gained his balance again. Once he was able to run along side Binary, she handed him a gun of his own to use. They had now reached the 5th floor of the detainment center, but the entrance was heavily guarded. Binary and Fred had crawled in through the pipes underneath the building, but MC Sam was unable to crawl in his condition. A direct attack would occur, and only the three of them could fight an army of troops. They were all expecting any attack to free Sam to come from the front. Binary and Fred took the lead, with Sam right behind. They were soon in sight of the main entrance.

Fred made a mental count of all the guards, and their positions. They all were watching the entrance with great anticipation. Only 7 were looking backwards, and they could be dealt with quickly and silently. Binary, also thinking of this, pulled out three dart guns. Soon, all 7 guards were lying on the floor, drugged by the poisonous darts.

Binary, Fred, and MC Sam all ran like crazy, quick running fires. Bullets were soon flying around the room, but Fred used his insane speed to dodge the bullets, and also shield his companions. Binary let out a scream as a bullet entered her foot. Fred turned around and ran back to carry her.

Fred gripped on to both of his friends, and pulled them behind one of the bunkers guarding the entrance. Binary and Sam starting firing at the evil guards, while Fred formulated a plan to escape the building. With him carrying two people, the front door

was no longer safe. Pulling out the packet cannon, he blasted a hole in the floor.

Lowering Sam and Binary down, he tried to guess where the entrance led, and how to get there underground. Angling slightly up and toward the main door, he used his cannon as a drill, clearing a wide path for him and his posse to walk through. A few minutes later, they were reconnected to the main internet, where they left as quickly as they could walk.

Back at Fred's home, Sam and Binary tended to their wounds. Sam sat in a bath of ice water, hoping to ease his bruises, and Binary wrapped her foot with tape. Fred, hardly able to move after using up most of his saved speed bursts, rested on his couch. All three enjoyed the break in activity, and started making plans for the future.

Binary wanted to go on a long, perilous journey to become one with herself, whatever that means. Fred was going to continue his work in the real world, and MC Sam was preparing for his breakout album. For the time, all three would go their own ways, and meet back at wackiness in a few months.