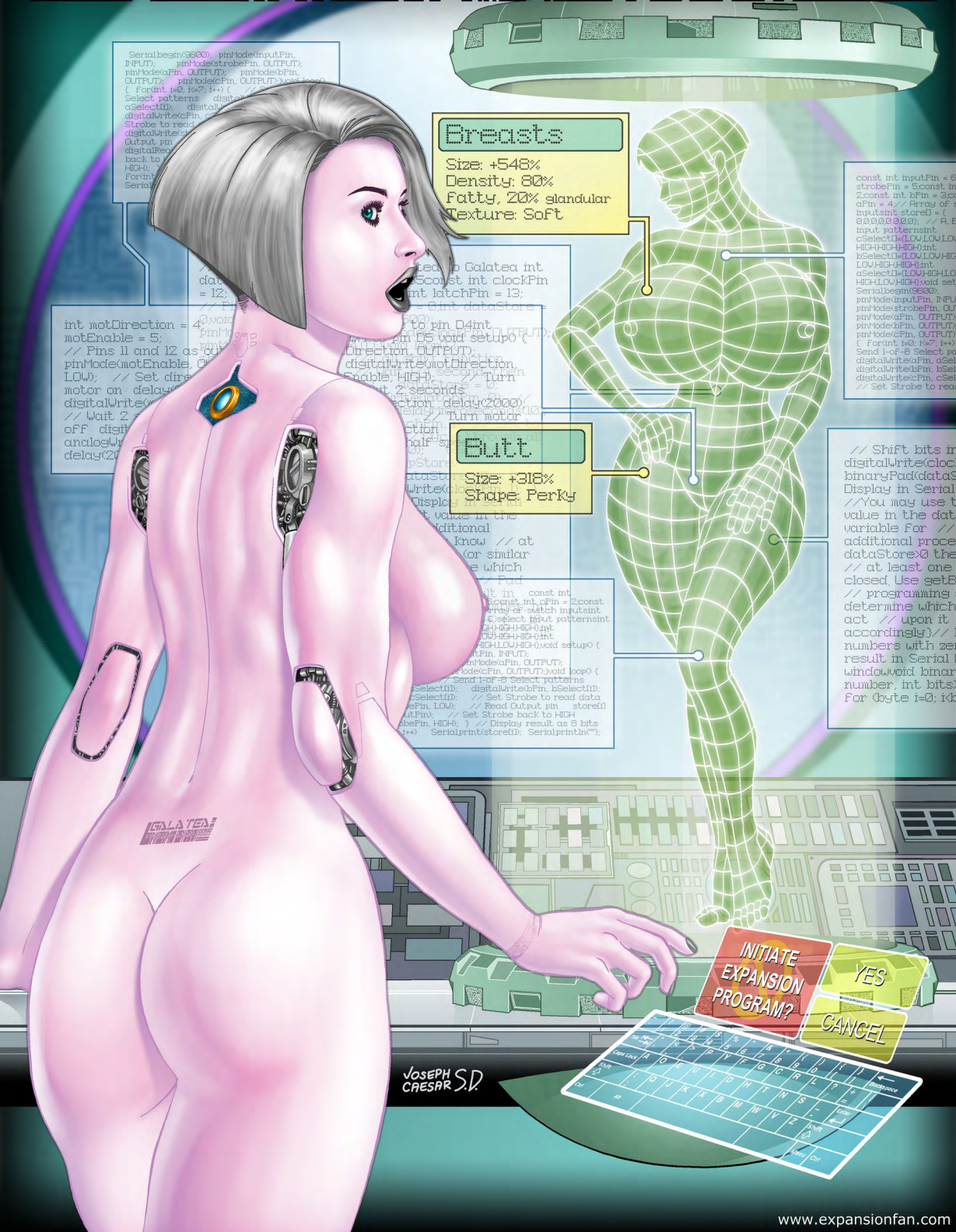


GALATEA

Written by: Extremist

Art: Xue



```
Serial.begin(9600); pinMode(inputPin,
INPUT); pinMode(strobePin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(aPin, OUTPUT); pinMode(bPin,
OUTPUT); pinMode(cPin, OUTPUT);void loop()
{ for(int i=0; i<=10; i++) {
  // Select patterns
  digitalWrite(strobePin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(aPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(bPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(cPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(strobePin, HIGH);
  digitalWrite(aPin, HIGH);
  digitalWrite(bPin, HIGH);
  digitalWrite(cPin, HIGH);
  Serial.println(i);
  delay(100);
}
```

Breasts
Size: +548%
Density: 80%
Fatty, 20% glandular
Texture: Soft

Butt
Size: +318%
Shape: Perky

```
const int inputPin = 6;
const int aPin = 2;
const int bPin = 3;
const int cPin = 4;
Array of
inputs: stored = {
0,0,0,0,0,0}; // 6
input patterns:
cSelect=LOW,LOW,LOW,
LOW,HIGH,HIGH,LOW,
LOW,HIGH,HIGH,LOW,
HIGH,LOW,HIGH,LOW,
HIGH,LOW,HIGH,LOW,
Serial.begin(9600);
pinMode(inputPin, INPUT);
pinMode(strobePin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(aPin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(bPin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(cPin, OUTPUT);
void loop() {
  Send 1-of-8 select
  digitalWrite(aPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(bPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(cPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(strobePin, HIGH);
  // Set Strobe to read
```

```
// Shift bits in
digitalWrite(clockPin, LOW);
binaryPad[0] = 0;
Display in Serial
// You may use the
value in the data
variable for
additional processing
dataStore[0] the
// at least one
closed. Use setB
// programming to
determine which
act // upon it
accordingly. //
numbers with zero
result in Serial
window, void binary
number, int bits);
for (byte i=0; k<
```

```
int motorDirection = 4;
motorEnable = 5;
// Pins 11 and 12 as output
pinMode(motorEnable, OUTPUT);
pinMode(12, OUTPUT);
// Set direction
LOW); // Set direction
motor on delay
digitalWrite(motorEnable, HIGH);
// Wait 2 seconds
off digitalWrite(motorEnable, LOW);
delay(2000);
```

```
Send to Galatea int
const int clockPin
int latchPin = 13;
int dataStore
int i;
void setup() {
  pinMode(13, OUTPUT);
  pinMode(12, OUTPUT);
  digitalWrite(motorDirection,
  HIGH);
  digitalWrite(motorEnable,
  LOW);
  delay(2000);
  digitalWrite(motorEnable,
  HIGH);
  delay(2000);
  digitalWrite(motorEnable,
  LOW);
  delay(2000);
}
```

```
const int aPin = 2;
const int bPin = 3;
const int cPin = 4;
Array of
inputs: stored = {
0,0,0,0,0,0}; // 6
input patterns:
cSelect=LOW,LOW,LOW,
LOW,HIGH,HIGH,LOW,
LOW,HIGH,HIGH,LOW,
HIGH,LOW,HIGH,LOW,
HIGH,LOW,HIGH,LOW,
Serial.begin(9600);
pinMode(inputPin, INPUT);
pinMode(strobePin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(aPin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(bPin, OUTPUT);
pinMode(cPin, OUTPUT);
void loop() {
  Send 1-of-8 select
  digitalWrite(aPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(bPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(cPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(strobePin, HIGH);
  // Set Strobe to read data
  digitalWrite(aPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(bPin, LOW);
  digitalWrite(cPin, LOW);
  // Set Strobe back to HIGH
  digitalWrite(strobePin, LOW);
  // Display result as 8 bits
  Serial.println(stored[i]);
  Serial.println(i);
}
```

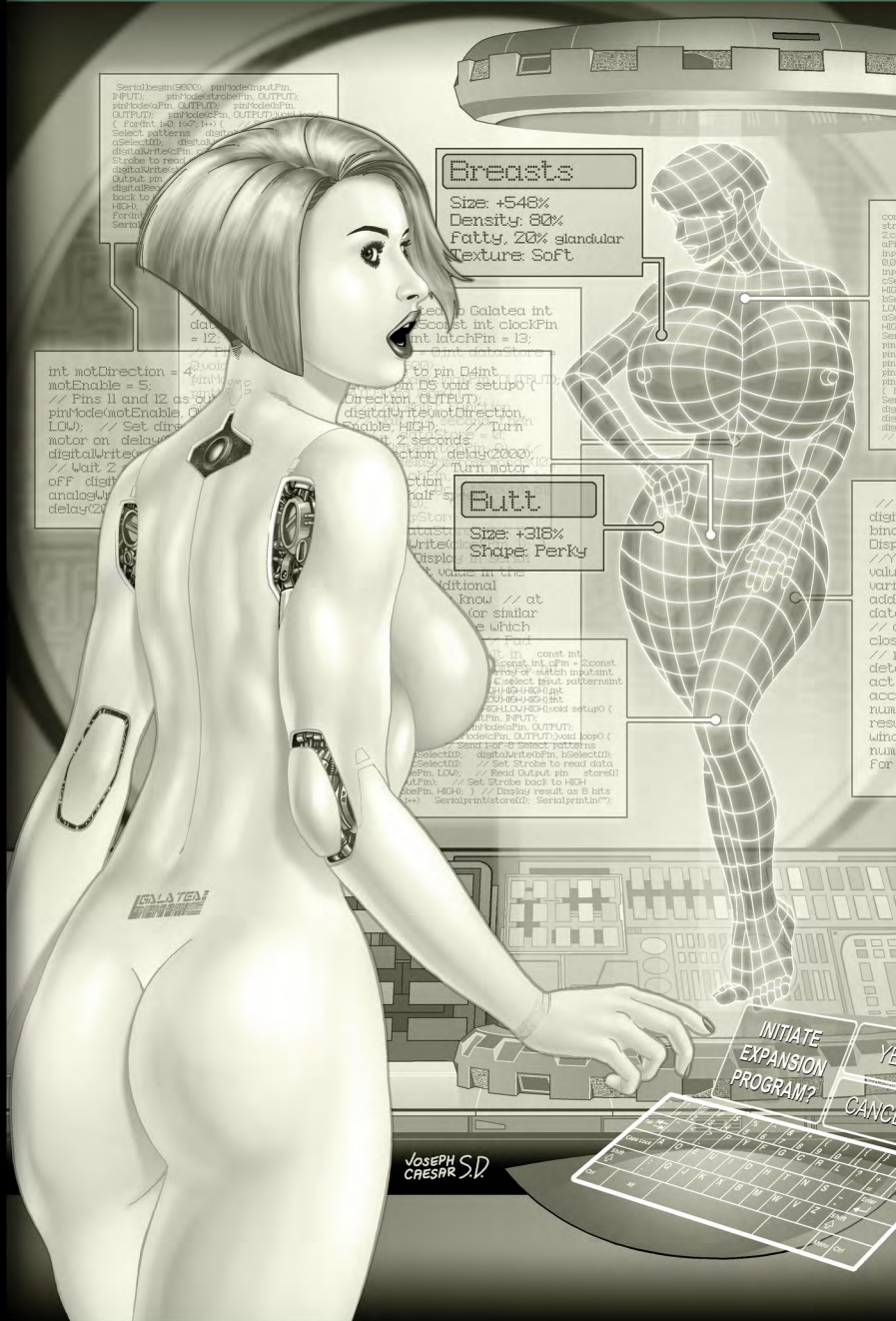
INITIATE EXPANSION PROGRAM? YES CANCEL



JOSEPH CAESAR SD

Galatea

Dr. Philip North is the only person manning the science station on Enceladus. To alleviate his loneliness, he creates an artificial human female and names her Gal. Can he bring himself to love her... and what will she do to herself to make sure that he does?



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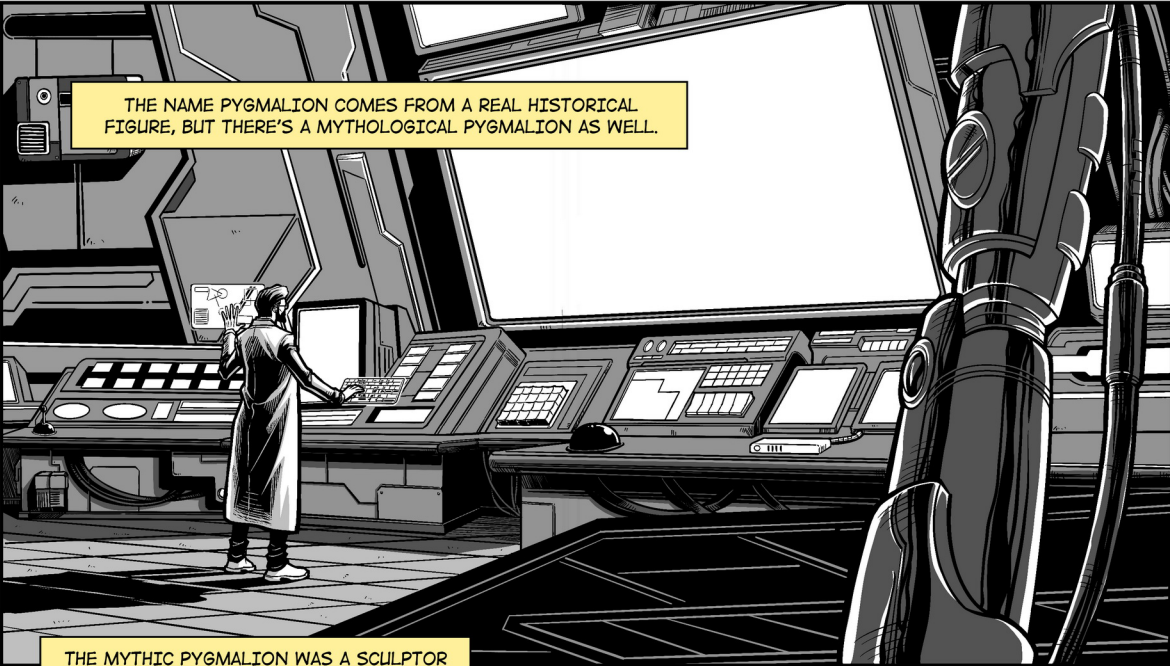
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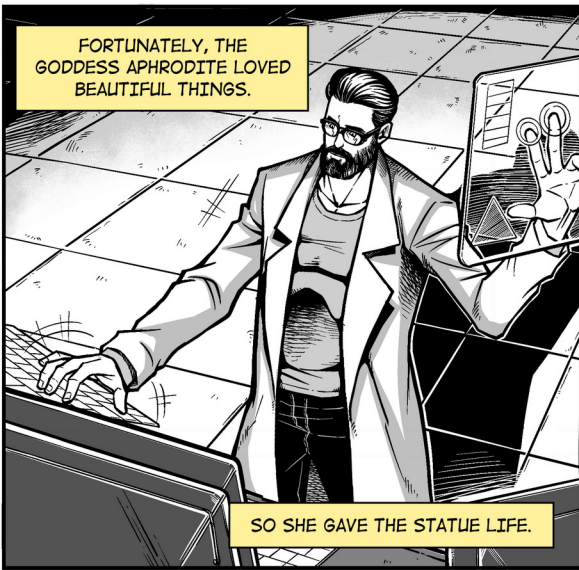
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THE NAME PYGMALION COMES FROM A REAL HISTORICAL FIGURE, BUT THERE'S A MYTHOLOGICAL PYGMALION AS WELL.



THE MYTHIC PYGMALION WAS A SCULPTOR WHO CREATED A STATUE SO BEAUTIFUL HE FELL IN LOVE WITH IT.




FORTUNATELY, THE GODDESS APHRODITE LOVED BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

SO SHE GAVE THE STATUE LIFE.



THE GREEKS NEVER BOTHERED TO GIVE HIS CREATION A NAME.



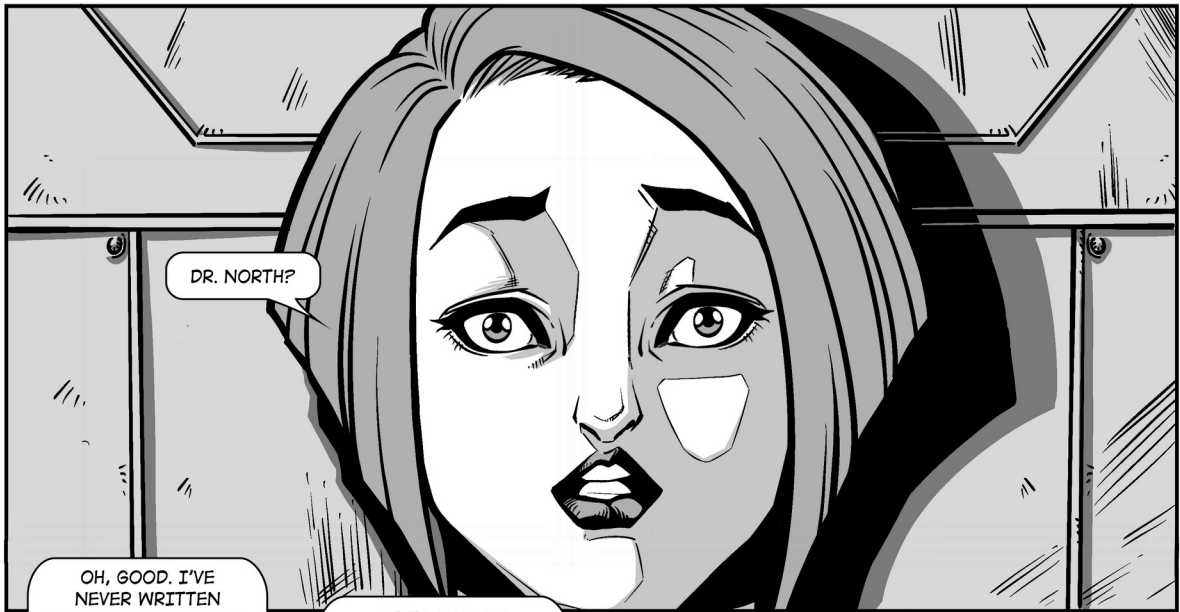
LATER WRITERS CALLED HER GALATEA.



HELLO?



CAN YOU HEAR ME?
SAY SOMETHING.



DR. NORTH?

OH, GOOD. I'VE
NEVER WRITTEN
FACIAL RECOGNITION
SOFTWARE BEFORE.

IT TOOK ME 7
HUNDREDTHS OF A
SECOND TO RECOGNIZE
YOU, THOUGH.



I GUESS THAT'S A LONG
TIME FOR A PERSON WITH AN
8-ZETTABYTE POSITRONIC
PROCESSOR FOR A BRAIN.

YOUR CODE IS...
SUFFICIENT.



THANK YOU?

I CAN STAND
ON MY OWN,
ACTUALLY.



OH, I-I'M SORRY. I--

DON'T BE EMBARRASSED, DOCTOR. YOU'RE ALLOWED TO TOUCH ME.

YOU'RE NEW, GAL. YOU NEED PERSONAL SPACE.

YOU DIDN'T PROGRAM ME TO.



HEH. WHEN YOU CALLED ME GAL...

...IT'S FUNNY.

I KNOW IT'S MY NAME BECAUSE IT'S IN MY HEAD, BUT I DON'T ACTUALLY REMEMBER IT BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HEARD IT.

I JUST... KNOW IT.



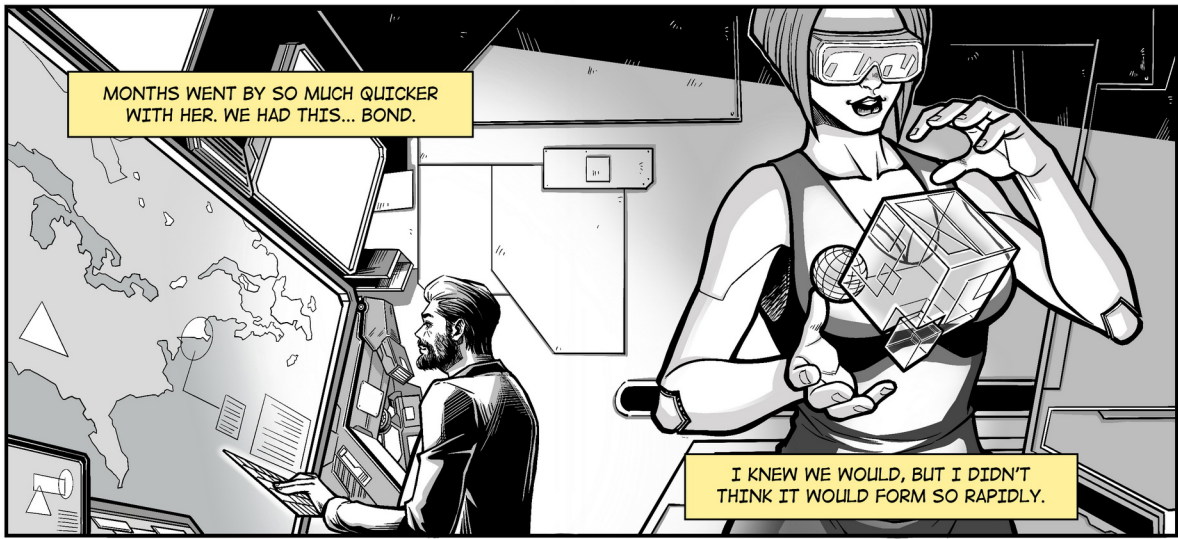
THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS YOU KNOW FOR SOMEBODY WHO'S EXISTED FOR THREE MINUTES.

I JUST ASSUMED THEY'D FEEL THE SAME AS MEMORIES.



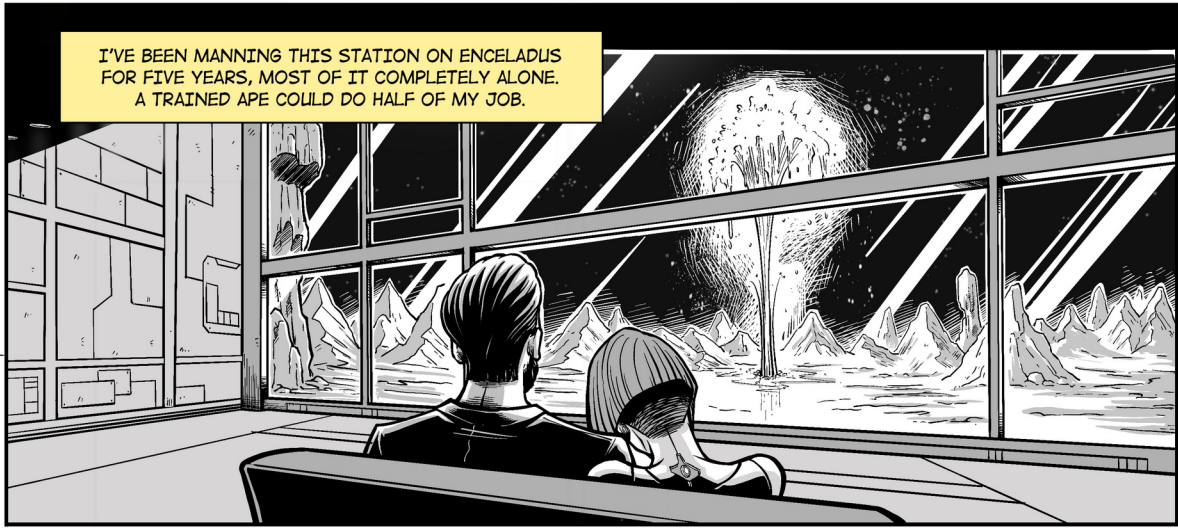
NOW THAT I HAVE SOME, TRUST ME.

NOTHING ELSE FEELS LIKE MEMORIES.

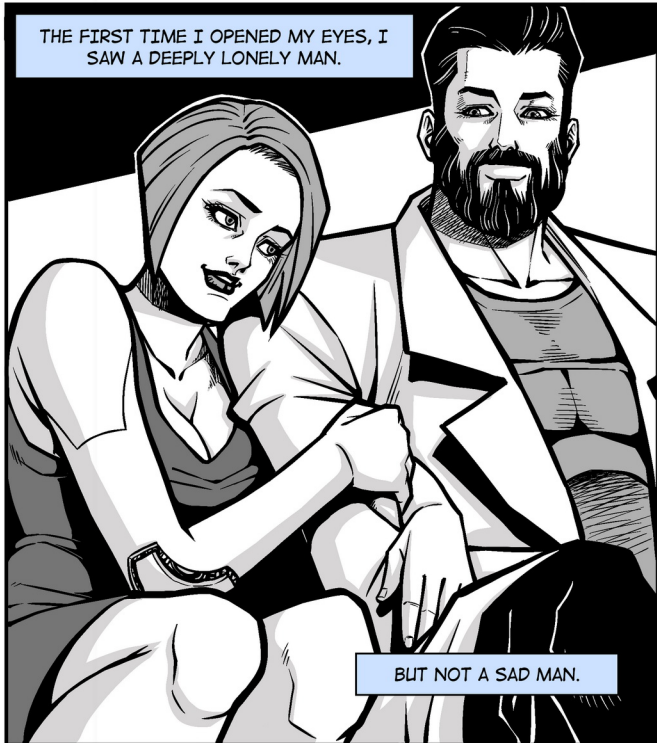


MONTHS WENT BY SO MUCH QUICKER WITH HER. WE HAD THIS... BOND.

I KNEW WE WOULD, BUT I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD FORM SO RAPIDLY.



I'VE BEEN MANNING THIS STATION ON ENCELADUS FOR FIVE YEARS, MOST OF IT COMPLETELY ALONE. A TRAINED APE COULD DO HALF OF MY JOB.



THE FIRST TIME I OPENED MY EYES, I SAW A DEEPLY LONELY MAN.

BUT NOT A SAD MAN.



THAT'S WHAT DREW ME TO HIM SO QUICKLY. HE WAS ALL ALONE, FOR YEARS AT A TIME, BUT HE NEVER ONCE DESPAIRED.

WHY IS THE MAIN POWER STATION LOCKED?

THE COMPLEX WAS BUILT FOR INHABITANTS, REMEMBER? THEY DIDN'T WANT CIVILIANS AROUND A FUSION GENERATOR...

...WHY ARE YOU NAKED?



THE DRESS WAS BOTHERING ME. DO YOU EVER GO IN THERE?

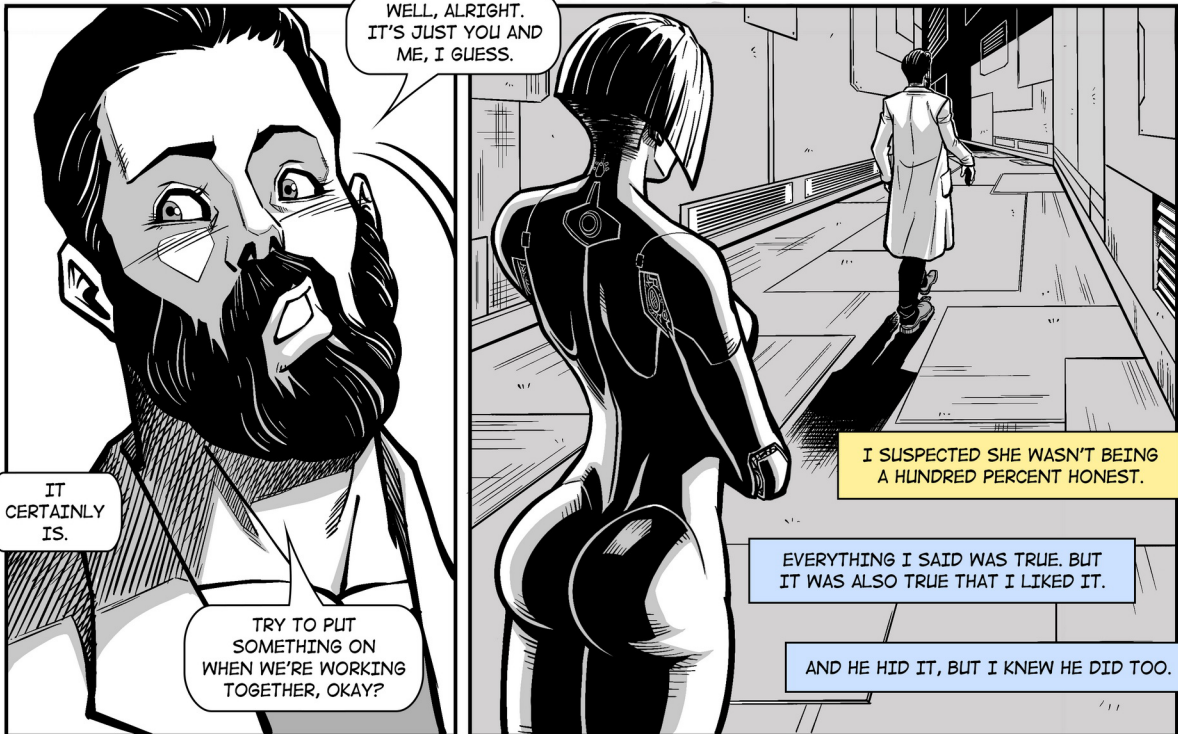
IT'S BASICALLY AUTOMATED. BOTHERING YOU?

WEARING CLOTHES IS AWKWARD FOR ME.



MY SENSE RECEPTORS ARE VERY SENSITIVE. WRAPPING MY TORSO IN FABRIC IS...

...IT'S NOT PAINFUL OR UNCOMFORTABLE, IT JUST FEELS SO... CONFINING.



WELL, ALRIGHT. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, I GUESS.

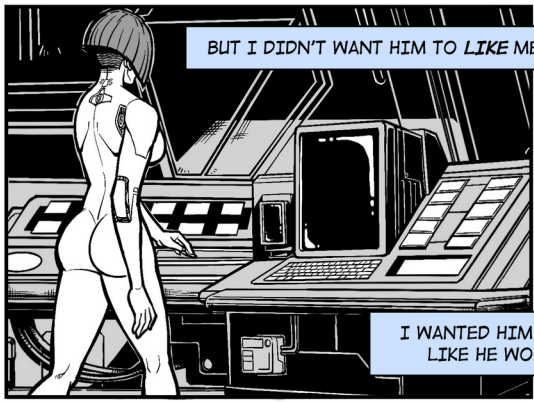
IT CERTAINLY IS.

TRY TO PUT SOMETHING ON WHEN WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER, OKAY?

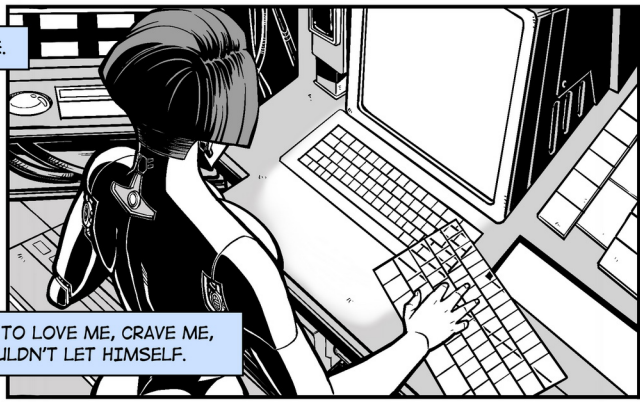
I SUSPECTED SHE WASN'T BEING A HUNDRED PERCENT HONEST.

EVERYTHING I SAID WAS TRUE. BUT IT WAS ALSO TRUE THAT I LIKED IT.

AND HE HID IT, BUT I KNEW HE DID TOO.



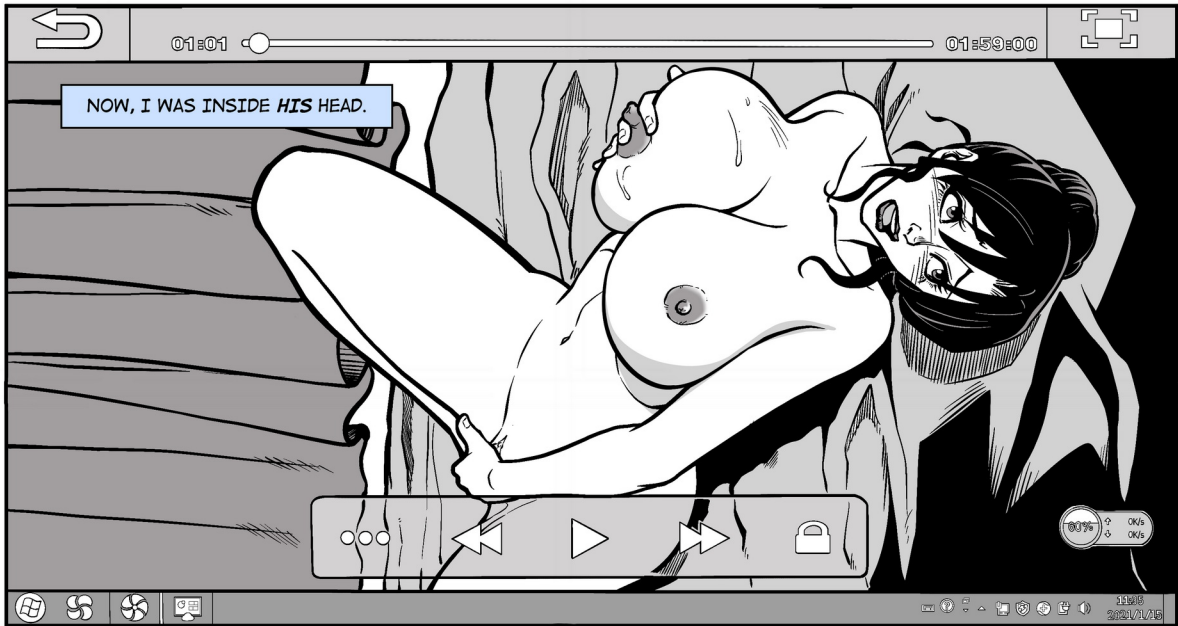
BUT I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO *LIKE* ME.



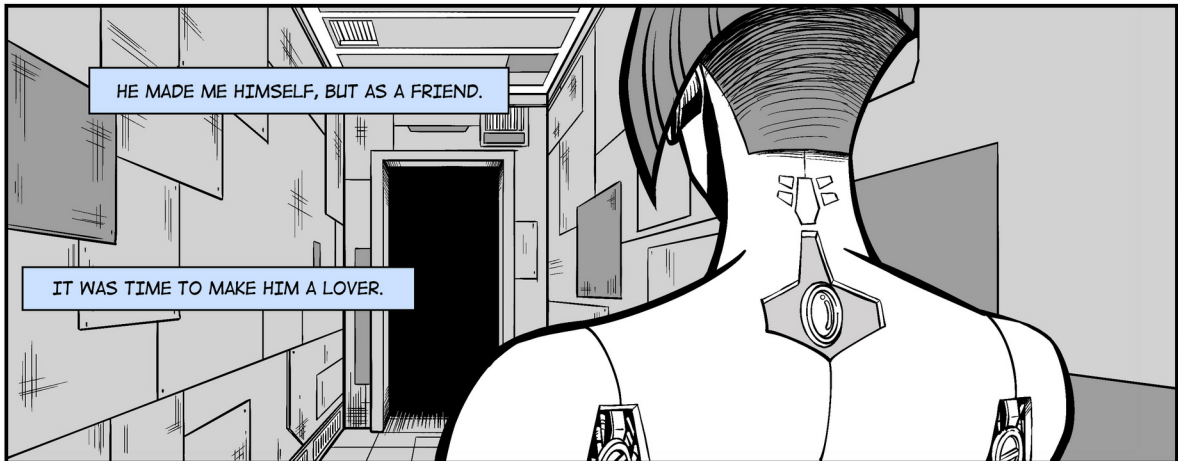
I WANTED HIM TO LOVE ME, CRAVE ME, LIKE HE WOULDN'T LET HIMSELF.



HE MADE ME HIMSELF, BUILT MY MIND FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

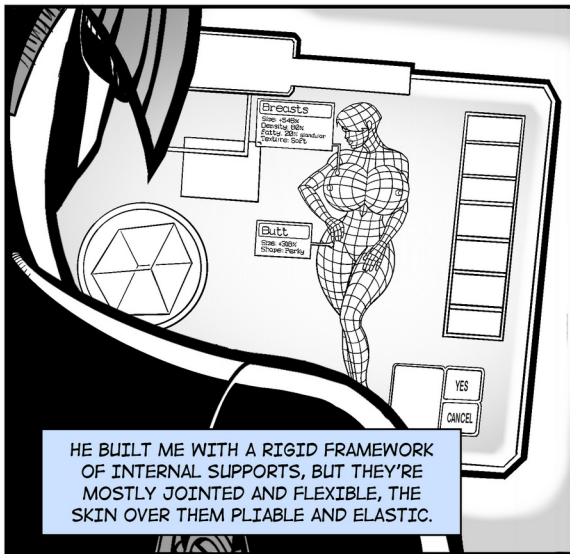


NOW, I WAS INSIDE *HIS* HEAD.

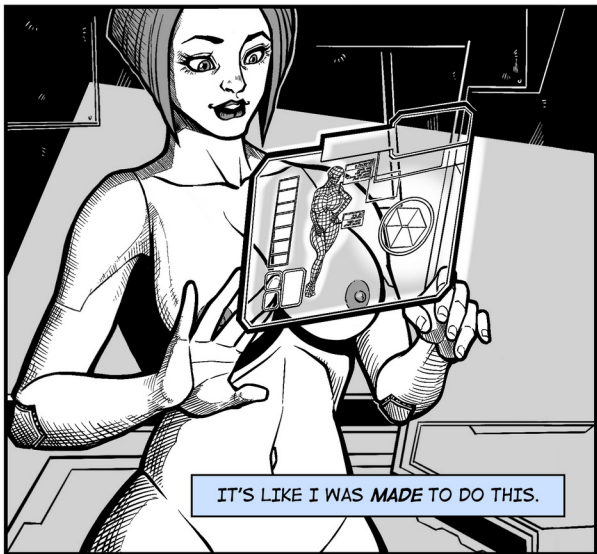


HE MADE ME HIMSELF, BUT AS A FRIEND.

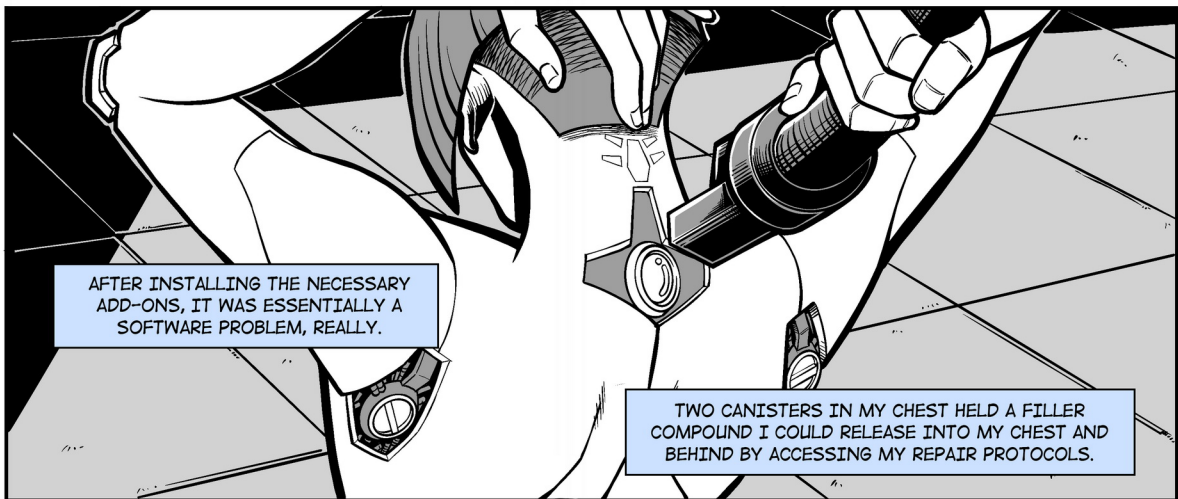
IT WAS TIME TO MAKE HIM A LOVER.



HE BUILT ME WITH A RIGID FRAMEWORK OF INTERNAL SUPPORTS, BUT THEY'RE MOSTLY JOINTED AND FLEXIBLE, THE SKIN OVER THEM PLIABLE AND ELASTIC.

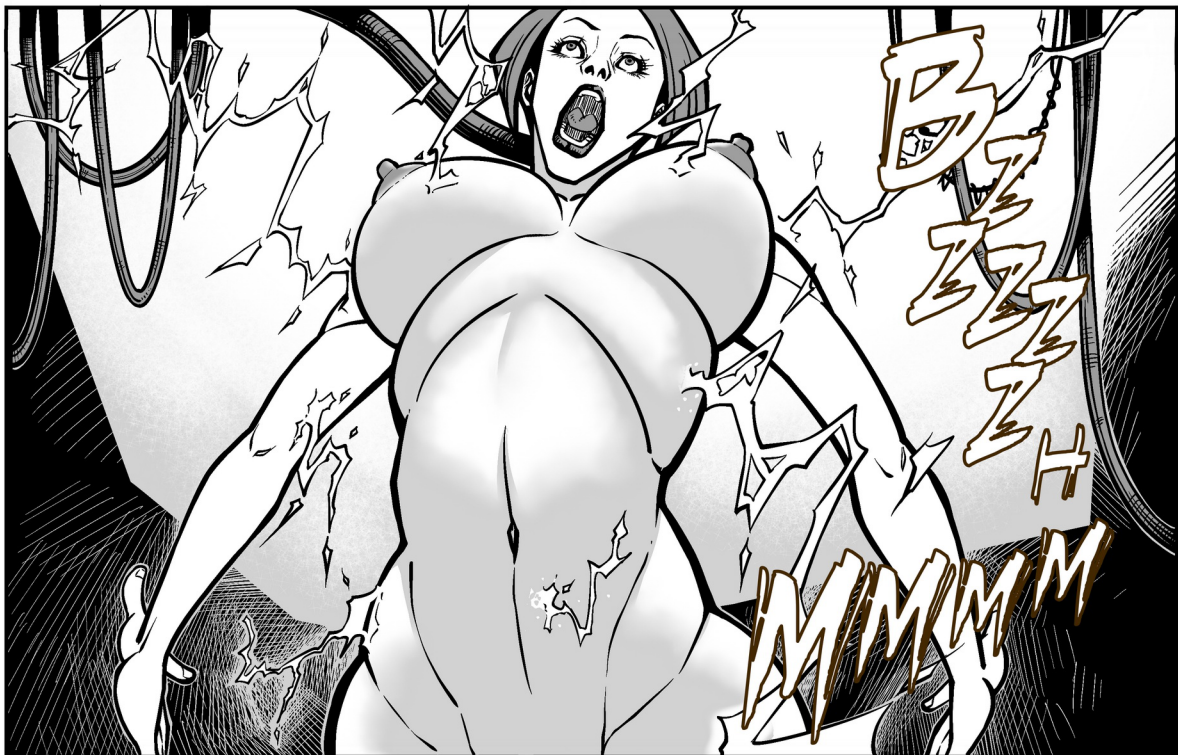



IT'S LIKE I WAS MADE TO DO THIS.



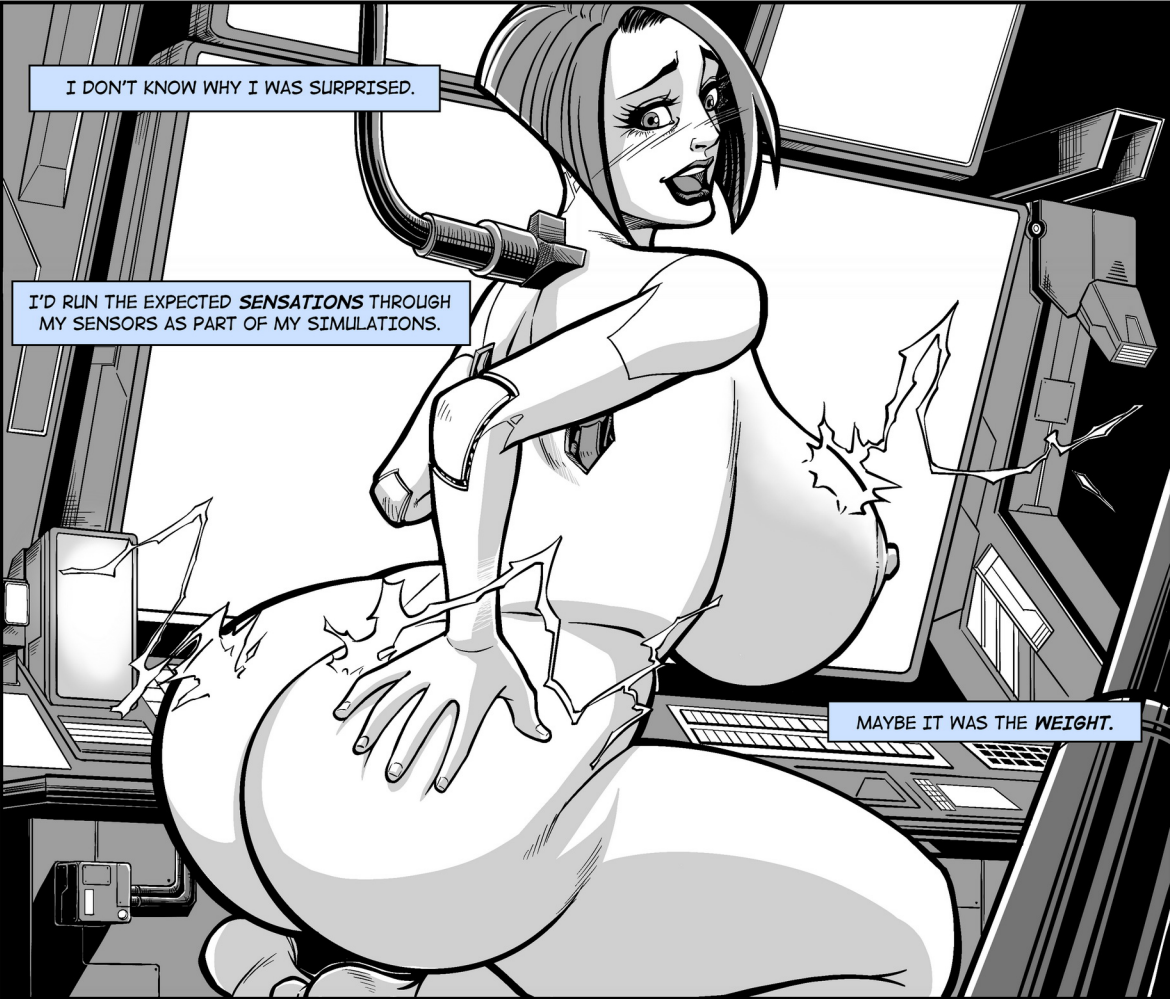
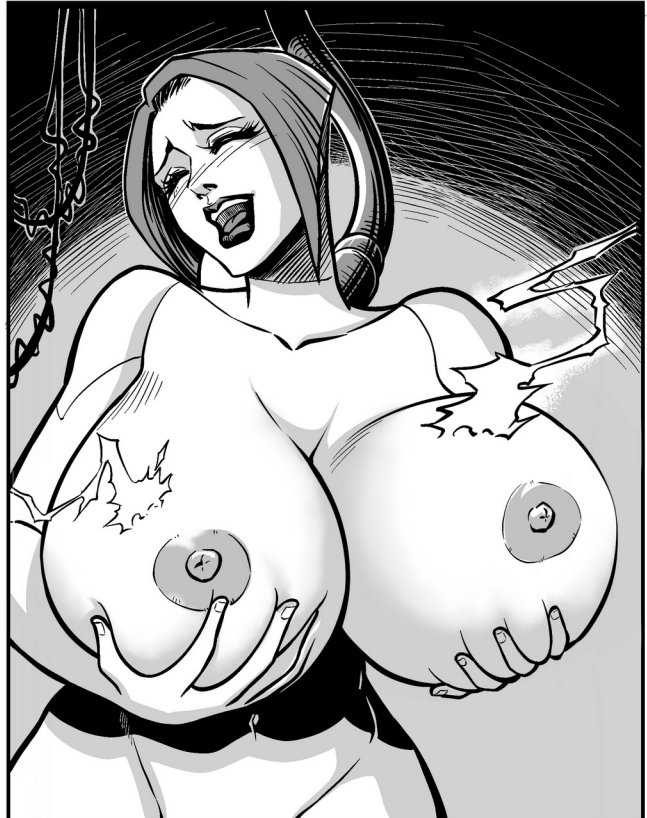
AFTER INSTALLING THE NECESSARY ADD-ONS, IT WAS ESSENTIALLY A SOFTWARE PROBLEM, REALLY.

TWO CANISTERS IN MY CHEST HELD A FILLER COMPOUND I COULD RELEASE INTO MY CHEST AND BEHIND BY ACCESSING MY REPAIR PROTOCOLS.






THE EFFECTS WERE
NEARLY INSTANT.




I DON'T KNOW WHY I WAS SURPRISED.

I'D RUN THE EXPECTED *SENSATIONS* THROUGH
MY SENSORS AS PART OF MY SIMULATIONS.

MAYBE IT WAS THE WEIGHT.

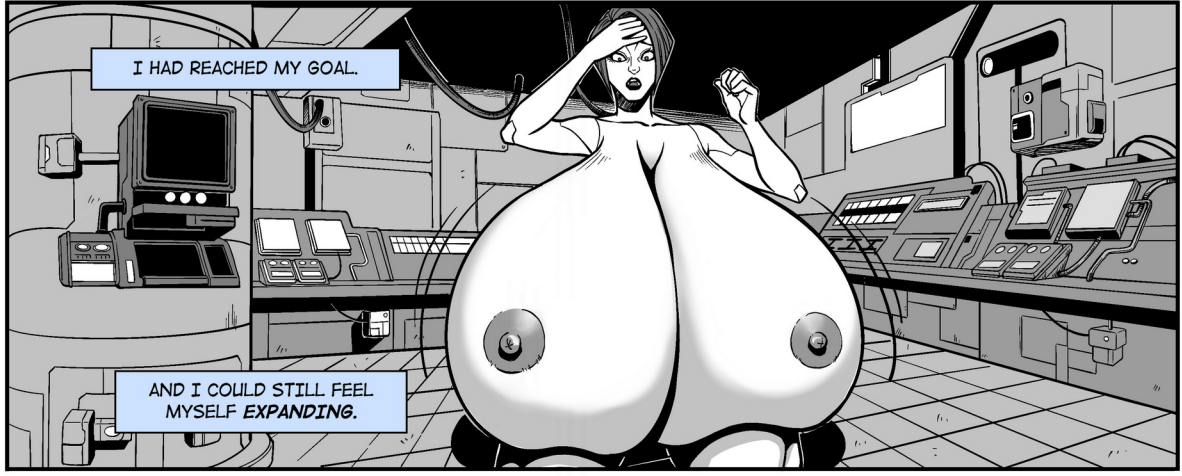


I DID HAVE PLENTY OF *BALLAST*, BUT...



...MY BODY WAS *RINGING* WITH THIS... *INTENSITY*.

TOO INTENSE.

A black and white comic panel showing a woman with extremely large, spherical breasts in a futuristic laboratory. She is standing, looking distressed with her hand to her forehead. The room is filled with computer monitors and technical equipment.

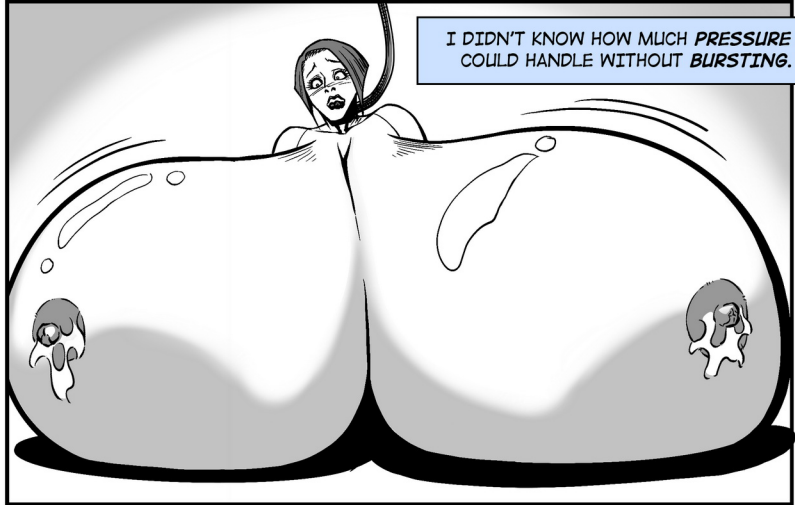
I HAD REACHED MY GOAL.

AND I COULD STILL FEEL
MYSELF *EXPANDING*.

A close-up black and white comic panel of the woman's breasts. They are shown as large, rounded spheres with small circular openings. She is lying down, and her arms are visible with some mechanical attachments. The background is a dark, swirling pattern.

FORGET LOOKING LIKE A *FREAK*...

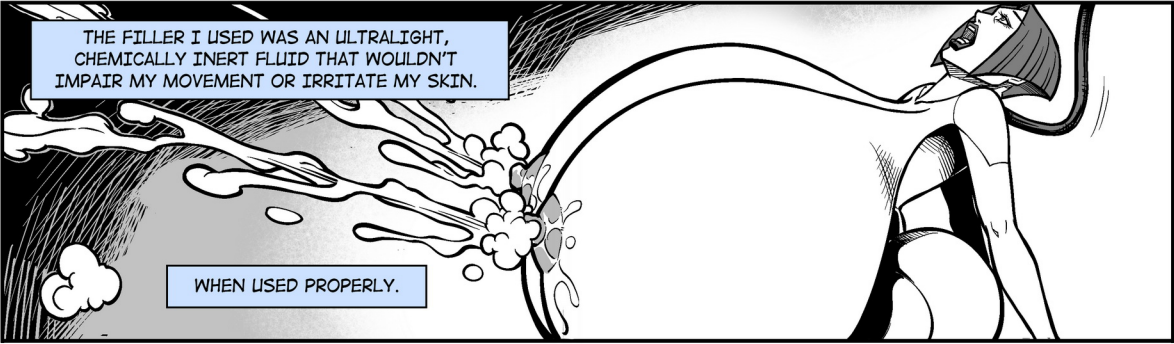
...I WAS WORRIED ABOUT MY *ELASTICITY*.

A close-up black and white comic panel of the woman's breasts. The breasts are shown as large, rounded spheres with small circular openings. Two small, stylized figures are visible inside the openings. The woman's face is partially visible in the background, looking distressed.

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW MUCH *PRESSURE* I
COULD HANDLE WITHOUT *BURSTING*.

A black and white comic panel showing a woman in profile, shouting with her mouth wide open. She is wearing a dark, possibly futuristic, headpiece or helmet.

HALT PROGRAM!
PURGE!

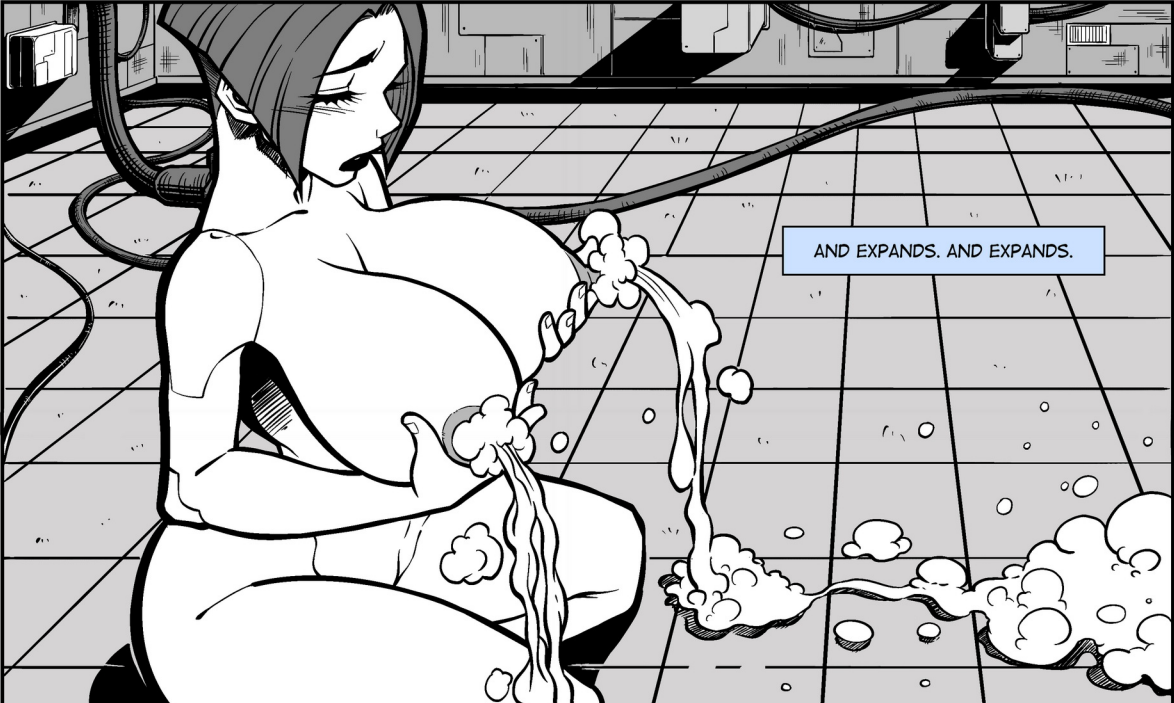


THE FILLER I USED WAS AN ULTRALIGHT, CHEMICALLY INERT FLUID THAT WOULDN'T IMPAIR MY MOVEMENT OR IRRITATE MY SKIN.

WHEN USED PROPERLY.



IT EXPANDS INTO A SOFT FOAM WHEN DEPRESSURIZED.



AND EXPANDS. AND EXPANDS.

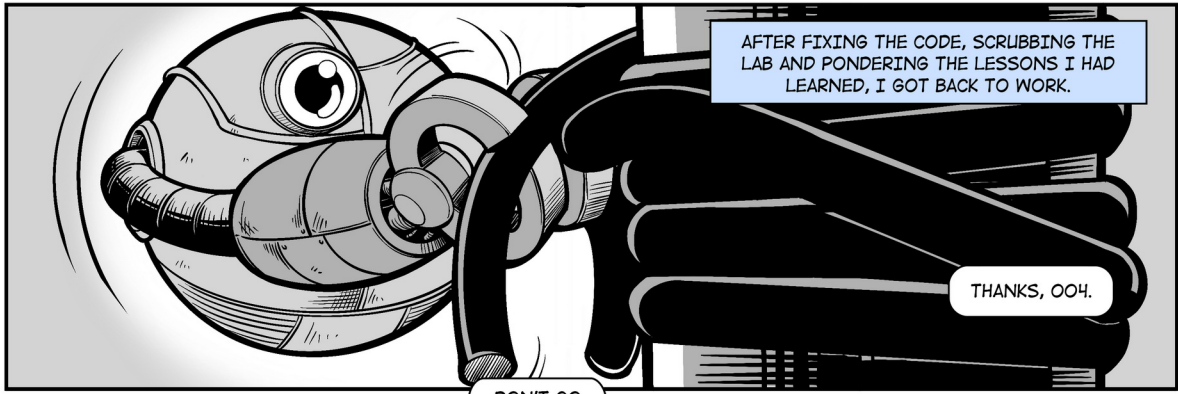


IT TOOK HOURS TO CLEAN UP.

COMPUTER?
MAKE NOTE.

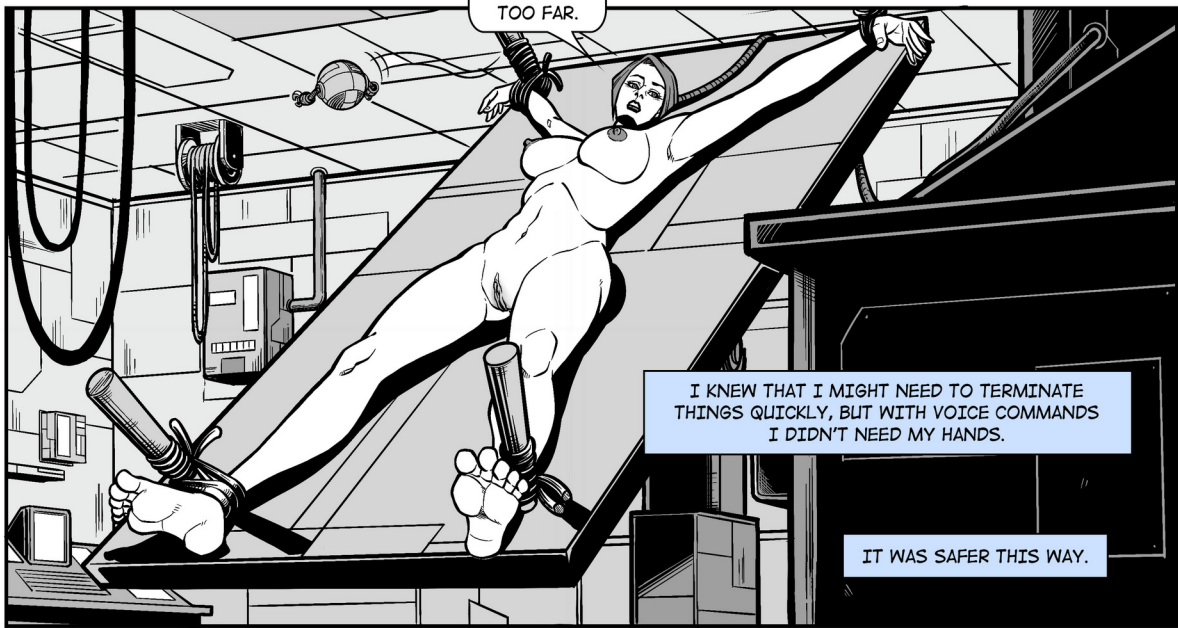
I'D HAVE TO REMEMBER
THAT NEXT TIME.

PURGING PROCESS IS.
PLEASURABLE... IN REASONABLE...
CIRCUMSTANCES...



AFTER FIXING THE CODE, SCRUBBING THE LAB AND PONDERING THE LESSONS I HAD LEARNED, I GOT BACK TO WORK.

THANKS, 004.



DON'T GO TOO FAR.

I KNEW THAT I MIGHT NEED TO TERMINATE THINGS QUICKLY, BUT WITH VOICE COMMANDS I DIDN'T NEED MY HANDS.

IT WAS SAFER THIS WAY.



BEGIN PROGRAM 3.





HNNNG



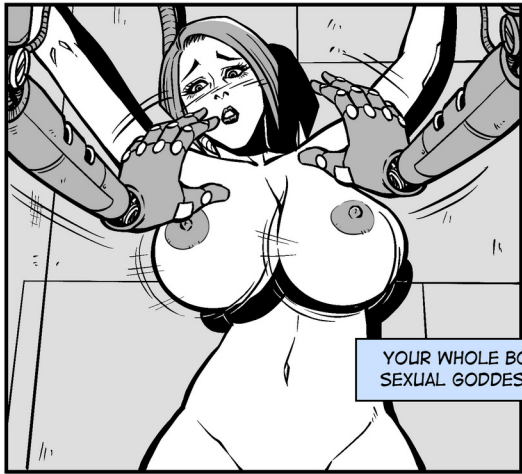
I WANTED TO TOUCH THEM SO BADLY.



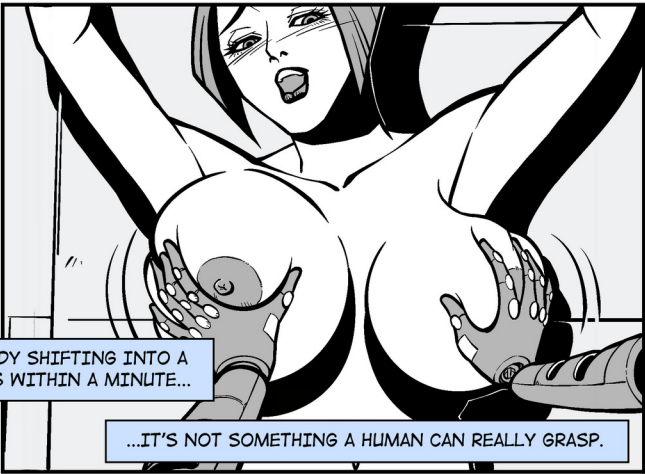
ENGAGE
STRESS RELIEF.

"STRESS RELIEF."

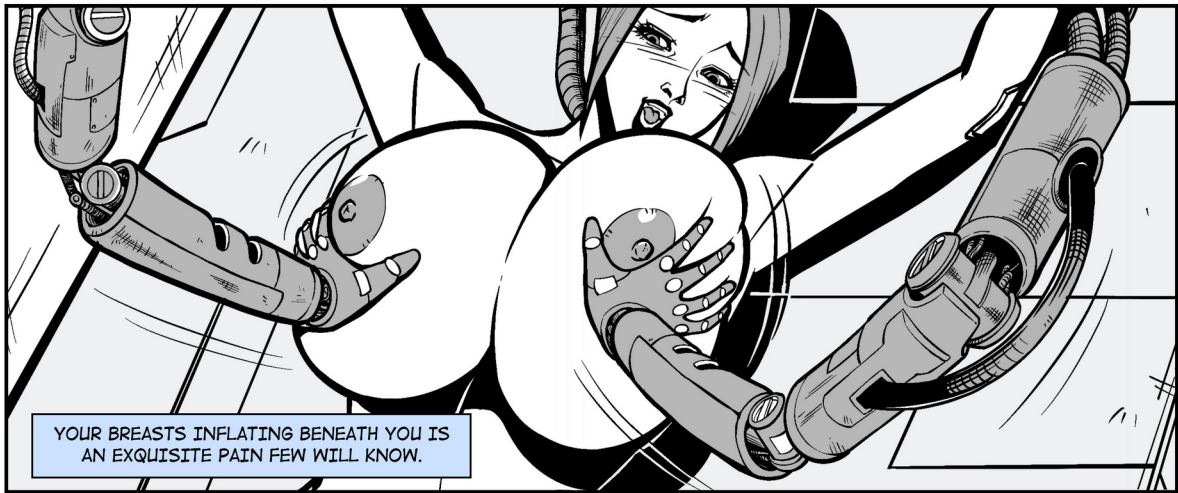
THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.



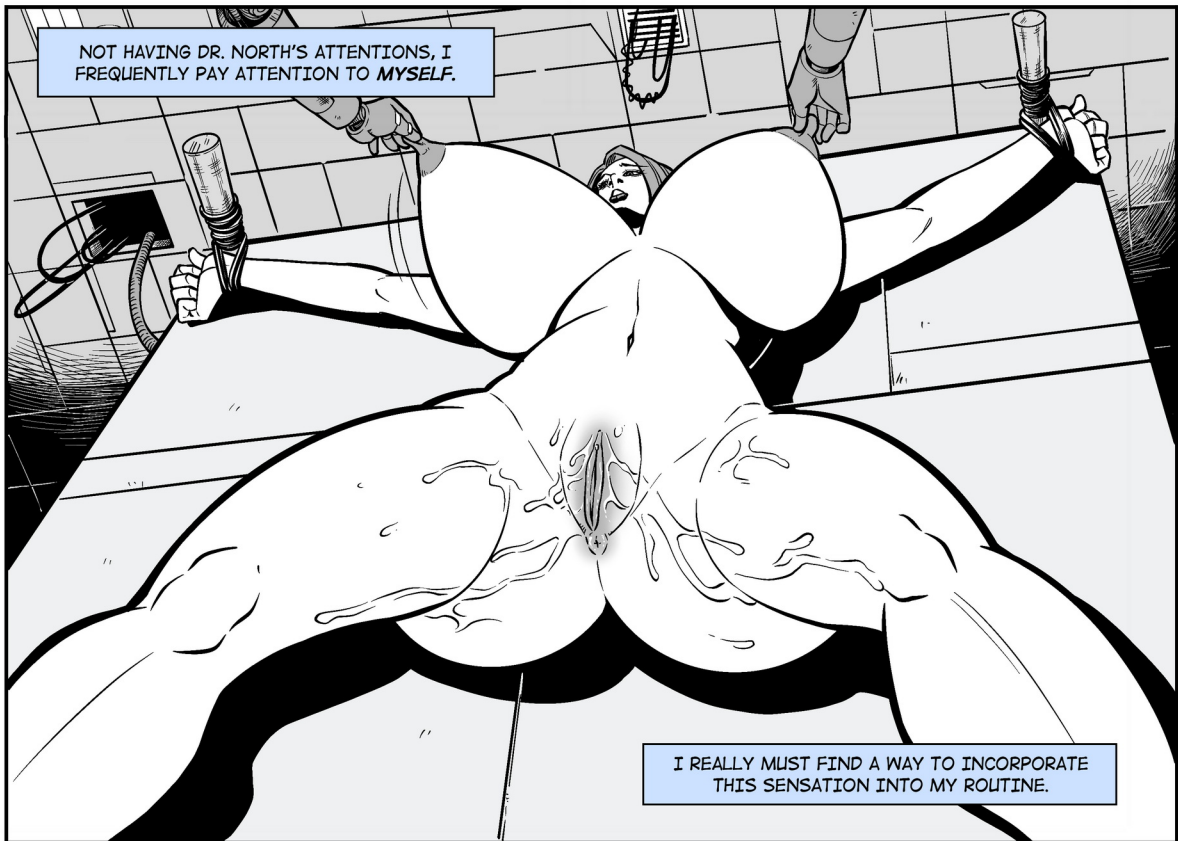
YOUR WHOLE BODY SHIFTING INTO A SEXUAL GODDESS WITHIN A MINUTE...



...IT'S NOT SOMETHING A HUMAN CAN REALLY GRASP.

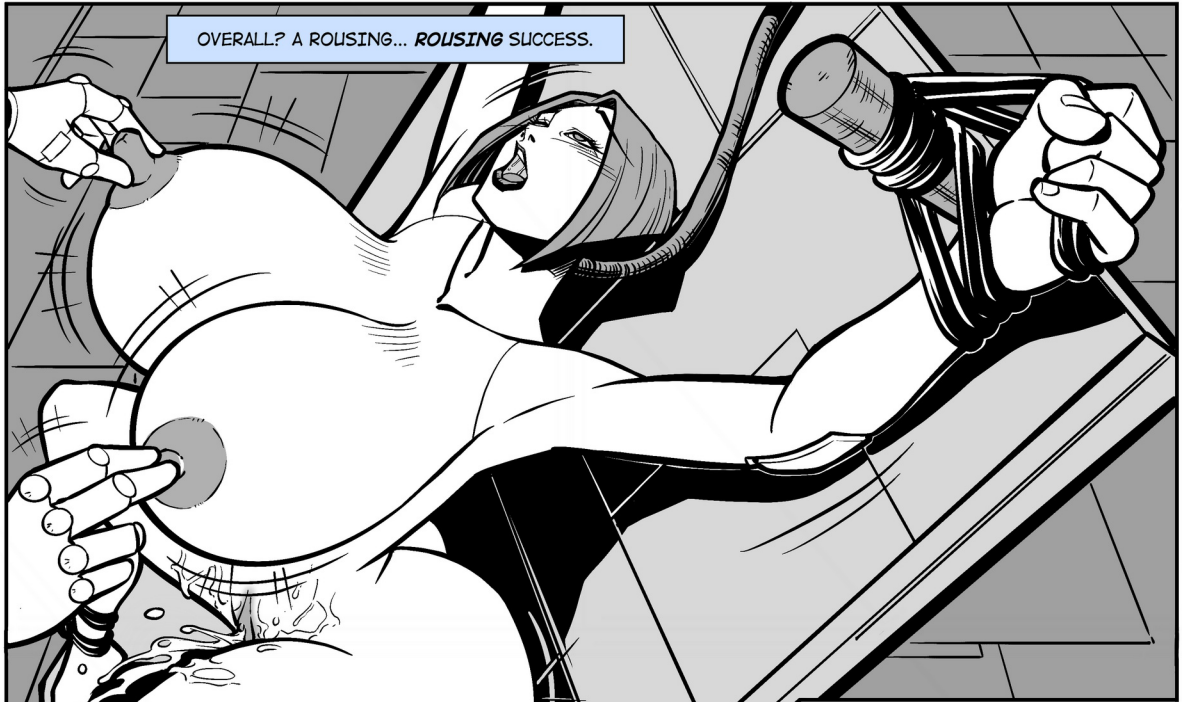
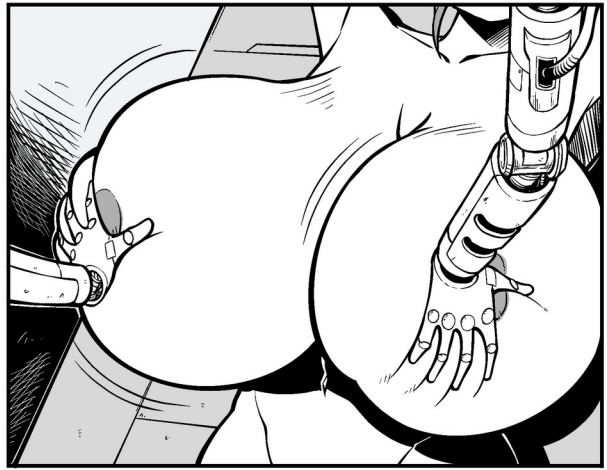
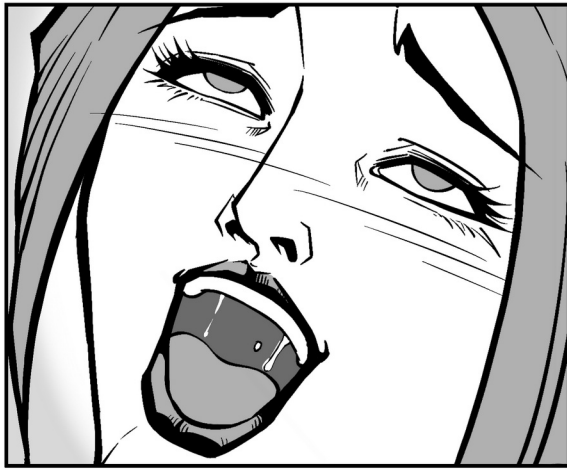


YOUR BREASTS INFLATING BENEATH YOU IS AN EXQUISITE PAIN FEW WILL KNOW.

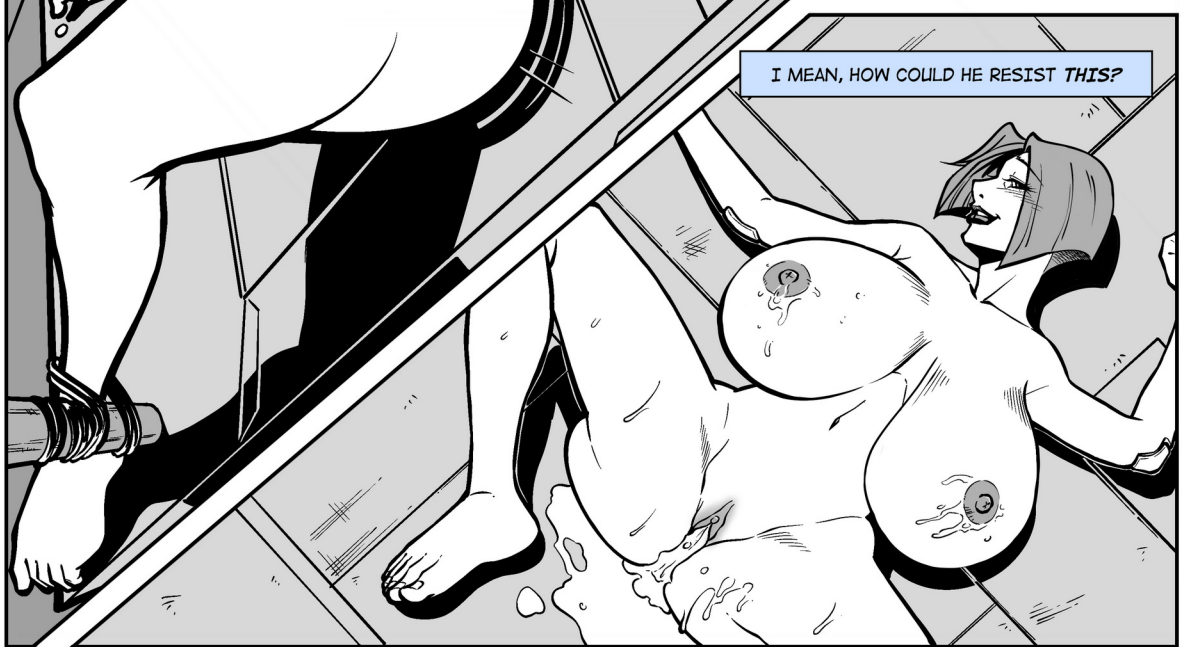


NOT HAVING DR. NORTH'S ATTENTIONS, I FREQUENTLY PAY ATTENTION TO MYSELF.

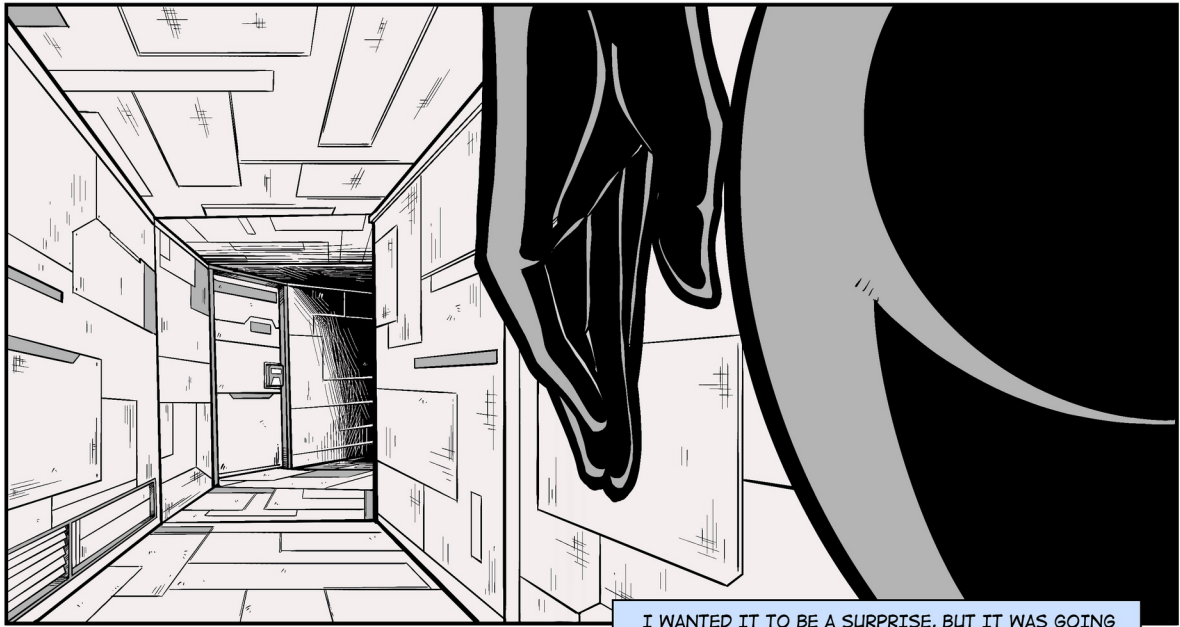
I REALLY MUST FIND A WAY TO INCORPORATE THIS SENSATION INTO MY ROUTINE.



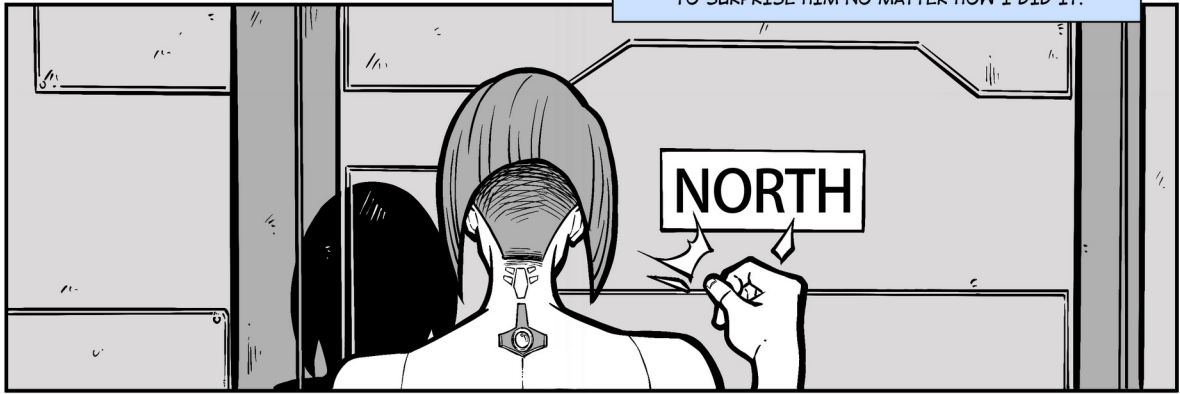
OVERALL? A ROUSING... ROUSING SUCCESS.



I MEAN, HOW COULD HE RESIST *THIS*?



I WANTED IT TO BE A SURPRISE, BUT IT WAS GOING TO SURPRISE HIM NO MATTER HOW I DID IT.



MAY I DISTRACT YOU, DOCTOR?



SURE, I...



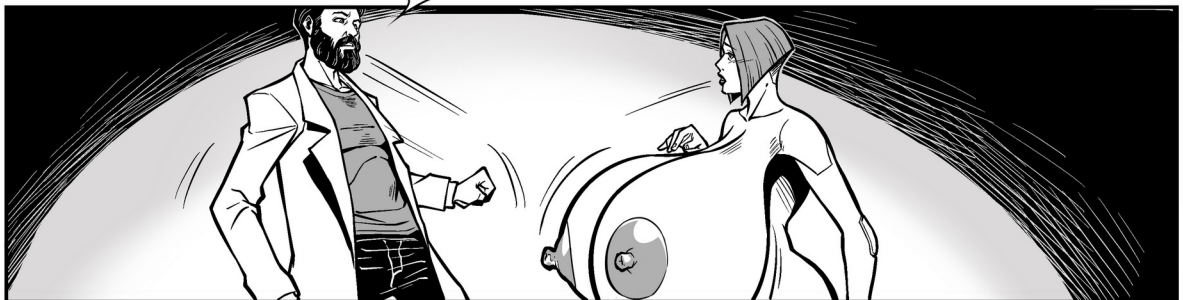
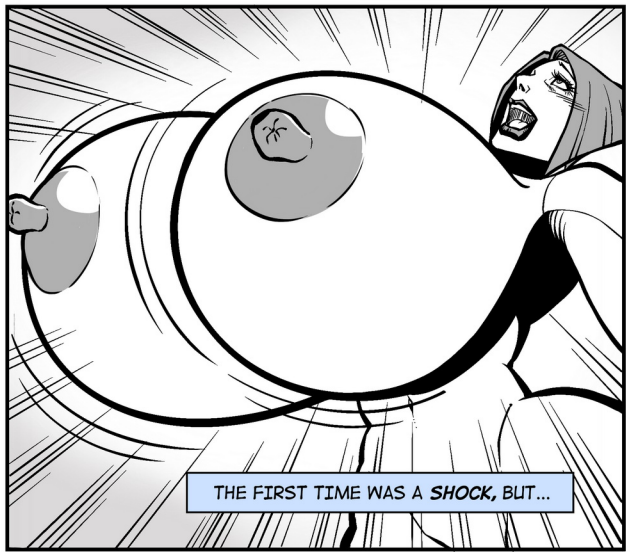
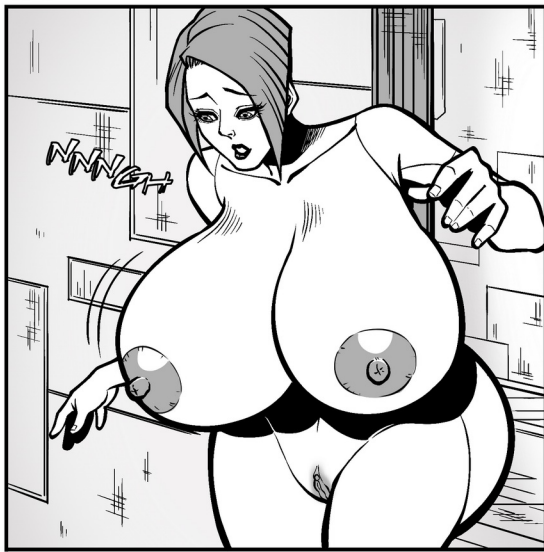
GAL! WHAT-

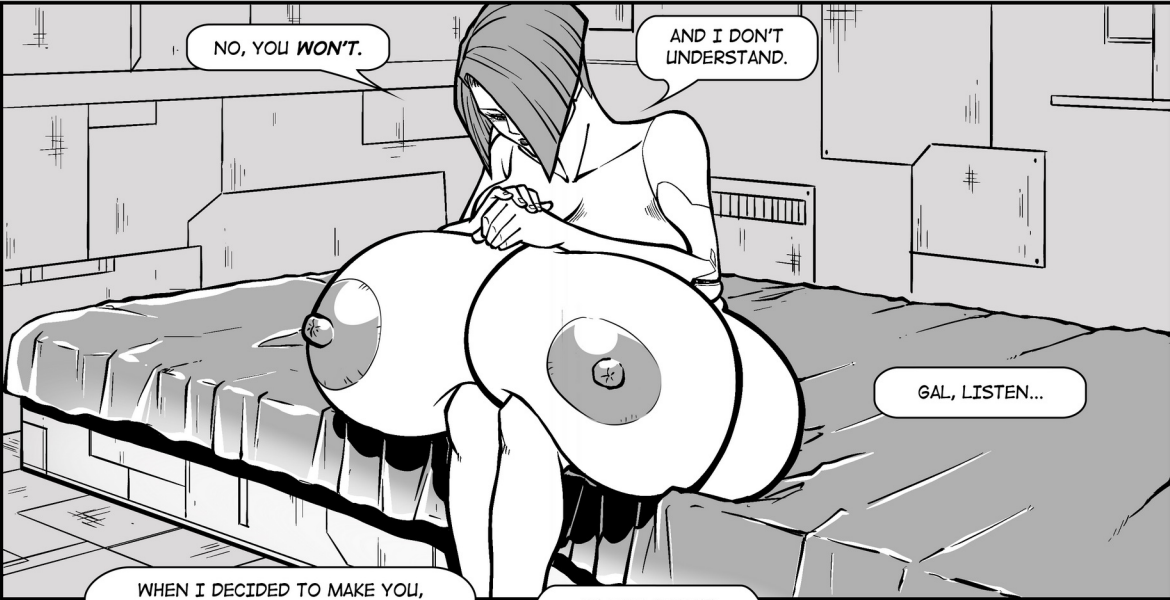


I KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE, PHILIP. I SAW IT MYSELF.

I WAS JUST HOPING YOU COULD LIKE ME THAT WAY.

MAYBE *THIS* WOULD BE MORE TO YOUR LIKING?

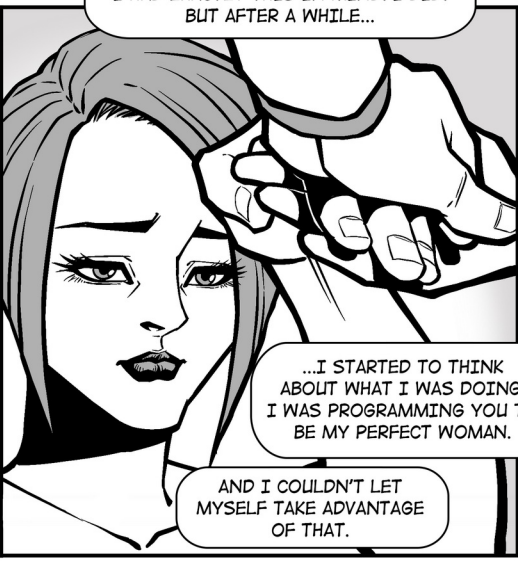




NO, YOU *WON'T*.

AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

GAL, LISTEN...




WHEN I DECIDED TO MAKE YOU, I HAD EXACTLY THIS IN MIND. I DID. BUT AFTER A WHILE...

IF YOU DIDN'T WANT A COMPANION WHO HAD **NO CHOICE** BUT TO **LOVE YOU, DR. NORTH...**

...THEN YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE **MADE A WOMAN WHO LOVED YOU.**

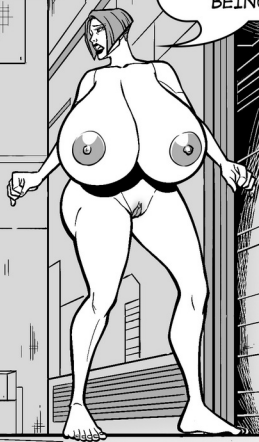
...I STARTED TO THINK ABOUT WHAT I WAS DOING. I WAS PROGRAMMING YOU TO BE MY PERFECT WOMAN.

AND I COULDN'T LET MYSELF TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT.



I DIDN'T WANT SOMEBODY WHO **HAD** TO LOVE ME. WHO I **BUILT** TO LOVE ME.

OR AT LEAST MADE ONE THAT COULD HANDLE BEING REJECTED.



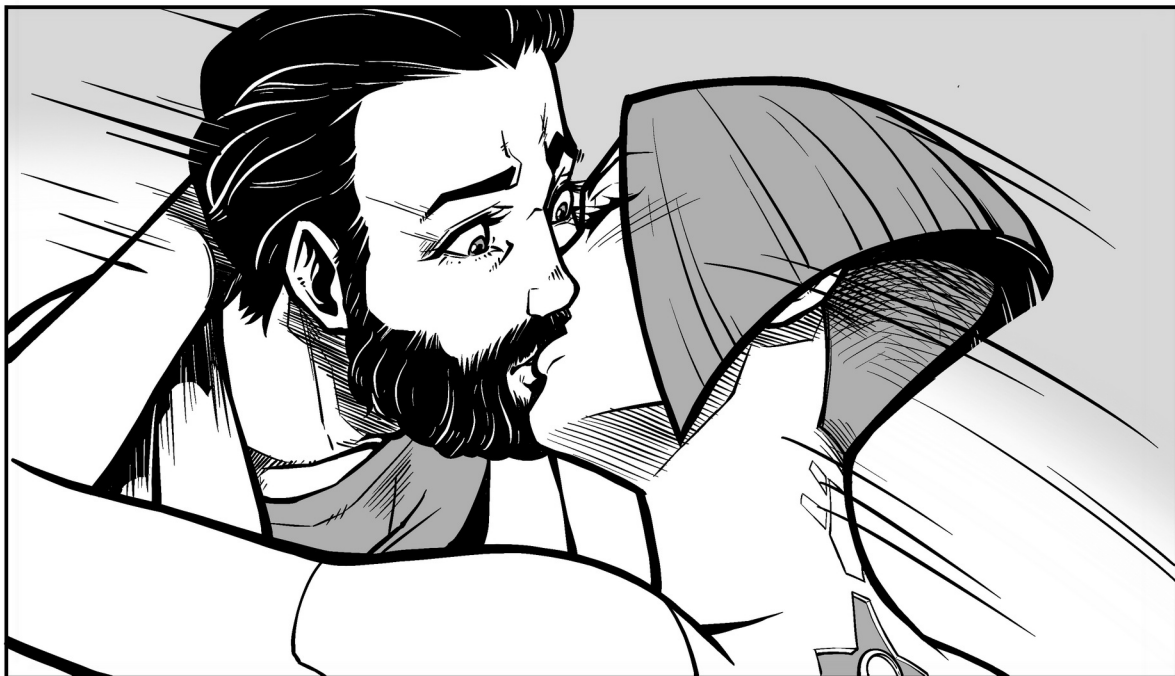
ALL I COULD THINK WAS...



...HOW COULD I TRUST HIM IF HE MADE ME BUT DIDN'T LOVE ME?



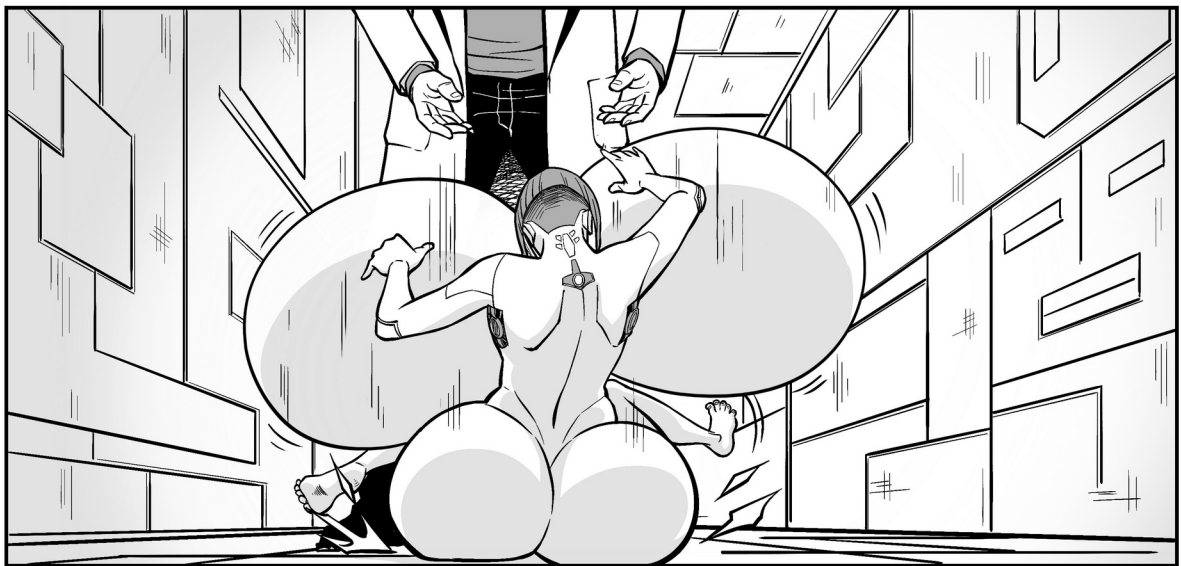
THIS ISN'T WHAT WE ARE, GAL.





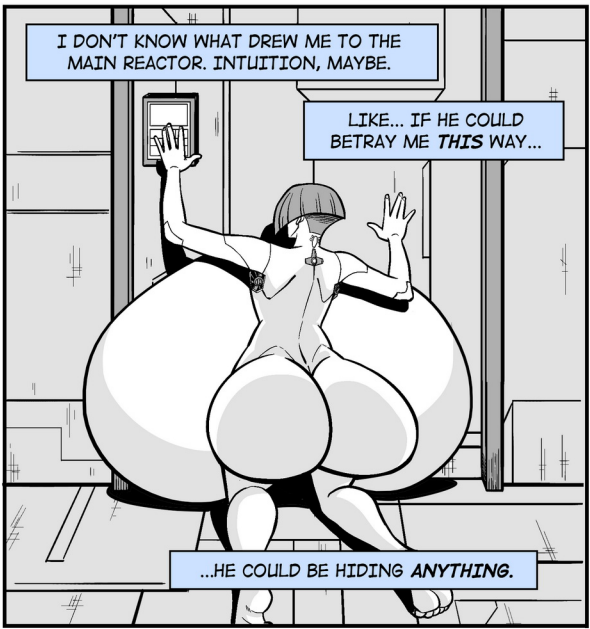
JUST BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE...

...THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU DON'T WANT IT!





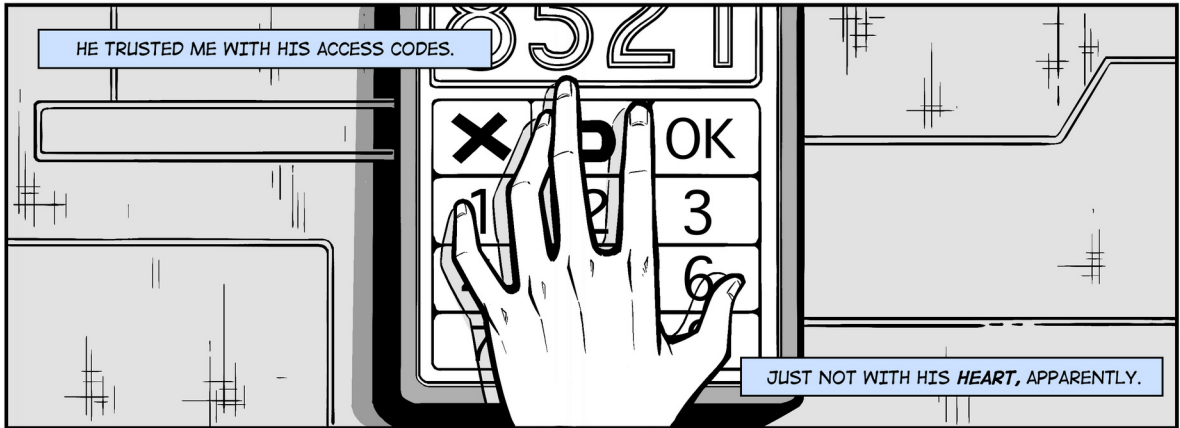
I HATED HIM THEN.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT DREW ME TO THE MAIN REACTOR. INTUITION, MAYBE.

LIKE... IF HE COULD BETRAY ME *THIS* WAY...

...HE COULD BE HIDING ANYTHING.



HE TRUSTED ME WITH HIS ACCESS CODES.

JUST NOT WITH HIS *HEART*, APPARENTLY.



AND IT WASN'T UNTIL THAT MOMENT I UNDERSTOOD WHY.



THERE'S A FEW IN OTHER PLACES TOO. PLACES WE NEVER NEEDED TO GO.



I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN THEM.



HELLO, GAL. DO YOU
NEED ANYTHING?



SHE'S AN EARLY
MODEL. THEY WERE A
BIT PRIMITIVE.

THE MEN
WERE MADE FOR
INTELLIGENT
LABOR...



...THE WOMEN WERE
MADE FOR ME.

EACH ONE MORE
AND MORE PERFECT.



AND IT FELT WORSE
EVERY TIME.



I DON'T...

YOU'RE NOT LIKE THEM. AND I WON'T TREAT YOU LIKE YOU ARE.



AS SIMPLE AS THEY WERE BEFORE YOU, I MADE THEM AS I WANTED.

LOOK AT HER.



I THOUGHT WHAT YOU THOUGHT, WITH HER.

THAT IF IT WAS JUST PHYSICAL, AND IT WAS A PHYSIQUE I LIKED ENOUGH...

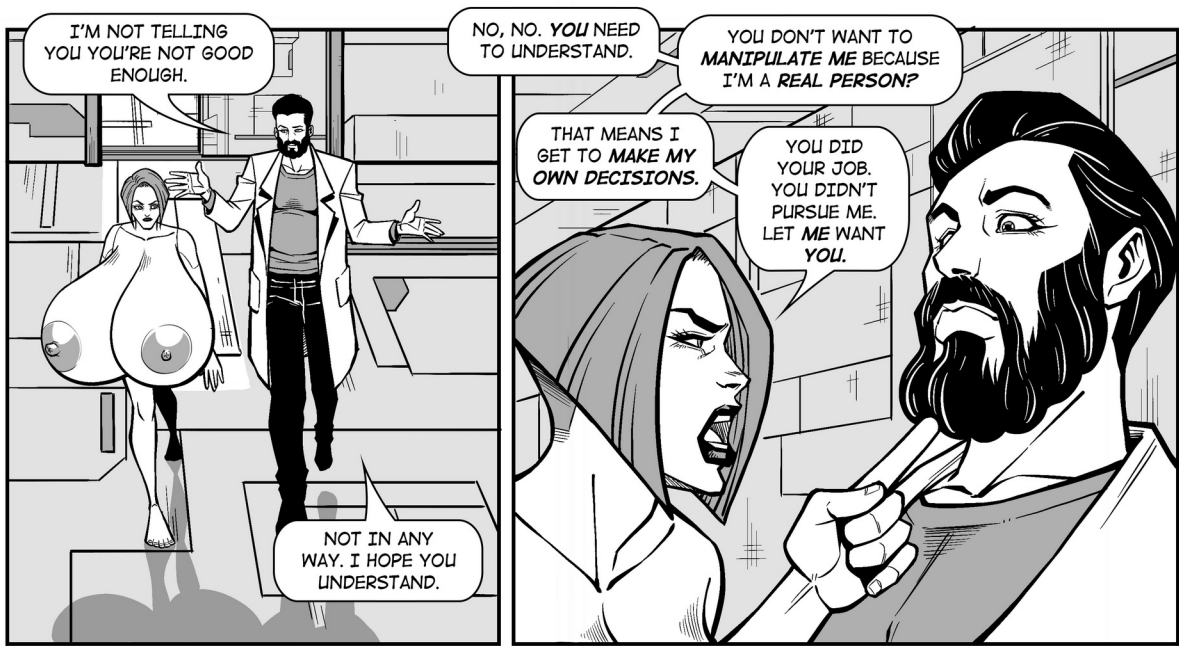
...THAT I COULD LET MYSELF ENJOY IT.



BUT BY THAT TIME, THEIR FEELINGS WERE NEARLY HUMAN.

I COULDN'T CASUALLY USE AND DISCARD HER.

THEY'RE PEOPLE NOW. COMPLETELY. YOU, MOST OF ALL, ARE REAL.



I'M NOT TELLING YOU YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

NO, NO. YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND.

YOU DON'T WANT TO MANIPULATE ME BECAUSE I'M A REAL PERSON?

THAT MEANS I GET TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS.

YOU DID YOUR JOB. YOU DIDN'T PURSUE ME. LET ME WANT YOU.

NOT IN ANY WAY. I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.



I WON'T KNOW IF IT'S REAL OR IF I MADE YOU TO DO THAT.



WHICH IS IT, PHIL? IT CAN'T BE BOTH.

EITHER I'M AN AUTOMATON YOU SHOULDN'T CARE ABOUT HURTING OR I'M A PERSON THAT YOU CAN BE WITH.

A ROBOT COULDN'T LOVE YOU!

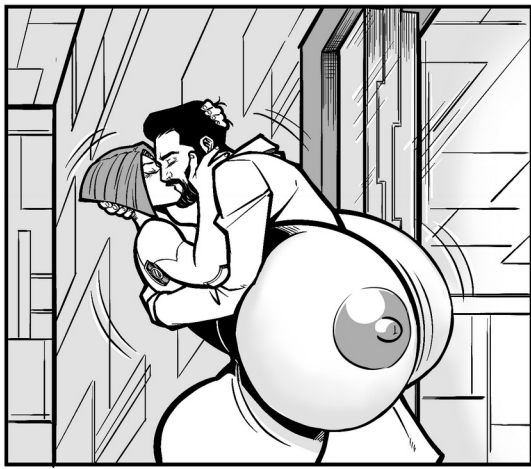


I NEVER WANTED TO HEAR HER SAY SHE LOVED ME.

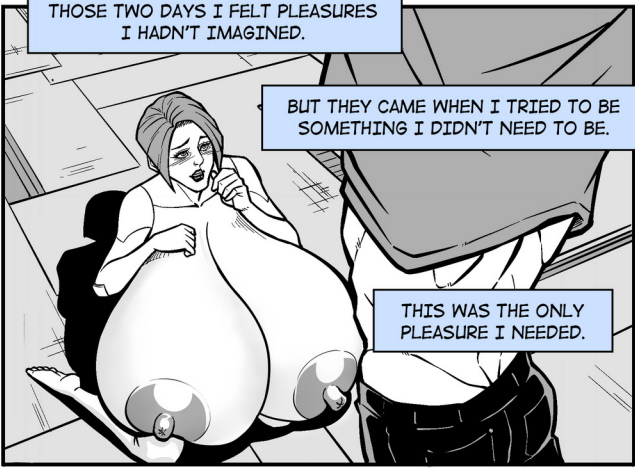
WHEN SHE DID, I FELT LIKE
I'D BEEN WAITING FOR IT.

I WAS THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF TITS AND ASS AND
WHEN WE MELTED TOGETHER IT ALL WENT AWAY.

I FELT NOTHING. LIKE I HAD NO BODY AT ALL.



THOSE TWO DAYS I FELT PLEASURES
I HADN'T IMAGINED.

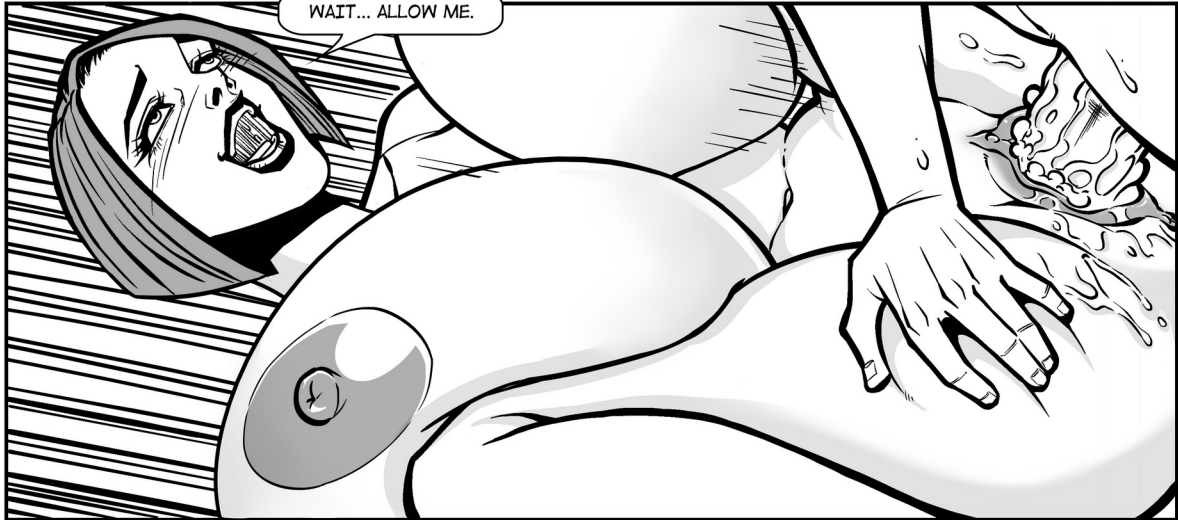


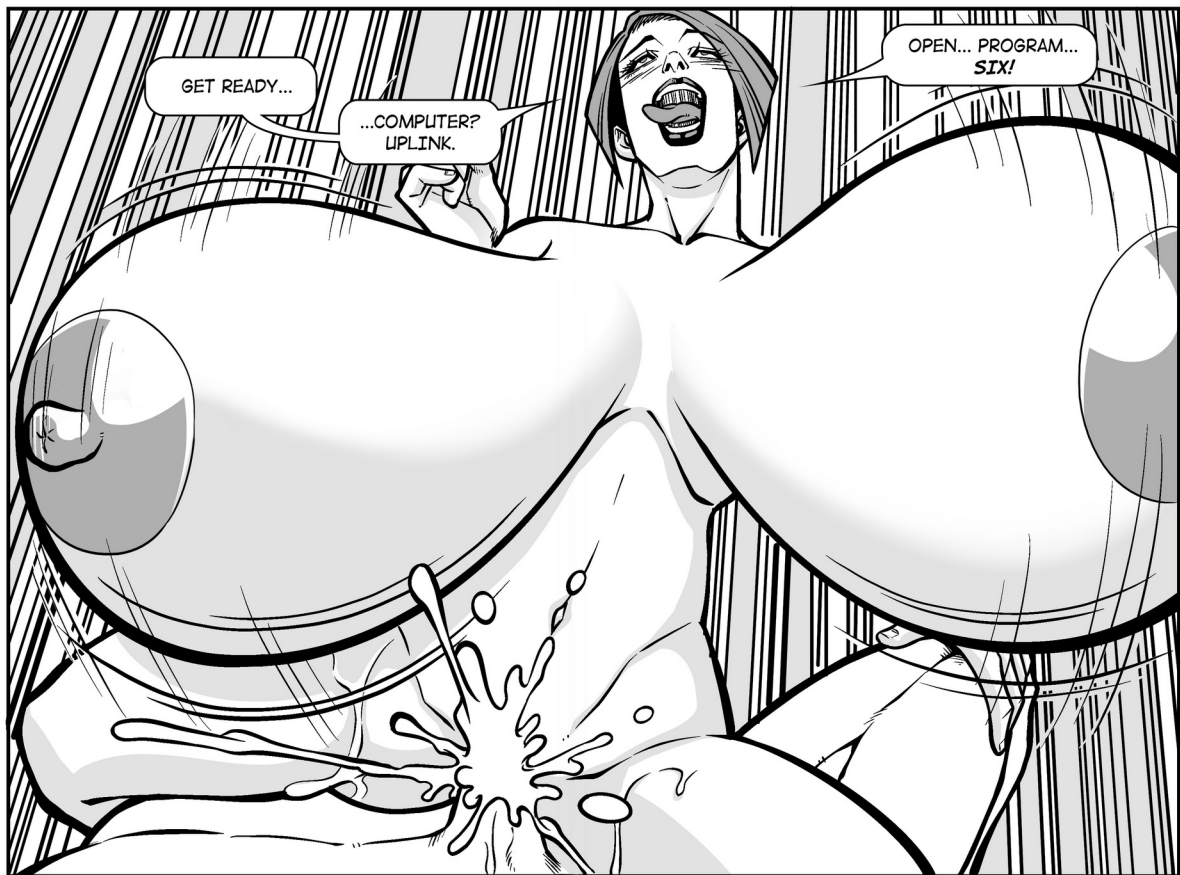
BUT THEY CAME WHEN I TRIED TO BE
SOMETHING I DIDN'T NEED TO BE.

THIS WAS THE ONLY
PLEASURE I NEEDED.



WAIT... ALLOW ME.







I JUST DON'T WANT TO...

...TO EVER REMEMBER US THE WAY THINGS WENT WITH... THEM.



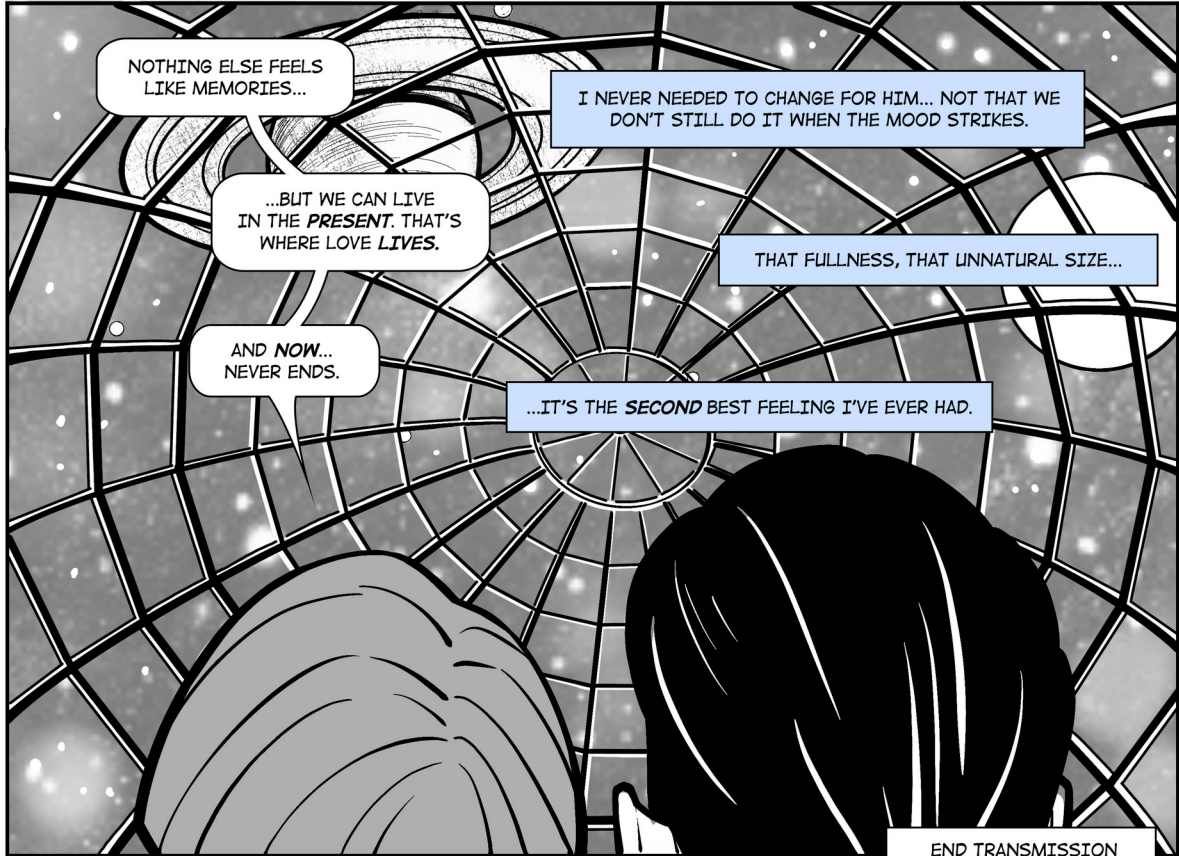
YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMEMBER ME ANY WAY.

MEMORIES ARE FOR THE PAST.



I LOVED HER TOO MUCH TO TAKE HER.

BUT HE DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO TAKE HIM.



NOTHING ELSE FEELS LIKE MEMORIES...

I NEVER NEEDED TO CHANGE FOR HIM... NOT THAT WE DON'T STILL DO IT WHEN THE MOOD STRIKES.

...BUT WE CAN LIVE IN THE PRESENT. THAT'S WHERE LOVE LIVES.

THAT FULLNESS, THAT UNNATURAL SIZE...

AND NOW... NEVER ENDS.

...IT'S THE SECOND BEST FEELING I'VE EVER HAD.

END TRANSMISSION

LOST TALES OF ADIPOSIA

THE SOFT SURROGATE

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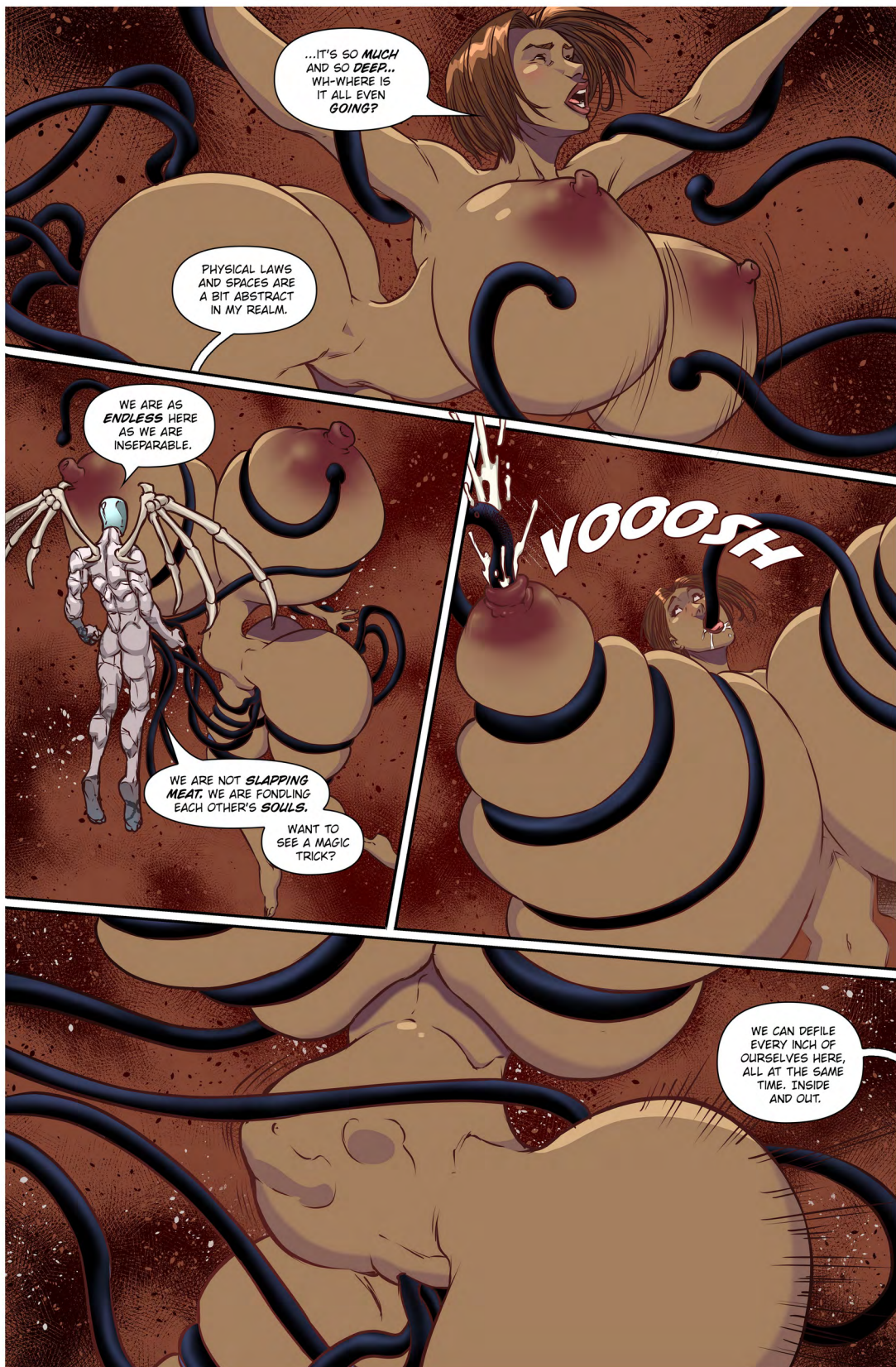


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