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## **Just Like A Real Boy**

by

Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr. and Perry A. Chapdelaine, Jr.

To: moon@IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

June 13, 2217

Dear Mom and Dad,

I arrived OK at Camp Watchaka. Mr. Stockton -- that's the Scout Master -- met us at the depot in the camp's grav-car.

I piled in with all the other fellows, some from as far away as Rigel VII, and pushed my way toward the rear. I remembered what you said Mom, to take a back seat right away. Still I felt uncomfortable 'cause they all turned to stare as I went by.

Let me come home, please!

I promise to do all the chores without complaint during the next year if I can only leave this place and come home.

Love to you and dad,

Michael

To: earth@IPA.org..arizona.camp watchaka.michael

June 16, 2217

Dear Mikey,

Now son, you promised to try the camp. You promised to get along with the boys -- or at least try.

Don't you want to be a real boy?

We're extremely proud of you, Mikey. Just to think! Soon the adoption papers will come through and you'll be all ours. Your father and I are so thrilled!

We're sending your little repair kit so that anything that goes wrong can be fixed, but of course nothing will go wrong, will it?

Love,

Mother

From: moon@IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

June 20, 2217

To: moon@IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

Dear Mom and Dad,

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I hate it here at Camp Watchaka!

Hardly anyone knows my language. They gabble in their own and you know how impossible it is to learn theirs.

When we got off the grav-car, Mr. Stockton assigned us to platoons, eight to a group. I got placed with one of the many-tentacled brains from Adelbaren VII, and six of the Adelpixy blockheads!

I thought for awhile that N'cte -- that's the name of the one from Adelbaren VII -- was going to be friendly, but soon he joined with the Adelpixy bunch, isolating me from everyone in my group. They let me have the worst resting spot right next to the doorway.

Naturally there wasn't any heat that night, or the nights that followed, because, as Mr. Stockton says, "We go by majority needs here!" and everyone knows that Adelpixies and Adlebaren VIIs don't need heat.

I miss my astro-computers so much. Please let me come home.

Also, Mom, when you send my tickets for home, don't call me Mikey. It only stirs up the boys more.

(You should hear what they call me anyway!)

Love to you and dad,

Michael

From: earth@IPA.org..arizona.camp watchaka.michael

July 6, 2217

To: earth@IPA.org..arizona.camp watchaka.michael

My dearest little Mikey,

Everyone must find their place in the world!

One reason your father and I have placed you in Camp Watchaka is for you to learn how to get along with other boys. Hobbies are good, like your astro-computers, but they aren't everything there is to life. Getting along with others is far more important.

Now Mikey, you'r just going to have to learn, to grow up. These petty difficulties will disappear as you get better accepted by the other boys.

Have you received your repair kit as yet?

Love, Mamma

From: moon@.IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

July 8, 2217

To: moon@.IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

Dear Folks,

I didn't want to embarass you, since you have both been very good to me, even though you aren't my real parents.

During the first week we had orientation, relay running and sighting. During orientation, all of the members of the team take turns turning, or orienting their brain cases toward weak physical phenomena. The first week's trials involved sensing of weak forces such as the decay of nutrinors, muons, charged pions, or current-current



interactions. Naturally I couldn't orient towards any of these!

Relay running usually involved long multiplication chains mixed with division problems; my errors were far more frequently made than the other boys. The worst of all was factoring large prime numbers!

Sighting included both microscopic and telescopic, just for practice, of course, since no one would really expect to compete with large or spatially located microscopes and telescopes.

Understand now, Mom? Dad?

The Adelpixy bunch called me Bug-Eyed Monster the other day and now everybody does it. Please send the money for the ticket home.

I've just got to get home!

Love to you and Dad,

Michael

P.S. I received the repair kit. I had to use it today after bruising my fist on one of the Adelpixy's block heads.

From: earth@IPA.org..arizona.camp watchaka.michael

July 10, 2217

To: earth@IPA.org..arizona.camp watchaka.michael

Dear precious Mikey,

Your father and I have had a long talk. We wanted you to be a real boy. We should have realized that you are vastly different than the others.

Dearest Mikey -- please find the enclosed money order for your trip home. We'll meet you at the Campbell Crater Space Station if you'll tell us the proper time.

Love,

Mamma

From: moon@.IIA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

July 11, 2217

To: moon@.IPA.org.us.campbell crater.future city.m&d.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I received your letter with the money order for my trip home.

Thanks a lot!

I know this will surprise both of you, but I want to stay here now. I also know how hard both of you have worked to make me a real boy like others, though I don't have Samarium-Ytterium bodies like both of you, or a Positronic brain, and I don't quick-think or quick-scan like everyone else does.



Well, Mr. Stockton says I may not have true android abilities like others but I have something very valuable anyway.

Remember how my last letter described relay running, orientation and sighting? -- none of which I could do. Well, the next week we had creative arts. That's where all the robotic brains from everywhere join together, linking themselves by platoons by means of several levels of high frequency radiation. After that, they compete with one another in groups to create new and novel ideas.

Mr. Stockton says that only once during his twenty year camp counseling career, has he seen a group blend well enough to do actual creative thinking.

Well, since I was so different from others, having been grown from a single cell of the extinct humans in the fashion of some formulae they left behind, it was not possible for me to link, mind to mind, like the others.

But, wonders of wonders! I surprised everyone when I was able to create on my own, without any linking whatsoever.

You can understand how it was, Mom and Dad, when my creative efforts in story-telling and handicraft racked up so many points for our platoon. . . !

Both the Adelbaren VII and Adelpixy boys like me now!

I'm having so much fun here at Camp Watchaka, I don't want to go home for awhile, and Mr. Stockton says I'm coming along, just like a real boy!

Oh yes! Adelpixies aren't really blockheaded. it's just that their bodies have been designed that way to conserve space, which is quite valuable when gathering in groups at home.

Love,

Michael

From: <http://www.earth@IPA.org.arizona.campwatchaka.michael>

