



I know it's irrational, but I keep expecting someone to come around the corner again.



When Jacob showed up here, I was terrified...

Then he hit me. And began to berate me. I had already seen the hatred for robots out in the world, but...not in this house, and not directed at *me* with such... *malice*.



I became so angry. *Enraged*. To the point where it took over my reason...



I ended up reacting exactly how he wanted me to... like a robot taking commands...