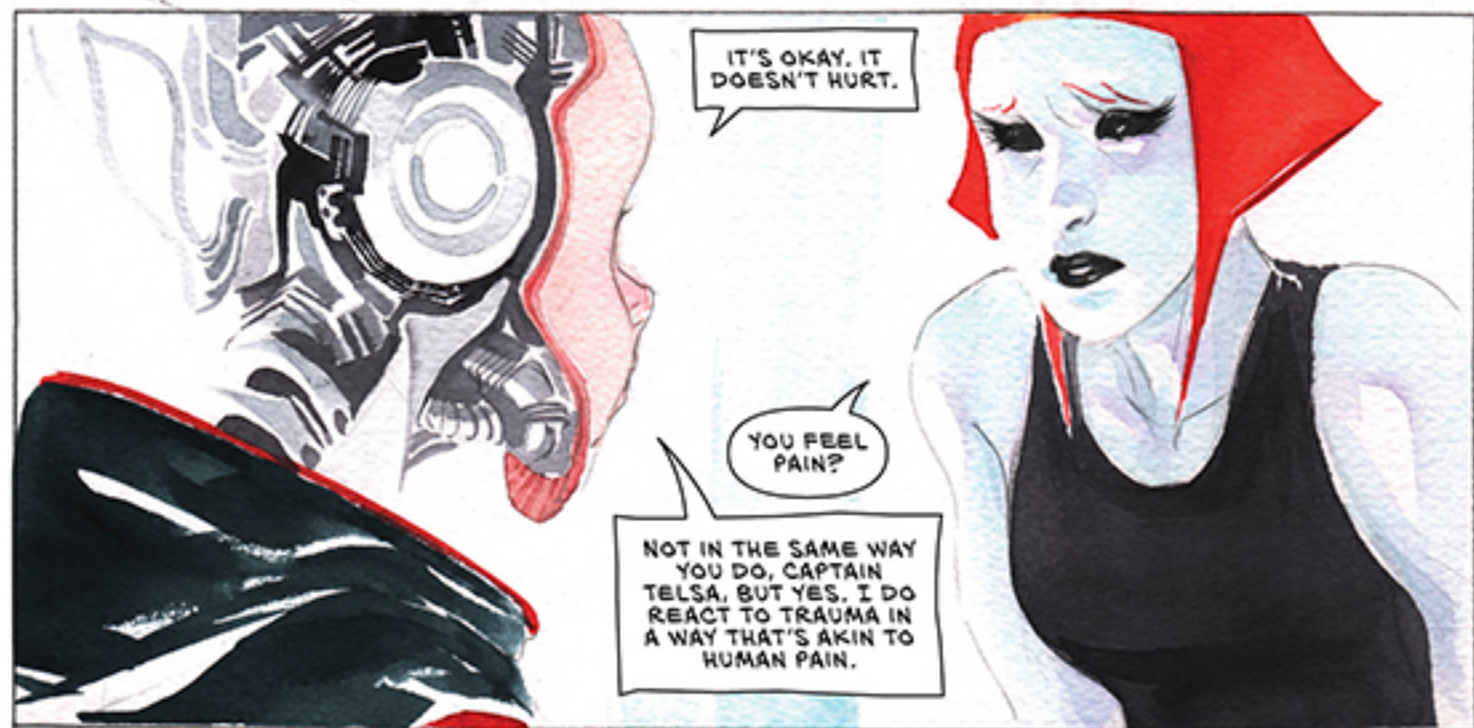NOTHING. I SEE NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY WITH TIM-21'S NEURO-NET, DOCTOR?

NO. THERE SEEMS TO BE NO RECORD OR NOTICEABLE EFFECTS FROM TIM'S "DREAM," WHATEVER IT WAS.

WE'RE ALMOST DONE, TIM-21. JUST A LITTLE LONGER.

MACHINE MOON.

Secret homeworld of the Robot Resistance.

IT'S OKAY. IT DOESN'T HURT.

YOU FEEL PAIN?

NOT IN THE SAME WAY YOU DO, CAPTAIN TELSA, BUT YES. I DO REACT TO TRAUMA IN A WAY THAT'S AKIN TO HUMAN PAIN.

CAPTAIN, PLEASE. THESE OUTBURSTS WILL NOT BE--

SHUT UP, PSIUS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PATRONIZING CRAP!

HOW *LONG* DO YOU INTEND ON KEEPING US HERE?

AS LONG AS IT TAKES. WHEN TIM-21 HELPS US GET WHAT WE WANT, I WILL RETURN YOU TO THE UGC, CAPTAIN.
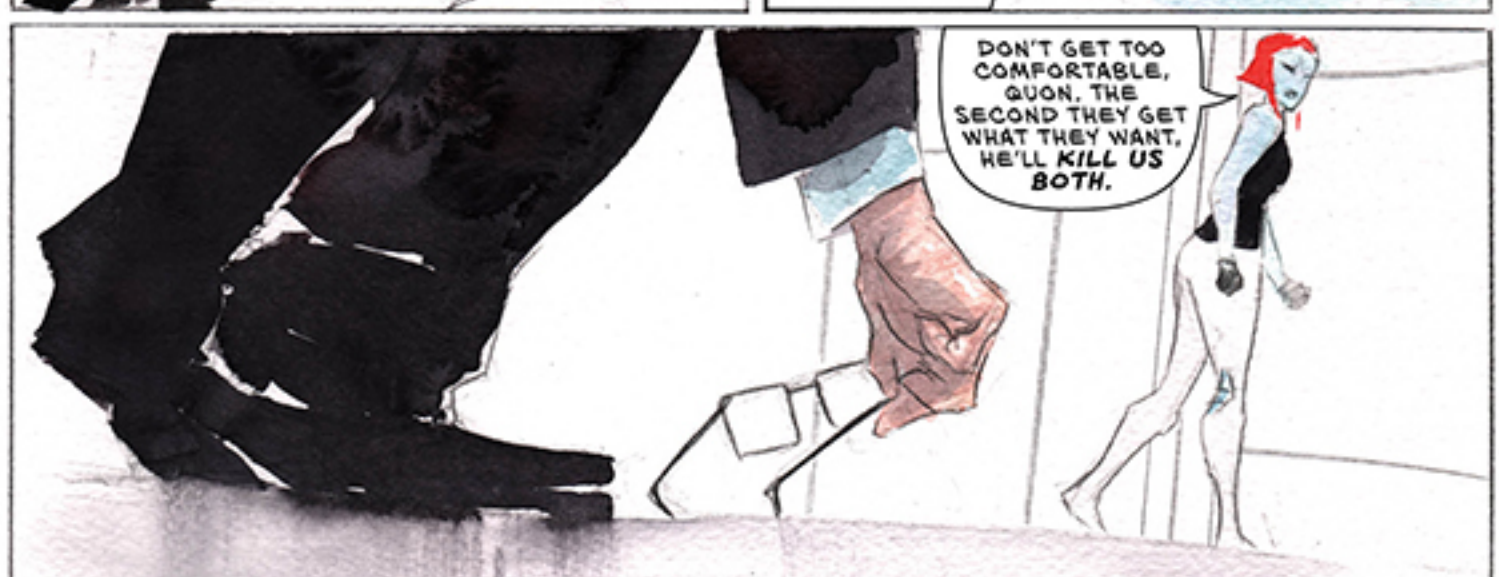
BESIDES...HE HARDLY SEEMS TO MIND. UNLESS *I'M* MISTAKEN, I WOULD SAY HE HAS REALLY TAKEN TO THE HARDWIRE.

YOU CAN SELL THAT "QUARANTINE" CRAP TO TIM, PSIUS, BUT I KNOW WHAT WE ARE...WE'RE *PRISONERS*.

DON'T GET TOO COMFORTABLE, QUON. THE SECOND THEY GET WHAT THEY WANT, HE'LL *KILL US BOTH*.