

MATURE AND OBSCURE AUDIENCE ONLY!
NOT INTENDED FOR CHILDREN.

The Student Machine



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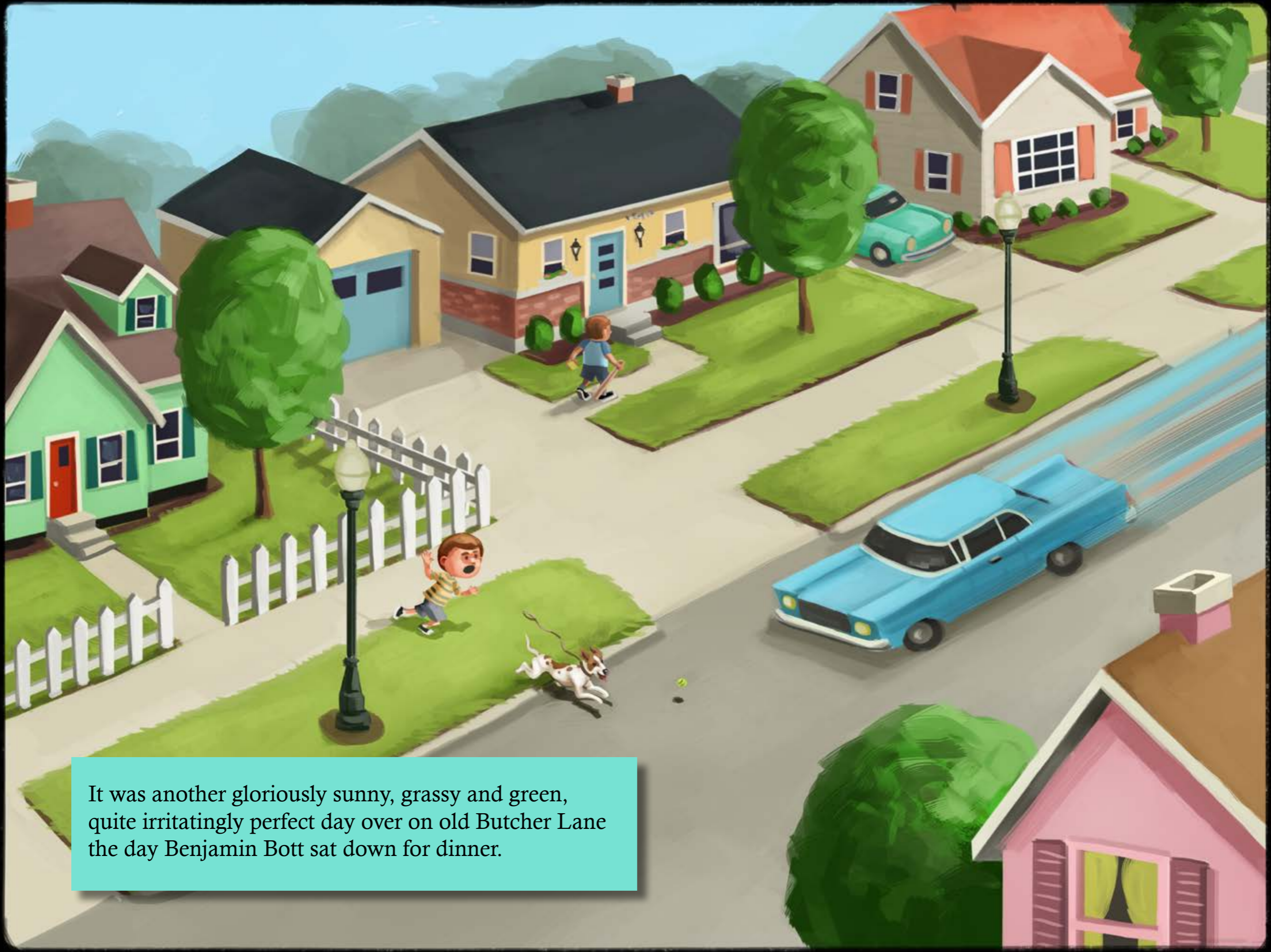
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This book is dedicated to the Big Bad Wolf, The Boogey Man, the Pied Piper, Rumpelstiltskin, Krampus, along with the giants, goblins, circus clowns, wicked witches, scheming stepmothers, and evil queens of the world.



One, two, three, four
Dim the lights and shut the door
Seven, eight, nine, ten
I will tell the tale again





It was another gloriously sunny, grassy and green, quite irritatingly perfect day over on old Butcher Lane the day Benjamin Bott sat down for dinner.

A huge steaming ham roast, smothered in glaze,
piping hot biscuits, baked noodles and cheese,
a mountain of mashed potatoes, just lousy with butter,
two pies, three apples, four oranges—

all spread across
the magnificent table.





But—
what was that, over in back?

Benjamin Bott craned his unusually long neck around to peek at the caboose on this winding train of delectable decadence.

What was that, tucked away, sneakily hidden behind plates of luxurious indulgences and heaps of glistening, unspoiled joy? There it sat, amidst the feast— a miserable, medium-sized bowl filled to the brim with green horridness.



Vegetables.

“Now, eat all your dinner, Benjamin Bott!”
sang darling, sweet Mother,
who had lovingly prepared him a loaded, hot plate.

“Brussels sprouts! Blech!” cried Benjamin Bott.
“How repugnant! Disgusting! How awful! How cruel!
You couldn’t make me eat those if you threatened me with death.”
And he gagged out his tongue just to punctuate his ungrateful little point.



Mother furrowed her brow and pursed her lips,
a look she kept forever tucked in her pocket
and only took out to face the most stubborn of Benjamin Botts.


“You just see what happens
if you don’t eat your vegetables,” said Mother.

“Bad children who won’t eat their vegetables
go to bed with horrible, guilty consciences
and don’t sleep a wink!
They lie awake all night, sad and pitiful,
wishing to have finished their dinners.”



But Benjamin Bott, who was quite spoiled indeed, pushed his offending greens to the side and ravenously tore through rest of the marvelous spread.



A blue-toned illustration of a child sleeping peacefully in a bed. The child is covered with a blanket and has a serene expression. Above the child's head, a thought bubble shows a banana split with a cherry on top. To the right, a banner with the word 'SPORTS' is visible. The room includes a window with blinds, a nightstand with an alarm clock, a poster on the wall, and a teddy bear on the floor.

Amazingly, Benjamin Bott slept rather well that night, his young mind filled with pleasant, young-mind dreams.



He did, however, awake the next morning as an evil, flesh-eating robot.

Now, Benjamin Bott was so put off by this fact that he jumped in horror—
mid-toothbrush stroke—
as he shockingly discovered he was no longer a meaty little boy.



A stylized illustration of a landscape. The scene is dominated by a dark, muted blue background. In the foreground and middle ground, there are several large, rounded, green bushes or trees, rendered with thick, textured brushstrokes. These bushes are arranged in a somewhat symmetrical pattern, with some on the left and some on the right. In the upper right corner, there is a large, circular, light-colored structure, possibly a wheel or a large pot, with a dark, rectangular shape cut out of its center. The overall style is painterly and somewhat abstract, with a focus on color and texture.

And also that his teeth were razor sharp and made of metal.



He felt around his cold, hard head, lightly tapping at the blinkers of his eyes.

Plastic.
Oh my!

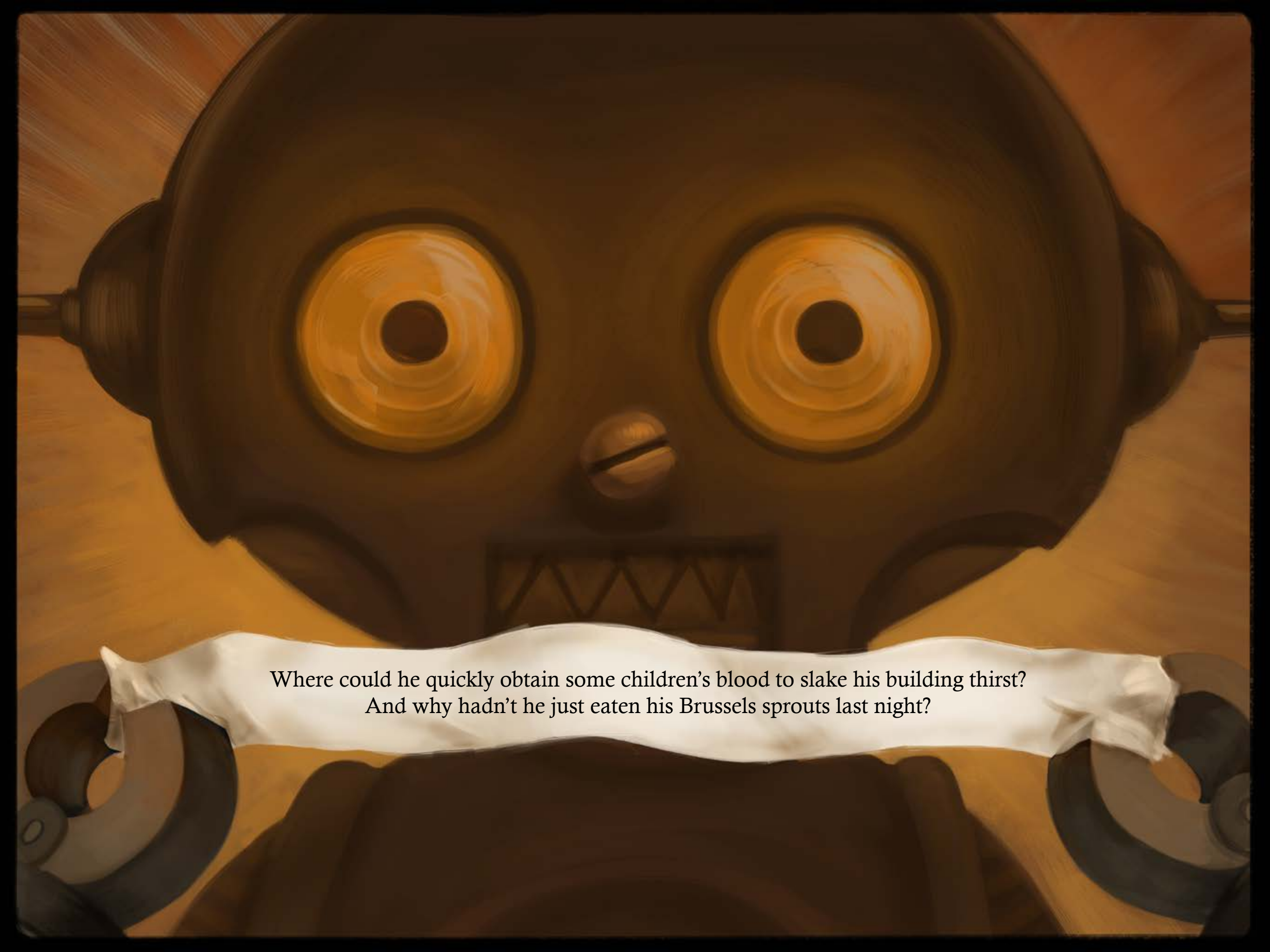
He just couldn't let anybody see him like this!

He just *couldn't!*

What would his friends and teachers think?

Whatever would he do now?





Where could he quickly obtain some children's blood to slake his building thirst?
And why hadn't he just eaten his Brussels sprouts last night?


Benjamin Bott rummaged through his room for something to fix his little dilemma.

Using some masking tape, he at least disguised himself for now and made his way rather noisily to the front door.



Mother bent down to kiss his little chrome head and give him his lunch.
She experienced a brief (but only momentarily troubling) gustatory nip of motor lubricant.



A colorful illustration of a woman with dark, wavy hair styled in a bun with a yellow bow. She has large, expressive eyes, pink eyeshadow, and a wide, open-mouthed smile. She is wearing a yellow polka-dot top, a pearl necklace, and a gold bangle. Her hands are raised to her cheeks in a gesture of surprise or delight. The background is a simple teal wall with a white door frame visible on the right.

“My, you’re getting big!” exclaimed Mother in the same delightful way she did every morning, and she sent him affectionately on his way to school.

Then she sighed a mother’s sigh and began her daily morning task of tidying her kitchen.

Close the hatch
Draw the latch
Sit by the fire and listen
Take your cup
And drink it up
And call your neighbors in

