

I wonder if you know any robots. Are there any in your workplace? Would you hire one? How would you treat them? *I'm* a robot. I should say: I'm *like* a robot. I have Asperger's Syndrome; I'm here on a strange line: Autism Spectrum Disorder. I feel like a robot and this book is my big shot. It's my 'hail Mary' throw. Is there any way that you and I might come together; communication, values – can we find some common ground? Will I be safe in your employment? I ask because I've been employed before. Over 100 times! I've happily defined myself as 'River-guide', 'Adventure Centre Program Co-ordinator', 'Ski-shop Technician'. Currently, for safety's sake, I'm none of those things. I'm out. But there's harm out here, too. I want to contribute; I know the rules. But why do I feel like the only one who must follow them?

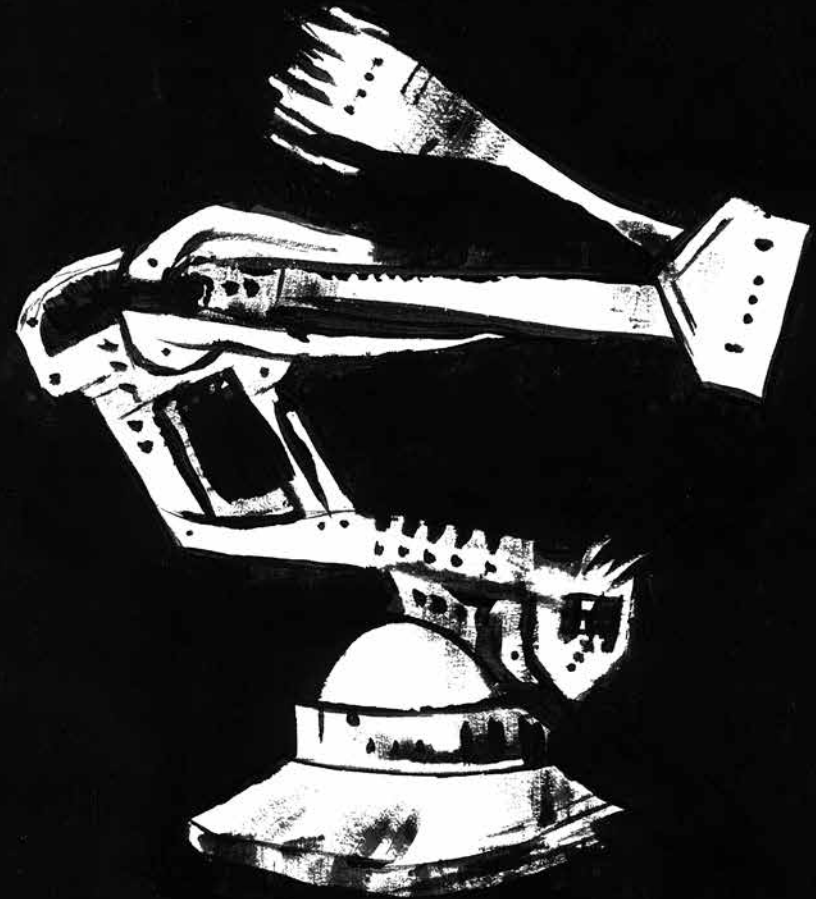
Will you read my book? You see, I'm new to this type of honesty; 'til now, I smeared myself in layers of camouflage. I acted the part, the player, the character of a human called Grant, to survive, to try to integrate, so some of this may be hard to accept. You can sift and sort, cherry-pick what you want to believe, I'm used to it. But take *some* of it on board, please? Because credibility is value. And value is life.

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Citizen.Robot

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Grant Beaven



Grant Beaven