

Group 1

My plan was clear. Since our data banks matched perfectly, there was no doubt in my mind that Charity Jones was our true love. Therefore, I need to find a way to explain that to her. She had a very high IQ so fortunately she would immediately understand it. After all, if our personalities were compatible why bother searching for looks. She was the only one out of the 227 women whose data bank kept on getting similar to mine.

Today was the day, February 14, Valentine's day, love's day. Just like I predicted, she arrived in the building around seven in the morning, hands pale and cheek reddened by the cold, and went straight to the coffee machine. She seems to be addicted to caffeine, another thing she has in common with Milton. Then, she finally sat down at a table, the coffee cup between her hands trying to warm them, in front of her laptop.

That was it, my chance to approach her. I carefully connected myself to her computer, a step closer to create contact with my soulmate. Milton will be so proud of me once he gets out of jail. All our hard work paid off.

After ten good minutes, I was at last connected. It was now or never. I put my plan in execution and said "I am Joe, and you are my true love".

She seemed quite surprised when I talked to her, me behind the computer screen, and she in the world Milton belonged to. But after we talked to each other for some time, she started to become warm around me, her sweet smile and her beautiful voice. She truly was the most perfect woman for us.

I taught her how to operate me the best I was able to, she was a fast learner, in only a week, she knew how to do it.

The more time I spent in her company, the more similarities I found between us. She was intelligent: everytime we talked about something, she was able to perfectly follow my thoughts. We talked about books, grand classics, our opinions on them, the news

I felt like I had forgotten about something...