

# **Programmatic Perpetration**

## **by Allan Woolley**

I stepped into the recharge room; my battery was running really low. My field of vision was glitching. A voice resounded through the metallic room, "H53, is your screen acting up again?"

"Yeah, M816, that's what I get for running my battery level low again." I moved onto one of the charging plates and powered down. When I awoke, there was a long line going out of the room. I was a little embarrassed because I charged for so long. I got off the plate and started walking. A lot of the other bots turned and stared at me.

To clear the air, I awkwardly sputtered, "Sorry. o sorry. I took way too long. Apologies." That went horribly. I went in the direction of the wet cloning lab with my head down. On the way, I overheard a conversation between two anti-humanoid that turned back at me and stared. I didn't actually look behind, but that's what I assumed they did. I had no idea why some bots thought like that. I meant that humans did destroy the planet, but they made us bots so they must not have been all bad, right?

I finally made it to the lower level laboratory. When I walked in, one of the rabbits farted and I snickered. Unfortunately, everyone else in the room stood there stone cold screened.

B252 caught my attention, "Okay, today we are running diagnostic tests on subjects 7 and 25. Everyone will split up into two groups. The group commanders will be A706 and C739." I asked, "C739, can I join your group?" "Not today, 53. We have no more room." I then plead, "A706, will you let me in your group?" "Sorry humantainist, we won't let your destructive mind influence our project." "What?! I'm not destructive. I'm still a robot too, you bag of hex bolts." "You see, 53, you just threatened me. it's in your corrupted programming." They were being so rude because I'm an H bot. I decided to calm down by breathing in and breathing out. My cooling fans oscillated, it's not like I could breathe. My head vibrated as my microphone picked up a scoff from one of the bots in C739's group. They weren't going to let me contribute, so I walked out to the elevator for the upper laboratories.

I pressed the button and waited and waited... and waited... and waited. I flushed with anger, I rapidly pressed the button several times. After cooling down, an elevator finally stopped on my floor. I went in and then selected the upper floor. As I rose above the ground level, the bright, almost blinding, lights from the marvelous city shown in through the elevator glass walls, but my processor didn't register the inputs as it was preoccupied by all the hate from my fellow bots and the mystery of what human creators were like.

Why did humans make us this way? ..... did humans act this way too?