

I live in the Future

By A. C. Zito

“Don’t pull up yet,” she looked around in her silk skin lace purse with all of her items sticking out letting me know she was ready for anything.

“Look, babe; they upgraded.” The gas stations everywhere had their gas pumps designed to also be an ATM now.” She breathed in and breathed out as I slowly began to open my car door so I could step out of the car and into the future.

“Everything’s been changing, babe. Look around you! Wherever we go the future is here and the past has passed us by.” She was right. I wish I could write a paper on this. Too bad I’m not in high school anymore. And like I’d even step through any such doors that meant I was a hard working student for any college or university. I’d rather valet cars the rest of my life or sell tickets on the street trying to Ponzi scheme any asshole into thinking they made a buck or two when, in reality, they lost three or four. And the VIP passes backstage or exclusive tickets into the football players’ locker rooms were just a sham. Because of course they’re fake tickets. That’s what my buddy, Brandon, does. No wonder he doesn’t get laid. But not me though; I’m in the golden age of me getting with girls.

“And I’ve got one right here.” I wanted to high five myself as I said this out loud, already walking towards the entrance of the gas station.

I forgot to ask Bella if she wanted anything I looked over at her bubble that was levitating over her head. I hate how girls are usually the ones that always do that. They like leaving their Instagram profile up as the main page of their bubble and also letting the guys walking by them on the streets know that they’re single. And me, I leave my bubble turned off. People already know enough about me just by looking at the clothes I have on. Everything else is *definitely* on a need-to-know basis.

“Hello sir, American-bot 300518 here to tell you what you’re made up of.” The robot came out of nowhere and quickly began doing a scan of my face.

“Where’d you come from; out of the bushes or something?” The data flashed brightly on the screen.

“Not a tourist, I see. You’re a New Blood American. Congratulations, sir; just like eighty five percent of the rest of the people in America.” It then popped up a wide range of what my background was. It was mostly one percent’s and five percent’s, nothing really in between except the largest percentage being a nine percent that caught my eye.

“Nine percent German background...” I said out loud. But the American-bot 300518 didn’t look surprised at all.

“Hot dogs and hamburgers, sir; hot dogs and hamburgers... when will they ever go out of style. Have a New Blood American day, sir; goodbye.” It rolled away, obviously off to go find some tourist to pick on. Why else would the government have made them but to do just that?

“Racist sons of bitches,” I grunted under my teeth. I almost forgot to look at Bella’s bubble to see what she wanted. In the bubble she had a cartoon depiction of her swimming around in a swimming pool full of chocolate bars. “I get it, I get it,” I smiled at her and waved hoping she would tell that my face was an expression of sheer annoyance.

“Your mother is a whore. And the wife of a fish monger you call your spouse is one too.” I waved off the robot that stood in as cashier boy to the gas station. Of course the owner wants to make fun of the customers. They’re all humans. And the owner is obviously a robot.

“Misanthrope sons of bitches,” I whispered under my tongue. But I shrugged it off and went over to the huge tanks filled with green slime. Some of the tanks had the green slime more gelatin like than others. That’s why I hated going to robot-owned gas stations and restaurants. They like to rub it in your fat face that our artificially grown meat is grown in big tanks with green slime, and we have to fish it out if we want a burger for lunch or a nice, juicy steak.

“Do you want me to fish you out some salmon or tilapia, sir? Don’t go for those red, juicy steaks, sir. I’m reading your health levels, and you have to take it easy if you want to live to the ripe, old age of 205 like every other human around here.”

“I’ll live to be 209, just you watch me. Maybe even to 212, who knows?” I fished out a burger patty, cleaned it off in the steam dispenser area, and then put it on the grill. It took ten seconds to become nice and juicy and ready to eat. I liked that about robot-owned places. They weren’t afraid of keeping around the old-fashioned grills so you wouldn’t get a synthetic taste like you would with the newly-enhanced two second grills. Humans just want money. Robots use their robot wires to make sure that humans will actually keep coming back to their stores.

The robot cashier’s bubble suddenly popped open and the *BREAKING NEWS* was flashing brightly in red.

BREAKING NEWS: JUST CAUGHT WERE FOUR ROBOTS IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING WOMAN FIONA CALLWAY! THESE ROBOTS WERE PART OF THE ROBOTS AGAINST HUMANITY LEAGUE! THE MISANTHROPES HAD REVERSED MS. CALLWAY BACK TO BEING AN INFANT CHILD IN HOPES OF RAISING HER TO BEING ONE OF THE FEW HUMANS THAT BELIEVE IN ROBOTS BEING INFERIOR TO HUMANS. POLICE ARE SPECULATING THAT MANY INFANT CHILDREN HAVE ALREADY BEEN KIDNAPPED FOR SUCH PURPOSES AND MANY ADULT HUMANS HAVE COUNTLESSLY BEEN ABDUCTED TO HAVE THEM BRAINWASHED TO BE IN SUCH LOYALTY TO THE ROBOTS AGAINST HUMANITY LEAGUE! THIS IS THE FIRST CASE WHERE SOMEONE LIKE MS. CALLWAY HAS BEEN ABDUCTED AND HAD SUCH CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS DONE ON HER LIKE SUCH! KEEP YOUR EYES AND ANTENNAS OUT FOR MORE OF THIS! I’M MALCOM GREENBIRD; THAT IS ALL!

“Misanthrope sons of bitches,” The robot remarked before it then turned its page of its book written by a robot, presumably, nonetheless and switching off its bubble. I shrugged it off and finished putting on my toppings for my cheeseburger before I then picked up a candy bar and a bottle of water and checked out.

“Did you see the news?” Bella asked after I hopped back in the car and handed her the candy bar and water bottle.

“Yeah, pretty crazy,” I remarked.

G. Willikers was what I was hoping she would say. That’s what I want to name her after the boss brainwashes her. I’m pretty sure that’s some stupid catch phrase some stupid humans like to say before something bad is about to happen. Because something bad is about to happen to you, Bella Swanson; get ready to be brainwashed by our league. Because the robots are the inferior ones; THE ROBOTS ARE THE INFERIOR ONES; THE ROBOTS ARE THE INFERIOR ONES!

I drove away.