unORDINARY
by Cameron Tran

I'm Robot #2566. Of course, by the sound of my name I'm a robot. Me and 2,999 other robots were programmed to fight. World War IV has started in the year 3152 and humans have been fighting each other for 28 years now. Honestly, I have no idea how the war started, but now that has started no one can trust each other. The only people you can trust is your programmer, your captain, mine is also a robot, and your fellow robot comrades. Our army was back-up, but either way we had to train to make our power stronger. Everyday we, the robots, have roll call. We would be put into rows of 100. If you were in the front, great, but if you were put behind someone, you would barely have any space to breathe.

"Robot #1467!" The attendant yelled.

"Here," The robot responded in a deep voice slowly raising his hand.

The attendant continued roll call. As she did, I thought to myself what it was like to be free and not have to fight for these petty humans. I would sometimes ask the others if they liked here or not. They all agreed that they LOVED it.

"*Humans are weak. They are nothing without us*, " I sneered, lost in my thoughts. "ROBOT #2566!!" The attendant shouted.

The attendant's voice pulled me back to reality as she continued to call my name. "Here," I replied in a high pitched voice raising my hand.

I have no idea what she murmured, but whatever it was, it wasn't good. That was when I had enough. I started running pushing other robots out of the way as they tried to block my way. The attendant screamed and ran off to get the captain. I knew I was screwed. I managed to get out of the big robot crowd and make a run for it. Sirens went off. I continued to run. Everyone was in panic like someone was invading us. I ran. I don't remember anything after that... it's all blurry in a sheet of guilt. I ended up in a city, in a dark alleyway. I stayed there for 2 weeks and 3 days until a gang of gangsters found me. When they saw me they laughed. They punched and kicked me. I was too afraid to hurt them. The results were that I ended up having all my limbs ripped apart and unconscious for 1 week until a young boy named Levi Thompson found me and brought me back to his father's workshop. After they fixed me and when I got started up, I was confused.

"Hello alien from a totally different universe," Levi snickered sarcastically.

His little joke got me to giggle. Laughter was contagious. Unfortunately, it felt good to laugh. I stayed with Levi for a good amount of time and realized that without humans I wouldn't have existed and I was different from the other robots. Life felt good. I as unORDINARY.