



John The Robot Boy

"Dear, please hold back your funk for at least 10 minutes," Marie, John's mother silently shouted with clenched teeth at the supermarket.

"That would be 112 pounds Ma'am," Clerk mumbled.

"Here you g....., wait, where is the water?"

"A robot like me, mum, is allergic to wet substances," John sparkingly spoke.

"Honey, you need to understand that you are nothing more than flesh and bone."

"What do you mean flesh and bone? I'm wiggy jiggy living downtown within funktown city!"

"John, please stand outside or something, you are terribly, ignorantly, funky and sassy."

"Whatever," John said with eyes rolled and arms crossed.

The supermarket doors closed - *BANG* they went. John took a couple steps out and then he stuck his hands down and dropped down to the pavement watching the traffic go by. He began to think: "Count all the red cars, all the blues." Taking his pen and notepad, he took down the tally - zero for all. That's when it hit him, he was just looking at a graffiti wall. Someone tapped his shoulder four times which meant 'stranger danger'. John looked over his shoulder very quickly and a tall man, around six feet, approached with samples, named 'Techy Bake'. They appeared like big round muffins with a hard outer shell. The man stood still, "Hello, young boy." John was petrified with fear, gazing into his evil, suspicious, orange tinted eyes. "You will see me soon again, John."

"How do you know my name?"

"It doesn't matter. Just take a bite," and the gullible child that he was, he did.

"Yum Yum, what's in these?"

"It doesn't matter for the moment."

"For the moment?" John asked, but the man then vanished.

"Alright dear, I'm just back from shopping. Guess what I got?"


"What mum?" John grumbled with eyes rolling.

"I got vouchers for the new carpet shop! Happy for me?"

"Sure, mum. That's great," John mumbled.

"Are you feeling alright?" Mum said concerned.

"Yes, mum," John said clenching his chest in agony.



John's mum knew something was off...

Later that night

"Goodnight, Mum."

"Goodnight, love."

John made his way to bed, he hopped in and pulled the covers over and slowly shut his eyes...

"And presenting our favourite robot dancing superstar..... JOHN THE ROBOT!!"

"Yes, my favourite dream," John spoke. He flocked across the stage: master, legend - he was John the Robot Boy! Then he stopped, hands raised and started shaking and dancing. The audience applauded.

After the show, John strutted down the street until... "Hey you are that untalented boy from the show. Get outta here you fake!" John just stood in terror as he gazed at the ground, his dream ruined. He decided to migrate to the forest.

"This isn't the life for me," John spoke to himself as the crickets echoed behind. He turned to a distant glow that surrounded his iris. Suddenly, he spotted a machine across the lake. He went inside and mashed all the buttons until suddenly..."AHHHHHHH!!!!" John awoke as a human again. "This is the life." He then grew up and even became a DJ.