

Creative Science Fiction Piece  
By: Megan Linton

“Good Morning Miss” I hear as I am being nudged awake. I let out a grumble. I tap on him trying to snooze him like a big giant alarm clock. “Five more minutes” I manage to get out. “Today’s a big day, you must get up at once” he replies. Before I can mutter out another word, I find myself being sprung out of bed and hitting the floor. I look up at him. “Was that absolutely necessary A1? How would you feel if I sprung you out of bed?” I ask. “Feel? I don’t think my robot kind can feel” he says. “Forget I asked. A1 please read me today’s new emails” I reply. As he reads me off the emails, I take a look outside my window. There she is, what is left of planet earth, right where she was when I went to sleep last night.

“Miss Carter, please do not forget our 10 am meeting to discuss your experiment with the flowers in the lab” he recites. “Crap! I forgot!” I say as I quickly spring up to get dressed. “Miss, what are flowers? And why are you experimenting on them?” A1 asked confused. “Flowers are a type of plant, and before you ask, no you have never seen flowers or plants before. They were around before your generation. I am experimenting to see if they can grow and survive in space. If I can get flowers and plants to grow in space, we can grow fruits and vegetables with what seeds I have left from earth. Then we won’t have to keep eating this horrible space food.

What time is it currently?” I say to him. “It is 9:00 am” he tells me. “Double crap! I have to meet General Patten on the other side of the ship! What is the fastest way to the other side of the ship? And do not say walking, I will never make it!” I say in a panic. “Well miss, there is the train located one level down from us or time travel. The scientists and my fellow A1 robots are still trying to work out time travel, our test subjects are still experiencing horrible side effects...” He says. I look at him with a shocked expression on my face. “Why mention time travel if it still hasn’t been perfected? Rhetorical question. A1 book me a train ticket and upload it to my chip. I

will scan my chip once I get down there.” I say in a hurry, on my way out the door. “Yes, miss...transaction complete” he replies as the door shuts behind me.