

Chapter 1

The walls on both sides of the ergonomic bed opened up slowly half way though; pushing the ceiling about one foot upwards, and exposing thus the all round chamber illumination system, and letting its light flood gradually the compact chamber, like the opening up simultaneously of human eyelids. As light's brightness flooded his bed chamber Human1986/E80516911, or H86 as he is known to his friends and acquaintances, woke instantly up. He opened his eyes, yawned and stretched his limbs – and watched the ceiling as if he is still in mid slumber. It took him about five seconds to calibrate his brain and right afterward he got off his bed, with surprising agility, while taking into account his age; he is two hundred ninety four years old, one of the veteran humans, which survived and kept existing on this remote planet. In his bathroom's multi-douche cabinet he surrounded his athletic body to the battery of tiny showers that covered his body with warm water, from all around him and from up above. Five minutes passed and the sprinklers started automatically to diffuse warm air, which massaged gently his body and dried him up. With some urgency he crossed the short space of his bathroom and entered another small cabinet, intended for old relics like himself alone – to empty his bowels. 'Xumoutocrasus protector of our planet,' he muttered aloud right afterwards while washing his hands. How long do I've to wait till they'll solve our problem, and we're so few... They're waiting for our extinction it seems – that's how our problem would be solved, yeah that must be it. He kept thinking embittered by his own down to earth conclusion.

Chapter 2

But there was nothing he could do of course except pray to Xumuotocrasus and hope that his prayer will be answered, he thought while dismissing those sad thoughts, and getting closer to the left wall of his bedroom. 'What's today's color?' He asked as he moved on towards the left wall of his bedroom, and stopped

about a yard away from it. A loaded flat drawer glided out of the wall with today's garments. He put on some light underwear and one pair silver outfit that included light and comfortable footwear. His identity number and rank, shined on his left breast; all he had to do was to choose the right wig to cover his shimmering bald head. His choice this morning was a violet one. He put it on and went over to the mirror right wall, to have a look at himself. Well, he thought with some satisfaction, I'm still a good looker for my age. But that thought brought in its wake last night's reminiscences, and a feeling of dejection swept his brain, as he remembered his setback and how beaten and humiliated he was last night. He had a usual day of meditation and planning a brighter future with his group members, and afterwards he went out to entertain his soul at the 'Bird of Paradise'. It is the planet's most frequented joint, and maybe he should have chosen a less crowded one, he reflected in a second thought retrospectively. But he would not have met her, or rather seen her; for that scoundrel of a robot claimed to have seen her before him, and that pertinent robot stepped between him and that astounding beauty... He wrapped his arms around her delicate shoulders, and turned to him an ugly smile, which only robots are able to distort their features in such a grotesque smile. There were dark niches on both the hunting surface sides for one and certain purpose, and to one of these niches that robot dragged her. H86 remembered with agony almost how terribly upset he was last night, and how the soft background music got on his nerves. He experienced to his own amazement a dark animosity, like he had never experienced some hundred years before. Instead of looking for another partner to pass a night of pleasure, he returned straight to his den, took a pill of "having your dream come true" and woke up this morning in a better mood – up to this very moment of recollection. 'Well that's the ebb and flow of life,' he muttered aloud thoughtfully. He uttered a sigh of self pity and took his today's feeding pill, which satiates a day long hunger plus three smallish round capsules; which turned into liquid as he crushed each capsule with his teeth.

This special liquid quenched his thirst and clenased his teeth at the same time, and with his day's meal over he rushed to his studio.

Chapter 3

His studio was the largest room in his den, the only piece of furniture was one big and comfortable leather armchair with a double control board, on both the armchair's arm rests. H86 sat on armchair and the opposite wall turned into a huge light blue screen. Yesterday's episode just as it took place appeared on the screen, and H86 saw himself watching that astonishing beauty with awe, when that villain of a robot squeezed right in between him and that stunning beauty. His computer was scanning his brain and read his thoughts.. 'It's impossible!' His computer declared, having read H86 thoughts and wishes. 'But why for Xumoutocrasus's sake? I don't get it! I've the preference, the higher rank, and the night rules are irrelevant in such a case!' 'It was dismantled a few seconds after your rival claimed his right. You're lucky to have spared yourself the disappointment.' 'It was what...? I'm talking about her not about it.' H86 protested vehemently. 'It's an old robot model that its time of expiration was due last night. You may order a new model.

'Would it have the same features?' 'No problem, but it will take some time and your confirmation is needed.' 'You have my confirmation.' H86 declared decisively as he hastened to leave his armchair, and the huge screen switched off right away. H86 removed his electric control baton off the wall, which was needed in case of emergencies – to control a deranged robot that suffers from some unexpected technical malfunction; whenever such a mishap takes place, and thus keep law and order and protect the planet's peaceful population. He kept holding the electric baton in his left hand, as he got closer to his den's exit, the door opened up to his personal conveyor. In a matter of a few seconds he was

under the city's public center. He got off his personal conveyor, and entered the elevator, which took him upwards into the lobby of the protected public huge building from the harsh climate conditions outside on the planet's face. The lobby was surrounded with entrances to various public service halls and on his right was the broad staircase, which led to the council of elders auditorium; where the planet's elected rulers sat once a week, or in critical emergency cases.

@ haim Kadman 2016 – sll tihyd drdrtbrf.