Small Thing

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the android and his face lit up. The actor in the alley yelled out to the android and ran over to it. He explained to the android that he was trying to perfect a robotic role for a play he is in and he wondered if he could just spend a few moments with the robot to study it.

“Hello. Would you please answer some questions? I am trying to understand what humanity is.”

The actor in the alley was delighted for such a response and let out a small cheer. Then he cleared his throat, regained his composure, assumed an emotionless, stony face, and repeated what the android said back at it.

“What?” thought the actor. “Where was fear playing a role in this play?” The page ended after the note with the word End. “That’s it? That’s the whole thing?” He assumed the message of the play would be covered by the director during tomorrow’s rehearsal, so he tried to pry no deeper and instead turned to the mirror to practice the final line. “I hope that whoever’s playing the actor in this thing can get the unison well enough,” thought the actor.

He stared at his reflection and twisted his face until it was the perfect face of the android. With his visage properly established, he repeated the lines, each time with a slightly more pronounced tremor in his voice than the previous until he matched what he assumed was the playwright’s vision of fear.

“Evaluation complete. I remain a soulless machine.”

Both in unison. With fear.

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End