

## **Synth app story - Paul**

Playback started...

*Boot up sequence initiated...*

*Time of activation: 03:21 AM*

*Date: 28/7/2182*

*Current location: Lv-565 - Neroid Sector*

*Booting up processing systems...*

*Task complete.*

*Checking firearms restrictions...*

*Firearms restriction active...*

*Activating motors...*

*Task complete.*

*Reading current power levels...*

*Power is currently at 98%.*

*Scanning Current status...*

*Fully operational.*

*Checking for a valid company warranty...*

*Valid company warrant found.*

*Running Diagnostics...*

*Diagnostics complete.*

*Synthetic unit - Paul is active and ready for service.*

"Hello? Ya' done bootin' up?" Someone asked in an irritated tone as they tapped my forehead several times.

I awoke to a short young woman with a heavy country drawl and blueish-black hair tied up into a messy bun standing in front of me, her ID tag stating her name and occupation as "Aliana Zoucks - Head of Security." Her posture and expression showed signs of impatience as she stood tapping her foot against the floor, and rubbing her eyes which had darkened circles underneath them.

"I am synthetic unit, Paul. How can I be of service to you?"

The woman quickly jumped back, clearly startled by the sudden response. She promptly stiffened up and cleared her throat, stating, "Synthetic, I require your help fixing our power generators."

"Of course dudette! I gotta ask though, why would the generators be broken?"

"Well, I assume some idiot managed to spill something into the generator vents," the woman stated through gritted teeth, clearly frustrated about being woken up. "Or something."

*Getting off the table I was sitting on, I closely followed the woman as we left the cargo bay, inspecting our surroundings as we walked through the seemingly endless halls, it became rather obvious that the colony was running out of power. Ceiling lights were lit with an increasingly dim yellow, and various monitors lay silent.*

"You seem to be rather, as one would say, "pissed off" about something; what would that be?" I questioned, seeing her sour tone.

"It's 3 in the morning, moron." she replied, clearly angry.

"I see... could I by chance offer you a walkman to soothe your nerves?" I asked, gesturing to my satchel.

"Now why would a walkman help me calm down?" she asked, clearly confused.

"Multiple studies have proven that listening to music helps remove negative moods and alleviates bad feelings by as much as 39.8%!" I replied, grabbing the walkman out of my satchel and offering it to her.

"Yeah yeah, whatever..." she muttered as she grabbed the walkman out of my hands and placed it over her ears.

Hitting the play button her eyes lit up as she looked over at me and questioned, "How the hell did you get a Michael Jackson cassette? Those are super expensive!"

"As a music enthusiast, I carry a vast number of rocking cassettes with me!" I replied, shaking my satchel causing it to make a loud shuffling noise.

"Awesome! I'm gonna listen to this for now, 'kay?"

"All good with me man!"

After a few minutes of walking, we arrived at the engineering hub.

"So robot, this is where ya' leave me."

"It would be a safe idea to head there together, seeing as you are the head of security, dudette!"

"I will be out here to monitor the power levels," the woman stated as she pointed toward a monitor. "And even then, the hallway there is far too hot for me to cross without a heat resistant suit, and it's not like we have time for me to put one on."

"Fair enough man!"

"Ya' won't be completely alone; Iruni should be working on the power in there currently ."

"See you later!"

"Thankin' ya' kindly. See ya' soon, Paul," the woman responded while taking the walkman that I had given her out of her pocket and putting the headphones onto her head.

After a short walk through the boiling hallway and entering the generator room, I noticed a figure hunched over in the corner, pouring something into one of the intake ducts of a generator.

"Hello? Who are you, and what are you doing over there?"

Alerted by the noise, the figure turned around while flipping her welding mask up, revealing their green eyes and Black hair, and replied, "Oh, hello! I am Iruni Fritz! I was just pouring some

cleaning solution onto the floor. Some people just can't keep the workplace tidy!"

Upon closer examination, she wore an ID stating "Iruni Fritz - Junior Mechanic". She seemed to be quite twitchy; her eyes darting about the room, "My bad man! Is there anything you need help with?"

"It's fine. Could you please go repair that generator? I can't seem to find what's wrong with it!" Iruni asked while pointing to a generator with its panel open by the corner.

"Sure thing! I will do that now."

Grabbing a toolbox from a table, I began walking over to the generator. Crouching down at the generator, I examined its exterior for any foreign bodies that may have gotten stuck in it. I noticed nothing out of the ordinary, excluding a screwdriver stuck in the fan blades. After removing that, I knelt on one knee to look at the inside.

After a quick examination, I found the error to be nothing more than poor maintenance causing the alternator to seize up.

"The problem with this generator is that the alternator has seized up."

"How long will that take to fix?"

"About one hour. Once we get a replacement alternator, that is, I will move on to the next generator now."

"There is no need to check that generator, I have already checked it and it's fine."

"I insist on checking the generator so that I can ensure your work is sound!" I replied while unscrewing the generator's panel.

The following generator had no external damage, so I looked into the wiring to see what the issue was...

Multiple wires had been cleanly cut as if someone had purposely cut the- **THUD!**

A heavy object suddenly hit me in the back of the head; in response, I quickly turned around and entered a defensive stance, seeing that Iruni had thrown a toolbox at me.

"Dude, what was that for?" I asked, readying myself for any attacks she could have made

"You shouldn't have double-checked that, robot. Now I gotta scrap you..." Iruni retorted before she came at me with a crowbar.

Inexperienced in close-quarters-combat, she threw some wire cutters she had in her pocket at me, forcing me to block the wire cutters, leaving my lower body exposed as she stabbed and drove the crowbar into my abdomen, dealing heavy damage to my leg motors. In response, I swept her legs and tackled her to the ground. Pinning her there with my knee as I tied her hands together with some cable lying on the floor.

"Damned you, you hunk of scrap!" Iruni blurted out, attempting to break free from her restraints.

"If you hadn't attacked me, you wouldn't be tied up man!" I replied while restraining her to a chair.

After removing the crowbar and repairing my waist, I fixed enough generators, while getting a slew of insults thrown my way, to get the power back online, cooled the hallway to the generator room and brought Iruni to Aliana.

"What the hell happened here?"

"Iruni sabotaged the generators and attempted to de-activate me," I said as I handed Iruni over to Aliana.

"Hell... Can't trust anyone anymore huh?" Aliana responded as she put a pair of steel cuffs onto an ever-swearing Iruni

"You've got her from here, right?"

"I should do; thanks for the help, Paul. And for making my job easier!" Aliana said while walking away from me and over to the security wing with Iruni.

Walking back to the cargo bay, I looked over and saw that the monitors that were once silent, now blared out about a Colonial Liberation Front engineer known as "Iruni Fritz" that had escaped from a prison station and had stolen a shuttle.

Playback over.