

"A vicious circle in a way, robots creating more robots"

(I. Asimov, Robbie)

(Short Story About a Worst Case Scenario)

It was a warm summer evening and the very last rays of sunshine of the day painted the town gold. Travis was making his way to the edge of the town, where the robot factory he owned was located. He had decided to go there for a last checkup on the production process, just to make sure everything was going the right way.

The sun had set and the golden light faded by the time Travis arrived at his factory. After parking his car, he unlocked the entrance door to the factory and headed straight towards the production area at the end of the huge building.

Travis was working on this new project he had come up with a while ago: His idea was to have robots create other humanoid robots with the purpose of helping people and being convenient assistants for them in their daily lives. They are programmed to obey humans and attend all of their orders. Travis had been planning every little detail about his new invention for years and it wouldn't take much more time until he would finally see the results of his project.

The robots were in the middle of their final production processes when Travis entered the production area. He took a look around and everything seemed to be going as planned. The humanoid robots already looked the way he had expected them to and the only things left for the other robots to do were the last few steps of programming.

Satisfied with the situation in the factory, Travis left the building and locked its door before getting in his car and heading home.

It was already dark outside when he arrived at his house. After taking his dog Turbo for a quick walk, Travis decided to go to sleep, since it had been a long and tiring day. Turbo joined him in bed and they both fell asleep listening to the gentle breeze outside through the open window.

But the peaceful moment didn't last for long. Turbo woke up from a strange noise coming from downstairs a few minutes after midnight. In awareness of danger, he started barking in order to wake Travis up, which he did immediately. Travis sat up in alarm and tried to identify the noise he knew he was familiar with. He grabbed his phone from the bedside table and turned on its flashlight, slowly getting up from the bed and approaching the stairs.

The weird noises were growing louder as Travis was walking down the stairs. Turbo followed him quietly in fear of danger. When they reached the ground floor, Travis anxiously tried to detect the source of the noise by aiming the flash in all directions, and even though it felt like he was entirely surrounded by whatever it was that caused the noise, he couldn't seem to see anything.

All of a sudden, Turbo started barking in fear and Travis quickly turned to the direction his dog was staring at. His flashlight illuminated a metallic frame in human form. Travis backed away in fright as the metallic body kept walking towards him. Anxiously glancing around the

room, Travis realized that there wasn't just one metallic human in his house. There were eight. And they were approaching him from all directions.

It turned out his so well-planned invention didn't exactly turn out as planned. The production process wasn't supposed to be finished yet, and the humanoid robots weren't supposed to be brought to life yet. The last few steps of the production process were the most important ones, as they included programing the robots to help and not harm humans.

Travis was entirely surrounded by the robots, which kept getting closer and closer to him and Turbo, and the noises they made increasingly became louder. He wasn't quite sure what was going on and what had gone wrong, just as he wasn't sure how he was supposed to get out of this situation.

Travis was desperately trying to find an answer to the question what is was that had gone wrong and at what point there could have been a mistake in the whole production process. He was trying to figure out what it was he would have to do differently the next time, not knowing there wouldn't be a next time. With his invention, Travis unintentionally ended his and his dog's life.

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