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December 17, 2017

Science Fiction Story

Science Fiction and Fantasy Course

Title: Risk Averse

Hello this is Dustin Stephens and this is my testimonial about the murder of Mitch Stallworth and Bryce Stallworth:

I remember the first time I came to Times Square. My mother would take me every Christmas. The first thing I would remember were the lights, they were everywhere. The noise would drown out many of your thoughts but it was a sound you eventually became accustomed too. The noise was laughter, bells, whistles, and anything else that people would bring with them as they celebrated the best time of the year. It was five years since I saw the lights but it felt like much more.

There were no longer any lights, at all. However, there were whistles as androids ironically controlled the lines into each division. Our divisions were based on our implants. There was one positive living in the “New World Society”, as most called it, it was the abomination of money. We no longer needed money. Our lives and living quarters were based on implant numbers that were registered into our skull. It doesn’t sound as bad as that as we just had to agree to have a part of our head shaved off as they implanted a code in the designated spot. It was painless but it was a reminder. A reminder of the world we now lived in and the control we no longer had.

You might ask who now controlled us. A corporation by the name of Ravenswood Investment Bank, long for RIB. In a mere three years, a seemingly focused, wealthy investment

company that used its money and power to gain resources, handed over their earnings to a sister-company that focused fully in scientific research. This company used its capital to create a fascinating amount of androids that can walk, talk, and even look just like humans. The problem was that these androids had more strength, speed, and intelligence than the common humans. This unexpected effect on the androids left the company with a choice. Use these androids for the good of the people or against the people. They unfortunately went with the latter. Their reasoning for their decisions was filed under, “risk averse”.

So here we are, four years later. The cities were now separated into “divisions”. Divisions were separated by the number that was implanted into each of our skulls. The determination of the numbers was based on our daily activities. Crimes, behavior/emotional issues, and even propaganda brought subtractions to your implanted number. The numbers were then calculated at the end of each month which then resulted into your designated division. Try to invade a different designation, a burning sensation would overtake your body until unconscious or death. One of the more negatives with having property implanted into your brain.

Suddenly, a zap to my head snapped me out of my daydreaming. I looked around at the people joining me for another month of cold showers, no electricity, and not much food or water. Women and children all dressed in the same gray outfits and each one presenting their implants to the androids conducting the security checks. The only electricity was to power the huge TV in the middle of Time Square. The TV was used for speeches and announcements from our new “lord of savior”. The head of the corporation was Mitch Stallworth. He was a friendly-looking, family man who used his power and influence to create a new entity while destroying the

humanity left in our world. The worst part being that his 13-year old son named Bryson was set to takeover once Mitch had died.

It was a dynamic that a corporation with hundreds of analysts could never understand. There isn't a number that can be calculated for emotion. Another miscalculation by this certain society was the issues of having no actual problems. The Ravenswood Investment Firm has never had any notable hacking issues in their software and has never had any major uplifting towards their company that couldn't be stopped by violence. We needed to wait years. After years, companies become comfortable. Being comfortable leads to mistakes.

As the years went on, I befriended people that felt the same way as I do. I did it quietly but I also made sure that I never told anyone what was actually going to happen. You see, I to murder Mitch Stallworth when my life changed five years ago. During a raid on a neighboring division, my mother was shot in the head by an android who misunderstood who the intended "threat" was. This was the worst moment in my life but it was also the start of something much different. It took me till then to realize that an android can make mistakes. The next three years became about being predictable and allowing ourselves to let go of the one thing holding us back; empathy.

We hired everyone we could. The advantage we had was our recruitments. You see, instead of allowing murderers to die, RIB put them to work. It was a "risk averse" strategy that helped them produce living essentials for their top employees and families. The criminals worked all day and were paid with food. I knew to take over the RIB, I had to recruit these murderers. I no longer cared who they had killed. I just needed them to remember how to do it.

The smell of blood and metal was the only thing we smelled in these divisions. It was a reminder of who we were and where we lived but it was also something that eventually made you sick to your stomach. Eventually, our only thoughts began with distancing ourselves from that smell.

For the plan to work, we need only to hire two groups of people; criminals, and hackers. Strange as it sounds, it was all I ever needed. I realized over the years that you can't trust people with a conscious; a conscious makes you weak. Hackers are too busy to care about a conscious and criminals lost their minds long ago. I could bore you with the intricacies of the hacking operating system used on the androids or the torture methods used on their employees but every story needs some secrets. The most important system was implanted into our skulls. Our hackers called it the "Bird Be Free System". A system that freely allowed anyone to pass through any division. We used this tactic to start the riots. The riots were needed because the company needed to believe they were authentic.

The day in question was on the date; December 29, 2045. Riots ran through the streets as the divisions began to become corrupted with a mixture of different levels of people. It was a problem that the RIB understood and has held very well in the past. We were counting on this. We pushed our way through into the final division. A place with bright lights and shopping malls. It reminded of Christmas with my mother so long ago. However, the plan started to fade when we turned down the block into the main corridor on the RIF's parking lot.

The last thing I remembered was the smell of metal. It was a different type of metal. The bottom of a shotgun right to my nose. I could now taste the blood dripping down my face as I

looked up at the android staring emotionless down at me. Without a second thought, I was whisked away into an operating room that was held in the RIF's offices. Minutes went by as the blindfold finally came off my face. My arms and legs were wired together as I squirmed on the ground. The first thing I remember is the smell of cologne. A musty smell that took over the entire room. As the blindfold came off, I could see his smile from across the room. Wearing a \$500 dollar suit and his hair greased back onto his scalp. Except, there was no number implanted into his head, just nothing but hair. He looked comfortable. I felt a feeling of relief as I looked up at the clock; two minutes until midnight.

After a few more minutes, he ordered my death and started to walk out the bright operating room. I decided to ask him a couple of questions before he went on with his day. "Do you know the number one problem with you?", I asked as I looked down the barrel of a shotgun the android had pointed at me.

"No", he said as he smiled, his teeth as bright as the walls. "I have a feeling you are about to tell me."

"The problem is being too comfortable" I said. "You underestimate your subjects when you begin to become predictable."

Before he could answer, I closed my eyes. I felt a smack in my face and his breath as he tried to understand what I meant. He screamed at me to look at him. I waited another minute until the timing reached the correct. Suddenly, a quick *snap* ran through the air. That was all it took for an android to snap his neck. I looked at the clock at the top of the operating room. The time was 12AM. The operating program had taken effect. I listened to the screams of the rooms and offices surrounding me as the androids turned on their owners. Children cried out to their

parents as limbs were snapped from their bodies. I closed my eyes and held my ears as long as I could until the only noises were cries ringing through the hallways of the building. I hadn't prepared myself for the noise. It was something I couldn't forget. I rushed and looked outside the office to see a scorching riot rushing down the streets. I understood that there was only one thing left to do.

I went into the head office. It amazed me that something as simple as an office contained the man that had taken over an entire country's existence. I walked in to see a mother, daughter, and a son as they held each other in their arms. The family's crying brought happiness to me at first until empathy returned to. I looked at them and only saw a family. A family that didn't truly understand that their father was a murderer. However, the problem was the law. The law stated that Mitch's son would become CEO of the company that his father had created so many years ago. I looked on as an innocent child promised me a new future. A future filled with food with children and beautiful living facilities for everyone. He told me of a world without divisions.

I kept that in mind when I calmly pulled out my gun and ended his life. The fact was that I couldn't take any chances. Later, the mother cried out to me of why I had to end her son's life, my simple answer was, "risk averse".

This is Dustin Stephens and this is the end of my testimonial about the murders of Mitch Stallworth and Bryce Stallworth.

