

A Fake Brochure!

The robot clicked disapprovingly, gurgled briefly inside its cubical interior and extruded a pony glass of brownish liquid. "Sir, you will undoubtedly end up in a drunkard's grave, dead of hepatic cirrhosis," it informed me virtuously as it returned my ID card. I glared as I pushed the glass across the table.

The headphones were on. They had been utilized on purpose. She could hear her mom yelling in the background, but couldn't make out exactly what the yelling was about. That was exactly why she had put them on. She knew her mom would enter her room at any minute, and she could pretend that she hadn't heard any of the previous yelling.

The computer wouldn't start. She banged on the side and tried again. Nothing. She lifted it up and dropped it to the table. Still nothing. She banged her closed fist against the top. It was at this moment she saw the irony of trying to fix the machine with violence.