**Fool's Errand**

**By A. Person**

The black concrete was dirty. Through the haze clouding my vision I could see a discarded plastic spoon and off to my left, a shoe. I shook my head and forced my eye to open fully. Before my I had fully regained control of my senses, I turned my head and twitched my lips into a rye smile, “is that all you've got?”

The android grimaced, balling its fist. ‘Well, now I've done it,’ I thought. I was supposed to be distracting the thing, but I realized I might have gone a bit further than strictly necessary. Regardless, if I wanted to properly distract the thing, I needed to keep my head on my shoulders long enough for Corporal Anders to get here. The android pulled its fist back. My mind flicked to the tech specs I had looked over. If I remembered correctly, that things fist would carry all of the force of an oncoming groundcar. I rolled to one side.

The concrete next to my head shattered. The android wound up for another punch. I fumbled on the ground for something… anything…. The sore fingers of hand throbbed nimbly as I fumbled along the pavement. I felt something and, forcing my clumsy fingers to obey, wrapped them around it. The android’s first began its unstoppable journey toward my head. “Ha,” I said brandishing what I muzzley hoped was the knife I had dropped earlier.

The android was stunned, which, lucky for me, threw off its aim. Another blow cracked into the pavement. Wait, the knife had been knocked into that storm drain, hadn't it? The android straightened its back and looked at me, confused... or rather it looked at the plastic spoon that was clutched, wardingley, in my hand.

The android’s look of confusion was interrupted when its face exploded out from its head, showering my face with superheated scrap metal. Anders stood behind it, wisps of smoke rising from the barrel of her pistol to drift past the mocking grin plastered over her face, “you took on a rogue android… with a spoon?”

My grin surpassed hers. My head buzzed from the adrenaline rushing through my veins, “you told me to distract it,” I said with a shrug, “anyways, it worked”

“I wouldn't quite call that working.”

“I'm alive aren't I?”