

You never thought it would come to this, you see no other choice but to use the super secret weapon. You walk the half mile from your shack to the secret clearing. You stand on a hill overlooking the large football-field-size area of grass. You pull the remote control from the secret pocket of your hunting vest.

You push the button on the controller and the grass plane flips open to expose two giant metal doors. White steam billows out from the revealed chasm. A gigantic figure rises from the mist. It is a gargantuan metal samurai. The robot warrior unsheathes its sword and takes a ready-to-fight stance.

You smile and nod at your creation. You had dreamed of using this to one day liberate Cuba but saving the planet seems like a more noble cause.

You enter the robot via the door on its left foot and are soon in the cockpit located behind its forehead. You strap yourself into the command chair and fire up the rocket boosters.

The engines roar to life and the massive machine rises into the air. You've spent most of your life preparing for this moment. It is you alone who can save democracy. But the truth of the matter is you should have spent more time studying mechanics and not the Declaration of Independence.

A series of explosions starts in the reactor core of the machine monstrosity. They soon engulf the entire vehicle, blasting you out of the cockpit and through the air, still strapped to your captain's chair and burning the whole way.

Oh well, at least you tried.

THE END