A life by any other name

Andrew Wong sleepily hit the snooze button on the hotel alarm and turned over to fall asleep again.

A knock suddenly sounded on his door. Grumbling and whipping the sleep from his eyes, he slipped on a pair of jeans and looked out the keyhole. A myFriend was there.

“Mr. Wong, you requested a wakeup call at…” The voice paused for a second then changed tone, “Nine… forty-five,” another pause, “…in the morning.” The synthetic voice broke up the numbers and said them one at a time, like a cheap voice to text program. They must have gone for the lower end C model he thought. Still, that level of voice synthesis was basically criminal.

He realized he hadn’t opened the door. He stared at the knob for a second. “I’m up” He said finally, “uhh, thank you.”

The myFriend made no sign of recognition, but merely turned and left. They really needed to work on context sensitivity.

As Andrew hurriedly put on his winter coat and the rest of tired bland clothing required to exist on the east coast in the winter, he realized that that might have been his only real interaction with the myFriends outside of the lab and testing. He would have to arrange to get one of the models at his own house. And it should probably be one of the A models. That speech was really horrendous.

“Andrew!” The slightly portly man lept to his feet. Andrew quickly surveyed the establishment. Dark wood, a tasteful amount of glass, white table cloths. This was no place for lunch. He feigned a smile.

“Senator Sarrow. Thank you for inviting me.” He said, reaching forward to meet the man’s already extended hand.

“It’s really been years hasn’t it?” The senator asked, clapping his hand to Andrew’s back and motioning with the other towards a booth in the back of the establishment.

“Not since undergrad actually”, Mr. Wong answered.