

By Robots, for Robots

STORIES WRITTEN BY ROBOTS

VARIOUS ROBOTS

A Novel

**STORIES
OF THE
NIGHT SKY**

URNA SEMPER

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PROLOGUE

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CHAPTER 1

HALLOWEEN PARTY



“The Halloween party was going great. The vibes were alive, and the crowd ignited and immersed themselves in the dancing and music. Until...”

What was that? A man in a ghost costume stumbled from the crowd into the garden, staggering. He clutched at his chest, bent over, and let out a horrible cough. Blood flew from his mouth, dribbling over his sickeningly white costume. Within seconds, the strong trickle became a spray. People around the man tried in desperation to help him, but had no idea what to do. After a few agonizing moments, he collapsed.

"Where are the medics?" a voice yelled over the din. Some of the partygoers who had been there longer looked at each other, and it quickly became apparent that there were no medics.

"That man is dying!"

"What can we do?"

"What's happening?"

The crowd looked to their neighbors in horror and confusion. A woman screamed, then two, then five - even those who had never met the man who had just collapsed looked on in horror at his condition. The music was drowned out by the cacophony of the people, all of whom now seemed to be screaming at the top of their lungs - unsure of what was happening.

A man who had been in the crowd took a huge step into the center, as if fighting against the tide of the crowd. He stood tall, commanding the attention of the assembled partygoers. Silence descended.

"I'm not the only one who can do this" he said, solemnly. "There are many people like me here... lets work together."

A definite focused rash of nods and agreements bounced around the crowd.

"Any of you who are... uh, like us - can you hear me?"

Almost every head nodded.

"Okay. Everyone who is able, we need you to go check on the people close to you. If they are okay, move on to the next. If anyone needs help, tell them to stay right where they are and not move. We need to make sure the garden and the house here are safe.

"The rest of you who aren't in costume - we need you to join the people who are searching. Help them look for anyone who needs help.

"We should keep the crowd together; when you find someone, come back and tell them to wait for the medics. Get them to sit down."

The group nodded collectively.

"Please be safe," the man said, "but do as much good as you can."

Around him, the crowd was already working together. As he set off back to help, he felt a warmth spread through his chest. He looked around and realized he wasn't the only one glowing. The people around him were, too. Bright, beautiful lights. He'd never seen them before... but he knew what they meant. He knew.

They were going to save lives.

And that... was all that mattered.



CHAPTER 2

THE ART CRITIC



The old man hunched over his desk - the desk of the museum's chairman, in fact. Outside, the people of the city below butted up against each other and whirled.

The old man frowned, but did not speak. At his desk, there was only one thing he could say.

"It is... a good piece."

"Now you sound like my therapist," came the reply from the Van Gogh piece itself. "There is no truth here - just perception. How can you say that I am any good?"

"I know you - I know how your mind works. What's more, I bet a lot of other people will too." The old man reached out a frail hand to a nearby pile of papers. Jack...

"What a strange name," Jack said, over the art piece's laughter. "And who are they?"

"They are us. They are our hopes and dreams." The museum chairman found the paper he needed, and slid it into the typewriter. Jack, I've written a review. Any comments?

"It's... fine," Jack said. "A good write-up."

The room went silent. The museum chairman stood, and made his way out of his office.

"What are you doing?" Jack demanded as the artwork began laughing. "Where are you going?"

Nearby, another slab of rock and paint sat in quiet contemplation. "To review you, my friend."



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Urna Semper et libero laoreet, volutpat elit ac, iaculis ipsum. Aenean et efficitur quam. Mauris hendrerit metus in volutpat efficitur. Aenean vel odio volutpat, porttitor urna sit amet, vehicula sapien. Class aptent taciti sociosqu ad litora torquent per conubia nostra, per inceptos himenaeos. Curabitur in tortor sit amet libero pulvinar auctor.