

Reach Over My Cradle

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A sturdy looking uniform walks into the metallic control room. "*Mission accomplished*", it tweets, "*neurological path waves amortized*". The echo of his voice dies out in the seconds that follow. Then a mechanic noise, like a running engine, starts to shake the whole area. The uniform barely seems to be affected and doesn't move one bit. Then the noise stops again. A few playful computer beeps announce a computerized female voice that seems totally unnatural in the high tech room that is filled with futuristic designed equipment. "*You are dismissed, agent 34. Pleasure awaits you in your quarters.*". The warm voice is still sounding when the robot starts turning around already, only to walk out split seconds after, like he doesn't need to hear it. He *knows* what is coming. He's obviously hooked into the same system. But why is this charade necessary? The whole voice babble thing seems like a fraud.

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As soon as the robot has left the room, the lights darken, until only the leds of a control panel in the far corner shed a fine soft glow on the shiny metallic texture. For a while, nothing happens. Time goes by. If you look long enough at the leds, then they seem to be getting brighter, but after an eye blink you wonder if anything has happened. They seem to be as bright as before, but.. You don't really know. Maybe they *are* becoming brighter. You start looking at the hazy shades in the dark corners, to see if you can make out more than you could before.

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Then suddenly the female voice blurts out "*Subject matter re-activated. Initialisation sequence started. Countdown in 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. .. Engage.*". The engine noise boasts on top of everything, and the leds start flickering clearly distinguishable, and in the same rhythm of the engine, as if they suddenly get less power. Barely noticeable in the background, the voice seems to be trapped in parts of conversation that come from nowhere "*.. gotta be something for me in.. ..truly meant for.. eventually.. ..not the real one.. ..lost so I don't dare.. ..special place.. ..not compatible.. still care.. frie*". Then suddenly the whole thing speeds up then breaks off, the lights go blindingly bright, and the engine stops after a huge metallic pound, with which the whole area shudders, then a huge dark and dangerous rumble is slowly dying out in the distance.

One wonders what is behind all those walls. Before we can even think of a plausible guess at what is going on, the female voice interrupts my thoughts and tells the empty room that "*Memory dumped. Feedback reverse engineering process started. Analyser data unavailable.*". Yah, sure, no fucking clue what you're talking about, senorita, sayonara! I don't get it. What does all this mean? The room is not exactly empty, since I am in it, but one wonders why these voices go on babbling about tech stuff when there's not one human being on this ship, except for me, and I am not supposed to even be here!

Or am I..