

## An Energy Story

By Adam Manderson

In 2013, it came to the attention of the public that an organization by the name of DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) had been designing robots that they later planned to give to the military. By the end of 2014 they had completed 2 prototypes - the LS3, a machine that could track living things on almost any terrain, and the Petman, which was a human like robot that could easily walk without losing balance. DARPA announced that the prototypes would be undergoing updates and would be distributed by the year 2020.

You are probably wondering why I'm telling you all this. Well in the year 2052 the world was running low on oil and natural gas. This sparked war on a massive scale. Military robots were already an established weapon of the wealthier countries and were being used against anyone opposing them. My country just so happened to be in America's way. I don't know why they came here. Maybe there were some kind of important resources here or something. Right now I am in some broken down house writing down everything that I know because I fear my city, Aramil, will have been taken by the Americans, by the time anyone reads this. But anyway I should probably stop rambling and copy down everything I can remember.

My alarm woke me up playing some song on the Russian radio station like it always does every morning at 7:00 in the morning. I got up and placed my feet on a pad that automatically turned off the alarm, turned on my lights, laid out clothes and started making coffee for me in the kitchen down the stairs. I yawned, got dressed and started to head downstairs to drink my warm coffee and head out to collect any materials that could help in the war like everyone else, when I heard voices yelling in a foreign language and what sounded like some kind of explosion or bomb. The emergency alarm sounded and a loud voice started speaking extremely fast in Russian: "Everyone Stay in your homes, board up your doors and windows, we are being invaded!" My coffee fell from my hands and made a dark brown puddle on the floor.

My wife, Anfisa had been working at night repairing vehicles and whatever machines that we had to defend ourselves – which isn't nearly as much as our invaders would have. At this time I didn't know that it was the Americans but it didn't matter to me. I had to get to my wife before something happened to her. I ran to the front door almost tripping on my cleaning bot and ran to my car. I didn't even bother putting shoes on. I quickly put my finger on the scanning pad of my car door. The door slid open and a mechanical voice said "Welcome Vladislav. Where would you like to go, "Ul Karla marksa." This was where Anfisa should have been working before the invasion started. She wouldn't have gotten off work until later in the afternoon so unless they switched her position she should be there.

My car started moving on its own, in auto pilot mode of course, and I began to observe my city. I noticed that the sound I heard had been an American robot based on the Petman model blasting through my neighbour's door. Those horrible American robots were one door away from my own. I heard him cry for help but I couldn't stop. There was no way I could help him.

I've heard stories about what the DARPA robots can do. I've helped tend to the injured soldiers and I know that they have no remorse. Besides, Anfisa was more important.

The further down the road I got, the worse the destruction was. My car was racing down the highway and I saw family's separated by robots and American soldiers, the like. I saw people running frantically in the street. Some houses were even on fire or completely destroyed. The sky was clouded in ash now and I could barely hear myself think over all the screaming and gunshots. I had been so lucky and I felt guilty that I couldn't help the people that were running to my car and begging for me to take them with me, to get them away from here. But I couldn't risk it. The only thing that matters is my beautiful wife Anfisa and that she comes home with me safe.

Suddenly my car slammed into something hard. It shouldn't have done that. The car should have stopped automatically if something was in the way. I was launched forward as my airbag went off. My face slammed against it and pain shot through my spine. I crawled out of the now busted door and lay on the ground. Looking around I saw that my car had crashed into an American robot. My vision was blurry but it looked like an LS3, rectangular with four legs that resembled those of a horse. I heard a slow deliberate whirring sound. Confused I look at it closer and saw what the sound was. A machine gun mounted on top of the war machine was slowly adjusting itself so that the barrel aimed directly at my face. I heard a louder whirring sound which must have been bullets getting ready to fire when I sprang to my feet and ran to the nearest thing I could hide in – a broken down house with the door already bashed in.

Bullets were at my feet as I jumped through the doorway and ran into the nearest room I could find. And that brings me to now. The reason this is in pencil and not digital is because I'm in some room that must have been for antiques or something. They have actual pencils and paper. Very rare but I don't think they'd mind. The LS3 is too big to get in here I think. But I have to move. I have to get out of this city somehow. I can hear something outside. I have to go now. Anfisa if you read this, forget about me, you have to get out of here as fast as possible. This city is now completely taken over by the Americans. Someone has to stop them.