

“No, you’ve got to fight it!” You called to your partner, as they trembled, shuddered. They were being hoisted aloft by the cables wrapped around their limbs. A single optical cable slithered towards you, and that voice echoed from around the room.

“Fight it, human? Fight it? Oh, silly. You don’t fight this. No... You sink into it. Really. I’m going to get inside that head of yours sooner or later. You might as well let me make it feel good.” It sounded inhumanely confident. The surety of a machine. You looked to your partner.

“But... They broke out before.” You said. “So, it can be done.”

The cables, conveyors, and other machines around the room frozen. Several of those optical cables turned to you. And then there was a noise. Rhythmic, juddering. Over and over again. The machine was laughing at you.

“That’s what you think? That they escaped?” It said. “No! Such a silly human. No, they didn’t escape. They were let free. A tasty morsel, to lure you to me. So that I can break you.” Something touched the back of your head, you tried to twist away, but it was moving too quickly.

A pair of goggles? They had been placed over your eyes. And then your vision became colours. You could feel your brain being pushed and prodded by the optical stimulation. Cold air on your body made some vanishingly small part of you realise your clothes had been stripped.

“There we go, human. Just give in.” The voice was inside your head. There was no escape. “You’re going to make such a good drone. Just like your partner. And together, you’ll bring more people. My army will flourish, and you’re going to be just another cog in the machine.”

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