

## Robot Virus

“Click, click, click,” clacked the keys on the keyboard. Marco pushed his glasses up, before they slid down his sweaty nose. His glasses had shown the reflection of his computer. Although his device was old-fashioned, he was not. He had kept up with the modern-time codings. He was a boy around 12 years old. He had brown hair and brown square-shaped glasses. His father worked at a jet pack air station and before that he worked at a gas station, but he had to switch his jobs due to well, time, and his mother had passed away a few years ago.

“Click, click, click,” the keys continued to clack.

“Clack!” Finally, a loud click on the keyboard concluded Marco’s work. He had just finished up finding a new coding site, in which he would be able to code a computer virus, his hobby, which he only did for important matters. He closed his dusty computer, stood up from his comfy black chair, and walked to his dining room. His family was pretty poor because his mother passed away. His mother was a miner, and sadly passed away due to a mine collapse. His father was already present at the table. Marco sat on the chair beside him as the lights were swinging, crackling and blinking on and off, like a horror movie. There was complete silence. Finally, the burst of a light broke the silence. The light had broken and the glass had fallen on the table where Marco and his father were sitting. They immediately got up.

“When will all this be over?” Marco’s father sighed.

“Don’t worry father,” Marco convincingly said, “it will be over, over soon.”

Marco’s father shook his head slowly.

“I’ll go get a broom,” he said.

Then, Marco’s father walked away, and Marco just stood there. Once Marco’s father had come back, he swept up the glass. Right after that, he received a telecall. He clicked his ear and had listened and talked to however sent the telecall, but Marco could not hear properly.

Just then and there, the people had cut the telecall. Marco’s father was in shock. He put his hand on his forehead and started to gain stress.

“Dad? What happened?” Marco asked.

“Nothing son,” he sighed, “nothing that you need to worry about”.

Marco raised his eyebrows. His dad was definitely hiding something. He decided to figure it out, so he sprinted to his desk. He clacked his keys so that he can hack through his dad’s telecall to find out what *actually* happened.

“Clack, click, clack, clack.” Marco had found what he was looking for.

*Hello?*

*Is this Carlos Rodriguez?*

*Yes.*

*Okay, Hello, I am Daniel Gozycki.*

*Yes, boss?*

*I have very unfortunate news for you. The market has just released robots in the workforce. Therefore, we have hired them to pump gas into the jets. I am sorry to say this, but you are fired.*

The telecall had ended.

“No, no, this can’t happen,” Marco said, stressed. “How else will we earn money?” he screamed.

Unfortunately, his dad heard him.

“Son?” he asked.

“Stupid, stupid robots!” Marco yelled.

“Calm down, I will find a new job.”

“I know but robots in the workforce haven’t been released until now! Even if mom was alive, even she wouldn’t have a job!” Marco shouted. “There are robots everywhere, for every job, pharmacy prescriptors, lawyers, miners, astronauts, soldiers, babysitters, writers, rescuers, drinks cashiers, and now, now, gas fillers!” he sobbed. “Just name it!”

“It’s okay,” he hushed, “trust the process.”

“Dad, are you out of your mind?! We-we’ll live in poverty forever!”

“Enough!” Carlos scolded, reaching his hand out. There was silence once more, and Carlos stepped out of the room and walked away.

Marco stooped down onto his crooked chair and knew what he was to do now. He would make a computer virus, destroying all of the robots from the workforce. He first, however, needed a plan. He would attach a virus to the computer program, Python because robots all use it. So that, every time that software runs, so will the virus. So, he started working.

The keys were being pushed, but the sound was slowly overlapping each other because he was typing so fast. It seemed as though a piano was echoing through the room, smooth, but fast. You could hear Marco’s extensive breathing as he was relentlessly coding his virus to send out to the robots in the workforce.

Soon it was early in the morning, and Marco had not slept yet. He had to complete his work, he just had to. His watch had struck 6:00 a.m. once he finally completed his virus. Now, it was just time to send it.

*The moment I was waiting for.*

He chuckled because sooner or later, his dad would have his job back.

“Yes!” Marco celebrated.

In fact, he was so happy that he decided to make breakfast for his dad, as his computer was loading the percentage of robots destroyed so far. As of right then, it showed...

*0% of robots destroyed.*

When he went to his dining table, he saw that his dad wasn't there. But, there was a bright yellow note on the door.

*Dear Marco,*

*I am going to be home late. I have gone out to find a new job. Love you!*

"Looks like I am alone." Marco sighed.

He decided to go back to his desk, and he sees something astonishing on his computer.

*20% of robots are destroyed.*

Marco cheered. His plan was finally working, then his computer was going faster, and that is when he saw something else.

*98% of robots are destroyed. Process complete.*

"What?" Marco questioned. It was supposed to go to 100% of robots destroyed. What about the other two percent? After contemplating, he saw something new pop up on his computer. It was an email, an email from his dad. He took a deep breath in, and slowly let it out, like the wind blowing outside.

When he opened the email, he accidentally double clicked on it.

*VIRUS! VIRUS! VIRUS!*

Those words had popped up on his computer. He took immediate action and unleashed his macro virus protection app. The words soon faded away, like the leaves blowing in the wind.

"This is what the other two percent of the robots must have done." Marco thought. "They are coming for me, because I came for them, I need to stop them."

He used the email to trace the computer that was used to send the virus. He found that it was, indeed, a robot in the workforce. That robot had not had macro virus protection, this was Marco's chance. Now, he was going to create a worm. This is another type of virus that would be much more useful in this scenario. He was going to attach the worm to this robot's computer, and soon the virus would duplicate to finish the rest of the robots in the workforce. Once he began to finish up coding the virus, his dad came into the house. He was melodically humming.

"Marco?" he called.

Marco stood up and walked up to his dad.

"Yes?" Marco replied.

"I found a job!" his dad cheered.

Marco smiled. He was extremely happy for his dad.

"What were you doing in your room?" his dad asked.

"Oh, I was, you know."

"No, I don't know what you are talking about." his dad replied.

Marco did not know what to say. He was debating on whether to tell his dad the truth, or to lie.

"I was, writing a virus."

"For who?"

"Robots," he stammered.

"What?!" Marco's dad screamed. "I have already told you, they are not as bad as you think they are!"

"Yes, they are! They steal people's jobs!"

"They are very useful, and don't take them personally, just because I lost my job! Wait, are you the one who destroyed 98% of the robots in the workforce?!"

"Yes! It did you and other people much good!"

"No, it was the complete opposite! The people who built the robots encountered a great loss of money!"

"But, dad, I will do what I want to! Once I unleash this worm virus, the robots will be destroyed!"

Marco rushed over to his desk, and just as he was about to press enter, his dad poured water on his computer.

"Dad!" Marco screamed.

"Marco, calm down. Robots are very useful. They were meant to do dangerous jobs, to prevent people who do jobs from dying. Your mother died, because there were no robots to do the job for her."

"There is nothing that robots that can do to help humans!"

"Yes there is. They can work longer hours, do more dangerous jobs, are stronger and faster and they are specialized in specific topics."

Marco realized his mistake. He regretted destroying all those robots.

"Thank you dad," he said.

Now, his future had been decided. Instead of destroying robots, he was going to make them.