

Robotic Panda

Xantros

11518

41 ABY, Eos City, Arx, Arx System

„No! I disagree! I will not let it happen!” screamed Howlader Taldrya, the Master-At-Arms of the Dark Brotherhood, standing in his quarters. „They cannot replace me with a pathetic artificial intelligence! It will never deny awards like me. It will never scream at people like me! Not my assistants. Not artificial intelligence. No one and nothing can replace me! I have been in the office of Master-At-Arms for last ten years and the Master-At-Arms himself for last six years! I disagree for being released from my post because of artificial intelligence is claimed to be able to perform my work equally well!”

The Prophet raged in his quarters for the next half an hour. His spies just reported back to him with a news that the Dark Council was working on a secret project. It was meant to process awards and promotions and to replace the Master-At-Arms in yelling at people. It was not a time for him to retire. He did not do anything wrong that would justify his dismissal from the role of the Master-At-Arms. Still, they did not even talk to him about whole situation. He passed the quarterly evaluation with flying colours. Actually, he passed all quarterly evaluations with flying colours. He received positive feedback from his direct manager on every 1-2-1 they had in recent years.

Howlader burnt half the door in his quarters with a powerful burst of purple Force lightnings coming from his fingers. He was not going to let any kind of software to replace him without a fight. He was not going to allow anyone to fire him to reduce the costs. He was a member of the Brotherhood with one of the highest wages, but he believed to be too valuable to be forced to leave the organisation. His skills, experience and powers were simply necessary for the Dark Brotherhood, his current position in particular. He was the only one that could perform duties of the Master-At-Arms. No one else could deliver specified targets with so high quality and so proactive attitude.

Howlader moved his hand and slammed the burnt door with a telekinetic wave. He had to deal with the problematic matter himself. No more tickets raised to the Seneschal team. No more complaints to the upper management through anonymous ethics and compliance form maintained by the Justicar. It was the high time to act directly and to find the AI to destroy it on his own. The case was going to be resolved quickly, but they were going to suffer the consequences of the Master-At-Arms going on strike for the time he needed to get rid of the AI for good. Fortunately, his spies managed to obtain the precise location, where the works over the AI were being conducted. The Prophet walked there quickly, stomping heavily to display his anger. He passed many guards, but no one dared to stop him and to face his wraith. And his Praetor and Magistrates already received an order to cease approving any award or promotion until he was done with his quest. It was going to take no longer than half an hour, but it was going to be the longest half an hour in the life of the Dark Council.

Deep within the complex, Howlader found the laboratory, where the tests of the AI were being conducted. As he entered the room, he stopped for few seconds. He had seen many things in his life, but he was not prepared for what he encountered in the facility. It was the utmost blasphemy – an active artificial intelligence in a metallic body in the shape of a panda. A furious scream shattered all glass in the room, while the Master-At-Arms unleashed his fury in a powerful chain of purple Force Lightnings. The robo-bear exploded and its torn-apart pieces were burning. The Prophet walked towards remnants of what used to be droids brain and crushed them under his foot.

„Barbecue, anyone?” asked Howlader.