

# Lucky Day

## 7th of July 2167

Von Ling-Chang

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Do you honestly believe in anything? Like hope or even God? I believe in fate. Not the kind of fate you think of: meeting a rich kid, dazzling him infinitely and then putting a ring on him to force him into marriage - no. I think everybody has his own way to go - like brushing their teeth up and down and not from left to right. Do you understand? I don't believe in God - he doesn't help at all. I don't even understand why anyone would believe in some stone-age-old grandfather sitting on the clouds and throwing tantrums all the time forcing the plague and all kinds of diseases onto us humans. It has been proven that there is no space up there where he could hide and that all other changes were caused by humans. Like the destruction of nature until the population finally had to hide under a big glass so we would not die out. Everything else has, only we are still surviving. Somehow.

I guess it's because of all those robots and their constant care for us fragile beings - they protect us by creating a being through 'in vitro fertilization' and 'in laboratory pregnancy'. The time until birth is spent in some kind of glassy container with thousands of other little children. If one human dies, the next child will be brought to light - to breathe the rotting air of a rotten planet. Just like that they protect us - carefully caring for the fact that a baby could not survive during it's mother's pregnancy because of the toxic gases in the air. Robots have fully taken over the world we still ruled 60 years ago - or so they say in history class. I can't imagine how it must have been not to have a machine for a King - the Emperor of the world. The King of the 'Ruling Kingdom of Britain' is after all, just like any other higher-up, a robot. Until the age of 18 - adulthood seems far away but suddenly all kinds of rights hit you awake on your birthday's morning. Like having to turn off your alarm clock on your own. That stinks.

But because we are so fragile that many of us do not live up to be 18, we get a present if we do: the ultimate, super-doooper lovely transformation. The one and only chance to change and form our life to our own taste - like a midlife-crisis without the midlife-thing! We call it 'the manufacturing'. You can change everything you want: appearance, intelligence (quotient), characteristics, parents and family in general, your bank account status and genetic profile. But because many of us get used to who we are in all the time we have until we turn 18, there are no major transformations for most of us. At least that concerns about 95% of the population that turns 18 per year. I belong to the 5% who do change something - and I think I'm the only one in all of York and the Ruled Lands that did absolutely everything.

Imagine this: UGLY to the point where I hid my face in a carrier bag, FAT like a dinosaur and unbearably IDIOTIC.

When I turned 18, I got the present and I wished for all the things I didn't have: beauty, sexappeal, a nice body in general, intelligence and a healthy genetic profile - my wish was fulfilled. That's why I believe in fate because I trusted in myself.

My name is Mona Caretaker - currently 23 years old and since I dumped my overwhelmingly stupid boyfriend yesterday incidentally single. Nice to meet you! By the way: The name 'Mona' was chosen for me because of it's uniqueness. All humans are put into their respective shelves: It's like a determination whether you belong to group A or B. I belong in the category 'C': The Caretaker family - my job is to take care of children, that's why I'm a Caretaker. And because a name can only be used once in a category I ended up with 'Mona' by hazard.

As I told you before, 'the manufacturing' can be a little thing or a huge operation - because mine belonged to the least, I have to go for a check-up every month. My beauty doctor - a robot named Mr. Ochsenschwanz - is only a few railway stations away from my work place, so it's convenient to commute by train after work. Furthermore, the Express Railway is the only way of transportation through the 'groundless city of York' where skyscrapers are normally used from the 414th story upwards. Other buildings are the universumpokers which are even larger than skyscrapers! The rails are connecting those buildings and seem to hover in the air. You can't see the ground if you look down because it's too far away.

But tell me! What would you do if the Express Railway stopped in midair and came to a full standstill? And what if all electricity - gained through light energy - in your part of the city would be down? Would you scream like all the others do?

Actually, I did not. At least, I knew why we were in this situation - and I thought it disgusting. Some stinkingly stupid robot had thrown a fit and went to jump out of his office's window to commit suicide after being fired because he was of the late model. I saw the sign glowing even if the suicidal machine was called 'corpse' already.

Well, at least somebody had to congratulate him for shutting down the energy with all his inner organs - cabels and buttons - splattered across the rails. I did. Wholeheartedly. That's because I did not like my beauty doctor at all - I did not want see him, so the suicidal robot seemed to have chosen his timing well. I thanked him earnestly for ending his life in such a perfect way that even the electricity shut down in memory of it. I absolutely adored the robot for what it had done so beautifully. (Because that day I came late for my appointment with Dr. Ochsenschwanz and was sent home shortly after arriving.)

When I came home my first action was to go into the kitchen and mark the date: 7th of July 2167 was now circled in red so that I could commemorate this day forever. With big letters I wrote below it: 'Thank you for this lucky day!'