

# PSYBOTICS

## Psybotics Volume One: Episode 5B - Sommer's Project

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After a timejump, five teenagers discover more about their nemesis species

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The psybotic was lying on top of Sam, too heavy for him to lift off. Sam looked over at Ripley who proceeded to talk into the remote like it was a two-way radio. "Stand up." The psybotic immediately stood up. It stood up straight as if it were at attention. Her nudity didn't phase her at all. "You will not harm anyone in this room, understood?" "Understood." The voice that came from the psybotic was deeper than the average woman. It was immensely husky, which gave off a dangerously seductive element. "Confirm Command," said Ripley with finality. "Command Confirmed ." Sam saw Ripley finally breath sigh of relief as she doubled over in pain. "Whoa. Now that was fun." "Do you require a medic?" asked the Professor. "No Q. I'm fine. She just knocked the wind out of me is all." She looked up at Sam who was also out of breath. "I'm impressed." "You talking to me?" asked Sam. "Yeah Bobby," said Doug pretending to be unphased, "she's talking to you." Ripley continued. "I've never seen someone leap at a psybotic without having the training it takes to battle them." "So?" said Sam. "So , it takes years of training just to be confident to be in the same room as them, let alone point a gun at them. And you just jumped one. That takes guts." Sam shrugged. "Well if it helps bring things back into reality for you... I'm all out of guts now." Ripley and the Professor laughed at Sam's comedic timing. "Why did you call him Bobby?" asked Selena, not meeting Doug's eye. "Was that a dig, or something?" Doug smiled at Selena. "Didn't you see him just now? He was going all DeNiro on our asses.' He made finger quotes. 'Are you talking to me? Are you talking to me!?' " Selena gave him a blank stare. "Wow, your impersonations are inspiring." "I know," said Doug quickly. "I was kidding." "I

know.” Ripley walked over to the psycybotic and stood in front of it, giving it a stare down. It was a stare down that Ripley could never win. “So what went wrong?” asked Ripley to the Professor. “Why didn’t she come on reprogrammed. We usually only have to use the remote as a back-up.” “Well it appears that wasn’t the case this time.” said the Professor. Ripley rolled her eyes. “Yes, I can see that. What I want to know is why? Had you guys not finished?” “Oh, we were finished. We were just waiting for the results – but that was only as procedure. Experimentally, there was nothing wrong with her.” Ripley looked over the psycybotic’s shoulders to the professor. “ Practically? Q, maybe we should have a look at those test results before we move her again, huh?” “Certainly.” Sarah was distraught. Her mind seemed to be running on steroids. She was thinking of a million things at once. Her mind was buzzing at the thought of her having almost died. It was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Her mind was working so hard that she was getting a headache and could no longer tell whether she was thinking too much or not thinking at all. Three days ago, Sarah was just another high school girl with normal problems and vices and flaws. She’d had sleepovers; played sports and gossiped about boys just like anyone else. But now, she was in some kind of nightmare. First, she’d almost drowned; then she saw an android killed before her eyes; then she came to see that the world she knew no longer existed – all because of some damned thing called The Waves . Now she’d almost been killed by one of the androids. This was a dream. It had to be! It was the only explanation. What had she done to deserve this? What had she done to deserve this hell? If this was a nightmare – which she was sure that it was – then it was the scariest; the most real nightmare she’d ever had. It wasn’t fair. She had prayed every night before she went to sleep. She gave clothes to the needy along with the rest of her family every season. So why was she now suffering like this? Ripley finally noticed the devastating expression on her face. “Sarah, are you okay?” Sarah tried to answer, but her lips wouldn’t move. They were betraying her, trembling instead. Sam approached her. “Sarah?” He turned to Ripley. “She doesn’t look alright. In fact, she looks like she’s going to throw up.” Ripley nodded reluctantly and turned to the Professor. “Q, it looks like we may need that medic after all.” She looked back to Sam. “Sam, she’s not going to throw up.” “Then what’s wrong with her?” The Professor stepped in front of Sarah. She realized that she hadn’t moved since the psycybotic tried to kill her. Sarah was frozen in place. “She’s finally gone into shock,” diagnosed the Professor. “It looks like the situation has finally caught up with her. She was either going to explode or shut down completely.” “So how do we fix her?” asked Sam. “Get her outside and get her to scream her lungs off.” She looked to Ripley then to a skeptical Sam. “It’s not exactly a medical diagnosis, but it will do the trick. Trust me.” He winked. Ripley stepped towards her. “I’ll take her. I think when she’s snapped out of it, she may need someone to talk to. You know... girl talk.” “You guys still have girl talk over here?” crowed Selena. Ripley laughed as she started guiding Sarah out of the room one small step at a time. “We’re from the future,” said a smiling Professor, “not a different planet.” “Says you,” said Selena, returning the joke. Sam watched as Sarah finally managed the last few steps out of the room. Sam waited anxiously for the scream to come... but it didn’t. Sam wondered what would happen if she didn’t scream. Would there be a permanent effect? Sam tried not to let his mind run away from him. She would be okay. She had to be. “You think she’ll be okay?” Sam asked the Professor. “Oh, I’m quite certain she’ll be

okay.” “ Quite certain? Wow, that’s reassuring. Why didn’t you just say no way in hell ?” “Sam,” he said adamantly, “she will be just fine. She’s been through quite an ordeal, just like yourselves. Only her mind is having trouble processing the so-called jump start. For her to function, her mind has to start at its own pace.” As if to confirm what the Professor just explained, a loud screeching scream erupted from a room down the hall. Sam arched a subtle smile as he knew that her healing process was beginning. She would be alright. 10 YEARS AGO July 22nd, 2030 22:37 A young Ripley was playing in her room. She knew that she should have been asleep, but this wasn’t the first time she’d disobeyed her parents. She heard footsteps on the staircase and immediately ducked under her covers. When she realized that the footsteps were going the wrong direction, she peeked and looked at the door. Nothing. Suddenly, thunder rumbled outside her window. She jumped up and looked outside her barred window. She loved storms. When the lightning struck, it lit the sky up like daylight. In the light, she saw a figure by the door, then the light disappeared. She didn’t understand what she’d seen until she heard the door break down and her mother scream. It was a psycbotic!