

Home

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It's October 2, 2070, me and my kids are resting from our argument. But we have to leave. We get up, grab the money, put on our suits and exit the house. Off to the store to buy our air. Since mantana doesn't offer any. After the store we split my kids leave to the lab and I left for the office.

My kids go to the lab to try to figure out how we get to mars. My son "Rex" and daughter "Blake" are in different parts of the lab. My son is in the analysis wing, as for my daughter she is a viewer she looks at mars and space pictures. My partner is the head of the lab. My kids are slowly thinking of ways to fix our problem.

I work in an office, my place in the office is CEO. We try to find ways to fix the world. My organization is called air.(point)K we have fixed the water problem now the trash is next. I tried to give my opinion but I couldn't. People have to be perfect to speak out. The owner named Connor East has more authority than me.

My kids are getting rid of the bigger problem which is trash in space. But that is a problem for me. My thoughts are to put the trash near the sun but my kids say to put it near Pluto, our smallest planet. Conner agrees with my kids which is fine. if it wasn't for the future problems that would bring.

I asked my robot assistant "robin" for his opinion. Robin agreed with me but it doesn't matter because we can't speak out. At the end of the day our problems are still there but we are supposedly fine for a few hours supposedly. We go back to arguing about stuff we can't control. We all know how dumb it is but how else are we going to say our opinion?

The community has taught us that's how it works. We have been fighting since forever when i was younger we just fought less. As we finish getting our opinion out and hurting each other mentally it's time for bed. We get in bed and the house folds up. I sit in my bed wondering if my kids feel how I feel.

How did we get here? How do we fix this? We listened to the community and let robots in and now we can't even have freedom of speech. I truly don't think we can fix this. I'm not a kid anymore but I still know how pointless this is. I can't live like this anymore. This can't be home not for me, not for my kids, not for anyone. We only have ourselves to blame.

This morning we got up to eat the already prepared meal. My kids aren't even impressed with it because a robot made it. I can't even wrap my head around it. We argue a bit then the rest of my family leave to work. It's my off day so I just go outside to check the damage of my daughter's rage fit that she had a couple days ago just like me she got issues.

I fixed the damage to her old playhouse and treehouse. I miss her like i miss her brother, when they were young they were so sweet until 6th grade then they lost their sweetness. I can't even think what relations I will have later on. I walk in the house to fix my son's bed. He has different types of issues.

He has sleep paralysis as fits of tears so i have to clean his sheets and make his bed. My partner sleeps in a separate room then me for mental reasons but he is always clean. I go to eat lunch. When I finished lunch I called the robot maid to dust the house while I took a nap. I saw my neighbor later on and asked her a question about how to turn off the robots. She didn't know so I went to figure it out myself.

Turns out you can't turn them off unless you dismantle them. When the kids got home they found out and jeez were they mad. They ordered a remantle for the bots I took them apart, packed their stuff and left. My partner saw what I had done and instead of arguing, they just went to bed. I was left with only my thoughts and a broken robot.

I blame the robots and everyone else who had some to do with the bots.