

By Wayne Halm

The RX100 He Man Robot was the only witness. The RX100 knew the danger of this. As he watched Paul he recalled how the four year old had destroyed the R2D2 model with a hammer when he had become nervous about R2D2's ability to keep a secret. But the RX100 had to watch, his batteries were too low to run.

Paul stopped and looked at the little robot for a second, the RX100 stared back blankly. "He's watching", Paul thought, "Pretending to be deactivated, but he's watching. I'll bet he will fly into more pieces than R2 when I hit him. Maybe tomorrow".

The crime had been two hours in the planning. Paul had watched his mother put the Double Creme Oreos in the pantry while he was pretending to watch Pac-Man. All through Speed-Racer he schemed at how to get the cookies. During Scoby-Do it came to him. By the end of Hair-Bears he was acting like he was asleep.

As she always did, his mother went out to wash her car late Saturday morning. Paul watched through nearly closed eyes. "Very good", he thought as she left. As soon as the door closed behind her he slid into action.

The RX100 silently watched as Paul climbed the pantry shelves as though they were a ladder. Quickly he grabbed the Double Creme Oreos and held the bag in his teeth. Coming down was the opposite of going up. Back on the floor Paul gave the RX100 a long cold stare and dashed into Wayne's room to enjoy his stolen treasure.

A chill ran down his plastic back and the RX100 knew that he was doomed. He rolled his eyes around the room searching desperately for a secure hiding place. He was beginning to panic when he spied the treads of the GI Joe Atomic Attack Tank under the sofa.

"We've got to run", the RX100 radioed the Attack Tank.

"Then you had better get started", the Attack Tank radioed back, "He didn't see me".

"I won't get very far, my batteries are too low", the RX100 continued.

The Attack Tank knew the danger of Paul's rage.

Once he had gotten his hammer he probably wouldn't stop with the RX100. "OK, come on, I'll give you a ride", the Attack Tank radioed as he pulled out from under the sofa.

The RX100 climbed onto the Attack Tank.

"Now what do we do?", the Attack Tank asked.

"Let's hide behind the drapes by the door, that way when the door is left open we can get outside", the RX100 answered.

"How do you know the door will be left open?", the Attack Tank continued to question.

"It's almost noon, Wayne always comes in to watch Bugs Bunny and he always leaves the door open", the RX100 explained.

So they hid behind the drapes and waited.

They didn't have to wait long. But the first person to come in was Paul's mother. She closed the door and continued down the hall. At the door to Wayne's room she stopped and stared into the room. "What are you doing", she yelled at Paul.

"Oh no, she's going to catch him and he's going to come after us before we can get out", the Attack Tank worried over the radio.

"Just stay put, we still have a chance", the RX100 reassured him.

"I told you that I was going to spank you if you got into anything else", the mother yelled.

"Can't I have just one more chance?" Paul whined.

At that moment Wayne burst through the door and ran to the television. The Attack Tank with the RX100 aboard slipped out the door as Paul began to cry.

"Which way now?", the Attack Tank asked traveling at full speed.

"Over there, under the car", the RX100 said pointing.

They rushed across the driveway and stopped directly between the front wheels of the now clean car.

"This is no good. He'll find us here for sure", the Attack Tank said nervously. "Maybe if we could get up there", he added indicating the space

Short Story:

The Amazing RX100

beside the motor directly above them.

"Good idea, maybe we can", the RX100 said, "Hold on".

The RX100 extended his flexo arm up and grabbed one of the braces on the motor. Then locking his legs around the turret of the Attack Tank he tried to retract his arm to pull them up. But his batteries were not strong enough, he couldn't lift the tank.

"Well, that's it, we're done for now", the Attack Tank said, "He'll be along any minute now with his hammer and smash us to pieces".

"Maybe not", the RX100 said still looking at the motor.

The flexo arm of the RX100 slowly extended up to a wire running to the motor. Carefully he pushed his sharp finger into the rubber insulation. The electrical energy flowed wildly through the little robot on it's way to his batteries. It felt strange but it wasn't a bad feeling specially since he could feel his batteries getting stronger each second.

After what seemed like an eternity to the Attack Tank who was feeling very exposed, the RX100 removed his finger from the wire and again tried to lift the tank up to safety. This time when he retracted the arm the Attack Tank rose up from the driveway and settled to rest on top of the oil filter.

The two fugitives had just gotten settled when they heard Paul stomping around looking for them. They held their electronic breaths when they heard the hammer scrap on the cement as he looked under the car. They gave an electronic sigh of relief when they heard him walk away to look in the back yard.

"That was close", the RX100 sighed over the radio.

"It sure was, I thought I was going to blow a fuse from worry down there", the Attack Tank sounded relieved, "How did you know that you could recharge your batteries from that wire anyway?"

"I didn't, but I thought that burning out my circuits would not be any more painful than being smashed by a hammer", the RX100 replied.

"I'm one piece of plastic that is sure glad that it worked. But what's next? What do we do now?", the Attack Tank asked.

"Yes, what do we do next?", the RX100 mused, paused, then started, "I think we should wait here

until dark. Then recharge your batteries and move out down the sidewalk".

"That sounds good to me, but where are we going?", the Attack Tank asked.

"I'm not sure. Somewhere where people are kind an respectful of each other. Somewhere where people don't hurt each other just because they can. Somewhere where people learn from each other and help each other grow", the RX100 answered.

"I know what you mean. I was looking forward to retirement when Paul grew up. Helping Wayne grow up was rough on me. When do you think we will find this - someplace?", the Attack Tank absently commented.

"I don't know", the RX100 admitted, "People have a big advantage over us, they can change, they can grow - but not all of them do. We will always be the same. We will have to just keep looking for as long as it takes".

"But we can't look forever", the Attack Tank protested.

"Why not? We know how to recharge our batteries now, and we can use the oil leaking out over there to lubricate our bearings. Cars seem to provide everything we need, and there are cars everywhere", the RX100 countered.

They spent he rest of the afternoon silently contemplating their future. Then that night the RX100 He Man Robot, with the GI Joe Atomic Attack Tank rolling along beside him, started out down the sidewalk in search of "somewhere".

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