

## Atomic Dog

Credit Union looked over across the warm sunny landscape with his bionic eyes. The warm pools of acid and sweet smells of sulfur told his 22 GHZ processor that today would be a good day--maybe even the day when he found the person that was leaving the cookies for him. Credit Union had no need for biomass substance; however, his cache of human clichés told him it was the thought that counts. Why would they not present it themselves though? This query was constantly being analyzed by Credit Union.

Skipping through the debris littering the street, Credit Union could not help feeling presentable to a lovable human companion. A few days ago he had even picked out a name from the numerous blaring holographic advertisements playing on repeat. Credit Union had not been able to understand the origin of his name, but he saw the delight that it and the money it gave to humans caused. He hoped he would also be able to create such joy for his new friends.

His RAM was faster than his CPU though, and Credit Union began to wonder why the humans hid from him. He was, by all calculations, a good boy. He would not bring harm to his new friends or let harm be brought to them. Maybe they were anxious about not being worthy of Credit Union's friendship? They had no need to give into their anxiety though, as Credit Union came equipped with numerous muscle relaxing darts he could easily inject into them from a distance of two hundred feet.

As Credit Union passed the big headquarters of the company from which he was born, he started wagging his silicon tail in delight. Looking up at the still intact glass structure, the mechanical mutt knew he was built with the same quality and attention to detail. From his reflection on the glass building Credit Union could see his own image. The magnificent electronic brain protruding from the top of his skull was a fun feature for all ages. His fluorescent

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red eyes able to track heat signatures were no doubt what humans referred to as puppy dog eyes. The bright glowing green heart displayed between his two front legs showed how much love he had to give. Finally, the sheen from his titanium plating was like the beautiful red of the sun itself.

His admiration was cut short as he heard a footstep some ten miles away. Credit Union bounded down the street at 20mph. When he got to the last coordinates of the sound he was sad to not see any humans. No cookies this time, either. All he could see were giant letters spray-painted on a half-demolished building.

### **BEWARE OF RADIOACTIVE DOG**

Looking up perplexed at the characters, Credit Union began to wonder why--despite all the knowledge he had been given--he could not read. A sharp content bark was all he could give to such philosophical musings as he decided to go sniff around the bombed out casino.