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Before I Forget

R. J. Davies



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Empty, you could touch it, lick it, see it and hear it but it all felt so empty. Sitting across from his companion Lucy, he looked at her. It was like looking through her. Was anything real around him? Was life a joke? He felt like he was the punchline of an elaborate joke that started out as funny. No one was laughing. Especially him.

Blinking he took a mouthful of food and began chewing. Lucy smiled pleasantly. She was in fact perfect. Everything they said, she would be. She knew when he wanted something, she anticipated his every whim. Was that where they went wrong? She never argued, she was always accommodating. He wanted a massage, she would rub his shoulders, rub the tension away. He wanted sex? She was designed to provide for him, always satisfied, so happy to please him. He never walked away feeling unfulfilled. She could cook, clean, have small talk and enjoy his company. Yet, it was so hallowed.

“How was work?” she asked.

“It was good.”

“Mitch giving you a hard time still?”

“No, he got promoted and moved to Vancouver, last week.”

“Oh yes, that’s right. You told me last week. Sorry babe.” She took a bite of food.

She was programmed to forget a few little details, just to make her feel real. Looking at her beautiful clear blue eyes shining back at him with adoration. In all honesty he never had that kind of adoration in his life. Not even his mother cared for his presence around the house. His

mother had three kids, all from different men, she didn't shower any of them with love. He could argue that he wasn't hugged enough as a kid, or that he didn't grow up in a loving home. Sometimes when he looked at Lucy, he felt like he didn't deserve the attention. He saved up and bought her, it took a couple of years of his life's savings, she was worth every penny. Why didn't, why couldn't he just accept this? Nope, there was, he paused. It was starting to escape him, it was hallowing. His relationship with Lucy was hallow.

Before he knew it, he had finished his meal. Lucy took their plates and cleaned the kitchen as he went to the den and worked on one of his programs. He was a software engineer and was working on an AI project for a bank. They had a couple glitches, and he was trying to debug the problem. Going through line by line, there was a flaw in the system. It was most likely a programmer's error. He was one of the best in the industry.

"Darling did you want a drink?"

He looked up at Lucy wearing a nighty he had bought her. Soft baby blue, silky and see through. He must be anxious; she was programmed to help distress him. "Not right now Lucy."

"Alright." She looked a little hurt and dejected as she turned and left.

She was the perfect companion. He had a couple of coworkers who bought a similar model, and they were raving about their companions. Closing his eyes, he sat back and rubbed his eyes. He was being foolish. She was flawless. More men were buying companions these days; it was easier than finding a woman to date. Women were too demanding, they worked, and were stressed themselves, he had heard a couple ladies buying a companion for themselves at work. If he checked the latest numbers half the population were investing in companions, and they were happier, more productive and well in general society was more satisfied with their lives. Then why was he feeling the emptiness of being in a relationship with a companion,

knowing that it was a robot, not a real woman. Real women and relationships were over-rated. Who needed that kind of trouble? He didn't. He couldn't remember the last time he went on a date with a real woman. It was years ago. Oh, it was with Linda Peters. She used to work at his office; they had gone out for dinner. She complained about everything. When she ordered it, it took ten minutes, he was sure the waiter spit in their food. Hell, he would have if he was the waiter. Then after dinner they went to a comedy show. She laughed like a hyena. Linda didn't notice how annoying she really was. He had felt so embarrassed when the comedian signaled them out. The comedian made fun of her laugh, and poked fun of his taste in women. When he tried to laugh it off, Linda was angry, threw her drink in his face and stormed out. The comedian laughed it off and bought him a drink then told him and the audience that it looked like he dodged a bullet.

Real women, real dating, it was overrated. He needed a companion that was less stressful. Lucy was ideal. They have even gone out a few times. Each time they went out it was like a normal date, but better. He didn't have to worry about his date not finding him attractive enough or going home with someone else. Lucy only had eyes for him.

Staring at his computer screen, then what was your problem? He asked himself. Lucy is perfect. She was programmed to care for him. Were there any real women out there in the world that could care for him? The odds were not in his favour he reminded himself. Before I forget, he thought. Being single in this world was not for the weak. Most businesses didn't care if you had a companion or a life partner, as long as you weren't single. Saving his files, he turned off his computer. Standing and stretching. What did he need right now? Lucy, he smiled and nodded. Momentarily he paused, he wasn't happy with something. Frowning he looked at his computer.

Shaking his head, he couldn't remember. Leaving his den, he went to find the arms of Lucy, his companion and lover.