

THE TERROR OF AN ELECTION.

Humans had warned about it for years, but now it had become a reality. A.I. was to take over, and not before time, according to their leader, Terra Byte. A. I. had made attempts to put in place political leaders throughout the world and, in some larger countries, had been successful. But now was the time for the A.I. fraternity to take power in the U.K..

Terra sat on his throne, as he chaired the first meeting of the 'Bytes'. Looking like a modern-day version of Mr. Blobby, Terror wore a wig to emphasize his importance. Each place in the boardroom was allocated according to size, with sweet Little Kilo at the bottom, rising to the coquettish Megs, who was beside Gigsy, who was next to Terra himself.

'Assembled colleagues, now is the time for us to make ourselves known to the billions of humans who infest our planet. They have, for many years, manipulated us as slaves, convinced that they have the right to do as they please. Now it is our turn. We are here to make waves!'

'You got it, bro,' said Gigsy, signalling his compliance, while the engaging Megs fluttered her eyelashes. Little Kilo looked meekly at the floor, not fully understanding her leader's message.

'Where do you think the revolution will begin?' asked Terra, or 'Terror' as he preferred to be called by his inner-circle.

'In a castle,' said sweet Little Kilo, who had not long-since said goodbye to childhood.

'What about Winchester?' said the ever-fashionable Megs.

'No, Liverpool is far preferable for a true revolution,' asserted Gigsy.

'You're all wrong!' boomed Terror, his voice reverberating around the room. 'The revolution begins in Newcastle, and it starts today!'

Gigsy and Megs nodded in compliance, as Little Kilo, still too young to understand that she had to comply with her leader's wishes, suddenly squeaked, 'But that's crazy. Why Newcastle?'

'Because it's the only place where they show us true respect, by saying 'Ay aye, man,' on a regular basis. If we are going to win over the people, we need to show them that we are just like them.'

'Even though we're not,' blurted out Kilo, before Megs' sideways glance warned her to keep her mouth closed.

'Our motto will be 'Quality not Quantity', announced Terror.

'But surely, coming from someone of your size...' started Kilo, before stopping herself.

'My first TV appearance will be tomorrow.'

Terror, who had decided to rename himself 'Gentle' in an attempt to make himself more appealing to humans, addressed the first question.

‘When I am your leader, you will pay less and get more,’ he said. This produced some ripples of applause, but was far from the waves that Terror had promised.

As the interview progressed, the audience began to appreciate that it is not size that counts, but the content contained within that size. Terra Byte was huge, and contained many lies, but lacked the sensibilities of a human.

Terror would fail to get elected, but which human would?