

The Robotic Intelligence Test

by Piotr Kowalczyk

Anna was afraid like never before. Another employee evaluation day was coming up. The most important part of it was a test of a robotic intelligence RQ, determining the level of robotization of a human mind regarding reliability in performing standard tasks, speed of work performed, error ratio, length of work performed without the need to restart, and the number of tasks performed simultaneously.

In the last test Anna barely managed to stay within the limit, but right now she had problems with her father in law who's been luring her husband into alcohol, and with her husband who's been luring the father in law into drugs.

"Don't worry Anna, it'll be alright. Lately they fired only twenty, and they supposedly lowered the RQ bottom line, otherwise they'd be no one left," Rajmund tried to cheer her up.

She did a dry run. Scored 145. Five points short.

"I'm scared," Anna said quietly.

"You'll see, you'll come back in a few minutes and it will all be over," Rajmund was telling her in a confident voice.

"Easy for you to say. You scored 190, and besides, you're not as old as I am."

"Don't be so negative. Twenty three years is... not that old," confidence left Rajmund's voice. She was right, most individual telemarketers were below twenty. And supposedly each year reduced the RQ by five or ten points.

Four infinite minutes went by.

Anna came out and breathed a sigh of relief mixed with a resolution to once and for all get done with marihuash-flavored alcohol.

“So? Did it go OK?” Rajmundo looked happy, because Daria sitting next to him had exactly the opposite intentions.

“I think so...” Anna barely began to answer when she was called to the verification office.

“I’m sorry to say that you have not reached the lower limit.”

“How come? I wrote about 160 individual SMSs of 20 characters each in one minute?”

“That’s correct. 166 exactly. With no mistakes, at that. But since last week the RQ standard has been set at 170. It was posted there outside... I’m sorry. Your pink slip is waiting at the reception. Thank you. Next!”

