

Robots Make Our Food

by Shawn Misener

"This is where we suck the skin off the beasts," remarks the General, pointing to a small white tube dangling from the ceiling. "We coat the mouthpiece with mushroom sauce, and as soon as they wrap their stinky bulbous lips around it... VROOOOP! No more skin."

He leads us over to an electrified holding pen, where several skinned beasts meander, bouncing off one another and yelping squeamishly. The General smiles and points to them with his bone cane. "These are the skinless sows. Watch what happens when I press this button." He taps a tiny button with the cane and the floor releases, sending the beasts into the void with the force of a public restroom toilet. Rousing applause booms from speakers mounted on the fence.

"Thank you, thank you," says the General, bowing.

The tiny pink woman touring with me pipes up, "Isn't it the truth, Herr General, that robots make our food? What do you say to that?"

"You bitch!" He sings, pounding the top of her bald head with his cane. "Where do you think you are? Afmenistan? Turkily? This is 'Merica! We invented robots." Breathing deeply and adjusting his robes, he whistles. The entire facility rumbles upon the grand entrance of a metallic ball the size of a three-story Victorian. It saunters up next to us, and I feel compelled to hop the fence and join the beasts in their doom.

The General laughs. "This what happens when you roll all the robots into one! A Katamari! You guys want some dinner?"

