

Day Seven

by stephen hastings-king

Once again, I start the engine.

The dashboard opens by telling me not to be distracted by a dashboard that tells me things.

The next move reveals the state of play: I see an image of myself sitting in the driver's seat distracted by a dashboard that tells me not to be distracted by a dashboard that tells me things.

Then it shows images of all the things I could do were I to put the car into gear. I could go in reverse, and it would show the way. I could go forward and it would monitor the automotive subsystems and continuously update its findings.

Always the same ridicule.

Then the dashboard locates the current state of play geo-spatially.

Letting its satellite buddies watch.

I feel a flush of embarrassment.

Once again I open the driver's side door to escape. A voice says "The door is a jar."

It never stops.

I kill the machine by turning off the ignition.

I stand next to the automobile after slamming the door.

I think about my dwindling food supply.

Maybe tomorrow.

