

Educationally Speaking
September 18th, 2006
The Salem Leader
Justin Harter

Beep Boop Blort

I, Justin Harter, am a robot. Yes, it was a shock to me, too. But I've finally come to realize that I'm actually a robot. This outer covering you mortals call "skin" is actually pasted onto my body each morning so I can function in society. I know I'm a robot because I can go days with little sleep, I can sit for long periods of time without getting up to potty and I haven't gained a pound since 1995. Ironically, I wrote a brief paper a few years back in High School that was a bunch of nonsense that claimed Dick Cheney was a robot. Here's a brief portion of that paper from April 16th, 2004:

“Stay with me on this line of reasoning: Vice President Dick Cheney recently got a defibrillator to keep his heart beating. He also has corrective lenses to enhance his vision. He has fillings in his teeth so he can eat and he has a cell phone in his pocket. Individually these items mean nothing but collectively they raise an important question: How much hardware can you have attached to your body before you're technically a robot? I'm worried that Cheney is already a robot. Without the hardware, he'd be a blind, starving, bald guy with no pulse. That's a pretty good argument for defining him as part man, part machine. The disturbing thing is this: To whom does he pledge his allegiance -- machines or people?

If I'm right, within two years Cheney will be living inside a hardened mountain in Wyoming, hardwired into the national missile defense grid. And we'll all become slaves to our machine overlords. Highways will be filled with humans carrying SUVs on their backs. Television sets will make you dance for their amusement. It won't be pretty. Before you rush to label me paranoid, consider who elected Cheney in the first place. Sure, we humans pulled the levers and poked the chads, but in the end the machines did the counting and elected one of their own. And you'll notice that Cheney supports any policy that results in more hardware, like the Star Wars missile defense shield and more oil drilling.

I think this is how machines reproduce. First they conquer the humanoid government and then they create tax incentives to produce more machines. The ants are milking the aphids and we're the aphids. I don't know what George W. Bush's role is in all this, but if you look at his recent photos you'll see that he always has a little oilcan with him.”

Creepy huh? There are a lot of things going on here. First I claimed Dick Cheney was a robot in 2004. Now I'm claiming I'm a robot in 2006 because I'm capable of doing some things that most humans don't do. For instance, in the past week

I've slept about three hours a night. I baffle doctors and I'm left to think that I'm part machine. Even creepier is that two years ago I wasn't even trying to write anything substantive and I got a few things right. I claimed Cheney would be living in a hardened mountain in Wyoming. When was the last time you saw Dick Cheney, hmm? Talk about an undisclosed location. Cheney still supports legislation that involves machinery and the media has been bringing up possible election fraud charges lately. I told people two years ago the machines did all the counting.

Sadly, no one believed me. Now I'm left only with the great satisfaction that I was right. Unfortunately, this doesn't help my insomnia. I've tried just about everything the past few weeks to help me fall asleep. I've tried reading, baths, comfy pillows, adjusting the thermostat and I still end up sending people emails and writing random columns for the Salem Leader at two in the morning.

With all this in mind, it makes me wonder if I'll be elected to some political office soon. It's becoming exponentially evident each election year that politicians lose more and more of their personalities. I'm willing to bet in a few more years politicians won't even be born with faces. They'll just be blank templates of what everyone thinks they should be. My eyeballs already feel like they're about to pop out of my skull. I can only assume that my face will fall off within the next six months. Which is perfect because I'll be a faceless, emotionless and really tired cyborg ready to run in the 2008 presidential election.