

Design Flaw
By
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Peanut cluster lodged in his throat, Whithers gasped for air. He stabbed at the butler's call button. Seconds later, the faux tuxedoed automaton rolled into the study.

"How may I assist?" voiced the robot.

Whithers clawed at his throat, motes of light dancing in his vision.

"I am sorry sir, but I did not recognize voice command. Please repeat."

Whithers desperately tried to force air past his voice box, but the salty sweet confection prevented any sound from escaping except for a strangled, pitiful whistle.

"Please repeat, sir," the Butler-Bot 2000 buzzed while waiting for it's master's orders, forever patient.