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Mikhail Papusha



**WE'LL COME FOR
YOU IN A YEAR...**

Mikhail Papusha

We'll come for you in a year...

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Аннотация

Hello everyone! This little book contains a story I have written, please do not judge too harshly. Spoilers: artificial intelligence, new planets, despair and salvation, plot twists and a little humor. P.S.: Translated by Google. P.P.S.: Have a nice day!

Содержание

We'll come for you in a year...	5
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	8

We'll come for you in a year...

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We'll come for you in a year...

We'll come for you in a year...

It was these very words that Victor had heard when he decided to become the first human on a new terraformed planet. More than half the year had passed since he stopped receiving news from home. He, of course, guessed that the path would be one-way, but so abruptly he was cut off from communication with the Earth...

«Fun, they left me» the astronaut thought ironically to himself, although a feeling of nagging, piercing melancholy enveloped him. Why did he decide on this adventure then? Who knows...

«Auari, please pour some tea.»

AuArI is an Autonomous Artificial Interlocutor, artificial intelligence of the residential building in which he lived.

«You won't fall apart, if you pour yourself some tea,» Auari replied.

«Please!»

«Well, okay,» the soulless machine grudgingly replied. «Stick out your finger.»

«Bloodsucker,» Victor muttered to himself, but still allowed her to do as she planned.

Auari pricked him with a sharp needle.

«Low blood sugar, 3.3. The lower limit of the norm.»

Auari then quickly dictated the rest of the numbers.

«I asked you to pour some tea, not make a diagnosis. I still don't understand these results.»

The bio-printer began to print quickly from molecules. Several robo-hands carefully moved the plates to the table.

«A perfectly balanced breakfast for the moment» Auari's voice answered from the wall.

«I love your culinary skills» Victor said, biting his sandwich.

«Thank you.»

«Auari, is there anything to do?»

«You can go ass.»

«What?» Victor asked.

«You can go lie on the grass.»

«Why not.»

Victor sighed heavily. Six months... For half a year he has been here, for half a year he has absolutely nothing to do. Everything was lovingly carried out by Auari. From cleaning the air and sweeping the floor, to cooking and growing houses for new colonists. The garden is a heavenly place, ideal conditions are created for each tree. Water with nutrients is supplied to each root and solar panels emit light for everyone. Bucks, the rabbit chosen as the calming animal, runs around the garden. To be honest, this was the second Bucks. The first, alas, did not survive the flight, so

Auari had to clone it. A blessing in disguise, Victor did not know about this fact; at the time of cloning, he slept peacefully in the cryochamber.

«Come here, fleabag,» Victor whispered, as he approached the small decorative creature. The fluffy beast, as if it was offended by the unflattering nickname, hurried away.

«It's good here» the traveler tried to convince himself aloud, although neither the fresh breeze nor the smell of flowers in the garden pleased him. Auari, of course, went out of his way to create everything from scratch on a lifeless planet, but Victor was so sad. A person still needs a person, no matter how much he tries to convince himself that he is a lonely- introvert. What is the point of hiding from the human world if there are no people.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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