

# Atomic Robot Corp.



“Easy. Eeeeeeeeeeasy, Madge. Squeeze the controls *gently*. Remember what happened last time when you pulled too hard.” Dr. Abrams’ reminder of yesterday’s catastrophe only heightened Madge’s anxiety. In applying for Atomic Robot Corporation’s Advanced Technician position, she had been required to shave Dr. Beezer with the Morris Robot Arms. One appendage held a can of foam shaving cream, the other a straight-edged razor. She had applied the shaving cream all right, but when she nervously pulled too hard on the x/y axis control, the razor had ... oh, the memory was just too ghastly! Fortunately, Dr. Beezer was due to retire soon, so the company had already begun to phase him out. Even better, Dr. Abrams, head of Personnel, was giving her another chance! All she had to do was to light Professor Selway’s cigarette. This was easier said than done. On the first pass, she’d scorched his eyebrows and burned off his right ear. Always a good sport, he was willing to give her a second chance. Madge realized she had been holding her breath, so taut were her nerves. She sighed and tried to relax by stretching a little. Unfortunately, she forgot to first let go of the controls. The Morris Robot Arm with the built-in flamethrower described the arc of her movement, and Professor Selway gasped in horror as the articulated limb stretched out towards him. It looked like he screamed, but he couldn’t be heard over the sudden wall of fire.