

# Code Red!



by Robert Prins

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“Code Red! Code Red! The president has collapsed!” The voice pierced my senses almost blasting the eardrum from my ear in its urgency.

This could be disaster. I grabbed the small bag at my feet and sprinted toward the stage. I had to get there before the medics.

President Geovanni had been the most popular president in US history. Speaking at a rally in preparation for the for the November elections, he had suddenly collapsed on stage.

At six foot-four, the president was an impressive presence. In a world where it was illegal to genetically engineer humans over six foot high, the president stood out from the crowd. Physically fit, good looking, and the youngest of any president ever, he knew what people wanted. He knew what to say, he shook hands, held babies, kissed old ladies in retirement homes and handled international diplomacy all with the same ease and success. But now the president had collapsed.

Within seconds I was at his side. “Close the curtains,” I commanded. The giant stage curtains closed, hiding the president, his bodyguard

and myself behind it. I flicked open his eyelids. His eyes were solid white. I needed to work fast. It was as I feared.

The secret was not to get out. “Set up a guard outside the curtain,” I commanded the body guards. The guards left. Petros, the chief bodyguard, President Geovanni and I were left alone. I could trust Petros.

Turning the president’s head, I peered into his right ear with my otoscope. Nothing to see.

Reaching for my bag, I ordered Petros to remove the president’s jacket and to roll him onto his front. Petros was fast. I had the knife in my hand. I turned and plunged it into the president’s back through his \$600.00 shirt, then dragged the knife six inches down his back. If Petros was expecting blood, he didn’t show it.

Opening up the wound, I jammed the knife back in and prized a small plastic cover from its housing well below the skin. Inside was a small silver disc. I pulled it out and replaced it with a new one from my bag. With the cover replaced, I squeezed the skin back together and did a super quick laser stitch job on his back.

With the otoscope to my eye again, I looked intently into the president’s ear. It had worked. The light was on. “Be-del-cep.” The sound of rebooting was faintly heard. Pulling open his eyelid, I saw his eye flicker back to its normal state.

“Put his jacket back on,” I prompted Petros. Before I had my bag closed, the president was back on his feet, jacket on, looking like nothing had happened. I looked at my watch. One minute and thirty seconds from the call. A quick battery change. The paramedics burst through the curtain. “All good here,” I told them.

As President Geovanni took the stand again, applause filled the room. Little did they know that their president was a cyborg and that AI had taken over the world.

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“Code Red! Code Red! The president has collapsed!”  
Curtains are drawn around the president at the big event. Even his bodyguards are not witnesses to what happens next...



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