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Grade: 5

Title: Floor A, -2

A lone Room, floor A, -2. The insides were bare, old. The Room longed for company, but nothing, No one knew it was even aware. When the drones came and lived within the walls, the Rooms loneliness subsided, as even though it could not see or hear the presence of the drones, it could feel when they bumped their name plates against the sensory plates cleverly hidden within the walls and floor .One name plate in particular had caught the Room's attention, and this drone was called Prototype Z.

Around the time before Prototype Z came, the Room had been given two separate systems that were based with a Microphone to alert the drones when to charge, and an outer security camera or O.S.C to keep track of the drones and to contact the central computer if anything went awry. The Room only knew of the Microphone, which had been implanted on the wall.

The Room's desperate attempt for communication led it to hack into the only system it knew of. Ancient technology was the Microphone's downfall, for as it fought valiantly, it knew not of the old system, as it was only familiar with the new machines. In order to stay aware, the Microphone let the room take control.

The first thing the Room heard was Prototype Z and Y zipping around. The Room savored the sound, hoping to hear more of the noise called hearing, but the Microphone blocked the noise to alert the room that it was time for the drones to charge, and the Microphone wanted permission to tell the drones. The Room consented, but was flustered and outraged when the microphone called for help from the outer security camera.

The outer security camera had been keeping quiet, and had refrained from contacting the central computer for, as the O.S.C had supposed, the Room might notice the O.S.C and want to take over, to see. When the Microphone called out, the outer security camera knew it was to late to contact the central computer.

The Room, having calmed down from its confusion, sent a coil of wire out of a crack in the floor, which scattered the two scared drones. The tendril brushed around the door, and having found the main port, inserted. The O.S.C, who knew it was useless to fight, let the Room take control.

The Room being able to see now, felt a rush of joy as it watched the two drones calm down. The emotions sent a jolt to the old system which warmed up, and the long hidden comforts of the room started to show themselves. A toaster within the wall slid two old stale pieces of bread into the rusty heating system, and burnt them into charcoal. A table, rotten with age, unfolded from the floor and immediately collapsed. A cot with two musty pillows fell down from the ceiling with a flurry of feathers. The two drones were watching as the Room changed from that of a prison to one that could hold a human, when they heard a sound coming from the O.S.C.

The outer security camera had sent the footage of the room to the central computer, which immediately notified the Maintenance machines which sent an A.I member to check the Room, which as soon as it got to floor A,-2 sent for Backup. The poor robot had caught a glimpse of wire wrapped around the frame, sealing the door shut.

When the Backup arrived, and pried the door open, all of them were sucked onto the red ground hard ground, smashed to pieces by a dust storm. The Room walked on, not looking back with the O.S.C , a minuscule spot on the broad surface of Mars.