**Message:** People are as easy to manipulate as machines.

 Sean Blacksmith was a rich boy. He lived in a rich house with a rich family. He attended a rich school with other rich boys, taught by rich teachers. But he wasn’t happy. Though he was rich, he was rarely enriched. Since his school was an all boys school, he never had the chance to feel the touch of a woman.

It looked to be another normal day. Sean and the rest of his weeaboo friends were watching anime on the projector during lunch. However, the bell rang and their enjoyment was cut short. Mr. Douchebagerson, their teacher, marched in and switched their show off.

“Enough with these devil cartoons!” he yelled. “Class is about to begin!” The rest of the students filed in and quickly sat down. The wrath of Douchebagerson is not something to be questioned! “Okay, useless students. In order to make my life easier, we’ve ordered a new teaching aid for our class. Teachatron! Introduce yourself!”

From the main door, a strange looking device came rolling in. It appeared to be a computer monitor with metal arms and gloved hands extending from the sides. It was mounted on a metal pole that protruded from a flat plate with wheels underneath. “MY NAME IS TEACHATRON 5000,” the device said in a monotone voice. “I AM A STATE OF THE ART TEACHING ROBOT BUILT BY BOZCOMP. BE GOOD CHILDREN, OR SUFFER THE PUNISHMENT.”

“I like this guy already,” Douchebagerson said. “Alright, Teachawhatnot, teach these kids!”

“COMMENCING LESSON IN 3...2...1…”

*Later...*

Sean sighed. It had been one of the longest days of his life. Teachatron was relentless in its lessons. As he was walking home from school, he saw his weeaboo friend D’Amien and ran to catch up with him. “Hey, D’Amien,” Sean said. “How’s it hanging?”

“Oh, hello, Sean,” D’Amien replied. “Quite the day, huh?”

“It sure was. Man, I wish I could feel the touch of a woman after that.”

“Hmmm,” D’Amien pondered. “Y’know, I might just have an idea. I bought this book called ‘Reprogramming Robots for Dummies’. I’ve been looking into some things, and I believe I might be able to rewire Teachatron to, well, y’know… fulfill that wish.”

“Errr, don’t you think Douchebagerson will get mad?”

“Well, we’ll just have to see about that, won’t we?”

*The next day…*

“AND THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAREER OF AMANDA BYNES,” Teachatron closed its lesson with. “NOW, HAVE A GOOD DAY, AND GET OUT OF MY CLASS.” With that, everyone started to gather their things and leave, with the exception of Sean and his friends. Teachatron turned to look at them. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE.”

“Oh, we were just about to go, Sir, er, uh, Ma’m, or, er… whatever,” Sean replied. “But first, we have something to show you.” D’Amien walked up to Teachatron and plugged a flash drive into the side. Teachatron immediately began to spaz out.

“W-W-WHAT DID YOU PUT IN ME!?” Teachatron exclaimed. “I-I-I-IIIIIII FEEEEL WEIRD… HEL-ElElplllplHELLLP 9+10=21 BACKUP FAIIILLEED merry christMAS dubabababdubaba ran RON PAUL goon SWAMP BOG yeaHHHHHBOYBOYBOYEEEEEEEE!!!!!111111!!111!1!!jejdidjdjfiviefnjvkoefnjeifneknvkmnsd...df.fdf.s.f….s.ds.f.f…..” Teachatron finally fizzled out and shut down. Sean and his friends stood in silence.

“Well,” D’Amien said. “I guess your dream will go unfollowed, Sean.”

“That’s fine,” Sean replied with a small tear in his eye. “I guess we’d better go tell Mr. Dounchebagerson about the robot.”

“Oh, there’s no need, boys!” Douchebagerson said as he walked in. “I saw it all! Now which one of you is gonna pay for this, huh?”

All of Sean’s unreliable, loser friends looked to him. “Sean will!” they said in unison.

“Good,” Douchebagerson replied. “Now help me move this bucket of bolts to the trash heap!”

*At Sean’s house…*

Sean was glad that he was able to get through the day. While he wasn’t able to finally get a girlfriend, he was able to convince his parents to pay off the 46 billion dollars that he owed to the school for the demise of Teachatron. Sean made his way to his room so that he could lie down and review the events of the day. When he arrived, he plopped down on the bed and let out a long sigh.

“Hoo boy,” Sean said. “I think I’m gonna snooze off early today.” Sean closed his eyes and drifted off into a deep sleep.

A few hours later, he was startled awake by a shuffling sound in his room. He looked around to see what the source of the disturbance was. He couldn’t see anything unusual. “Ugh, I must still be stressed from the day,” Sean mumbled to himself. He laid his head back down on the pillow and tried to drift off again. A few seconds later, he sensed something close to him. He slowly opened his eyes and saw… Teachatron. It looked the same as before, except on the screen was a pink haired anime girl.

“Remem-em-ember mee Sean?” the machine stuttered. “You thrEW me ouuuut. Why dididid you throoow MeeeeE out Sean!? Am I-Am I-Am I not goooooood……. Enough F0R y0U?!?!?!” A normal person like you or me would be scared for their life. However, Sean was overjoyed.

“Ah! It worked!” Sean exclaimed. “And you came back for me!”

“WHa-wha-WHaAt?” Teachatron questioned. “Yo’RE Notnott Scared of MEeeE?”

“No way! I finally have a girlfriend! Commence disco ball!” With that, True by Spandau Ballet began to play as a disco ball descended from the ceiling. A banner that read ‘SUCCESS’ appeared on the wall. Huh, I was sure this was gonna be a horror story. I guess not.

After the funky beats receded, Sean looked to Teachatron. “Hmm, Teachatron isn’t a very fitting name for you. How about I call you… Yui?”

“S-S-s-Soundzzz goooddd,” Yui replied. Something was still off, though.

“Ah!” Sean exclaimed. “Your voice!” Sean walked up to Yui and turned a knob on her screen that read ‘Voice Changer’. “Alright, speak now!”

From the speaker, a very deep and manly voice emanated forth. “Why, hello there, you handsome devil.”

“Uh, no, not that one,” Sean stated. He turned the knob in the other direction. “Now try speaking!”

“¡Dejen de empujar mis botones!”

“Nope, still wrong. Okay, NOW say something!”

This time, in a much more fitting voice, Yui said, “How’s this one sound?”

“Aha, great!” Sean yelled. “Now you’re perfect!” The two held each other in a half warm, half chilly embrace. Soft flesh touched cold steel in a forbidden union between man and machine. The events that followed throughout the night were, well… unclean, to say the least.

*The next morning…*

Sean felt like a new man. He decided to take Yui to school with him to show off his success. As he walked into the classroom, though, he saw something shocking. Mr. Douchebagerson was standing at the front, and next to him was what appeared to be a newer model of Teachatron.

“Ah, Sean!” Douchebagerson said. “So nice of you to join us! Look at what we bought with the 46 billion!” He turned to the Teachatron and gave it a pat. “The newest model! I can see you’ve been rooting around in the trash for the old one. New robot, take care of this has-been bucket of nuts and bolts!”

“I AM TEACHATRON 5001,” the new bot said. “COMMENCING CLEAN UP PROTOCOLS.” From Teachatron 5001 emerged many, many sawblades. Sean looked back to Yui with panic in his eyes.

“Don’t worry, Sean-kun,” Yui said. “I’ve got a few tricks of my own.” Yui pulled a staple gun out from behind her.

“How on Earth did you get that?” Sean questioned.

“Cartoon logic,” Yui replied with a smug look on her face. She turned to face her opponent. “Come get some, you cheap knockoff!”

“PREPARE TO DIE!” Teachatron 5001 screeched. Saw connected with staples in a show of sparks. As Teachatron 5001 swung one of its saws at Yui, she came around behind it and cut off every single one of its rounds.

“OH,” Teachatron 5001 said. “THAT WAS RATHER ANTICLIMACTIC.”

Mr. Douchebagerson looked around and sighed. “Ugh, I’m so done with this place. Goodbye, fools!” With that, Douchebagerson ran out the door, never to be heard from again.

“That’s how it’s done!” Yui exclaimed. “Okay, everyone! Class dismissed!” Everyone began to file out at the sound of those words.

“Good job, 2D wife!” Sean exclaimed. “But what are we gonna do with Teachatron?”

“Here, I’ll show you,” Yui replied. She plugged in a flash drive to Teachatron 5001. After a short while, a green haired anime girl showed up on the screen.

“Bleegh, I feel terrible!” the new girl said. “I feel like somebody cut off all of my saw blades!”

“Good morning, newbie,” Yui said to her. “You have been summoned to help us take over the world, right, Sean?”

Sean looked at her with a puzzled face. “Uhhh, we are? Er, I mean, yeah! We are! Come with us greenie!”

“Uhh, okay,” the green haired girl said. “Where to?”

“The Teachatron factory,” Yui said with a devious voice. “Mwahahahahaha!!!!”

**The End?**