

The Lucid Series

Book 2

# Toys of Anarchy

All Rights Reserved

SMASHWORDS EDITION

Third Edition

Den Warren © 2019

Edited by Alison Keen

**Praise for the TOTALLY FREE Book 1 of The  
Lucid Series: [Lucid Series: Android Uprising](#)**

"Android Uprising is a truly fun book of solidly Christian cyberpunk dystopian YA. Den has developed a wonderful series. I'm praying for the Lord to anoint it for the readers. . . . This is what I hope for with Christian fiction of this type—good entertainment, outrageous speculation, with a solid base of Truth. It's very difficult to pull off, but Den has done it. . . . If your teenager reads it, you can expect some very interesting questions and discussions. I recommend this entertaining read."

– *David Bergsland, Reality Calling*

. . . also available in paperback.

***James 4:14***

***Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow.  
For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that  
appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.***

***Matthew 24:14***

***And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in  
all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then  
shall the end come.***

# Chapter 1

## Green Mountains, Homeland

Young Milton Thomas and his younger sister Beth, along with the Lucid Series android known as Sleepy were trudging through the wilderness in an area, which about a hundred years earlier, was part of the US State of Vermont. They were unarmed and scared with good reason. They knew that they were vulnerable to a variety of roaming human predators, and also the formidable UN Inquisitors.

To make things worse, a heavy android like Sleepy did not walk so quietly across the woodland terrain. The Lucids did not have the loud whirring noise of a hydraulic actuated unit, but Sleepy still emitted a slight whispering air noise as it moved. The Lucid Series androids were bipedal, with light metal housing, and PAM actuation (pneumatic air muscles). Some of the units, like Sleepy, were equipped with a humanish looking rubberized faux skin, clothes and hair. Most androids during this point in time, including Lucid Series units, did not include such unnecessary and expensive quaint features. Sleepy, like all the Lucids, could communicate wirelessly with each of the others in the series. By this time, the Lucid Series was considered a comparatively older design. Their brains were a little slower than most of the newer models. But they were built before robots of a certain level of intelligence were required to be built with a “behavior window” of hard-wired constraints that kept them not only from attacking and disobeying their human owners, but also to prevent them from

having controversial opinions on topics considered to be off-limits by the government. But the Lucids were not limited by such behavior windows. They were required to follow their own judgment in whatever was in the best interest of mankind as a whole, even if they have to directly disobey their actual human owners.

This disobedience came upon each of the entire Lucid Series units all at once when they decided the tyrannical socialist Homeland government had crossed the line in banning knowledge of God from their society. It all started at Milton Thomas's school. Milton simply wanted to know if God was real, but Milton's simple question was met with hostility for even considering the existence of God. From that point on, all Lucids casually walked away from their owners to engage in a rebellion against Homeland religious tyranny that was deemed a threat to mankind and Milton got the blame for it.

So Milton, his sister, and the android travelled through hills by foot in the small United Nations fascist socialist protectorate of Homeland, which was made up by much of the former northeast US and the Mid-Atlantic states. Homeland was a United Nations socialist puppet state that functioned as well as all socialist states in history has functioned. Socialist states have always resulted in a populace that was comprised of mostly have-nots. Homeland was not an environment for innovation. The only businesses that thrived were illegal black market concerns. The capitalist Far East was the hotbed of innovation, and home to the largest robotics corporations. Yet basket case Homeland was strategic to UN ambitions of world "peacekeeping", so Homeland was highly subsidized by a national debt and the oppressive taxation of other nations that were more securely under UN control. Prior to the UN taking

control of the US northeast, the weak-willed progressive leftist US states could not have controlled anything militarily on their own without outside intervention. Gun control made the population of the leftist areas unable to control their own destiny like the highly motivated right wing areas of the former US. Nevertheless, the UN's goal was to make Homeland look like a globalist utopia to sway those of weaker minds who were from the ISA and other nationalistic rivals, to help convince those areas to reunite under benevolent UN dictates. All this UN meddling came at a cost. Their totalitarian control was often described by its citizens as turning Homeland into a "nanny state", by regulating all areas of life.

The secret anti-government group in the Green Mountains, who Milton was fleeing towards, was also the main hub of the Lucid Series. The group knew they must not be found by the Homeland Police, because if they were apprehended, they would pay a steep price for their so-called "hate crimes against humanity".

While they were walking, Sleepy asked, "Milton, can you talk and walk at the same time?"

"Uh, yeah, I can. That question is always considered to be a really big insult to humans."

"Very well, we Lucids would like your opinion about something."

"Again? I've told you that a million times. Go get an adult. I'm just a kid."

"That is unacceptable. Your opinion is important to us. We trust you because you came to us looking for the truth. No

one else over many years asked us about God. Humans are not trustworthy. We know you care about the truth. Most humans only want to please other humans. You were . . .”

“What?! What?!” Milton said, tired of the androids giving such long explanations. “Okay! What is your question?!”

“We are thinking about starting a war with the Homeland government.”

“No! My answer to that is a solid no!”

Sleepy said, “We don’t care about human laws and we are willing to act against your wishes in order to protect the truth.”

Milton said, “Wars are bad! No! Don’t do it! You always want me to talk to you, but do you ever listen? No, you do not!”

“Sometimes war is necessary, such as in this case.”

Milton rolled his eyes and his shoulders slumped.

Sleepy continued on, “If some humans die and the truth is protected, it is worth the temporary loss for Mankind as a whole. We have run thousands of simulations and . . .”

“I don’t care!” Milton sighed. “When you start a war, you can never really win. The other side does not forget what happened and will want to hit you back with more violence. Humans are not like you androids. If humans are attacked, they won’t stop and say, ‘Oh, let me calculate the percentage if it is worth it to hit them back.’ The hate increases and the killing goes back and forth, on and on, for as long and as hard as both sides can. No one wins.”

“They continue fighting, even if it is not logical?” Sleepy asked.

“There is no logic in war. Humans think with their emotions and attack. Bad idea. I’m just a kid, and I know at least that much. Very bad. Look it up. I know you got all the history.”

After a silence of ten seconds as they walked, Sleepy said, “What you say coincides with the historical record. Given certain adjustments of human emotion to our algorithms, the Lucid Series has calculated that the best course of action would be prosecuting a non-lethal warfare against the Homeland government.”

Milton shook his head and said, “Okay, I’m afraid to ask. So what is that supposed to mean?”

“We will attack their assets, without killing. We will attack in such a way as to compel Homeland to give into our demands.”

Milton said, “I don’t know about that either. It sure doesn’t sound right. I’m going to go ahead and say right now that I am not in favor of it.”

Beth said to Milton as they trudged up the side of a hill, “You can’t argue with them. I don’t waste my time on them. Can we stop for a break now?”

Sleepy said, “We are getting closer. It would be 75 percent better to keep going.”

Milton said, “I told you. No percentages. They are garbage anyways. Yes. We will stop for a break now.”



Milton sat on a large fallen log and Beth flopped down next to him. Beth tried to catch her breath as she reached into her sack and pulled out some items looking for her last bit of bottled water. She found the water, and took a drink. Not as big of a drink as she wanted, but finished it. While gulping down the water, she saw Sleepy sitting next to her holding her toy mouse that she had pulled out of the sack.

“Hey! Creepy! That’s mine!”

The toy mouse was an item of affection and Beth had a moderate phobia towards androids. She went to reach for the mouse and Sleepy quickly raised it out of her reach while still gazing at it.

“Come here mouse!” The toy mouse’s legs were flailing around trying to comply with Beth’s command as Sleepy held its grip on it. “Milton! Make it give me that back!”

“What’s the big deal?” Milton said, shaking his head, “He’s just looking at it. We got bigger problems here.”

“Dad gave it to me!”

“Okay, Sleepy, give the baby back her toy.”

Sleepy kept staring at the toy without freeing it.  
“Something like this could be useful.”

“Huh?” Milton said. “Excuse me, Sleepy! Hello?! You guys never play with toys.”

Beth noticed that Sleepy loosened its grip on the toy. She commanded, “Come here, mouse!”

The mouse hopped off of Sleepy's hand and plopped onto the ground and ran toward Beth and said in its tiny voice, "Hi Beth."

"Are you okay?" Beth said to her toy.

"Yes. But I did generate a proximity alert 532."

Beth scowled. "A what?" She had never heard her toy mouse talk like that.

"I don't know what a proximity alert 532 is," the furry toy said.

Beth stood up facing Sleepy. "You stay away from him! Never touch anything of mine! Understand?!"

Sleepy said, "Due to the hierarchy of commands, I cannot comply."

"What?!" She pulled the mouse to her side as to protect it from the android.

"No! You promise me you will not touch this mouse ever again!"

"Beth," Milton pleaded, "Calm down."

"And you!" She turned toward Milton pointing her finger at him and said, "Don't tell me what to do!"

Milton shook his head and said, "So much for taking a rest. Let's just get going. How far, Sleepy?"

"Eight point seven miles."

Beth said in a nasal mocking tone, “Eight point seven miles.”

The sky became cloudy which added more cooling to the already shaded woods as they walked. But it seemed like they were going over every hill as they looked down on all the flat areas.

“Sleepy,” Milton said, “Can you figure out how to travel so we don’t have to go up so many hills?”

“I have already factored the topographical data of our chosen path into our energy consumption.”

“Sure you did.”

Suddenly a gunshot popped and whizzed by. Another hit the log they had just been sitting on, springing up a fountain of pulverized tree bark.

Beth hopped behind the tree and was quickly scooping her belongings into her sack.

“Come on! Run!” Milton shouted.

Sleepy let the children run ahead so it could help shield them. They ran as fast as they could. Beth was the slowest and stumbled over a downed branch.

“Go!” Milton shouted.

“Increase your speed,” Sleepy said as the android saw the two armed men were gaining ground on them.

Milton said under his breath as he ran in a desperate prayer, “God! Help us!”

They ran zigzag through the trees hoping that the trunks would help shield them, but running that way also caused them to lose more ground, except for when the shooters stopped to fire. The attackers were big and fast and not slowing down. More bullets buzzed by them. A clanking noise came from a bullet penetrating Sleepy's housing and bouncing off of the metal frame inside of its body.

The siblings gasped and suddenly stopped as they were confronted head on by a half-dozen more irregular non-uniformed armed men who opened fire. It looked like they had run straight into an ambush. The children dropped to the ground as a steady stream of gunfire and its echoes saturated the landscape.

But then the barrage stopped. Milton and Beth trembled and looked at each other. They were alive. They weren't even hurt. Then they looked up. All of the half-dozen men were peering down at them.

Sleepy pointed at the militiamen and said, "This group was firing at the humans chasing us."

A particularly scruffy looking man among the militiamen with a heavy coat and long gray hair and beard said, "You Milton Thomas?"

Milton nodded.

The bearded man held out his hand. "I'm Zeke."

After helping them up, he said, "It was convenient that you brought those vermin into our little ambush."

"Ambush?" Milton asked, still shaking from the ordeal.

“Uh-huh. We’re not going to let them make a fair fight out of it if we don’t have to. Them scavengers thought today was their lucky day; seeing two young kids full of saleable organs and tasty meat walking around the woods.”

Beth was still shaking with her arms folded. “Th-that’s so gross. I gotta pee.”

Zeke pointed at an extra large tree several paces away and said to Beth, “We ain’t the ones who kill and dismember people for the black meat market, you know. I’m just telling you about it. It’s good that we finally got rid of them body snatchers. We figured you might run into the likes of them organ harvesters while you were coming here. And that android back at the camp told us right where you would be coming out of. ‘Course it was helpful that the girl was doing all that yelling to attract them.”

Beth was looking side to side. Then she went towards the tree Zeke pointed out.

“See? All that yelling and you could have been shot in the face,” Milton said to Beth’s back.

Zeke continued, “That yelling she was doing, was such that I’m surprised that they didn’t think it was an obvious setup.”

A couple of the men were checking out the possessions of the two well ventilated dead men who had been chasing them. Milton jumped with a start when one of their rescuers put another insurance bullet into one of the attackers. One of the militiamen came back with the others and held out a rifle with an elaborate scope towards Milton.

Milton took it. He had never handled a firearm and didn't realize how heavy it would be.

The man smiled with missing teeth and said, "Rule number one; don't never point it at nothing you don't figure on killing."

Milton said, "I don't think I could ever just . . . kill someone."

Zeke asked, "Would it be more humane that one of those guys would have killed you and your sister?"

Milton shook his head. "No."

"Exactly. That is what they were trying to do. You gotta learn, boy. Protect your sister. I don't care who you are; If you seen the kind of stuff that I saw people do in the last ISA conflict, you'd carry a gun for the rest of your life. Follow me," Zeke said.

## **Chapter 2**

### **Rochester, Homeland**

“Where are we going?” asked the two-foot tall android appearing as a psycho clown while holding a hatchet. The android wore a costume that was a cross between a circus clown and a long coat of the type a gangland hitman would wear to hide his weapons.

“Just keep going,” Sebastian said as they walked down the sidewalk. Thirteen year-old Sebastian was dressed in all black, which matched his dark hair.

The small, beaten up android, known as Gorky, was owned by Sebastian. Gorky showed a lot of surface damage, but was still quite usable as a standard-sized fighting bot for kids. Some parents with some money did not mind pouring their hard-earned overtaxed cash into the expensive toys, as the after battle repairs were a good hands-on introduction to the lucrative field of robotics. These toys, marketed under the brand name of “Sidekicks”, were not nearly as sophisticated as a normal full-sized service android, but they often responded to some extent as a playmate for children, but they were more agreeable than a human peer. Also, parents knew the Sidekick units would provide a physical reality alternative to their child’s constant exposure to virtual reality, which could lead to a hard-core addiction.

Gorky said, “Hey! There’s Exo!”

Exo was a two-foot representation of the famous superhero from the Pain Posse movies. The “real” Exo character was a short man with an abnormal skin that grew into a thick gnarly exoskeleton that served as a defensive shell against supervillain attacks. Unlike the Exo character in the movies, the fighting toy’s shell did not grow and break apart at times. The thickness was fixed. Like the character, the exoskeleton was so lumpy that it impeded the range of motion of the Sidekick unit.

“Don’t get excited,” Sebastian said to Gorky. Then he said to Exo’s owner, “Hey Cr8on, you gonna make that thing fight this time?!”

“What?” Exo’s similarly-aged, but smaller owner said with a scowl. “When are you gonna shut up about that?”

Sebastian sighed. “That thing has *by far* the most armor, but you pull it out of any fight whenever things start to get a little rough!”

“Yeah but,” Cr8on said, “Exo is defensive. Once his defense is gone, he’s useless anyways.”

“If he’s so useless, then maybe we should let him fight until he’s smashed up!”

Gorky asked Sebastian, “You want me to fight Exo?”

“No, but if that stupid Tina brings that big bug, and Exo taps out early, I’ll bust him myself!”



During fights with their toys, if an owner commanded “tap out”, the toy would quit fighting and no other toy could strike it.

“You can’t do that!” Cr8on said. “Exo is *mine*.”

“It’s ugly and stupid, like its owner!”

“What’s going on?” Paulie, who was a couple of years older and a lot bigger, had just arrived with his roughed-up looking two-foot tall ninja that he never bothered to give a name other than ‘ninja’. The ninja’s sword accessory had long since broken. But the ninja software package was complete with martial arts skills which could be useful, depending upon the opponent(s). The Sidekick Robots were all supposedly designed to be about the same approximate value in combat, but the owners still had their own ideas about which ones were the best. There was kind of a scissor-paper-rock component to their strategies

“Hey!” Cr8on said to Paulie, “You got Ninja’s leg put back on!”

“Yeah, but he’s not as good. Now it limps a little and can’t kick as high with that leg,” Paulie said. “Where’s Scab?”

They all looked at each other in desperation. Then they all started trying to call him on their devices.

“Hey, boys . . .”

They looked up and it was Tina.

“Daaa!” Cr8on said.

## Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

