

**A Day in the Life of the Offline Adventures of the Topless Robot known as Rob Bricken:  
Episode One: The Wrath of Whose Responsible This Menace to Society: Electric Boogaloo: A  
Copulation.  
By Brad Hall**

Rob Bricken woke up the same way he always does, that is, he rolled off of his bed and landed right on top of a bottle of Boba Fett Space Rum, nearly empty. The amount of alcohol left in the bottle could scarcely be called a pinger, let alone enough to be a taste.

“Oh, dammit,” Rob said. “I gotta get another bottle of rum!” He then downed the few drops left in the bottle and then proceeded to toss the bottle out of the window. The window shattered as it wasn't open. A few seconds later, the sound of someone screaming obscenities and various car noises wafted in the now-open window.

Rob stood up. His bare chest glistened in the sun. He never wore a shirt, as he was the topless robot! Leader of the nerds and the only person to ever have his characters reach level 100 on *Final Fantasy VII*. That's right, all of the other mortals could only achieve level 99. Not only that, but Aeris was alive in his game. Actually, no, he renamed all of the playable characters in *FFVII* to characters from his favorite sci-fi western, *Firefly*.

Nevermind the fact that *Firefly* came out a full five years after *Final Fantasy VII*. So in his version of *FFVII*, the character everyone knows as Aeris was Inara. And yes, Rob would love to be her companion.

He'd already thought it out. Playing on the word “companion” he would love to show this fictional character “a good time” in a reconstruction of the TARDIS, the time machine used on *Doctor Who* to traverse time and space.

Rob is brought back to the real world when he hears a commotion from the hallway of his apartment. Apparently the police have come to question him about the bottle of Boba Fett that was just flung out of the window.

Thinking quickly, Rob grabbed his keys, wallet, condoms (you never know), lucky autographed picture of Karen Gillan and hair brush off his dresser and made for his escape out of the fire escape via the same window he threw the bottle of Boba Fett out of. “That was quick thinking disposing of that bottle in that way!” Rob thought to himself.

No one could hurt him, he was the topless robot. He ran across the street and jumped in his car, a yellow 1976 Ford Pinto named Bumblebee. Actually, it was listed as white, but either age had turned it yellow or Rob had spent a weekend spraying it down with a few cans of spray paint. It was best not to ask. And when it's said he jumped into the car, that's exactly what he did. None of the doors can open and the window broke some time before.

He started the car and merged into traffic.

“First things, first,” Rob said to himself while steering around the road. “I need to find a library to post some Topless Robot material from! Perhaps back date the entries so it looks like I've been in the library all along and didn't drop that bottle on whoever it landed on.” He started nodding to himself.

He found the library on East Bay street and sauntered in. Several librarians and patrons fled at the site of him, he stank as though he hadn't showered in months. His beer belly was distended and his

pants were old and full of holes. If you peered at them just right, you could just make out the design on his Galvatron underwear. And of course, he wasn't wearing a shirt. Or shoes. He had socks on, but they were more of the "sock puzzle" variety.

If you had a sock that had a hole in it, and patched the hole, and kept on patching each new hole that appeared until none of the original sock existed, could it still be considered the same sock? Take that line of thought to two more iterations of sock repair and that would be these socks.

Rob grunted his way to the computers and logged on. He quickly checked his email for updates from various Topless Robot fans, a few from his landlord demanding overdue payment for his apartment, a few from neighbors complaining about the smell coming from his apartment, and one from some guy claiming to be Uwe Boll, one of history's greatest monsters, challenging him to a one-on-one boxing match.

Rob scratched himself as he updated Topless Robot. Once he had enough posts in the queue to publish throughout the day, he left the library and jumped back in Bumblebee to continue the day.

Rob pulled into a local liquor store where he holds a Blogger's Discount Card and proceeded to grab a cart and toss in the essentials no blogger should be without: A case of rum, several bags of chips, Coke to mix with the rum, and several sausage rolls and jerky.

He carted this mass of junk food and alcohol to his car and placed most of it in the trunk, saving a bottle of Boba Fett to drink while he drove. Then he tied the bungee cord back in place and jumped back in the driver's door. He let out a mighty belch as he started the car. He thought timing the belch and the ignition to the same instant would allow him to release his gas and not be noticed, but, the belch was far louder than the car could ever be.

He fished around the pile of trash that passed for a passenger seat and eventually found an old homemade audio cassette tape. He marvelled at it for a moment and placed it in the tape deck. After two and a half seconds of mechanical whirring, the music started to blast through the speakers to where Rob and anyone on the street could hear what he was listening to: A mix-tape of various *Sailor Moon*, *Final Fantasy*, and *Macross* songs, among others.

He put the car into gear, yelled, "Yeah, sing it Minmei!" for all to hear, and then drove off down the road. He gulped the Boba Fett Space Rum and swerved around the road. Once or twice he stuck his head out the window, no hands on the wheel, and proclaimed, "I am Hal Jordan, a leaf on the wind, watch how I soar!" He spilled some Boba Fett on his chest and tried to lick it off. "Back in high school, they called me Lickin' Bricken!" But he just couldn't reach it.

He somehow made it to China Town so he could see his favorite Asian prostitute. Rob had a habit of paying her to help him live some of his anime-related fantasies.

He parked his car in front of a Chinese restaurant, what other kind of restaurant is there in China Town? He meandered his way through the town, eventually finding her. Her real name was Sukimoto, but he rarely called her that.

"Ah, my favorite Round Eye!" she exclaimed upon seeing Rob. "You want I should be Serena? Oh, Prince Darien, my price gone up five dollars!"

"No," Rob replied. "Today you gonna be Haruhi, and then--" Rob couldn't finish his statement as he started spewing all over the pavement.

“Not on my shoes,” the woman now referred to as Haruhi said. “These cost good money, not knockoff, real Gucci.”

Rob didn't know if Gucci made shoes or not, but he didn't care. He was Kyon, and he was finally going to have his way with Haruhi.

Sex with Haruhi was dangerous. If she didn't enjoy it, the fate of the universe hung in the balance. The danger is what made it all the more enjoyable, that if she did not have the best time, you could wake up the next day and realized Haruhi had wished you to the corn field or whatever happened to those she wished out of existence.

This time, he would make sure he would last more than five minutes. In reality, he lasted just over three minutes. Bad, but a personal best.

“Oh, Kyon,” the fake Haruhi said. “You so big man, I not destroy planet today.”

With the universe saved, and the night coming, Rob knew it was time to return to his Bat Cave.

When he arrived, he noticed the door was ajar, knocked off its hinges. On his table was a court summons.

“Whose responsible this!?” he cried into the still night, never to be answered.