

The Sentient Sausage

Cleaveland Derric sat looking out of his office window on the third floor of the new Brandon Tower Block. Cleaveland was a research scientist working for the Brandon Foundation, engaged in investigating the sentience of inanimate objects. It had long been thought that any object or material can gain enough information from its environment to become sentient. For instance, how many times have you placed something down; only to find it is somewhere else when you come to look for it!

The air conditioning had just delivered an enticing waft of breakfast from the canteen on the floor below. Almost hypnotically, Cleaveland rose from his desk and made his way to the lift at the end of the office. Entering, he punched the code for the second floor Executive Suite Refectory.

Arriving at the Refectory he joined the line at the servery counter, nodding briefly to co-workers as he waited to be served. Immediately in front of him was his supervisor Arlan Weekes; Arlan, turning to Cleaveland asked; "Did you discover what happened to the specimen that disappeared from the lab'?"

"Unfortunately not" replied Cleaveland, "The whole batch disappeared over night, it was only discovered to be missing when the empty sample tray inexplicitly crashed to the floor near to the samples elevator the next morning when Jenny (the lab' assistant) came in to prepare the samples".

"Security were informed at once of course and they are still investigating, as far as they can tell, no one has left the building so the samples must still be here".

"Strange" remarked Arlan, "That none of the CCTV pictures show any signs of an intruder, just a momentary 'Blur' of movement near to the samples elevator".

"Indeed" muttered Cleaveland, as Weekes turned away to order his morning repast.

Cleaveland moved up to the order counter and requested his usual cuisine of Bacon, Egg and large Sausage. Having gained his meal and also collecting a drink from the dispenser, he made his way to an empty table near the window, ignoring the empty seats next to Arlan Weekes.

Putting the tray down, he removed the plate and his drink and placed them on the table below the window. Taking his seat, he took a sip from his drink, replaced it on the table, then picked up his knife and fork preparing to slice the sausage in to sections.

As he rested the knife on the sausage; it sat up, looked him in the eye and said in a loud and authoritarian voice: "DON'T YOU DARE!"

Ho Humm!