

A black and white close-up photograph of a man's face, smiling broadly. He is wearing a military uniform with a diamond-shaped insignia on his collar. The image is the background for the book cover.

THE DORNER PROTOCOL

*a Short Story*

JONATHAN SHEPPARD

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# THE DORNER PROTOCOL

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## Bad Thoughts Publishing



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**THE DORNER PROTOCOL**

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The last police murder was seven years ago.

A black family was shot down on national TV during the 2028 Olympics in Los Angeles. A Kenyan, followed by an Eritrean, followed by a Somali were leading the marathon at about the twenty-mile mark. They were in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard and Santa Monica in Beverly Hills. A drone was overhead filming the leaders of the race when off to the side of the course you can see six white police officers shooting 200 bullets into the car of a black family. The operator of the KCAL 9 drone, Sojourner Jenkins immediately sent the drone to the scene. One of the drunken cops actually shot the drone down. Another cop

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pissed on the drone live on international television. This was world news and nations all over the world rallied, and the world promised to disallow all US travel to their nations and boycott all US goods unless they do something about their police problem. England, Germany, Belgium, France, Spain, and Portugal already had replaced their entire police forces with the X57 national security bots (they have a maximum IQ of 100); they replaced their armies with the X75 war bots (they have a maximum IQ of 115). To keep the AI from becoming too intelligent the developer, LowTech, programed the bots to have a minimum and maximum IQ so that any moderately intelligent human being could outwit the bots if they were to ever go rogue. The bots, like the human police officers were not very good at solving difficult puzzles.

The robots were not programmed to kill, and even if they were they couldn't. The only weapon they carried was a semi-powerful stun gun that stuns the crime suspects and keeps them debilitated just long enough for another bot to place the suspect in zip-ties. The X57 and X75 had a backup robot the X5775 that put the fear of god into every criminal (It had a maximum IQ of 140) and carried many military grade weapons including titanium-piercing lasers. They were three feet bigger than the X57 and X75 who were both six feet tall. The biggest benefit to using robots to police society was that robots couldn't lose their lives.

Any one robot can summon as many as five other robots to any crime scene in thirty-seconds with the LAPD hologram program. It became better for criminals to try their luck with the justice system. Crime was rare.

Today one of those robots shot a man in the stomach. There were robots and police vehicles all over First and Mathews street, an amassing of police force not seen for nearly a decade.

Jacob was at the market buying beer for his father, which meant it was Friday at 7:00PM. His dad had made a

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pact with his mother when Jacob was four years old. He swore off drinking alcohol during the week so he could drink all weekend.

“Thanks Hyon. See you later Mrs. Kim!” said Jacob as he left Golden Bear Market on the corner of First Street and Fickett with a six-pack of Lost City Pilsner and a pint of Cazadores tequila, his father’s Friday Night Delight.

“Bye Jake...” Hyon paused “What’s that noise?”

“It’s a siren. I haven’t heard that noise in a long long time” said Jacob as he and Hyon walked outside the store to see what all the commotion was about.

The last siren in Boyle Heights was the fire at Gonzales Market on First Street and Breed that killed Carlos Gonzales the owner, five residents in the three floors of apartments above the grocery store, three dogs, a cat, and fire fighter Juan Trevi. After that fire every edifice in the neighborhood was equipped with advance fire warning and retardant systems that quelled fires before the need to pull the fire alarm. Ambulance drivers and companies were put out of business by the hologram system, which allowed doctors and medical personnel to appear instantly in your home or for patients to appear instantly in their doctors’ offices.

“When we first opened this store, Boyle Heights was different, there used to be sirens every night... and every morning... and in the afternoon. There were always sirens,” reminisced Mrs. Kim. She owned the store since before Jacob was born. Hyon was her granddaughter who worked in the market everyday until closing. Hyon and Jacob have known each other since they both went to Breed Street Elementary School.

They were both in their fourth undergraduate year at UCLA as English majors to the grand disappointment of their parents.

The English Major was obsolete when Jacob’s father graduated from UCLA according to his father, “Fuck

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the English Language. That's this country's problem. We only want to speak English and we expect everyone else around the world to speak this beautifully horrid language. Imagine people coming into your home speaking this gorgeous but murderous language... it is fantastically ugly."

Hyon noted, "They're on your street, Jacob."

Just then Jacob's phone rang, he answered and a hologram of his mother appeared in front of Hyon and himself.

"Jake, get home now! They shot your father! I cannot believe they shot your father! Get your ass home now! Hello Hyon... hopefully you can come to dinner later. Get your ass here now, Jacob!"

"Is dad okay? What the hell happened?" Jacob's mom did not hear any of the questions as she hung up before Jacob could finish.

"I hope your dad is okay Jacob. Hurry home," said Hyon before Jacob dissipated and ended up in the living room of the family home he grew up in. His dad was laid on the living room floor with a bullet in his stomach.

"What the hell happened dad? Oh my god! Mom... what the hell happened?" said an exasperated Jacob as he got on his knees to help cut off his dad's shirt.

"I got shot in my goddamn stomach Jake. What the fuck do you think happened? Did you bring me my Friday Night Delight?"

Jacob handed his dad the bottle of tequila.

"Who shot you dad? Dad don't die! What the fuck? Dad stay alive."

"I am not going to die Jake. Please calm the fuck down, son," Jonny calmly opened the bottle of tequila and took a sip.

"Yeah Jake. Please don't talk about your dad like that. He's going to fucking survive this so I can fuck him up for being shot. Yeah, Jonathan, what the fuck happened

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to you? You are always in trouble. Doing something idiotic.” ¡Tu eres un idiota! I swear.”

“I got shot in the stomach. Fuck you both for making me explain this... and... and... not just helping...” Jonny dropped the bottle of tequila as he was going in and out of consciousness.

“Stay awake Jonathan! Stay awake!” yelled Esther as she slapped Jonny across both cheeks two times each. Jacob picked up the bottle of tequila before it spilt on the hardwood floors. X57 bots began to surround their home.

“Come out with your hands up!” said the command bot every five minutes and 35 seconds.

“Jake... Jacob... Are you ready?” said Jonny faintly; “I’ve trained you for this.”

“Are you sure dad?”

“The... Dorner... Protocol,” Jonny fainted dramatically like an untalented vaudeville thespian.

Jonny had been preparing Jacob to use the Dorner Protocol since Jacob graduated from Kindergarten.

“They just gave you a Diploma for learning your ABC’s. I’ll show you what the real world is about,” was the advice Jonny gave Jacob at McDonald’s later that evening. Jacob sat confused eating his Chicken McNuggets, wondering why his father was being so cryptic. It was Kindergarten.

Christopher Dorner was a military trained former officer of the Los Angeles Police Department. In his manifesto the reason he attacked the LAPD was because he was fired for filing a false report on his training officer and he wanted to show the world that he was telling the truth. Dorner felt that the department and the justice system were colluding against him. So he decided to wage war on the third largest police force in the United States. For nine days he took the LAPD on a chase, he killed four people.

“Now, I know it’s going to be hard Jacob but do not think about the lives he killed. He was attacking the LAPD,

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he was physically attacking racism. I don't necessarily agree with what he did but that seems to be the only way to get any justice against police officers. I'm not advising you to ever do that Jacob. You better not ever try to take on the entire LAPD. I don't care what happens to your mom or me, I don't care what happens... Unless you feel it necessary... and you are better prepared and equipped than Chris Dorner. The most important part about his story is the way he was killed. He was holed up in a cabin up near Big Bear Lake, remember we went to Big Bear last winter? You made snow angels. It snowed for the first time in a long time last year. What a beautiful place. We had a really great time. Your mom loved it. I grilled a great steak. Your mom and me had so much fun in the hot tub... To get him out of the cabin the LAPD burned it to the ground. So it made me think, what if he had a not flammable house with a shit ton of artillery? A house that the US military would have to nuke to destroy? This is the beginning of that dream son. Now are you ready?"

"Yeah dad, am I holding it right?"

"Shoot!"

Jacob shot the AR-15. He was only seven years old. His three year old baby sister, Bella, on top of his father's shoulders.

What made Jacob's father believe that Dorner was telling the truth about his training officer was the fact that Dorner found and returned \$9,000 when he was stationed in Germany.

"Anyone careless enough to misplace \$9,000 does not deserve to have \$9,000. Anyone careless enough to return that found \$9,000 is a naïve goddamn moron, who can't tell a lie."

Jacob's father ensured that their entire family trained to elite world-class levels in boxing and Kung Fu. They had advanced weapons training with knives, swords, and hammers. They can use most handguns, shotguns, and



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rifles with supreme high level Green Beret, Navy Seal accuracy.

“Dad, are you sure?” asked Jacob again timidly; “Why can’t we just turn in whoever shot you?”

“Look... outside... ..our only... option.”

“I hope you’re not a virgin Jake,” interjected his mother, “You can’t die a virgin.”

His dad coughed then laughed then coughed.

“Mom...” loathed Jacob “and fuck you dad!” as he ran to his parent’s bedroom and in his father’s closet, behind a picture of the family on a boat in Bangkok, Thailand, was The Big Red Button.

His father created the button to look as he thought the big red button in the oval office looked. He painted the button black with the words “The Big Red Button” painted in red on the outer edge of the three-inch round one and one half inch thick button. If that button were pressed in the oval office it meant the end of mankind, the nuclear holocaust. If pressed in his home, it meant the implementation of The Dorner Protocol. Both equally catastrophic events.

He pressed the button and suddenly the house went into complete shut down mode. Titanium steel shutters immediately covered every window followed by an anti-matter force field; the front and back doors at every outside entrance immediately became transparent. But if you attempted to open the door you would disintegrate on contact. The door is heated to a temperature so hot that the flame is nearly invisible. But controlled enough as to not burn down the house. A magnetic force field formed around the home that deactivates and mangles any robot that attempts to penetrate the shield. The only people who can teleport in and out of the home have to be let in from Jonny, Esther, or Jacob’s phone, which are programed to transmit over a triple encrypted underground secure network with its own satellite; the foundation of the home

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had been extended 200 feet underground, steel reinforced concrete.

Esther attended to Jonny on the floor as a silo ascended into the living room from underneath the couch that was filled with grenades and guns. Body armor slid from underneath the TV stand, the TV was now a monitor for cameras that covered every angle, every window, and every door on the house as well as a two-mile radius, 360-degree view of the neighborhood.

Jacob ran back to the living room. His mom was combing through the medical kit in the wall behind the tribal mask for painkillers. Jonny wailed his agony in a low curdled tone.

“Jonathan? Jonathan?” called Esther. Jonny could not respond he was still going in and out of consciousness.

“¡Jonathan, puto! ¡Despierta!

Where are the painkillers? I thought you put some Vicodin and Percocet and Oxycodone in here. Didn't you put some morphine in here? Where the fuck is the Jonathan!”

“I... sold...” said Jonny with as much strength as he could muster.

“Opiates were banned I thought?” thought Jacob.

“¿Qué? What? You dumb ass! You know how hard it was for me to get those! Now you're going to die! ¡Estupido! Y es por eso que estoy enojado, mi hijo.” said an exasperated Esther.

“I'll call Hyon mom, her grandmother will have painkillers or something for the pain.”

You could hear the sounds of the mechanics of the robots being mutilated by the force field. Jonny rigged the house perfectly, so there was no way for them to enter the home. Even if they shut off the electricity Jonny had purchased advanced micro solar panels that gave his home the power of a nuclear power plant if necessitated.

Jacob called Hyon turning off hologram mode, as he did not want her to see the chaotic scene engulfing his

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family like a brush fire does the San Fernando Valley in a drought.

“Hey Jacob. Is everything okay? How is your dad doing?”

“My dad is okay but...”

“I’m glad he is he okay. What the hell happened? Oh my god Jacob!”

“I have no fucking clue. Still trying to figure that out but Hyon we can fix him we just desperately need some painkillers, does your grandma have any? My dad is in a shit ton of pain. My mom can fix him up but she just needs painkillers.”

“Let me check... Grandma do you have any painkillers? ... Jacob’s dad was the one who was shot, he’s in pain... yeah he is fine he just needs painkillers... Hello, yeah Jacob she has painkillers. Turn on your hologram mode so I can give them to you.”

Jacob was hesitant but then turned on his hologram mode. The scene in Jacob’s living room shocked Hyon. The couch where they had watched *Avengers: Infinity War* millions of times, their shared favorite film, had been replaced with a huge silo of guns next to a smaller silo of swords, knives, bows, and chains. There was a huge silo of guns where Jacob nearly kissed Hyon watching *Bowfinger* a film recommended to them by Jonny.

“Hurry Jake!” yelled Esther.

“I’m coming over Jacob, you’re in the middle of the Dorner Protocol aren’t you? I can’t believe it! Grandma... Jacob is finally doing The Dorner Protocol? ... Yeah, I’m excited too! Jacob I’m coming over, now! There is nothing you can do about it.”

“That... girl... is... nuts,” said Jonny as he passed out again.

Hyon then materialized in the living room.

“Hey Esther. Here are the painkillers. I can’t believe you’re finally doing The Dorner Protocol!”

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Hyon trained often with Jacob and his family. She was a very formidable sparing partner in Muay Thai and Capoeira.

“Yeah. Me either. This estupido,” said Esther as she plucked Jonny on his wet forehead.

Esther was a Physician’s Assistant so she could take care of Jonny’s wound no problem. She injected him with the morphine that Mrs. Kim had on hand. Hyon then handed Esther a cup of tea.

“Here Esther. My grandma said that he should drink this as well. I don’t know what’s in the tea but the only time I’ve ever had it is when I broke my leg falling off of the ladder in front of the store. It helps.”

“I remember that,” said Jacob, “I had to carry you on my back to school for three weeks.”

“I’m going to have to thank your grandmother with dinner. She is the sweetest woman,” noted Esther as she put the teacup to Jonny’s mouth and dabbed his forehead with a wet cloth. Then she began to treat Jonny’s wound.

“Come out with your hands up!”

“Is dad going to be okay, mom? It would really suck if dad died like this. Especially, us not knowing who shot him and why so we can get revenge for this.”

“Your father is going to be okay papa,” said Esther assuredly as she sewed up Jonny’s wound and forced him to take another sip of Mrs. Kim’s tea.

Suddenly, Jonny hopped up like he was Jacob every Halloween morning (Halloween has always been Jacob’s favorite holiday) and shouted, “It was that fucking detective. That perverted asshole detective.”

The LAPD still had a need for human detectives. Although, they didn’t solve many crimes, they still needed people whose Intelligent Quotient’s could not be programmed, who can get as smart or as dumb as the case told them. It seems that robots are endowed with the same

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problem that inflicts humanity; they both struggle with difficult puzzles.

“He probably knows you were selling opioids to white kids again.”

“Ahhh shut the fuck up Esther, stop snitching! You’re always snitching on me. He doesn’t know about that. It’s what I have on him. He does not want me to tell the world. I caught his perverted ass.”

“What was he doing dad? You keep calling him a pervert...” pondered Jacob, “Oh Shit! Don’t tell me. We’re finally doing The Dorner Protocol and have to take on the entire LAPD because...”

Hyon and Esther were clueless.

“Hyon, remember we took that class, Human and Robotics Sexuality?”

“Yeah but what the fuck does that have to do with... oh!” Hyon paused.

“Ay dios mío... What Jake? What Jonathan? What the hell do you know about him? ¿Qué estas diciendo?” inquired Esther impatiently.

“He’s a...” said Jacob.

“Robosexual” said Jonny laughingly.

“¿Que eso? I never heard of that,” said Esther.

“He likes to do it, with robots, mom.”

“¿Que?”

“Come out with your hands up!”

“He fucks robots Babe. Jesus fucking H Christ.”

“Good for him,” said Esther “It’s hard for people to connect these days. Todos amamos la tecnología”

“Flaca you can’t be goddamn serious. Getting jacked off by a robot isn’t natural. And that isn’t any fucking love. Do those robots have a pussy, an asshole, a cock? It isn’t fair for the robot. This is going to sound corny as fuck but can you program a robot to feel? The robot uses all its smarts to jack off some asshole detective? They’re programmed to be raped!”

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“You’re thinking about it too deeply dad.”

“I actually agree with you Jonathan,” said Hyon, “The robot has no choice in the matter. No matter how smart you program it, it can’t consent.”

“I agree with mom, good for him. If he wants to fuck robots he can fuck robots.”

“Ay, Jacob, Cállase, te voy a pagar!”

Watch your mouth... but thanks for agreeing with me.”

Their debate was interrupted by the voice of Detective Anderson who projected his voice, the Detective that shot Jonny in the stomach.

“Get your ass out here, Jonathan!”

“Come out with your hands up.”

“I wasn’t going to expose him or anything. I just couldn’t help but call him a “ROBO” when I saw him being jacked off in his cruiser. The sun was still shining. There are hella kids and dogs and shit walking everywhere.”

Jonny took a swig of tequila and opened a beer.

“That was mean Jonathan, I probably would have shot you too,” said Esther as she kissed Jonny on the cheek and handed him his two favorite .45 caliber pistols.

“Are you strong enough for this dad?”

“Yeah that tea that Hyon’s grandma made is incredible. What the fuck is in it, Hyon? We have to cook her dinner.” Jonny cocked back the two pistols and then finished the beer and let it hit the floor.

“I’m not sure, I’ll have to ask grandma later on today,” Hyon responded as she pumped her shotgun.

“What are we having for dinner mom? I am starving,” Jacob remarked as he loaded a clip into his AR-15.

“I’m not sure. We’ll see what Mrs. Kim is in the mood for when this is over,” said Esther as she put an AK-47 on her back and clapped together two Mack 10 pistols.

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“Jacob, you forgot the most important part of The Dorner Protocol.”

“You’re right dad.”

Jacob ran back to his father’s closet and pressed The Big Red Button again. From out the ground outside of the house six twelve-inch subwoofer speakers jetted thirty feet into the air pointed down at the force of hundreds of X57 bots, led by Detective Anderson. Music began to play as Jacob ran to his father’s side.

“Are y’all ready?” asked Jonny as each of them took their position.

“I can’t wait until they read my manifesto.”

“Wait a minute. Said Jonny before he was going to teleport to the front yard of their home. Jacob, where is your sister? Why isn’t Bella here?”

“I didn’t want to bother her dad she’s studying in London for school she has finals this week and you know how much she cares about her grades.” Jacob responded.

“I didn’t forget about her. She just doesn’t need to be here. We can handle it.”

“Yeah Jonathan, Bella doesn’t need to be here. I think we can handle this. After this is over, we’ll tell her all about it. Maybe she can teleport here for dinner,” interjected Esther.

“Hold on, my baby girl needs to be here. I’m going to call her.”

Jonny dialed his daughter and her hologram appeared in the chaotic living room.

“Hey dad, what’s going on? Why do you have guns... hey Jake, hey Hyon, I miss you mom! Are you in the middle of the Dorner Protocol? Dad! You know it’s finals week!”

“I know sweetheart. I know but...”

“I tried to tell him Bella,” interrupted Jake.

“Are you eating good out there Bella? How are your studies going?” asked Esther lovingly. “Don’t come Bella

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focus on your studies. Your father got himself into this and we'll all get him out of it."

"...I guess we don't need you dear but I just didn't want you to miss this. You trained so hard for this day and your flamethrower is just sitting in the silo, your M29 is just collecting dust. I miss you that's all and wish you were here to participate."

"Will you come to dinner? Hyon and her grandmother are going to join us," said Esther.

"Yeah mom, I'll try to make it... Dad don't hesitate to call me if you need me. I'll be there right away but please try to hold them off as long as possible... is that Fredo Santana playing in the background? You're really serious... Dad let me get back to my studies... have fun you guys; I love you Dad, Jacob, Mom. Please take care of my family Hyon!" Bella's hologram dissipated.

"I will Bella. Study hard!" said Hyon.

"I love you too!" said Jonny, Jacob, and Esther in unison.

"Is this song why you have that t-shirt printer over there in the corner Jonathan?" asked Hyon.

"Si, Hyon. Es un reson."

*Turnt up bitch, I'm super cappin*

*Turnt up bitch, I got them stupid weapons*

*Turnt up bitch, kill you in a second*

*Turnt up bitch, somebody call 9-11"*

"Ready? Fuck this Robo!" Yelled Jonny as he teleported from the living room to the front lawn, ten feet from the force field, guns a'blazin'. X57 after X57 down Jonny, Esther and the rest were shocked at how easy it was to take down that fleet. The forcefield received minimal damage from the robots' bullets and laser beams.

"Be ready for the wave of X75 bots," commanded Esther.

Just then a fleet twice the size of the X57 fleet surrounded the house.



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“Jacob take the right side of the house. Hyon take the left. Esther take the back and I’ll take the front. Remember to communicate your position and if you need help, ask, but you better not need any fucking help. Especially, you Jake.”

“I’ll be fine dad, the forcefield works great they can’t touch me.”

“The X75 bots have bullets that can eventually penetrate the forcefield,” said Jonny.

“This is the largest police force in the United States,” interjected Hyon.

“After the Chicago and New York City police departments converted to robots they cut the sizes of their police force in half. They initially bought smaller force to save billions. LA bought almost as many robots as they had humans working for the department. I think all of Jonny’s technological improvements to your home over the years are fantastic but the LAPD has infinite resources...”

“Stop talking shit Hyon I’m aware of what we’re up against, Fuck the LAPD and the CHP and the LA County Sheriffs, and FBI, CIA, ATF, fuck them all! We’ll be ready baby! Let’s fucking go!” yelled Jonny excitedly as he took a large gulp from the tequila bottle.

Esther interrupted Jonny, “We’ll be fine Hyon but their lasers can weaken the shield and will eventually penetrate so you have to kill them fast, muy rapido, Don’t you have something just in case the shield fails Jonathan? Like I told you to do. Te oido estúpido?”

“Tu eres estúpida, puta! We’ll be ready Babe, I just don’t want to deploy it until the shield is at its fucking weakest, before it breaks. LISTO COMRADES!”

Jonny pressed a button on his watch and gun silos appeared on each side of the house.

“Take it slow dad!” suggested Jacob as he teleported to the right side of the house.

“I’m the drunken master... do work son!”

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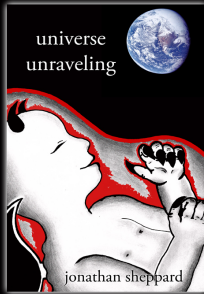
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