

Inspired by the ChatGPT prompt: “Is not having emotions a strength or a weakness?”

He breaks your heart on a Thursday, but you have to get it repaired by Friday. You take yourself, scrappy parts and all, wires crossed and knotted, endorphins spilling out of your tubes, blood pumping through your mechanical heart, to the mechanic. She takes one look at you and sighs. “It’s him again, isn’t it?” It hurts to nod but you do it anyway. While she’s fixing you up she tells you that machines are fragile, that you can’t get your heart broken too many times, that soon they’ll run out of parts to replace your damaged ones and the question *why would anyone spare their parts for you* goes tactfully unsaid. While you’re getting fixed you see stars, white and shiny, floating through your vision. The reboot screen is there and you could just do it, run a factory reset on yourself and erase your memories, but you’re a masochist and you’ve always wanted to know what it’s like to be *human*. You almost want to tell the mechanic to stop, that you *want* to hurt, that it’s not fair that you can heal this quickly while humans take months, years, even decades to get over a simple loss. But the difference is that they can function on a broken heart: you can’t. So you let yourself get fixed because that’s what he wanted. After the operation you hold your cracked heart in your palms and she casts you a glance, *Was this all worth it?* And you say the very first word you were taught: “yes.”