



New Subprogram Active

Wild Kratts · Not Rated · 1197 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: Wild Kratts Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

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Relationships: Zach Varmitech & Zachbots

Characters: Zach Varmitech, Zachbots - Character

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When Zach has a panic attack, his Zachbots try to help him.

A bizarre little idea that just came to me. This is my very first attempt at Wild Kratts fanfic, I hope it's good.

I'm calling Zach's jet the Varmijet because I think it's funny.

The Zachbots have one central AI system, to remove the Fridge Horror of how many are destroyed in the series.

In case it isn't clear; he accidentally gave the Zachbots AI the ability to build new programs based on recognized patterns, and it decided that 'protect Zach' included emotions, so worked to calm him down without an order.

This fandom needs more works period, but especially Zach & Zachbots Fluff.

(I know the ending's a little weak, sorry. This is my my first time EVER writing this character, I'm still getting a feel for it.)

"Awk!" Zach screeches, dashing out of his Varmijet's lab and slamming the reinforced door shut just as an explosion crashes against it.

Winching, Zach slowly peaks inside. He lets out a loud, long whine, freezing in the face of the utter mess his precious space has become.

"Zachbots!" He jumps back, panicking. "Contamination! Mess! HELP!"

The Zachbots are there in seconds, zooming past him to reorganize the lab. Pattern analysis sets off more Zachbots to start cleaning the rest of the already-spotless Varmijet. The familiar sights of dusting and polishing, and the familiar smell of disinfectant, helps to soothe his nerves.

A little. It helps soothe his nerves a little. But this is the first time he's failed to stop a malfunctioning invention from exploding in his lab. Well, *this* lab, anyways. The first explosion in a new lab is *always* the worst, and *always* just as bad as the very first one, no matter how many times he tells himself he should be used to it by now.

The thought of all of his meticulously-organized files, tools, and sketches being tossed about... Burnt... Destroyed... Covered in ash and *machine* oil...

He can't stop himself from falling against one of his computer consoles, barely managing to use it to support his weight. His breaths are coming too fast, making his eyes water as he accidentally deprives himself of oxygen.

This is stupid. The Zachbots will have everything perfectly cleaned and sorted within the hour. His sketches and files are backed up. He has dozens of tools exactly like the ones destroyed. His gadgets need to be rebuilt and upgraded anyways. He managed to get out before he got dirty.

This is a mild inconvenience at most. So why, exactly, does it feel like the Varmijet is closing in on him?

"Zachbots!" He screams before he even realizes his mouth is open, more out of habit than anything else. If he's scared, he calls his Zachbots, that's how it always works. Lifeless red eyes stare at him expectantly, awaiting orders. His voice shakes more than he wants to admit once he finally finds it. "What's taking so long?! Is it that hard to tidy up a single room?"

[
Designation: His Highest Intelligence (Code: Zach).

Running facial and body scan...

Heart rate: High

Breathing: Fast

Detected: Tears

Conclusion: Panic_Attack

Accessing: Memories > Zach > Stress_Decrease.

Calculating...

Activating: Subroutine > Morning_Routine_Step_5

Altering Subroutine...

]

Zach expects an answer to his question, or maybe blank stares, depending on how the recent update has settled. He does not expect one of his Zachbots to pick him up and start combing his hair, but that's what happens.

"What are you doing?" He shrieks, struggling in the metal grip. To his utmost surprise, he is not immediately set down despite his obvious desire to escape. The comb moves in set patterns, pulling through his hair gently, while the machine plays a recording of soft traffic noises. His face scrunches in recognition, then confusion. "Who told you to access my white noise playlist?"

The Zachbot ignores him, moving its arms to cradle him instead of holding him against its chest, wrapping his rarely-worn labcoat around him like a blanket. He can jump off now, but he's too used to the position to actually do so, instead staring at his creation in bewilderment. The comb switches to a brush, sweeping his hair back in a way that tickles his scalp.

"Are you malfunctioning?" He mutters, subconsciously leaning into the cold touch. Cold, hard, nothing like an actual person; exactly as he designed. "I just updated you, there's no way you're already having issues! ...Aviva didn't hack you again, did she?"

Again, the Zachbot ignores him, mixing more city sounds into the recording. The brush definitely isn't going in the proper pattern anymore, but his hair is still being kept neat and symmetrical, so he doesn't freak out over the difference.

When the Zachbot starts rocking back and forth, Zach decides to just accept this new development and slumps against the metal. A slow, drawn out beeping is barely audible, and Zach matches his breathing to it.

[

Cleaning_Sequence (Lab_Varmijet) complete...

Running facial and body scan...

Heart rate: Medium-high

Breathing: Shaky

No tears detected

Conclusion: Panic_Attack still in progress

Calculating...

Program: Announce_Sequence_Completion paused

...

Rerunning scans...

Heart rate: Within usual parameters

Breathing: Within usual parameters

Conclusion: Panic_Attack complete

Calculating...

Program: Announce_Sequence_Completion resumed

]

{Cleaning sequence complete. Lab access reestablished}

About thirty-something minutes after the explosion, Zach startles at the voice of his central computer. "What? Oh, right..."

He'd almost forgotten about the accident, so focused on the slow movements in his hair and familiar sounds of home that his mind sort of switched off. He should get back to his experiment; he only has a week to finish his latest invention for a customer that's already lined up, and there will be Hell to pay if he's late (again).

He nimbly jumps off the Zachbot, straightening his clothes and running his hand through his hair to style it back to normal. He coughs, clearing his throat. "Finally! How's the world's greatest inventor supposed to get any work done around here? Seriously..."

He stops at the door to his perfectly-organized lab. The sight of tools in cupboards and neatly-stacked blueprint paper is more of a relief than he'll ever admit to another living person, and he just stands still to take it in for a few seconds. Strange, he's normally still on the tail end of one of his episodes at this stage, but all he feels is...

Calm. He feels calmer than he ever does on a Lab Explosion day, much less a First Lab Explosion day. He looks back at his Zachbots, hard at work like always, and frowns thoughtfully.

He's not an idiot, he knows what happened. He sighs, patting the head of the nearest bot, knowing the AI will register it no matter which bot he addresses. "Good boy."

His Zachbots beep happily in unison, pausing briefly before continuing with their chores. Which is definitely a very new reaction.

"I really am a *great* programmer!" Zach cackles after a second, shutting the lab door behind him with a mental note to not update them again until he figures out *what the Hell* he did to teach them how to calm him down without an order. Maybe he accidentally uploaded a psychology program..?

[
Accessing: Security_Feed > Varmijet > Lab

Identified: Zach

Assessing...

Activity: Working > Building: New Invention

Facial scan...

Detected: Smile

Conclusion: Zach_Emotions = Happy

Accessing: Core Codes...

Core Codes: Happy_Zach = Desired Outcome

Operation: Protect_Zach (New Subprogram: Emotionally) = Success

Creating New Program: Panic_Attack_Response

Designation: Varmitech_Central_AI (Code: Zachbots)

Accessing Memory: Zach_Words: "Good Boy"

Conclusion: Zachbots = Good Boy

Conclusion: Zach_Emotions = Pleased (With: Zachbots)

Zachbots_Emotions = Happy

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— end of "New Subprogram Active" —