

The Automaton - Revisited

by whitesilence

She stands, on the other side of time...

If you haven't read **The Automaton**, it would be a good idea to do so.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She stands, on the other side of time, facing
A lonely boy she long ago pledged to save
On orders given by her silver-bearded maker.
Seven long years of sweat and blood and toil,
Danced to the soundless tune of a destiny written,
Predetermined before she had even begun.
She had risen, a blank slate, to stand before
Blue eyes shadowed with an ancient knowledge
Given mind and heart and voice to do his bidding
A simple watch cog in a labyrinthine machine
To be discarded when her usefulness came to end
And so she has been since that extinguishing day.
Now after years long past, she senses in the coming,

A new need for her arises as a storm gathers,
Roiling black and dark and evil on the horizon.
She knows the lonely boy she saved has come
To give her a new soundless tune of destiny,
Another purpose to fulfill, another path to tread.

From Merriam-Webster:

au•tom•a•ton

Etymology: Latin, from Greek, neuter of *automatos*

1: a mechanism that is relatively self-operating; *especially*: ROBOT

2: **a machine or control mechanism designed to follow automatically a predetermined sequence of operations or respond to encoded instructions**

I hope you can see clearly now... the rain has gone...