

Lost

It was lost.

In the middle of an empty parking lot, stood a singular latex drone. Body covered from head to toe in rubber, it had always been a loyal Drone to its' Master.

Master... Master had said that he would be back... it's been a few hours, and it was getting dark... b-but it knew Master was coming back. He had to, he said he would! The Drone had to remain obedient, perhaps Master was testing it? Yeah, that... that had to be it.

The Drone paced around in a small circle. Master was... Master was its' everything. It loved Master so, so much. It knew he had to come back.

Right?

A few more hours had passed. It was a pitch black night, the parking lot now only lit with the lamp posts within it. And it was cold... very cold. The Drone was shivering, hugging itself for warmth.

Master surely had to be back soon, right? It was... it was so, so cold. The temperature had dropped to below freezing. But no.

No.

It knew it had to obey. However long Master would take, it would wait for him. It was loyal. And it was always going to be loyal. Attempting to stay warm, it walked underneath one of the lampposts, hugging its' latex skin as tight as it can. Putting its' back against the post, its' exhaustion slowly overtakes it as it falls asleep...

Surely, Master had to be back soon.

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It was a cold, COLD morning. You groan as you drive the car on your way to work. Another day in this god-forsaken blizzard, you think to yourself.

Unfortunately, the main road you usually take to work was closed because of a heavy snowstorm last night, so you take an alternate route, cutting you through an empty parking lot...

Among a sea of white, you drive the car carefully... only for something to catch your attention. A tail? Sticking out of the snow?

Uh-oh.

You park the car, dash out, and realize that the tail belongs to something underneath the snow! Thankfully, you brought a shovel with you in case you got snowed in at work... again.

Digging and digging and DIGGING as hard and fast as you could in the bitter cold, you finally come across... a latex drone? Its' 'skin' was cold to the touch, iced over from the bitter cold.

You didn't have time to think about how odd it was, dragging the Drone to your car, and turning the heater as high up as it could go. You had a few spare blankets in the back of the car too, so you cuddle the Drone up in them.

A few painstaking minutes passed by. Work was the last thing on your mind, hauling yourself over to the nearest hospital to see what they could do. It would be odd for the staff of the hospital as well, but more questions could be asked later.

Pulling into a parking space at the hospital, you finally think to check for a pulse.

Nothing.

The next few hours were a blur as you hope you can save the Drone, using all of your strength to carry it into the hospital. The staff were indeed surprised at the sight of a fully rubbered-up Drone, but as you haul it in, you try to quickly explain what had happened. You leave it in the care of the hospital staff.

...You know that you should probably go to work, but you really can't help but worry about the Drone.

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More time passes in the emergency room, where you had been redirected to wait. You pace back and forth, worried sick about the Drone. Would it be OK? Would it pull through? And how did it even end up in that parking lot?

Your questions are finally answered with one of the doctors coming back, a grim look on her face.

"I'm sorry." were the only words she said to you.

She let you into where they had attempted to save the Drone. It was laying in a hospital bed, its' body gone completely cold.

As the doctors were discussing what to do, all of their words passed straight through your head, not processing a single one. The Drone now completely still, you lift its' head, giving it a soft hug.

You may not have known why that Drone was even in that parking lot, and you may not ever know who the Drone was, but you knew the least you could do was give the Drone a proper funeral.

It at least deserved that much.