

Clockwork: City of Gears

A city made up of gears.
Small ones that could fit
in your palm. Large ones
that stand as large as
towering skyscrapers.

There are no buildings
or homes here. At least
not the kind that you would
be thinking of.

Gear driven machines
tangle and weave together
until they stretch down so far
that everything turns pitch
black and the earth itself
falls away.

Tread carefully among
the moving catwalks for
if you fall then some say
that you will fall forever
until you reach the heart
of the earth.

Towers of gears and metal
sides reach up into
the heavens not quite able
to touch the sky.

Clock towers ticking away
at the hours lift their heads
up above the sprawling
mechanics. Forever staring
towards a horizon where
the sun never fully rises
but never seems to set.

Some say they are counting
down but to what? No one
can say. Is it to the birth of a
hero? Or to Clockwork's
final day?

Listen closely in the twilight
to the birds of gears and wire.

For they tell of a dark day coming
and a chilling threat most dire.

Bathed in the eternal
twilight haze the gears
turn on and on. Unaware of
what they count down to.
Or the fate that looms ahead.

Water to drive the gears.
Gears to draw up the water.
Everything runs in a cycle
around the pulsing energy
of Clockwork. A beating
heart that turns countless
gears.

But beware the mighty
Drakenguard. The great
dragon mechs who guard
the gears. For they have
long forgotten their purpose
for creation and now forge
a new one based around
little knowledge they have left.

Protect the humans.
Guard them at all costs.
Do not allow them to be
exterminated.

Live quietly and obey the
strict rules of your masters
if you wish to live to see
another day.

For the Draken may be
harsh masters, but they shall
fight with dying breath to
fulfill their duty and guard
those few humans who remain.

Slavers, overlords, call them
what you will, but they are
nothing compared to the
evils they keep at bay.

Wedged in among the gears
in constructs of ancient metal

is the last settlement of humans
that yet remains.

Carefully watched over by the
sentient machines who control
every aspect of their lives from
birth to death.

But fear not the Drakenguard
and do not disobey. For they
are the guardian angels who
shall keep the darkness away.

Great evil is coming closer
their lust for power growing
stronger. Do not let them near
the heart of Clockwork or
another city shall come to a stop.

Frozen in time for all eternity.

You see Clockwork is not a true
city at all at least not the kind you
might imagine.

It is quite literally a machine.
An endlessly moving mechanical
structure blow up to massive
proportions.

Each corner of it pulsing with
power and smoothly turning
on in precisely the right
rhythm. Each and every gear
interconnected with all the
others around it.

A sprawling, interconnected
machine that stretches on for
miles both around and below.
Each piece set exactly in the
right order. Each gear operating
smoothly. From those that fit
in your hand to those that
tower larger than mountains.

Ancient does not even come
close to describing the great
majesty of the City of Gears.

A place that counts time
yet is older than time itself.

Listen to it hum and shudder
turning and clicking around
the tiny lives making their way
inside its metal structures.

Search to the ends of the planet
to the farthest corners of your
imagination but there is none
other like it and never will
there be again.

Because for all the great cities
that exist like the most priceless
and unique artwork...

..there is not a single one in
the world that operates just like
Clockwork.