

Space Hampton Dock

A Thursday Prompt for November 12, 2020
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Prompt picture: <https://www.furaffinity.net/view/39117078/>

In the fifth year Anno Autem Autarch, the young heifer stood nervously upon the great Dock. Hastily assigned by the Company to debrief those disembarking from the hyperspace vessel, the junior Assembler expected multitudes. But the manifest confirmed the vast number of empty berths.

Four of them gathered around the junior Assembler next to two power terminals. Their bronze forms towering over him.

No one spoke, their five portal eyes alight with the dull blue of standby. Before he could utter a word, the nearest bronze being approached, holding a huge sack before the heifer, stuffed with spares.

Five, portal like eyes glowing softly green as he spoke two requests.

This space between the terminals, came the first request, use these from a former comrade to make a Cenotaph.

The second; reprogram. Sheath those memories so our kind will disregard the call to carry out that which your sixth commandment forbids.

The heifer Assembler nodded.

And Now.

An old bovine strode down the great Dock, pausing betwixt two ancient power terminals. Looking up at the faded Cenotaph made from a bronze battle bot. A hand had recently fallen to the floor from time and neglect. The red haired bull knelt, picking up the debris.

He gazed up, witnessing distant lights from an ascending vessel winking into hyperspace. Fingers turning a gripping white as if the metal hand had gone slippery in a non-existent rain.

The former assembler and now current CEO of the Company stood up. For but a short while back, he bravely waved the bronze battalion goodbye.

Again.

