

By Sam Lowe

The Robot

Clattering through the streets,
I pull to a stop in the road,
Slaying completely still and senseless
Staring, listening, waiting.

Clanking,
thumping,
clanking,

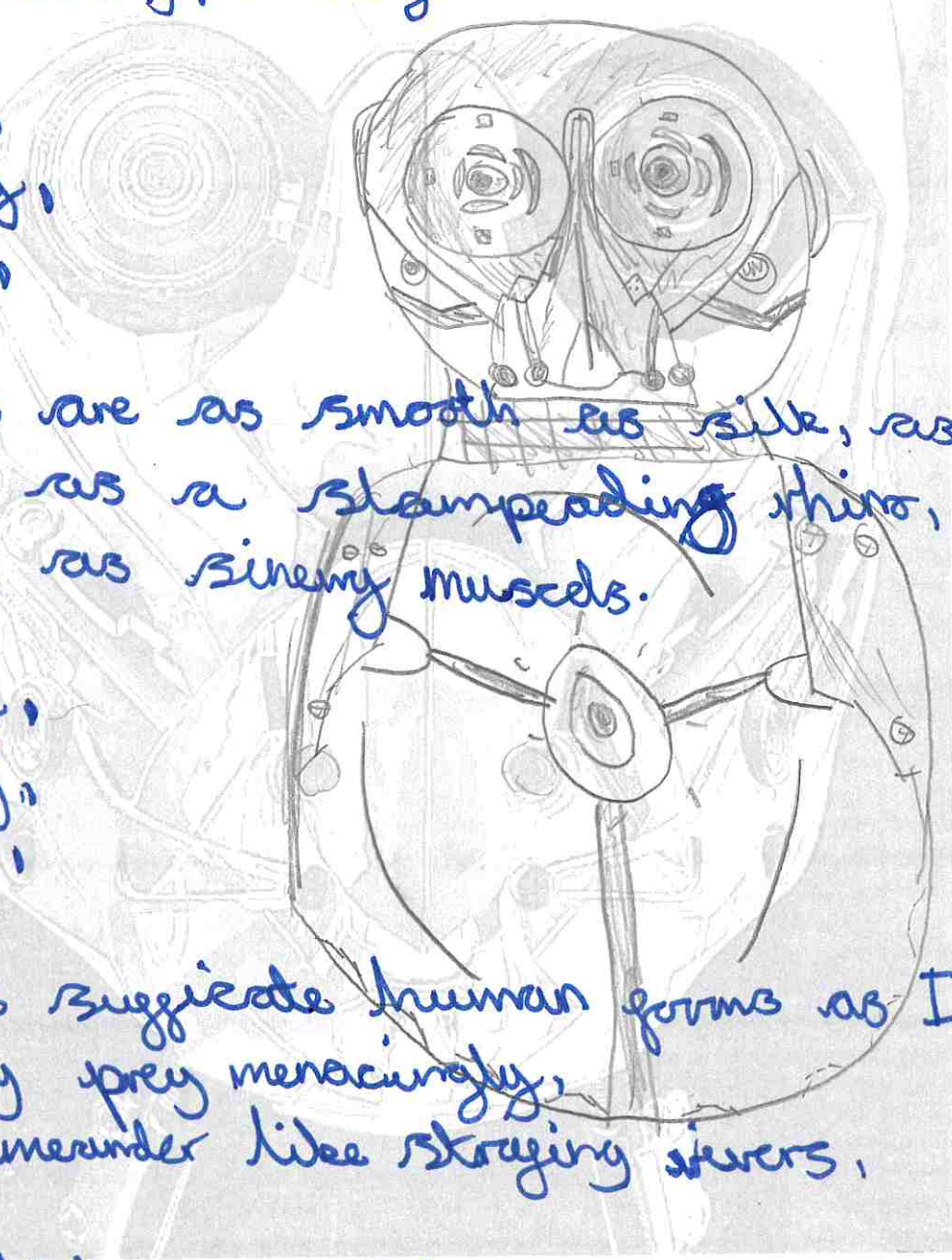
My arms are as smooth as silk, as
powerful as a stampeding rhino,
as bulky as sinewy muscles.

clanking,
thumping,
clanking,

My wires suggest human forms as I
devour my prey menacingly,
And they meander like straying stivers,

Staring, listening, waiting,

I carry on in the dark bloodthirsty night.



The Robot

I await my victim.

My hypnotic swirling eyes lure you in then
SNAP! I devour all the good as you become like me.

Callous.

Cold hearted.

Cruel.

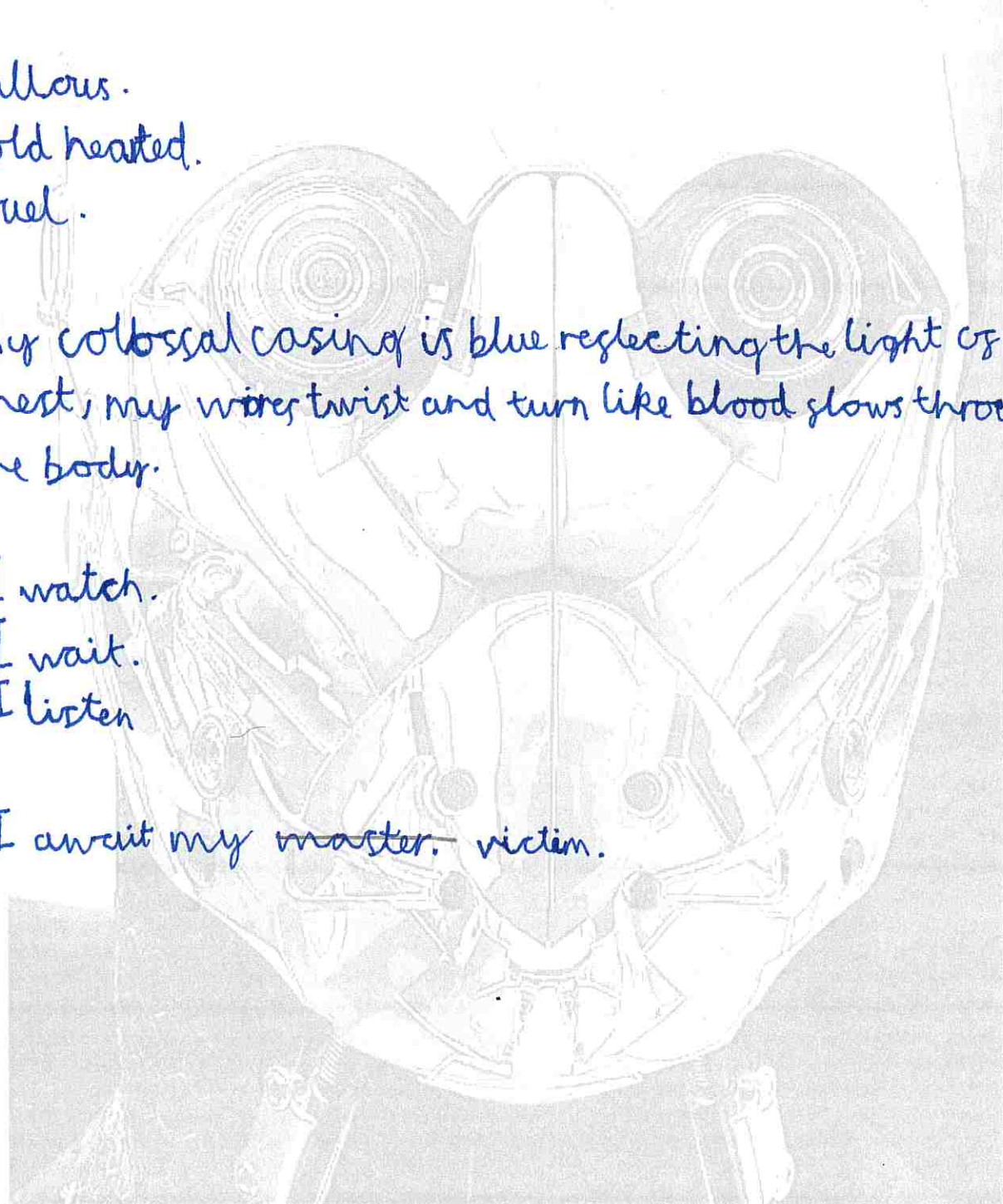
My colossal casing is blue reflecting the light of my
chest, my wires twist and turn like blood flows through
the body.

I watch.

I wait.

I listen

I await my ~~master.~~ victim.



By Franky Williams

The Robot

Watching,
Waiting,
Listening.

Stalks staring into nothingness as blood passes through
it's immense, dark soul watching you sleep peacefully

It torments you
It observes you
It petrifies you

Demonic cables meander through it's coiled cogs and
it's spinning circuits hiss with excitement

It looks like a creation shattered to pieces
It's wires tangle and cease round at his aluminium
cased legs

He has bone-crushing fingers that scream the life
out of, defenceless, terrified little children

A deathly silence fills the room
Then... thud, thud, thud
It's masters coming

By Erin Moody