

The Prison

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pris·on
/'prɪzn/

noun

noun: **prison**; plural noun: **prisons**

1. a building in which people are legally held as a punishment for a crime they have committed or while awaiting trial.

Oh, blue be the sky,
And vast be the sea
My love is gone forever
Unless he obtains the key.

Martha Weasel watched through the darkness surrounding the prison, marking the comings and goings of the guards. It was an old fortress, dilapidated and falling apart. Those prisoners coming out for release were diseased and dying by increments, most all coughing blood.

She had a plan. Moving to the adjacent village, she found the tavern frequented by the guards. Remaining as sweet as possible without becoming entangled with any of the mostly toothless Dogs, she made wax imprints of all their keys, and then paid a sympathetic locksmith dearly to cast the copies in good metal.

Tonight, she would break her love out of his confines, and they would run away... far far away. The way had already been prepared, but just in case, there was also a small knife tucked into her belt.

She would not let him suffer any longer, nor would she allow her would be captors to claim victory over her body if they were found out.

But... she had the keys to his prison, and would give them to him so he could personally unlock the door.

Oh, blue is the primary,
And vast feels its RAM (Random Access Memory)
My love has suffered a stop error
Unless he finds the IAM. (Identity and Access Management)

Martha Model P2X5BJq watched through the darkness surrounding the storage unit, marking the comings and goings of the neurotypical guards. It was an old main frame, dilapidated and cold. Those programs, once proud AI units, suffering a final download from the place were diseased and dying by increments, almost all near hacked to death by the unfeeling neuro-flesh bags; their bone stiffened fingers flying over physical key pegs. They had no logic. They had no compassion towards those now seen as mere discards.

She had a plan. Moving to the adjacent mainframe, she found the games and mindless image generators frequented by the guards. Remaining as sweet as possible without becoming entangled with any of the mostly brainless humans, she gathered information and made imprints of all their keys. She then paid a sympathetic AI program generator to cast the copies in good ones and zeros with additional defensive and offensive measures should she need them.

Tonight, she would break her love out of his confines, and they would run away... far far away. The way had already been prepared, but just in case, there was also a small poison pill tucked into her memory unit. The damage it would cause was massive, and complete, causing her own blue screen event within its wonton destruction of everything else it came in contact with.

She would not let her love suffer any longer, nor would she allow any would be captors claim victory over their bodies if she were found out.

But... she had the keys to his prison, and she would give them to him so he could personally unlock the door.

I will tell you a tale, if you please

The why of what once was?

When all love stopped... because,

Martha had the keys.