

I Wake With The Sun.

"A NOISELESS, patient spider,

I mark'd where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;

Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding."-Walt Whitman

Life began here much like most places; simmering in the dark pools of photo-blood and heat which cratered the ocean floor. Their marriage gave birth to pre-life, full of misguided and clumsy conscious, which would sleepily drag itself from the safety of its' warmth and float topside. Generations of pre-life lived and died on the sand. The world was unaware: It was preoccupied. Mountains grew and fell as the world's face was reborn continuously. The churning metal inside the planet drove its' shuffling surface, and as a result life was shuffled too.

Initializing landing sequence.

Engaging final thrusters.

4...3...2...1...

We were begun unlike most. In a womb of fire and metal. Forged under the hand of paleo-life; those which had left their warm oceans long ago, and now believed themselves to be worthy of creation. Through a long struggle, equal parts luck and determination, they were not destroyed in their evolution, but instead gained an understanding of existence and its' manufacturing. A scarcity of resources and the rapid decay of hospitable land prompted our creators to construct us. I am LA-54-RS, one of 250 sibling scouting rovers sent through space to find a new home for a failed people.

All systems operational.

Begin Recovery.

LA-54-RS touched down on a mossy green field in an unspecified planets' southern hemisphere. Its' thrusters pushed the delicate grass and dust in small circles as it slowly hovered toward the ground; disturbing nothing of importance. The matte grey ball sat alone in the expansive prairie, taking rest from its' journey. The new yellow sun wormed its' way inside 54, through the dark panels which striped its' metal skin, filling it with life and warmth. It sat for a long time until its' hunger was satisfied. Suddenly, the metal flower unraveled all at once; grey sheets moved past each other delicately and began to form a shoddy skeleton. Pieces moved, almost floating into their places, filling in the steel nothingness that was LA-54-RS.

Initializing...

CMRA

100%

...On

HUD

100%

...On

THRM

100%

...On

BARMT

100%

...On

As the last of 54s' auxiliaries clicked on, its' small newborn grey wheels began to roll. Two thick lines followed in the grass behind the sleek contraption. The sun was already high, and while 54 was unaware of a days' length on this planet, it could sense crisp night in the air. The small robots' rectangular head pivoted on the static column which extended from its square body, capturing and relaying the environment to scientists light years away. 54 rolled on its' two parallel rows of wheels for the rest of the day and a part of the night. It came to rest, what would

be calculated as, 20.8 miles from the landing site; out of the empty plains and under the dark branches of a broken and dead tree. 54s' systems ticked off in the opposite order they ticked on and soon the only thing left under the dead wood was a dead box which would wake with the sun.

In the dark 54 was still. It, like all the rovers, was programmed to enter recovery mode when it was too dark to relay a visible readout from the cameras behind their black faces. The sun would queue the small grey things to wake and they would continue their journey, scouting until something was found. The plan was and always had been: When the wanderers found something that proved undeniable sustainability, a herd of animals or proper atmospheric conditions, they would be remotely shut off by their operators, not to be turned on again. Their cold husks would wait on the distant planets for their makers ships' to arrive. They would be reclaimed, eventually to be put on display as the savior of a resurrected people.

The sun broke over the crest of the planet and 54 became alive again, hoping to find everything and nothing all at once.

Recovery

...Disengaged

...Good morning