

## The Last Hope - Freja, Year 6, NSW

“This is control centre reaching out to Robin357, I repeat, this is control centre reaching out to Robin357, have you got eyes on the subject yet? Over,” I hear my commander's voice in my earpiece.

“I'm outside the location, just waiting for the guard to go on break. Over,” I whisper back.

“Good job, Private. Now go do what you do best, over.”

I hear static in my ear, and then silence. Keeping my leader's words in my mind and swelling with pride that she has entrusted me with such an important mission, I turn my focus back to the entrance of the cave.

I watch as a robot that is ten times my size, made out of pure gold, gilded iron, and armed with all sorts of malicious looking weapons, paces around the sole entry to the stone cavern, blocking me from my precious target. I can tell that his joints are starting to get rusty and worn down from pacing, and I know he will need to leave to oil them soon, but for now I will just have to wait in complete silence.

After a couple of minutes, but what felt like an eternity, he finally stomps away to the oil station that is about a kilometre away, and I waste no time.

As soon as I'm sure that he is gone, I slip quickly and quietly through the shadows and into the Enemies' imposing cave. As soon as I'm in, my artificial heart metaphorically racing, I open the holographic map on my arm and follow the directions my commander has coded into it.

After half an hour and about 20 wrong corridors, misturns and close calls with more guards, I get out of the maze-like hallways and reach a heavy concrete door covered in locks. I send a code through my computer chip and my arm speedily transforms into a laser and allows me to cut through the door as easily as if it is a hot knife through butter. Once I'm in, I instantly spot what I have risked my man-made life coming here for.

There, directly under a small skylight, was The Miracle.

The prophecy the robots on the Defending side of The Great War, across the entire globe, had been waiting to come true for almost an entire century. A human baby, come from the overworld to bring peace to the underworld, *my* world, after years and years of relentless fighting.

She has been kept away and hidden by the Enemies for almost a year now.

I scan the room, searching for traps, and quickly disarm them all. But just as I'm about to lift the human, disaster strikes. An alarm that is loud enough to make a corpse stick their head out of their grave and yell, "Be quiet!", starts blaring.

I quickly grab the newborn and dart out of the cavern.

Holding the child to my chest, and covering her ears so she doesn't wake up, I sprint away, the massive guard's feet thumping down right behind me. I hide behind a rock face as he scans the surrounding area searching for me.

I look around trying to find an escape route and swiftly realise that I am trapped above a sharp, towering cliff face, with nothing to be seen over the edge but clouds, clouds and more clouds. I lean over, wondering if there is any chance of the clouds being able to hold my weight, when disaster strikes.

"Nooooooooooooo!" I scream as I collapse to my metal knees, not even caring if the Enemy finds me. And honestly, I would rather let them take me then go back to camp and tell my fellow Rebels that I had failed them.

Rather they kill me than tell my friends and family that the last hope for our kind just tumbled straight off the face of the earth, never to be seen again.