Vines should have long ago grown upon the walls of the staircase that Rebekah climbed, a fleece blanket on her shoulders dragged behind her. A book in hand she walked up her familiar path, deep in the tales written by The Brothers Grimm. *Iron John*, *Snow-White and Rose-Red*, so many tales in her book that she had read time and time again. “Midas, this is my favorite…” She paused, looking for the small golden bird that had once followed her wherever she went. “Right. You are gone.” She spoke into the silence that surrounded her. Sighing sadly, she closed her book. “You left me alone, just like he did.”

The walls stained blue where the wax had worn away had not been tended to as quickly as it should have been. She stopped for a moment tracing the blue gently; time had been the cause. She went on, until she reached the top of the tower. In the window she sat, counting the stars as she did each night as her blanket hung out the window fluttering in the wind. Until the sun rose, she counted. She stood, her daily routine ready to begin.

The copper and glass machine whirred as she stepped towards it. Pipes burned hot with boiling water, hissing with steam and whistling as the sun rose. She took a cloth to wipe the steam from the glass panel. “Good morning, Father.” She said calmly to the red-haired man who slept inside. “It is a cloudless day,” she paused as she stepped back, “It is day, three hundred sixty-two thousand, and twenty four. Only two thousand, nine hundred, and fifty-eight days left.”

She walked away after that, just as she had done thousands of times before. With a blanket on her shoulders, she descended down the spiral staircase of the tower. Humming to herself the tune she always hummed as she stepped into the small yard of the tower, blue socks covering her feet as she walked through the grass with the blanket dragging behind her. Stone stood throughout the yard; crumbling and ancient, reclaimed by the plants that surrounded them. She dusted away dirt from each stone’s engraved words as she hummed.

“Who were you?” She asked each stone. “Will I join you someday?” She looked to the smallest stone in the yard; one with no words, but a small mechanical golden bird laid before it. “Midas, you still have not joined them?” She asked, “Or did you meet them and come back? Tell me what it is like, please Midas?” She waited for the bird to speak, to move, to do anything.

The bird did nothing. It had not done anything, not for a hundred years.

“I am lonely, Midas.” She looked upon the stones again.

She waited.

“I do not want to live forever.” She looked to the sky as she spoke, clouds darkening above. “I must attend to my chores, Midas.” Looking again at the bird for a moment. “I will visit when the rain passes.”

So she went. She returned to the inside of the tower to retrieve the wax for its walls. Until the rain began to fall she scaled the tower’s copper walls, sealing the copper and preserving it with wax until the first droplets landed on her own copper skin with a *tink tink tink*.

Then the rain poured down for hours, when it ended the sun had set and she made her way to her window with her blanket dragging behind her. She sat, and she counted the stars. Her routine restarted with the sun’s rising, again and again. Each day the same; save for the occasional interruption of weather. “Good morning, Father.” She said another morning, wiping away the condensation of the glass. “It is day three hundred sixty-three thousand. Just two thousand days left.”

The days were the same, again, and again, and again.

“Just one thousand five hundred and twenty-seven days left.”

“Just one thousand and seven days.”

“Eight hundred days.”

“Three hundred and sixty-five days.”

“One day.” A storm blew in on the final sunset. Perhaps it was because she had forgotten to wax the tower, but she had never forgotten. Perhaps it was fate, but what was she to believe in fate? Perhaps. Perhaps. Perhaps. “Who are you?” She had asked that day, as someone cloaked and soaking stepped into the laboratory of the tower as she sat trying to count the stars before the clouds overtook the sky.

“I am one whom he has evaded.” The Figure spoke as skeletal hands of iron pointed to the machine of copper and glass. “He knew he could not escape me, and yet he has made his attempt.”

“I do not understand.”

“I am what he fears.”

“*I* am what he created.” She spoke, standing from the window as lighting struck the tower.

“You will not understand. Not yet.” The Figure stalked towards the machine.

“No, *you* don’t understand.” She quickly spat. “I have waited one thousand years to no longer be alone.”

The Figure looked at her.

“I beg. Do not take my father.”

“He is not who you think him to be.”

“He is my *father*.”

“And yet he left you.”

“He is here!”

Lightning struck the tower once more, thunder deafened her ears. “He has never been here.”

“I do not want to live alone forever.”

The Figure held out a skeletal hand made of iron. “He wants to live forever.” The Figure stepped towards her. “He cares not what you may wish. He deemed his own wishes as priority, three hundred and sixty-five thousand days ago.”

“I do not want-”

“He will never care.”

*Would he?*

“Come with me.” Lightning flashed, reflecting in the skeletal hand outstretched to her.

Would she dare? A millennium spent waiting for Father to wake, for nothing but her own escape from the tower?

“He promised,” She spoke, “that we would leave the tower once he woke.”

“He told me the same.” The Figure replied. “He told me the same, so very long go, that he would wake and I would no longer be alone. I aided him in the construction of his machine, like so many before us.”

“You are lying.”

“If only I was.” The Figure lowered the hood, a young bronze-skinned face peered at her as the hood fell, dark eyes and curls, almost as perfect as a photograph. “He cares not for what he creates, all he does is create immortality for himself and then he abandons his work to start anew with a new mechanism, in a new tower, hiding away from the creations he has scorned and thought he melted down.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

There was a hiss as the glass and copper machine began to unseal and open. “He would not. Would he?”

The red-haired man sat up in the capsule of the machine as the glass panel opened. “Child?” He spoke, anger in his voice. “Were you not instructed to open the panel when I woke?”

“Father, I apologize I-”

“I gave you two jobs.”

“Father-”

“Care for the tower, and open the panel when I woke.”

“I know Father-”

“Know your place.”

She stopped attempting to speak, and was silent as he scolded. “You have not changed.” The Figure spoke over the red-haired man. “I did not expect you to have changed. For you it has been a mere year. For us it has been millennia, *Father*.” The Figure spat angrily. “Your First Creation seeks your head.”

The red-haired man finally acknowledged The Figure. “I do not know who you speak of, nor do I know who you *are*.”

“***Our*** *First Creation* seeks your head.”

“The Prototype was destroyed in production.” The red-haired man protested. “It wants for nothing.”

“Our First Creation seeks your head.”

“Child. See this maniac out.”

“Father.” She spoke. “Do you not see her face? She is like you, she seems to know you.”

“I do not know her, a face upon many I assure you. See her *out*.”

“But, Father-”

“This is no one I have met, the mechanism she speaks of cannot be *mine*.”

“*Liar*!” The Figure glared. “You are a liar! You built him, just as you built those after him. Just as you built Kain and Hebel, just as you built Seth and Nuach, Issac, and Avram too. Just as you built so many more.”

“Names I have never once heard.”

The Figure pointed to her “Perhaps then, you can tell, what is *her* name?”

The red-haired man looked at her. He thought.

And thought.

And *thought*.

“Chavah.” He said, confident in his answer.

The Figure looked at her. “What is your name?”

She looked sadly at the red-haired man. “Rebekah.” She stepped away from him. “My name is Rebekah.” She stepped further away. “*You* named me Rebekah.” She stepped back again as lightning flashed outside the open window. “I am Rebekah. I have never been called Chavah.”

“Child-” The red-haired man began to speak.

“*Rebekah*.” She had backed away so far she could feel the rain coming through the window, drenching the back of her shirt.

“Child step away from the window, the rain will not treat you well.”

“I have waited for one thousand years, for a Father who does not know the name he gave me.”

“Child-”

“No.”

“*Child*.”

Rebekah looked out the window, the storm raging outside, as she screamed to the howling wind, “***I did not ask to live forever***!”

“*Her* name is not Chavah.” The Figure spoke angrily as Rebekah sunk to the floor covering her eyes and looking away from The Figure and the red-haired man. For a moment, there was only the howling of the wind and the crashing of thunder. For a moment, the pitter and patter of the rain was all she heard. “It is done. Come with me.”

The skeletal hand of iron reached out to her once again, the other holding The Figure’s cloak, wrapped tightly around something. “I still do not know who you are.”

“I was once like you. I believed every lie he spewed. I was foolish, just as I was once made to be.” Rebekah placed her hand into the skeletal hand.

“You still have not told me.” She said, “What is your name?”

The woman, with sadness in her dark eyes, looked at her, seeming to peer past her as it looked her in the eyes. The rage of humanity within the iron, it was as human as she, and far more human than the red-haired man had been.

“What is your name?” She asked again as they walked down the stairs, Rebekah blanket dragging behind her.

There was silence as they reached the edge of the woods. The Figure led her away from the copper tower, into the dark forest. Silence as they passed over a creek. Silence as they passed ruins of a city that had stood when the red-haired man created Kain, eleven millennia ago. Silence as they reached a set of iron gates, behind them she could hear the voices of many people. It was then, and only then, that The Figure finally spoke as the gates opened. “You asked who I am, what my name is.”

“Yes.”

“My name,” She began as they entered the iron city, “is Chavah.”