Tin Girl

by Lorna McAusland

The doctor stared into the glass, his breath misting on the sheen, the only barrier that had separated him from his project for four solid years. It had kept her safe, a glass encasement spanning floor to ceiling containing a precious model. Like some beautiful yet macabre puppet, she was suspended on strings of wire, painstakingly threaded tubing flowing into her cavities, through her chambers, around her mechanics.

The doctor stood and made his way stiffly up the stairway that encircled the giant glass pillar. The steps were wide, wide enough to sit comfortably kneeling, and yet still have about a foot of space around the person. At each step there were two holes cut into the glass of the pillar with gloves attached to the inside so the doctor could reach in and touch his project with no fear of contamination.

The doctor reached about half way up the stairs so that he was facing her midsection from behind and reached into the column towards her waist. She was attached solidly at four separate points by metal clamps welded at one end to a thick metal pole that ran from floor to ceiling inside the tube and at the other to a solid metal point in her body. The lower-most clamps were at her feet, they consisted of two metal pins that there threaded through her ankles, one for each leg. The upper-most clamp was found around her neck, a complete circle of metal from collar bone to jaw edge, again strengthened by pins inserted at the base of the neck directly into the spine.

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