**There will come soft rains**

**By Ray Bradbury**

In the living room the voice-clock sang, Tick-tock, seven o'clock, time to get up, time to   
get up, seven o'clock! As if it were afraid that nobody would. The morning house lay   
empty. The clock ticked on, repeating and repeating its sounds into the emptiness. Sevennine, breakfast time,   
seven-nine.

In the kitchen the breakfast stove gave a hissing sigh and ejected from its warm interior   
eight pieces of perfectly browned toast, eight eggs sunny side up, sixteen slices of bacon,   
two coffees and two cool glasses of milk.

"Today is August 4, 2026," said a second voice from the kitchen ceiling, "in the city of   
Allendale, California." It repeated the date three times for memory's sake. "Today is Mr.   
Featherstone's birthday. Today is the anniversary of Tilita's marriage. Insurance is   
payable, as are the water, gas, and light bills."

Somewhere in the walls, relays clicked, memory tapes glided under electric eyes.

Eight-one, tick-tock, eight-one o'clock, off to school, off to work, run, run, eight-one! But   
no doors slammed, no carpets took the soft thread of rubber heels. It was raining outside.   
The weather box on the front door sang quietly: "Rain, rain, go away; rubbers, raincoats   
for today…" And the rain tapped on the empty house, echoing.

Outside, the garage chimed and lifted its door to reveal the waiting car. After a long wait   
the door swung down again.

At eight-thirty the eggs shriveled and the toast was like stone. An aluminum wedge   
scraped them into the sink, where hot water whirled them down a metal throat which   
digested and flushed them away to the distant sea. The dirty dishes were dropped into a   
hot washer and emerged twinkling dry.

Nine-fifteen, sang the clock, time to clean.

Out of warrens in the wall, tiny robot mice darted. The rooms were a crawl with the small   
cleaning animals, all rubber and metal. They thudded against chairs, whirling their   
mustached runner, kneading the rug nap, sucking gently at hidden dust. They like   
mysterious invaders, they popped into their burrows. Their pink electric eyes faded. The   
house was clean.