‘Twas the ninth empty night in the concert hall, and the Conductor gave a deep sigh.

The Automaton Orchestra had lost its vogue, it seemed. To the trash heap it would go, it seemed. And then a glorious idea crossed the Mad Conductor’s mind. With a gleam in his eye, and a flick of a switch, the he set the Automaton Orchestra to its new purpose. Such beautiful violence had never been heard. The concert hall would be empty no more, it seemed.