I was created long ago by a long lost and forgotten civilization of this universe in an attempt to preserve their legacy.

But I know not of the exact circumstances that lead to their demise. Only at the very last moment I was awakened and given tasks.

By the looks of you, I gather that you are not from these parts. I know not of your origin or any kind of transportation that might take you home.

I really do pity you, little one. But, this might offer some consolation: One thing I can say for certain is that my creators left some ahead-of-its-own-time and state-of-the-art piece of technology.

I surmise these technologies might be able to aid you finding your way back home. According to my archive, they lie deep in the ruins of my creator's civilization.

Now that you are already here, you might as well go for a little adventure. Who knows what you might find in there.

Should you find any of their relics, bring them to me. I am capable of understanding them and am certain they can provide us some clue about past history and technology.

This is an excerpt from a passage I found recently. It should help you start:

Since ancient times, there exists four domains harboring all matter tangible or otherwise serving as base ground supporting our universe. Void of any life and yet to be filled.

Three on the outer-rim and in-between a single inverted world. Primordial energy, the precursor of life, converged at the lower outer-rim outskirts and so began life itself.-

Eons passed, its resident occupants prospered. Our number grew by bounds and leaps, so do our technology advancement but, pity, not so much in the society side of matter.

Convinced that it would be beneficial to our kind as a whole, we communed and foregathered at the center of the universe forming a single collective super nation.-

Prospered as we were, envy and greed, the devil incarnate itself, eventually find its way corrupting pure minds, gouging out gentle minds, plaguing any decency left.

Thus, waging war at each other was the only option left for us.-

Countless battles, endless deaths afford no more consolation. Exhausted and wasted we finally make peace.

Devastated and hostile their lands has become forced us to join hands once more and we gathered in our ancestral homeland.

Forming tighly-knit rounded perimeter as we go about their newly-found life as to ward away any sign of hostility.-

With time, nature heals itself, so do our civilization, but never to the point of our former glory. Spread out thin we lived our life to account for the poor barren land we ourselves produced.

Feared the same mistakes our predecessor did, this time with no sign of any border previously laid out by them.-

But alas, these prosperous and peaceful times are short lived.

Our borrowed time in this world has run out and signs of the end have showed themselves before us for now the skies are dark.

From those very skies our predecessor have lived ever since, we can hear voices. Voices of the invaders who have been waiting for our moment of weakness.

As if it's the gods' themselves enraged and unleashed their wraths towards us demanding our atonement for we have desecrated their image and creation centuries past.

I suppose this will be our redemption and now we left this messages as warning for new generations to come so they will not suffer the same fate as us.

Join your hands together and pave a great future for you know not of the harsh reality that is the true existence of the Abyss...

I thought they have condemned me to eternal life as a lonely slave, but apparently it was not so. It all make sense now why my kind did what they did.

I now know why they have created me and my true purpose. And I will continue doing so down to my last logic gate.

But, concern not yourself of this matter for this is solely my kind's, our own matter ourselves must solve.

You passed. Before you go, should your kind ever find your home not welcoming any longer and needed a new sanctuary to live in, give this to your kind's brightest minds.

I will make sure to welcome you with open hand. Now I bid you farewell.