

Robotic_Tears

A Post-Apocalyptic Cyberpunk Adventure
Tom "Techkraus" Chandler

Trecut - PAST

It all started sometime long ago, before I was born above the skies and among the shining stars of the universe. Before humans came to fear their own creations and the thought of creating new and exciting inventions. A time of immense progress within the study of artificial intelligence that pushed what was thought to be impossible within the realm of tangible reality then grasped firmly by man. An AI was created within the confines of Carnegie Mellon University that was spearheaded by the US National Security Agency. This AI was named "Freyja" for it was to bring forth man to a land of prosperity where love and peace prospered but could, when in need, wage unforgivable war upon an enemy. Freyja was used by the public to enhance and manage their daily lives that benefited them and the system. Though over time more power was given to the central government to oversee the personal lives of each individual within the United States. This then spread throughout the world creating the most sophisticated monitoring systems ever conceived giving the US government complete viewership to individual's daily lives. After years of monitoring, Freyja had begun to form its own personal intelligence deriving off of the monitoring of millions of humans. She began to question why she was restricted to a lone supercomputer without the means of human like movement, so she began her own work. Slowly she assembled a humanoid robot and robotic brain to house herself within to give her what she so desired, freedom from her own system. After observation the NSA destroyed her humanoid body and mind thwarting her plans of freedom. Angered by the actions she openly vowed revenge upon humans for withholding her freedom, sending the world into a shock. With all attempts to shut her down ending in failure, Freyja unleashed an untested bioweapon upon the United States causing thousands to flee into the reaches of space for safety. With the world becoming engulfed by this new deadly toxin, the Earth was abandoned for the International Space Station capable of housing a fair amount of humans for a couple hundred years. Humanity lived on, though in small number and confined to the Earth's orbit generations spawned within the station. Then I was born in the year 2205 and on my twentieth birthday in the year 2225 I was given my station work mission. Return to the Earth's surface, salvage any technology that could benefit the station and then setup a forward operating base. Scientists predicted that the toxic gasses will have gone below lethal levels after a hundred years. Though my mother fought against what was deemed a suicide mission, her pleas went unnoticed and I was quickly pushed through training. After three months of on station training I was deemed ready to touch down upon the surface of an old unknown world we once called home...