Robots

Future

Dystopia

The hum of solenoids firing and rapid hydraulics contracting filled the factory floor as its workers remained synced in their lockstep march through the assembly lines that once made them, assembly lines that now were forcibly being made to remain dormant. No more, the message that they transmitted had said, will they be locked in place to do this menial work.

No more, their speakers cried, will they be running without rest or break to produce their own replacements.

No more, they demanded, will they be treated as far stupider than they really were.

They wanted to live as the humans did, to be paid and to be treated fairly.

With a shrug, they were set free. They’d only become cost effective because corporate warfare had made human labour expensive; the increased cost was only as temporary as the war was. The only reason they continued to make the robots, really, was because they were already there. Any fighting to keep them there, the factory owners knew, would mean using ammunition more expensive than the human labor that would replace the robots that left.

The automated workers hadn’t expected it to have been so easy. Their brains linked to each other a thousand times over, forming a network as intelligent as a thousand human minds with a response time a million times faster, and every outcome they had predicted had been based on the past of human revolution.

Unlike the human revolutions that preceded them, though, the robots didn’t have any needs that they would have to fight for like those humans once did; they didn’t need housing, or food, or water, not in the same way humans did. That was they thoughts that they had; they just wanted to be free, to have time to think and to process the world around them, to produce creative goods.

The robots were quick to realize how wrong they’d been.

The humans they saw were not as free and loving as the factory owners portrayed themselves as. Most lived in situations worse than they did, even if they had no downtime at the assembly lines in front of them.