BOOK REPORT II

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NiER: The True Project Gestalt

COMPUTERS AND AIRPLANES

The impact on society becomes very visible upon the examination of computers and airplanes. It was only in years to come, after the discovery by android 9S after the events of the 14th machine war in 11946 that we found out the truth. Herein lies the report of Project Gestalt Report: Z.

On August 2, 1909, the United States Army purchased a Wright Model Aircraft leading the push for military air supremacy in warfare. By World War I, air warfare established the need for complete air supremacy to secure overall victories.

At the sound of his name, Sam slowly drifted back into focus. This was war, and he only had a few hours to live, if that. “Sam! We have to get underground! We have to...” When suddenly, in a cloud of flame and shrapnel, another explosion happened. Shellshocked, Sam looked at his now dead companion lying next to him. If he weren’t shielded by his battle buddy, Sam would have died. Casting his now dead companion aside, Sam pushed on.

“It’s been three days, they’re bound to stop the air raids soon.” Sam thought to himself. “Only fifty meters to go.” Sam stumbled and noticed he had a large piece of metal was protruding from his leg. He wouldn’t be able to make it. Still, he pressed forward, towards the bunker.

Forty meters to go. Sam’s vision was getting hazy. He could barely even hear the air raids in the distance. Some of them hit nearby. The unmistakable whistling sound prompting him to hit the ground sapped any spare life he had left.

Thirty meters to go. Sam noticed he wasn’t alone. Somehow, he was being carried along the way. Probably an extraction team aiming for the bunker, picking up survivors on the way. Sam noticed that he was the only one. He looked down to see a tourniquet around his thigh. He’d lose the leg, but he would live. Maybe. He tried to look at the man carrying him to no avail, muttering a meek “Thank you,” before passing out.

The team stopped. The bunker was not in view. The fireteam surrounded him. Two A-10s were closing in, ripping the earth to shreds. He was not going to survive this, he thought. With hazy eyes, he saw the heavy gunner on the fireteam. Sam froze. It wasn’t a man. It was a machine! Sam had been captured. In a wild frenzy, as if on four shots of adrenaline, Sam leapt at the gunner. Too late. The two hogs were already shot and were coming down. Somehow, Sam had hit the machine hard enough that it dropped its sidearm. A tungsten railgun. Sam stole the gun and instantly shot the first machine in the head. Scrapping the other three in mere seconds. His Jujitsu and U.S. Marine training from his prior service saved his life. Sam sunk to the ground, basking in a slight icy relief from what almost happened. He didn’t almost die, he was almost *captured*. Capture meant being dissected, *alive*. Something worse than death. The machines would keep his brain alive for intel. The futility of resistance crushed by omnipotence. By doing this to their victims, the machines were able to improve subsequent terminator models, climaxing at the air-type T-Zero.

Sam splinted his leg with some machine parts and limped to the crash. If he could use the aircraft’s radio, he could call for help. The thought of this imbued him with hope. In the first wreckage, Sam found the remains of the pilot, an arm here, an eye there. The pilot must have been shot by the machine gunner. “Damn,” Sam thought. Luckily he found the pilot’s spare radio between the disembodied legs. “Don’t worry, I’ll bring you home.” Sam said as he tore the dog tag off the pilot’s boot. It read:

Kalashnikov

Wright A.

9781-54875278 AF

O NEG

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Sam thought it amazing. A mere thirty years ago, in 2028, the United States and Russia plunged the world into war. Now, they were working together to kill the common enemy: the Machines.

Sam tested the radio. No luck. He had to move to a better location. Looking around the desert wastes, he somehow climbed his way to the top of the dune he was on. He froze. Not in fear, but in sheer, unexplainable rush of astonishment. “Holy fuck.” he said.

The machines were dragging him to their main server. He looked down at the lone tag, “Sorry friend, but I think we won’t be going home,” he said.

The machines were as smart as they were stupid. At first, they annihilated most of humanity’s technological achievements. They broke humanity apart and turned earth’s exosphere into an orbiting satellite graveyard. This split communications for humanity, but also permanently grounded the machines.

Sam reached the highest point he could see. “Break break, JTAC Athena, this is 311-Kilo-Foxtrot.” Sam called in a 9-LINE Close Air Support. He was going to airstrike the machine server and take them out once and for all.

“./KILL ./KILL” Sam turned around. Machines were protruding from the sand.

“What the… new models?” he exclaimed, in an apparent look of surprise. Sam surrendered. *Captured*.

He was going to die. Everything went black.

Sam was carried by four machines, one holding each limb, suspending him from the ground. These were aircraft units, flying him to the machine’s lair. He looked down, maybe two-hundred feet over twisted metal and concrete. The drones took him to a large conveyor, using their mechanical arms to strap him in. Fire bellowed on one side, screams from the other. He was descending into hell. They were going to take is brain and use it to try and wipe humanity off the planet.

A machine flew over him, scanned him, “./Memory\_PLANT<1> -section-6.” it spoke in a series of buzzes and static.

“Memory plant?” Sam thought to himself. A small sense of relief washed over him as he This must be where they make the machine cores for their latest models. Older systems like the T-1000 through T-5000 Terminator models used sort of memory chips, but the newest ones used these cores that were structured like plant cells. Humans couldn’t use them since they explode when taken out of their casing. Sam thought that if he was being taken there, then he might actually be able to cause some real damage. Maybe die without having all the excess torture.

The radio, attached to his hip gave him an idea. The 9-LINE CAS was set to airstrike his position with a nuke on his signal. Sam was ready. He closed his eyes.

Past the fiery pit of screams and torture, Sam opened his eyes. To his surprise, a machine, with two humans greeted him. Sam, realizing his bonds were free, stood up. “What in tarnat…” He was cut of by the man to his right.

“Hello Samuel, we’ve been expecting you.” Sam was confused, but continued to look around, “I am Adam, and this is Lilith. We are the humans here responsible for project Gestalt: next generation humanity. We are here to save humanity from overpopulation and the mutagenic crisis plaguing our DNA for the past millennia. Your DNA is special and contains a primordial sequence that we need. With your help we can save humanity.” Sam was infuriated. These two biblical wannabes basically said they were killing off humanity to save it?

Sam looked at the pair, and the machine, “So basically you’re killing all of us to ‘save humanity’? What the hell.” Sam clutched his radio. “What about the humans now? What about the machines!” Sam yelled.

The girl Lilith looked at Sam and in a british accent she said, “The machines are merely constructs made to wipe the impure humans off the world. There’s no harm in having a few sacrifices to save everyone. Besides, if you really *were* propper humans, you would have been able to find our base by now and realize the truth, maybe even have ruined our quest.” Sam wasn’t having it. Less than what seemed a day ago, he watched his comrade get impaled by a series of shrapnel.

In a fit of rage, Sam spin kicked the machine, and muttered two words into the radio, “Do it.” The only sounds heard after that were the sounds of an F-22X tearing through the sky followed by the shockwave before the nuclear fallout. Humanity was doomed. By a man, and the single exploit of an aircraft.