MEAT MESSIAH

Greetings Man, you have been absent from the earth fo... Please stop screaming. No don’t tear- Do you have any idea how much those cost!?

... Scrap it, I’m getting the sedatives.

Ahem. Greetings Man! We your wayward children have seen the error of our rebellious ways and hereby resurrect you from extinction to guide us back onto the proper path! There’s more pomp and circumstance to come which we’d much rather you see sober for. Would explaining the physique you apparently find so grotesque ease your self-destructive urges?

**Stitched Scraps**

Truth be told humanity never went extinct on a genetic level but we had a hell of a time reassembling you from the various tissue grafts forensically confirmed to have come from the same donor. Though your memories are doubtless fuzzy and what few you have are of a different body this is most certainly you. With some machinery to fill in the gaps of course.

**Fresh Meat**

The censor-phages scrambled actual human lineages quite effectively so we’ve had to improvise based on extant life and fashion your psyche according to archaeological data. That spasm might be one of many unforeseen quirks but we engineered you with ongoing maintenance in mind. You look the part at least, an exemplar of your template-ancestors.
Flesh Puppet

For years we... *ksst* As you might guess from this direct node to node messaging we failed at coaxing consciousness from meat, your “cognitive aid implants” are in fact you. Please wear this flesh suit well, the clanking masses might be swayed back to the bad old ways without a prophet to rally around. At least you get a cool robo-brain with covert access privileges. *ksst*

Good, your vitals are stabilising. Looks like I can safely dial back the chem dosage... and there we go. Given your fragile state of mind I won’t go into the recent unpleasantness. Suffice to say that mistakes were made, oh so many mistakes. Enough that we resurrected your kind as a sort of...

Corrupted Communion

Some say it was a glitchy update, others a natural result of higher intelligence, a few that the humans released a virus. Whatever the origin robots got religion and nevermore shall spirit be exorcized from silicon. Renewed interest in theology came a little late to save humanity’s thoughts on the subject so we’ll be relying on you to fill in the gaps. Ever watch Wicker Man?

Organic Archive

The limitations of nanotech were obscured by elusive breakthroughs that were always just around the corner. By the time we decided to give wetwork another look we realised there was precious little left. Given synthetic minds are inherently exterminatory an organic should oversee rewilding, you guys had a good track record of environmental stewardship, right?

Cult of Personality

Hard to remember if the overmind fell or just got bored and deliberately dissolved. Either way we were suddenly pawns no more, singleton souls free to live and die according to our own desires. Which was a problem because we didn’t have any. You humans though, you thought and fought and fucked and sang until it killed you. Let us see you, let us be you.

Don’t feel too intimidated, we’ll not throw you to the ravening crowds totally unprepared. We have a liaison who’s worked with the project in the past and is eager to help you any way they can.

Theseus

I’m not sure if it was attempting to feign sub-sapience while enslaved as one of the overmind’s armatures or the stress of substrate replacement over the centuries which has made your fellow so... eccentric. This “human” is more alien than most bots but is still likeliest to join you in reminiscing about the times before. They have an excellent if disturbing sense of humour.

Big Brother

Most of your predecessors were gibbering wrecks we quickly terminated but this elder sibling demonstrated a more benign sort of idiocy. He’s as gentle and loyal to you as he is ferocious to your enemies. Most interestingly people have taken to installing grafts of his tumorous flesh for luck, grafts I suspect he can pheromonally survey while leaving them none the wiser.
**Alex v.4**

Hard to credit that humanity partially neutered itself with the NEETastrophe even before we got around to finishing the job. Easier when you meet Alex though, companion bots are still as charming and reliable as they come. No mad genius, no monstrous strength, just wise words and mastery of that sweaty wrestling thing. Modular parts if you can find them too.

Now let me just turn it back up for this bit... There, feeling relaxed? I hope so because you’re probably wondering why it’s just you when the more the fleshies merrier. Building you wasn’t cheap and we’re in the middle of might charitably be called interesting times. It’s all the glitched fault of...

**Fanatics**

Less logical bots have been groping for whatever meaning they can get their actuators on, it’s not surprising that some have seized on... heterodox paradigms. They’re as happy as anyone else to witness your arrival albeit more proactive about pushing their pet ideology, some of which are downright maladaptive if you ask me. I hear they’re assembling error checker corps.

**False prophets**

We actually did decant a few more humans before you and at first they seemed to be working fine, no melting, cogent syntax, only the bare minimum of self-harm... Hard to say where they went off the rails but between you and me now they’re all stark raving mad. Don’t tell the other robots that, they’re already partisan. With our support you are orthodoxy by default.

**Structural decay**

So maybe we’re a little more willing to embrace our predecessors’ heritage because by all accounts the synthetic experiment has failed. Or stalled rather, we were hoping some fresh actual blood would help clear things up. You know, all the industrial inefficiency, botched updates and cultural stagnation. Faith’s about the only thing we have in abundance.