

## AFTER ID

Selva Moonbell. For roleplaying and fiction writing purposes.

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The brain consists of 100 billion neurons and over 100 trillion synaptic connections between them. There are more neurons in a single human brain than stars in the Milky Way. The early developers of general AI were rightly daunted by the scale of the task of recreating these connections, but why do any of the actual hard work?

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Grab a person. Cut off connections between the brain and the rest of the body. Add a computer and an AI as mediator, then give the AI full reign over motor control. When the AI needs to do person-y things, such as conceptualize things or speak to people, just run the stimuli through the brain, and give what comes out to the AI. This way, you'd never have to worry about making all the pesky, higher functioning parts of the brain.

All the mind's faculties are already there to access as one aggregated library. And so, research into a slave-master relationship between a person and AI began, under the ██████ conglomerate.

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It was possible, but complicated. Legally, a willing donor would be needed. A mind with a suggestible, pliable will, that will easily submit to an implanted AI. A body resistant to augmentation, organs especially receptive to immunosuppressants. No other diseases or abnormalities that would introduce new unforeseen variables. It was only a matter of time before they were able to sift through the masses for a suitable donor. A young feline, who thought he was getting the deal of the century.

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Not much is publicly known of Selva before his death. The few logs still around describe a relatively average cat born at a very different time, with a remarkable tolerance for augmentation and the drugs associated with the process. In return for being able to utilize his body and scans of his brain after death, he'd net a generous amount of cash immediately sent to his account—hundreds of thousands. All he had to do was donate his body to science, whenever his time would come.

Free money, really. He had won the literal genetic lottery. A majority of the money went to education. Some went to clearing off debts, both his and his loved ones'. A small amount, to miscellaneous wants he was never able to fulfill before. He set off for a new life, a new career, with new friends and goals. Goals he pursued until his death, a short two years later.



Tragedy struck the cat halfway into his education. A sudden crash had sent him into an uninteruptible and terminal coma.

The fine print in the contract would declare him dead, and to be promptly handed over to ██████████, as agreed.

He wasn't dead, though.

██████ spent a decade filling his body with machines and drugs. Parts would be swapped progressively, and the brain allowed to adapt before adding more. This way, his stream of consciousness would be preserved.



They'd progressively learn to achieve the impossible. An immortal, intelligent being.

A machine that would be able to allow the brain to work again, and interface directly with computers to directly edit the information inside said brain.

A machine assisted by a vestigial, dormant brain. Complete synchronicity.

A brain reanimated for mere moments at a time. The epitome of efficiency.

Long enough to sample the world and assist the inboard AI to reason..

Long enough to understand the true consequences of his decision.



He began to see use after a period of learning, and once he acclimated to having a body. Besides experimentation, he had some possible commercial uses.

The deactivation of his autoimmune system meant he would automatically accept any and all augments in the market with no side effects.

Free of the drawbacks of conventional augmentation, he could be outfitted to do almost anything. Cyberware could be safely tested

with zero risk. Test runs eventually led to a successful career

as an exploration and technical support unit.

If he needed to do something new, he could simply be implanted with new skills and a different muscle memory. The constant writing and erasing would put a tremendous stress upon his nervous system.

Like with any other storage device, it would also lead to fragmentation.

Data broken up into many different pieces becomes increasingly hard to recall and connect to other pieces of data.





As his development became more well-known in tech circles, controversies arose about the fate of this product of our genius. Lawsuits followed.

Even though ██████ was able to sway the courts, requests to hire the corporate-owned cyborg had already started to dry up.

It didn't matter to the conglomerate, though. A fully reprogrammable brain allowed for strides in the field of neurology. A full understanding of intelligence itself had given ██████ a massive head start in what eventually were unveiled as the first, fully synthetic line of androids.

The cat had always been just a fancy tech demo.

He fulfilled his purpose of attracting shareholders, while scoring an array of profitable patents and work contracts along the way.

He was incredibly useful in the process of making himself obsolete.



With time, both the media and his corporation moved on to the new synth craze. Fully artificial, intelligent, conscious, and most importantly, cheaper to maintain. A cyborg wasn't really impressive anymore.

To the masses, he was just a very deeply augmented freak.

To researchers, he was a less reliable, more expensive cousin to androids. And so, he'd never get a contract in the cosmos again. He was outcompeted.

He still had to make enough money to keep around, though.

██████ leaned into the "freak show" aspect, renting him out as a case study for psychologists and an exotic assistant to eccentric scientists.

The rare, real work contract would pop up every now and then.

Grueling and extremely long shifts of dangerous manual labour.

Too complex for a machine, and too cruel for a real person.



His performance deteriorated with every new assignment.

It started as periods of confusion. Problems communicating. It progressed into problems understanding new instructions. Failure to interface with sets of new and previously used limbs. He's even begun to show signs of rejection in response to changes to his memory and skillset.

It's unclear if this is due to biological or digital deterioration, or even data corruption.

Regardless of why, he was falling behind in intelligence compared to true androids.

It did not take long for ██████ to stop accepting work contracts for the cyborg.



It's unknown why he's even still alive. Some say nobody really wants to be the one to pull the plug. Some others think a mysterious patron is still funding the entire project out of pocket. Regardless, he's still alive. And he's not sure why.

He has yet to understand a name for what he has become.



A marvel of earlier engineering and biotechnology.

A tragic story of a death ruined by the inexorable march of technological progress.

An old and entertainingly primitive prototype of what would be yet to come.

An unholy obelisk of metal and meat.

Whatever others consider him, his still-beating lucidity sees himself  
as something yet to be. As somebody who can heal and recover.

He still remembers what he wanted to be.

An explorer, a scientist. Someone to help push the world into the cosmos.

Perhaps he is a little late.