

The Roboticist

(Killer Aaaqil concept)

Made by Tenebrosity (@F2P_alltheway)

The Roboticist was born from a near-fatal accident involving his best friend. Overbearing guilt twisted his once beloved interest into a cruel passion. A masterpiece, he calls it, an invention he tested on oneself; stealing his humanity, yet hums with renewed vigor.

Kit

- Speed: 4.0/10
- Fear Radius Size: 6.0/10
- Detection Cooldown: 90s | Length: 5s
- Attack Recovery Time: 2.5s | Slow: -2ms
- Lunge Speed Boost: +2ms | Duration: 1.5s

Active: Setback

Whenever the Roboticist kicks a gen, it will become marked until 35% total progress is done or the gen is completed. Until then, the skill check will appear in different areas of the screen and the window will be smaller. Missing a skill check will remove 10% more progress. Only 2 gens can be marked at a time. *(CD 70s each once mark is removed)*

Back and better than ever! - The Roboticist

Passive: Tamper

When the Roboticist downs or kills a survivor, he will gain a stack. When he reaches 2 stacks, his speed will increase by 1. If he kicks a gen, all stacks will be consumed and the gen will progress 10% slower for 120s. *(CD 80s)*

The Roboticist is no doubt a genlocker killer, however it requires gen placement awareness to fully maximise his potential. The speed boost allows a flexible play style to switch between offense and defense, utilising his decent stealth to ambush players quickly.

How about a challenge, eh? - The Roboticist

BACKSTORY

CW: includes a brief description of violence and dismemberment, please read carefully).

Aaaqil always was a top student despite his shy demeanour. As a hard worker, he tried his best in every class he could, though there weren't many to praise him for his good work, his peers only just saw him as another bully victim, as per usual.

Aaaqil could never admit that he wanted his talents to be recognised, it became prevalent once the opportunity presented itself in the upcoming robotics tournament.

Even if he was a top student, the only threatening competitor was none other than his robotics partner Taylor. They always had the knack for coding, so when the first place was taken by their object-sensitive walking creation, Aaaqil strived to outperform them this year.

He wanted to build something more advanced, like one of those prosthetics...? Or maybe like an exoskeleton? Yeah, that sounds awesome!

His lunch time suffered the most while he restlessly produced blueprints and prototypes, editing and readjusting, it kept him holed up in the workshops that his friends seemed to notice this maladaptive behaviour. Everyone except Yronica, of course, all she did was roll her eyes and say;

“Go see some sunlight, oh my god!”

Of course Callum was the one who would try his best to snap him out of this cycle, “Qil, you need to eat something, let’s go grab something with the others, come on!” He’d say, patting his back in both concern and worry. Aaaqil would stay glued to whatever he was working on as if he feared of losing time to actually perfect it. It wasn’t often for the taller one to try to physically drag him out of the room, usually leaving a mess behind for him to tidy the next day.

It happened so often that it became a routine for Aaaqil to fight back as he was dragged along, until his thrashing accidentally eventually landed against one of his prototypes.

Aaaqil’s life went downhill.

It took a bit for the nerd to process what had happened. It only clicked once the jock was being taken away. The very thing he was bringing to life with time, effort and passion.. It had brought along tragedy to repay it. If it wasn’t for Callum shoving the smaller boy out of the way, Aaaqil would’ve been impaled as well. Hearing how the prototype, his own creation, had pierced the red-head’s vital organ, the thought of participating in the tournament became nauseatingly uncomfortable.

Aaaqil couldn’t fall asleep with that knowledge that his best friend is now stuck in a coma for god knows how long, and all because of him. Yronica had started to use it as leverage to further drag his name in the mud - a scummy move, really. But compared to what his hands were capable of, the ruining of his reputation wasn’t all that important.

With no indication whether Callum would recover or not, Aaaqil would distract himself by shoving himself into tinkering his thoughts away. What used to be his passion, had gradually manifested itself into a tormenting addiction, concealed as a coping mechanism and fuelled by that sliver of hope Aaaqil held on to with dear life.

His workshop gradually filled up with bits and pieces of his projects, constantly creating, destroying and fixing. Unable to look at it, that damned prototype he kept in the far corner of the room as if to mock him. His loneliness became quite extreme, if anyone called it that - to him, he referred to as isolation. Aaaqil’s resentment towards himself generalised to

everything else; anything that brought him back to reality, *anything* that made him aware that Callum's hospitalisation wasn't a dream. When his parents would plead for him to leave the room, when his beloved younger sister would bawl for his attention. Even Eman, the only other person aside from Taylor who knew about this romantic struggle he had, would come over to try to comfort him through his closed door. He hated it. He hated them. Everything was stopping him from trying to push that guilt far away. He was practically withering away in his own world, he wanted to stay ignorant to what had happened, instead his mind replaying that scene over and over as much as he wanted to repress it.

It wasn't long that his fatigue would hit him hard, one of his arms became uncooperative to the point he was using limb supports to combat his utter malnourishment. Aaaqil hated setbacks, and limb support wasn't enough to satisfy him. His creations definitely were naturals for violent tendencies, and it sparked a gut-wrenchingly genius idea.

He knew he wasn't going back to a normal life as it escalated from limb supports to full on replacements. It was weird, seeing his lifeless arm now lying on the floor, strange, but in an oddly exciting way. It bled profusely, yet the severed areas felt numb. Red coated his floor, and all he could ever think about was that damn incident. His arm was dead weight to begin with, but even with the nerves in his limb already being severely deteriorated, he still somewhat teared up. Not because of the pain, but of a new, unregistrable sensation flickered within him.

As a dangerously curious boy, he didn't stop at an arm.

The very prototype that hospitalised his own best friend proved to be very useful for dismemberment and great as reattachment material. Experimenting, cutting, it was all just a small amount of blood and pain, nothing too much. He had built quite the natural tolerance for pain anyway, bullying became nothing more than part of his lifestyle anyway.

By the time he realised, he could barely recognise himself in the mirror, it was a while since he even looked in one. With his long rugged hair to his dusty glasses, his supposed horror became a reality when his body seemingly wasn't his anymore, instead built like more of his own robots; artificial and metallic; blades protruded like tendrils from his back. And his stomach, once satiated with nutrients, now was hollow and supported his upper torso up by a robotic spine.

Truly how inhumane he looked. It should have scared him, per se, it just didn't register in his eyes, dull and yet glowed bright with that sense of rebirth.

Aaaqil felt... complete, admiring his new appearance that he almost forgot why he locked himself in here in the first place. He wondered if that accident was destined to be, the poor soul who was now bound in a hospital bed proved to be quite a worthy sacrifice for him to find his own magnum opus. It would be quite rude to admit that it was worth it in the end.

From that day forward, Aaaqil's addiction became an obsession. He wanted to demonstrate his capabilities, any normal being would've cried that what he did to his family was morally incorrect. It was all to improve them, that's all! It worked splendidly on him and was a piece of cake. In all honesty, he *should* have felt a little empathy from their panicked response; but

oh, that rush of dopamine that rushed through his sick little mind, he loved it that he grew dependent. Shame that the feeling was fleeting.

For once he was hungry, but not in a humane sense. Hunger became a craving, and craving became a need. He wanted to go bigger, no, he wanted to do something that no one has ever thought of before. Only someone as twisted as Aaaqil could pull off. Lakeview High was just *begging* to be reshaped and by no means was he going to pass up such an opportunity.

The nerd's presence quickly became prominent within Lakeview, especially with his new look. He was sure someone would comment on it, but couldn't understand why they'd run away. He was only doing small replacements, not that his peers were deserving of them anyway.

It irritated how skittish they would be, but oh well, having them sit back and accept it was going to become inevitably boring anyway. It could be like his little game, and admittedly the joy of chasing someone who hurt him once felt so satisfying.

Aaaqil was only beginning his large-scale project when a thick mist denied his vision, disappointed as his tirade was cut short.

SKINS:

Default

Dress up (Android)

Haywire (Most likely his capable skin).

Exoskeleton

Singularity (Dead by daylight skin)

The Third Alice (Alice of Human Sacrifice)

Arachnophobia (Exclusive skin - Roboticist will become a spider hybrid instead)

Arisen

Voice lines

Detection:

[The Roboticist]: Target spotted!

[The Roboticist]: It'll all be over soon, promise!

Cannot detect anyone:

[The Roboticist]: Oh come on, it isn't that bad!

[The Roboticist]: Ugh.. Great...

Kicked marked gen:

[The Roboticist]: Such interesting materials..!

[The Roboticist]: Might have to dismantle this one.

[The Roboticist]: Let me just tamper with this...!

In chase:

Yronica Ayala:

[Yronica Ayala]: Ewww ew ew! Oh my god!

[The Roboticist]: What's wrong, Yronica? Don't you like my new look?

[The Roboticist]: I wonder how red looks on you.

[Yronica Ayala]: Always looks gorgeous on me, now screw off, weirdo!

Eman Attia:

[Eman Attia]: No way... A-Aaaqil?!

[The Roboticist]: Heya! Let's pick up where we left off, shall we?

[The Roboticist]: Just an arm, Eman! It's gonna help you a lot!

[Eman Attia]: N-No! Are you insane?!

Callum Gallagher:

[Callum Gallagher]: Aaaqil?! What is this?!

[The Roboticist]: Mmm? Just a *little* upgrade from last time we saw each other!

[The Roboticist]: I must thank you for everything, I've never felt so alive!

[Callum Gallagher]: ...W-What do you mean by that?!

Taylor Dalton:

[Taylor Dalton]: Oh jeez, I knew you loved robotics but don't you think this is too much?

[The Roboticist]: *Nothing* is too much, you just gotta experience it firsthand.

[The Roboticist]: If only I stayed in the tournament.. (sighs)

[Taylor Dalton]: I don't think experimenting on yourself is ethical!

[The Roboticist]: Taylor, dang it, stop running!

[Taylor Dalton]: Robots are cool and all, but to be transformed into a cyborg is *not* what I want to be!

Downed survivor:

Generic:

[The Roboticist]: (Coldly) Oh, oops.

[The Roboticist]: Simple and clean!

Yronica Ayala:

[The Roboticist]: Ah that was sloppy, maybe next time!

[The Roboticist]: What hurts more? Your wound, or your ego?

Eman Attia:

[The Roboticist]: (Sigh) You're all the same.

[The Roboticist]: You never trusted me.

Callum Gallagher:

[The Roboticist]: Without your help, I don't think I'd ever find out about this.

[The Roboticist]: I'm getting a sense of deja vu...

Killed survivor:

Generic:

[The Roboticist]: ...Oh, shame.

[The Roboticist]: Well, transplants are always a thing!

Yronica Ayala:

[The Roboticist]: So this is what it's like to walk over someone..

[The Roboticist]: Haha, you're right, red *does* look great on you.

Eman Attia:

[The Roboticist]: (hesitation) ...Finally...

Callum Gallagher:

[The Roboticist]: ...Sleep well.

[The Roboticist]: (exhales shakily) ...Odd..

Interaction details:

- Roboticist is acquainted with the Android (Mostly interested with how he works).
- The Principal and Roboticist are not on good terms due to the original Lakeview incident. (The Principal would actively try to kill the Roboticist).
- Roboticist and (Survivor) Aaaqil are not on good terms either. (Reminds him of how pathetic he was back then).
- Roboticist tends to try mess with Aaaqil out of pure boredom.
- If Roboticist tried hard enough, he could look a bit too similar to Aaaqil.
- As a result of his isolation, Roboticist's social skills are little to none.
- Roboticist is actually quite docile outside of rounds, though would prefer to be isolated to tinker.
- Though he loves who he is now, Roboticist faintly yearns for humanity.
- Roboticist's crush on Callum is now overshadowed by his obsession.

Smaller details:

- Due to the heaviness of the material, as well as his malnutrition, Roboticist walks with a slight slump.
- The spider-like blades originate from between the Roboticist's spine and shoulder blades. They cannot detract/retract into there so they fold backwards like wings.
- Adding to the detail above, Roboticist can actually hide his robotic parts and pupils. The blades can slot around his stomach area.
- Furthermore, he relies on the blades for anything that doesn't need extra care. (Movement, attacking, kicking gens etc.)
- Roboticist is powered solely by electricity and coding, though waterproof, he is more cyborg than human.
- If Roboticist ever was shut down, he will become equivalent to a human corpse.
- Given the timezone and technology difference between Roboticist and Watcher, Alexei can hack Roboticist easily.
- Roboticist probably smells like iron from two separate sources, metal and blood.
- Roboticist had lost various senses from his transformation, but it had also drastically improved his eyesight and hearing.
- Roboticist attacks with a piercing motion with the upper two blades, the lower two would help support his body as he moves forwards.

- Roboticist's voice had become a bit more enthusiastic.
- Roboticist doesn't actually need his glasses anymore but keeps them on because he believes his eyesight is still bad.
- Roboticist's killer tendencies are easily triggered by the sight of blood or a red colour.

Trivia:

- Roboticist's back blades were mostly inspired by Murder Drones.
- The blades were added later on to improve Roboticist's design silhouette.
- Roboticist's highlights are yellow because of a silly association with Aaaqil's beach day skin.
- Roboticist's exoskeleton skin would be inspired by the exoskeletons from the CoD Advanced Warfare game for PS4.
- Roboticist's Arachnophobia skin was originally for practicing spider half bodies for oc world building.
- If the Arachnophobia skin was canon, Roboticist would have the ability to climb on the wall/ceilings.
- Roboticist originally had a different kit that made use of robots, this was scrapped after wanting to establish a representation of his survivor counterpart.
- This also scrapped his weapon being a generator antennae or a wrench.
- If Roboticist received more skins, there probably would be a variant of Aaaqil's Prom Night skin and Staracademy.
- If they both received a terror + chase theme it would be:
 - Terror: Little Nightmares - The Lady Circles
 - Chase: Dark Deception - Mortal Puppets

Art:



THE ROBOTICIST: AAAGIL

Killer Concept



Roboticist first concept + reference



Roboticist's completed concept



Random doodles



Robotist's 'Arachnophobia' skin

THIRD ALICE





Robotist's 'Third Alice' skin (Aaaqil Included!)

Note to creator to prevent unnecessary sanity loss;

- ☐ Robotist is *not* supposed to be creature/gremlin coded.
- ☐ Robotist is a perfectionist, arrogant and *heavily* ambitious.
- ☐ Bro is a *FREAK* in a serial killer type of way. He is not afraid of dismemberment.

