

[WARNING! SEVERE DAMAGE DETECTED TO MULTIPLE SYSTEMS]

You know... I *finally* understand why so many people dislike Random Omnipotent Beings.

[ALERT! MULTIPLE SYSTEMS UNABLE TO RESPOND]

It's bad enough that I expected to wake up in my bed this morning after going to sleep. But instead of waking up cozy under my sheets and blankets, I woke up to darkness, a feeling of pressure all over my body, and the distinct feeling of missing some rather vital limbs below the waist. That was about the same time that I noticed that things were... a little bit *off* with my body, including some rather annoying alerts flashing in my vision with a buzzing warble.

[ALERT! LOCOMOTION SYSTEMS NOT RESPONDING]

For starters, I wasn't flesh and blood anymore. In fact, I was pretty sure I was about as far from flesh and blood as you could possibly g-

[WARNING! EXTREME ARMOR BREACH DETECTED]

Will you ***shut up already!***

[Automated alerts: Disabled]

Thank *fuck*, I can actually hear myself *think* now.

Anyway, where was I...?

Oh, yeah.

I was no longer flesh and blood at all now. My formerly organic body had been replaced by that of a fourteen meter tall robot.

Oh, but what kind, you may ask? Well, I won't keep you in suspense.

Apparently, I'm now a Commander, from a game called Planetary Annihilation.

It's an RTS game that was released back in 2014 based on something about hyper-advanced giant robots building armies and fighting each other, I don't know. Besides my dives into the PA wiki, I'd only just completed the tutorial of the actual game and have read the self insert stories on Spacebattles and the like. According to a little start-up notice on my Hud, *which was something I apparently had now*, I was something called a [Stelarch Commander](#). Not too shabby of a design, if I say so myself. Considering I was currently inhabiting the thing now, I'd hope I'd like it. And the actual measurement of my new body was 14.0208 meters in height, which put me right around forty-six feet tall, give or take a few inches/centimeters.

The point is, I am a giant hyper-advanced overglorified combat construction robot now. But I must say, I'm quite a bit taller than I used to be, that's for sure.

But that was the last piece of the good news I was given.

Apparently, whatever ROB plucked me from my comfy bed and my blissful sleep decided to give me a challenge instead of just plonking me down somewhere. Thank god for the accelerated thinking ability that a lot of Commanders have, otherwise I probably wouldn't have even been able to get through the laundry list of errors, alerts, and warnings that were popping up in my Hud in a timely manner, which was about five real-world seconds, but to me, it was around an hour. Apparently, whoever they are, they thought just being in a Commander wasn't a good enough bit of entertainment, so they combined two of the tropes that I'd already read about, sort of like some other... well I suppose *comrade* would be a good word to use here now that we're the same.

I don't know, but whatever happened to that Commander Nova guy, that happened to me too.

The designs for combat units that I was apparently supposed to have? Gone.

No ground, no aerial, no orbital, absolutely nothing combat related. The spaces where they were supposed to be? And the spaces where the *weapons* are supposed to be, too? All of them were either filled with random corrupted data that needed to be deleted, or just missing entirely, leaving blank spaces where a unit's selection screen was supposed to go.

Fucking. *Lovely*.

It's a shame though, I kinda wanted to see the units that Progenitor hypertechnology had thought up. And on a slightly related note to my corrupted design database, going by the extremely long list of alerts and errors that I had to sort through a few "seconds" ago, my brand new body was absolutely *fucked up*.

Both of my legs were gone, somehow torn right out of my pelvis. My armor was warped, melted, or busted open in numerous spots along the chassis that was left, including the left side of my head, rendering one of my main optics offline. Thankfully I had a myriad of other sensors to help me see, but it was the principle of the thing, along with my sudden lack of depth perception.

And as for where I was... I genuinely had no goddamn clue.

And why was that? The answer to that simple question can be found all around me. I was buried. There were piles of rocks completely covering my body and exerting around ten to fifteen tons of force onto my frame. Apparently some sort of massive rockslide had completely buried me underneath. However, it was simple enough to dig myself out, since my arms, and especially my resource core, were relatively undamaged compared to everything else.

All I needed to do was get to work.

An unrelenting tide of nanobots poured from my fabricator arm and into the rocks surrounding my body, reshaping it to my will. I watched as the gauge monitoring the pressure being exerted on my frame slowly decreased, getting faster and faster the more nanobots I pumped out. Eventually, the rocks around me gained a greenish tinge as they smoothened out and rose up away from my body as it became a floor and ceiling. I breathed a sigh of relief as the pressure gauge finally auto-faded, and I got my arms under me and lifted.

Slowly but surely, my frame rose up from laying face down on the ground. My main optic reactivated and adjusted, and to my disappointment, I saw more rocks. An already tired sigh left me as I realized I had just created a fifteen by fifteen meter room with no exits because of all the rocks.

“...Good God this may take a while.” I muttered.

—

After around ten minutes of using my nanites to burrow my way through all the rocks and dirt, I finally broke through the rockslide.

Light poured into the cavern, and my optic auto-adjusted to the massive increase in the light level from pitch black. I let out a sigh of relief as the wall in front of me crumbled to reveal a rainforest. My power levels had been slowly starting to drop because of all the damage done to my body, and my constant work to free myself. The lights on the completely mangled plasma cannon that my arm was made up of actually started to flicker at one point, but now I could put all my effort into finding a metal deposit and fixing myself up.

“Finally...” I groaned as I felt the sun shining down on my broken plating.

As far as my sensors could tell, I was somewhere in a rainforest mountain range, but as to where I was? It was impossible to tell at this point due to my damage. As to what planet this is? I have no idea. I’m either in some video game world or a world from a tv show or movie. However, the salt content in the air actually makes me believe that I’m close to the coast of wherever I am. Actually, I’m reading a bit lower gravity than earth, along with much higher evaporated water content *and* a much denser atmosphere, so I must be on some sort of island too, and definitely *not* on earth. The carbon dioxide content alone would probably put a human unconscious in under a minute. But why would a planet like this have such a high level...

Casting my sensors out, they pinged a few microseconds later as they detected a metal deposit. So, I began dragging myself towards it. As I pulled myself through the mountainous rainforest, I got a pretty good look at the world around me. It was somewhat like an earth-like planet, and a lot of my readings were coming back with everything I expected from a world like this, except for the odd air quality that I felt was somehow familiar. The plantlife was also rather familiar, but I couldn’t put my finger on why exactly that was.

“Definitely not earth, but where?” I murmured as I crawled.

Finally, I found the source of the ping my sensors bounced off of. It was a large outcropping of rock in the center of a clearing. I crawled my way into the clearing, snapping a few trees apart and digging a trench into the ground from me dragging my body along with me.

Once I reached it, I lifted my arm and knocked a few loose stones off of it, then began spraying it with nanites, hoping I’d have enough metal for a MEX as Nova called it. I watched in interest as the green wireframe of the Metal Extractor formed over the metal deposit, then began to grow and solidify. It was taking a bit longer than I expected, but considering my damage and the lack of game elements, my construction time would probably be slowed from how it was in the game itself or the other Commander’s.

Finally, after nearly ten minutes of waiting, the Extractor rumbled to life, sending a small but steady stream of metal into my resource core.

[Emergency Repair Systems: Active]

Instantly, I started to feel better as my emergency repair systems sucked up the metal coming in to effect repairs to my chassis. I didn't know if emergency repair systems were something from the game or not, but I was too busy sighing in relief at my other optic coming back online and giving me proper depth perception again to think about it properly. What I was really worried about was processor damage, but my systems never reported damage to my head beyond the armor, my optic, and some of the mechanisms in my head that connected to the optic itself.

Anyway, now I needed a way to return my legs to me, and since the emergency repair system would automatically shut itself off after it seals all the major internal and minor to moderate external damage, I'd need a repair bay or something.

I started looking around for a location to place down a bot factory. because that'd probably be the best place for me to get actual repairs. Adding a mech bay like from Battletech, Titanfall, or Pacific Rim would be easily done by a Commander, because I'd like to be able to walk around normally instead of dragging myself around like a legless Headcrab Zombie from Half Life 2, thank you very much.

As I started crawling over to a place to build a bot factory, I glanced back at the Metal Extractor, then began to chuckle.

Heh.

...Just like how the old joke goes.

Somewhere in the galaxy, on an unknown world, on a deserted island, in a dense rainforest...

...a Commander sets down a Metal Extractor.