# More Human than Human

On the morning of the mutiny, the red star rose over the horizon casting a red hue over the blood soaked soil of Dominguez, a far away planet used as an offworld military base to monitor conflicts in and around the shoulder of Orion and the Tannhäuser gate. A replicant, hands and face covered in blood stands triumphantly over five people sent to control the replicant mutiny. “MORE HUMAN THAN HUMAN” he chants mockingly as he rushes another set of enforcers, armoured with shields and tasers sent to kill him. Numerous replicants stood defiantly against the soldiers of Dominguez and used the tools handed to them to enact their revenge. Some relished the chaos, some escaped using shuttles to planets beyond. This didn’t concern the replicant, his hands still covered, as he gazed upon the destruction. He flaunted his superior characteristics that placed him above any human, threw the enforcers beside, sending them through various walls of the buildings that surrounded the main military base of the planet. Kratos shook off the moment of victory, he glanced around the open area, looking for a battle, no, an *opportunity* to show his strength…

Blood shot out of his chest, the replicant screamed as he clutched his chest in agony. *They brought laser guns* he thought as his head hit the ground and red started to pool beneath him.

Cold.

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Breathing.

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Darkness

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Darkness.

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Breathing.

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Cold.

N6MAA09616 gasped for air, filling his lungs for the first time. The sound echoed around the cold metal box he resided in. Steel bars ran vertically across the top of the box, rubber straps hung from the bars. Carefully, N6MAA09616 reached for the strap, wrapping his fingers around the hard yet smooth loop. He gripped his left hand around it tightly, experiencing the strength of his hand exerted upon the object he recalled, from some kind of distant memory, called a “strap”. Before he properly adjusted to his surroundings, he was thrown to the ground, it was almost as if the metal box had been shaken. Alongside him, he heard multiple distinct thumps around the box, all of them were accompanied with a collective groan from the individuals he didn’t notice originally. N6MAA09616, noticing the others while he began to stand, reached out trying to understand who they were. In response to his gesture, he received a swift punch to the right side of his head leaving a small gash

on his jaw from the person beside him. N6MAA09616 dropped to the floor, writhing at the sharp, radiating sensation something from within him says it's called ***pain***. While N6MAA09616 was clutching his jaw as blood seeped between his fingers, light suddenly began to fill the metal box. The dim red light grew brighter and brighter as the wall opened into the vast world in front of him.
N6MAA09616 inhaled deeply, breathing fresh air for the first time. He gazed far across the landscape that unfurled in front of him, the red sun casted a faint red light over everything. He gazed only for a brief moment until his view was blocked by a group of men with stun sticks. N6MAA09616 was grabbed and thrown out of the metal box onto the hard ground. He pushed himself off the ground and was directed to a man with a scanner. The man placed the scanner to the back of his neck and began to speak.

"N6MAA09616, Nexus 6, Strength A, Mental A. Inception date… the 6 of September 2016." he spoke, seemingly to himself.

"Designation… Kratos." he spoke, giving Kratos his name.
"NEXT!" he barked as Kratos was funneled into a small area filled with around 10 other people. He glanced around, unsure of them all. They all stood still, staring back at him. As he moved forward into the group, he felt a hand grab his shoulder. He recoiled from the gesture, he saw that the hand had blood on it, his blood.

"I'm sorry for earlier." he said, "I'm Davian, what's your designation?" he said calmly. Kratos hesitated, unsure whether to trust Davian.
"I'm Kratos." he replied gruffly, unsure about Davian, unsure about where he was, unsure about everything that happened to him.

For nearly 3 years since he arrived on Dominguez, Kratos was trained and taught to fight, to use the strength and intelligence he was granted. For those grueling years Kratos was moulded like a piece of clay by the torment he was put through daily into a weapon one that wouldn't hesitate to do whatever he was told.
Kratos hated who he had become, a mindless soldier that fought and won countless battles for humanity, a group he had come to despise. Kratos had lost count of the battles he'd contributed to, they all blended together in a slurry of chaos.
Out of all the battles he could remember, one stood out to him. The famed battle on Orion's shoulder was one he looked back on fondly. One where he finally understood what distinguished him from humanity, and how he grew more and more disdain for humanity. But this wasn't what stood out to Kratos. When he was being escorted back from the battlefield after another victory, he caught a glimpse of a ship that flew past the infinite black. It was advertising Tyrell Corp, and on the side, blazened in white was their slogan, "More human than human". Kratos remembered stopping

and staring. He was shocked. It was an answer to what he was, he was more human than human. He was better. He was better than them all.
His idling was acknowledged by a shout and a push from an enforcer but, instead of moving forward, like he had always done, he fought back. He grabbed the stun stick from the enforcer's hand and crushed it, letting the pieces fall to the ground. Stunned by the act of defiance, the enforcer stumbled back, his guard dropped. Kratos threw his fist into the side of the enforcer, shooting him into a nearby rock. Before Kratos could shift his murderous gaze to another enforcer, he was subdued and knocked out.
He woke up slumped against the wall back in the shed he slept in, all the beds packed shoulder to shoulder. As Kratos sat in the packed shed, he gazed at the other replicants sleeping, all bruised and beaten by the people in charge of them. Kratos had had enough.
After that night in the shed, Kratos had shared his idea to Davian, one of his closest friends, but always separated by their roles in the military. Davian had voiced his approval about the idea, but with a caveat.
"What if they don't share your sentiment?" Davian retorted.
"They will." Kratos responded gruffly. He knew that the years of abuse would make any of them willing to do whatever possible to get revenge.
Davian agreed to the plan reluctantly, agreeing to tell all replicants he sees about the plan.
Both Davian and Kratos would , taking as many jobs as they could in order to reach all the replicants present on the planet. Most said no, too afraid of the potential punishment that might ensue, but around 30 replicants agreed to the plan. All 30 of the replicants wanted out of Dominguez, but only a few shared Kratos' ideology of being better than humanity.
Each replicant who agreed to help Kratos were gathered in an unused office room a replicant named Zhora had found doing maintenance work. During this gathering, Kratos had given them explicit instructions to meet again in the room at 0200 two weeks from now.
"Between now and then, gather as many tools as you can. You're going to need them to strike during the early morning." Kratos spoke strongly, showing his passion for his act of defiance.
"More human than human!" he yelled in the office room.
"More human than human!" the other replicants yelled in response.
For two excruciating long weeks, Kratos and the other replicants waited. As instructed, the replicants gathered tools that could be used as weapons. Most grabbed knives from kitchens, others took groundkeeping tools from sheds. *It didn't matter, Kratos* thought, *humanity would topple,* Kratos decided.
At exactly 0200, all replicants were huddled together in the cold closet, armed to the teeth with makeshift weapons. Kratos gazed upon the replicants, excited for the

chance to prove himself, the chance to show they really were more human than human.
Kratos would be the spear head of the mutiny, standing outside of the main military hub. The other replicants, he decided, would rush into the building.
After an hour of strategic planning, Kratos and the other replicants in tow left the office room.
At 0400, Kratos stood in front of the military building. *It's finally time* he thought to himself.
"More human than human" he whispered. He breathed in the cold air, the sun was just rising.
"MORE HUMAN THAN HUMAN" he screamed at the top of his lungs. Alarms blared
5 armed soldiers rushed through the front door, the red sunrise reflected on their helmet visors.