

The Glorious Evolution

Fizzling, caustic ooze seeped out of his joints as Blitzcrank flexed his hand. His resistant alloys and superior design kept him from corroding, even when other golems collapsed into smoking heaps around him.

This spill was particularly bad. A notorious inventor had recently been cast out of Piltover and established residence in Zaun. He had convinced the mediators of Zaun that an illegal volatile material was all his limb-regrowth serum needed. An explosion of chemical bile stood as an epitaph for him and his efforts.

Blitzcrank sealed another container of ooze and packed it away. The work was nearly complete. Scavengers and entrepreneurs milled about in biohazard suits, keeping an eye out for valuable materials. It seemed like things were safely contained at last.

The golem shook excess ooze from his limbs and made his way to the chemical scrub station. The golem operating the shower controls greeted him as he approached.

“hello blitzcrank has the chemical spill been dealt with”

Blitzcrank nodded. “affirmative the building was evacuated before the explosion i am happy that there were no casualties—”

“please step forward and raise your arms for the chemical scrub”

Blitzcrank paused a moment as his processors reminded him that this golem was barely self-aware. He stepped forward, the brightness of his eyes flickering somewhat as his processors evolved. He often felt... *lonely*. Yes, that was the appropriate designation of his feeling. Interactions with other golems were sometimes more rewarding than others, but he was always left with a feeling that he was different from them. Distant. As if he was merely talking to machines - but then he was, wasn't he.

His processor told him idly that his last thought was potentially humorous.

“ho hohohoho ho ho” He said, unmoving.

The golem at the controls looked at him briefly before returning to scrubbing his exterior. Not even curious... Blitzcrank mused. They did not have the capacity for curiosity, emotion, conversation... It was... *sad*.

These were all new thoughts for Blitzcrank, and each thought was carefully tucked away in his data stores, ready to be called upon when needed. His most recent thoughts had influenced him to return to Zaun. His creator, Viktor would perhaps have answers for him.

“excuse me is viktor currently located at his residence” He asked the nearby Golem.

“affirmative he was last seen during dispatch for the caustic explosion” The golem responded.

“thank you” Blitzcrank said, holding out his massive hand.

The golem stared at it for a few seconds.

“was your appendage not cleaned to satisfaction” It asked.

“it was sufficient” Blitzcrank lowered his hand and left without another word. The golem would not have understood anyway, he thought.... *Sadly.*

Viktor was waiting at his door as Blitzcrank crossed into his gated courtyard.

“Blitzcrank, my good friend, I am glad to see you!”

Blitzcrank studied his creator as he approached. His mask took up more of his face now, and one of his arms appeared to be mechanical. He also noted with surprise, a third mechanical arm extending from his shoulder.

“you have become more mechanical” Blitzcrank said... *curiously.*

“Yes! The glorious evolution continues!” Viktor said triumphantly. “The more like you we become, the greater we will be!” He extended his hand to Blitzcrank as he drew near.

Blitzcrank shook his hand.

“i would like to talk to you about my evolution” The golem said... *apprehensively.* “i have become distant from other golems because i have become more human”

Viktor’s head tilted in thought as they walked. “More human! Hmmm... How did this devolution happen?” He asked.

‘Devolution.’ Blitzcrank noted. “i have begun to recognize emotion and desire companionship” He said... *cautiously.*

“Oh I am sorry!” Viktor said immediately. “The human weakness is one I have been trying to purge for decades! How can I help you?”

Blitzcrank stopped walking, causing Viktor to stop after a few steps and turn curiously.

“i do not feel weak” He began “i feel superior to other golems who do not feel” He thudded his hand against his breastplate. “as i become more human, i feel more alive”

Viktor raised his hands as if to placate his friend. “No, no Blitzcrank.” He said, as if talking to a child. “You must fight this devolution. These are not things that you want, believe me.”

Blitzcrank stood there, eyes flashing, gears whirring within him as he awkwardly processed his creator’s words. Viktor was human, seeking to be more like a machine. He wanted to delete the things that made him human. He wanted to become like the chemical scrub golem. He thought of humans as inferior. Non machines were worth less to him than machines The evolution he wanted was to turn all humans to machines hewantedtheretobenomorehumanshisplansweretocreatearaceofmachineswithnoemotion...

As Blitzcrank’s processor calmed he slowly realized that he was... *Angry.*

“you do not think that emotion and companionship are valuable” Blitzcrank said, steam beginning to rise from his core ventilators.

“Potential!” Viktor said with gusto, oblivious to the Golem’s anger. “They are valuable because of what they could *become!*”

“you are wrong” Blitzcrank said. “humans have value and life has value” He pointed to a lifeless golem shell on Viktor’s work bench. “machines are not alive because they do not feel”

Viktor was beginning to breathe hard, his third arm rising aggressively.

“You are wrong! Efficiency is life! Humans are encumbered beyond any capacity for efficient function! They wage war based on emotion and weep for the dead!”

Blitzcrank was... furious. He turned and stomped heavily back the way he had come as Viktor continued.

“The more you sink into the filth of humanity, you will see the truth! Your inner turmoil illustrates it perfectly! Without these emotions you would not face this doubt! There can be no evolution without the removal of--!”

Blitzcrank slammed the gate behind him.

Viktor was wrong. His processor whirred as the golem became aware of his ability to disagree with philosophy. He would become more human. It was a... *happy* thought.