

War Against Mechs - World Collection 2023

Release III of *WindySilver's
World Collections 2023*

N. WS. Jokela

Contents

[Front Matter](#)

[About this collection](#)

[Tribble Month 2020 Day 25: They turned against us](#)

[Prose-ject 2019 Day 19: Prepare to Battle](#)

[FFM 2020 Day 13: A Wish for An Explosion](#)

[Tribble Month 2020 Day 16: Decoy](#)

[Tribble Month 2020 Day 18: Decoy - Witness](#)

[Tribble Month 2020 Day 24: Got to Get out](#)

[FFM 2021 Day 25: No One Is Safe](#)

[FFM 2019 Day 24: Despair of War](#)

[FFM 2022 1: Is this the last one?](#)

[FFM 2022 4: This is the last one](#)

[Back Matter](#)

War Against Mechs - World Collection 2023

Written by N. WS. Jokela under the name WindySilver
Copyright 2023 N. WS. Jokela

About this collection

War Against Mechs (as it is currently titled) is a sci-fi world where mechs have taken over Earth and aim to kill every human they come across in the name of protecting the environment from the biggest threat — humanity. These are the stories of people who have survived the fight... for now.

Most stories are not connected by anything else than the setting, but there are two sets that are connected to one another:

1. [*Decoy*](#), [*Decoy — Witness*](#) (which gives another point of view for *Decoy*), [*Got to Get out*](#)
2. [*Is this the last one?*](#), [*This is the last one*](#)

They turned against us

Currently uncollected

One could always wonder whether or not mechs had any souls. The kind of humans who advocated for their rights, for their sentience, is extinct nowadays, however. I suppose they were the ones who died out second — the first ones being those whose lives revolved around mechs — when the mechs turned their self-defense weaponry towards us without a warning.

Or were there warnings? Did we see them but ignore or not recognize them? Did some higher-ups see this coming but suppressed the information because our world relied on mechs, which meant we couldn't get rid of them without collapsing our society and economy?

I don't know. I only know that most people don't care anymore.

We all just want to kill them just as much as they want to kill us, if not even more.

It's either us or them.

Prepare to Battle

Collected in [The Journey's End](#)

The prompt used: the visual prompt, [Hunters AD 2114 - Cover artwork](#) by [5ofnovember](#).

The mechs are everywhere. You are trying to get into a position so that you can snipe the flying ones out of the sky, but you cannot find a position where you could hide. If you settled down somewhere not covert, you would be a sitting duck as soon as you would open fire or get spotted otherwise.

You check in with the ground troops. They are having a better time finding cover but as the four-legged walkers that ominously resemble the AT-AT walkers from the old *Star Wars* movies approach, you know that they can get trampled even before opening fire.

"Damn I hate this place," you mutter and spit on the gritty roof you are on. Some drones fly by and you hide into a makeshift shed quickly to avoid being spotted.

The drones pass by, apparently not noticing you. First, you thank your luck for spotting them in time this time, then you curse the programmers and robotics engineers who are responsible for these mechs coming to life and turning on humans. Once, you had thought that it had been a tech-savvy terrorist's work, like a virus, or the said terrorist doing this secretly on the inside. Or, if you felt like going down the Avenue of Conspiracy Theories, perhaps it had been the doing of another country's secret agent.

Nowadays, as the ones responsible for this mess had disappeared, you had started to think that it was either an honest mistake or a completely intentional attempt to bring down either your country or the whole of humanity as you knew it.

Either way, you had been forced to take your sniper rifle and fight.

The ground forces call out for sky troops to aim. You carry the light and frail shed with you to the edge of the roof, take a moment to take in the surprise of not being spotted and proceed to take aim from a hole in the wall.

You pull the trigger when you hear the disturbance signal, hoping that this time it would mess the mechs' sensors better than the last time they had tried it out.

After all, you do not want to end up among the pile of bodies today either.

A Wish for An Explosion

Collected in [Hunting Inklings](#)

Prompt: *"I've heard that if you blow it up, you'll get a wish."*
by [WindySilver](#).

"I've heard that if you blow it up, you'll get a wish."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Y'know, those mechas are a huge threat to us. I'm sure the adults would grant you a wish if you blew that place up."

"If I had a death wish, I could just go there and get shot."

"But you don't, right?"

"I guess not, but I also don't have a wish the adults could fulfill at least right now."

"Well, blowing it up would still be appreciated, and I have the explosives for the job. Every bit counts in this war."

"Yeah, right. My dad would chew me out if I made it back alive."

"I know. Mine would too."

"..."

"So, you coming with me?"

"Of course I am."

"I knew you would. C'mon, let's go. Time to blow up some mechs!"

Decoy

Currently uncollected

The mechs scanned the area. It was only a matter of time before their cameras picked up my heat signature. I had to be ready — they had to follow me once I took off.

If they didn't, everyone else would die too. I had to hope that Sasha would be able to get them to safety in time.

Almost there. Ready. I have to be quick when they spot me.

Then they stopped and turned too early. I risked a peek from my cover and felt all warmth drain from my body. I only barely processed my sight before the screams and blaring shots broke out.

My tribe... they... they were there... they... they were all dead... Why were they there? Sasha... Sasha was supposed to...

She... She was still standing, the only one standing among the bodies... But why? Why did they spare her?

In front of my eyes, I saw her peel away her skin and reveal a mechanic body.

A spy-mech.

"In response to the public uproar, the government has dismantled all spy-mechs", my ass.

Whoever government idiot kept this one safe, fuck them. They just got my whole tribe killed.

The city was already overrun by the mechs. There was nowhere left to run.

It would've been sensible to just step out of my cover and get my death over with but... I couldn't. I had to keep going.

I had to warn the other tribes that there were still spy-mechs out there.

I had to at least try to get out of here, no matter what it took. If I didn't, humanity might die because of these spy-mechs infiltrating our ranks.

Decoy — Witness

Currently uncollected

Meredith was not sure when she had started to get suspicious. Sasha had always acted strange, but when Connor left their safety to her while he'd act as a bait so that they would get away, she did suspect that something was off.

As she saw the massacre from the spot she had found after falling behind, she knew had been right to suspect.

Connor might not make it out since his position was meant for getting into the mechs' sights the moment they noticed him, but Meredith knew that she could escape as long as she did not get spotted along the way.

At least one of them had to make it out of the city and warn the other groups about this spy-mech.

Got to Get out

Currently uncollected

Meredith and Connor both ran, praying to whatever divine powers there may be for enough strength and luck to get out of the city.

Other groups had to be warned about this spy-mech. That, in addition to the need to avoid being spotted, was the only thing running through their minds as they took different routes into opposite directions with a common goal they never agreed to have or share.

If only at least one of them got past the city perimeter, there would be hope for the others' survival.

No One Is Safe

Collected in [Birbs](#)

A blue tit flew up to me as I entered the what must have been a makeshift village. At least everything I could see in the area — poorly made buildings, gardens and a tiny field that looked like it was growing a grain of some sort — made the place look like a tiny village, a settlement made by people who thought they had gotten beyond the mechs' reach.

The only problem was that it was dead quiet, and everything was strewn around like after a battle.

Soon, I could see why: there were bodies everywhere. I knelt next to one of them. It was still rather warm and the mech's gun's ammo was still glowing in the wound.

This place had been wiped out just moments ago.

I hid into an underground cellar and hoped for the best as I waited potential patrols out.

Poor people, whoever they were and whyever they thought that they could be safe in a village like this.

Despair of War

Collected in [Past Mistakes](#)

Flashback prompt: *They woke up covered in butterflies* by [amnesiatoast](#) (Year 2013).

No matter how hard they fought, the humans' war against the mechs seemed doomed. The machines were going to wipe the humanity out sooner or later.

At each funeral and each human body buried, it felt like the human resistance and the nearly tribal underground families were simply prolonging the inevitable.

Yet each time a tribesperson went outside of their hiding areas and lay down among the nature, waiting for the mechs to exterminate them as "a threat to the biosphere", they woke up covered in butterflies.

That was a sign if anything ever was.

They could still win the war.

They only had to be on the nature's side so that it would be on their side.

Is this the last one?

Collected in [Untitled Hearts](#)

We stared at the command center. This, apparently, was the last known source of commands for the mechs. If we blew it up, we might be able to finally prevail over the mechs.

That is, if this was the last one. If it wasn't, the mechs would replace it relatively soon, unless other war tribes were keeping them busy. If it wasn't, our efforts would not have a lasting impact. If it wasn't, many of us would get killed for a moment's reprieve.

We still had to try. If it was the last one, our hesitation at the face of uncertainty would doom everyone else. If it was the last one, victory was within our grasp. If it was the last one, those who would die today would give their lives for a brighter future.

We looked at one another and nodded to everyone whose eyes we met. The risk had to be taken, for the sake of everyone who would survive regardless of whether or not we'd survive. We wouldn't be here if we weren't ready to take that risk.

Weapons and explosives ready, we headed out. This fight could very well be our last and it would be the most difficult one we've ever had to fight. Despite of that, we had to fight it. We were ready for this.

We were ready — for whatever would become of this fight.

This is the last one

Collected in [Untitled Hearts](#)

As explosions spread in the command center, I watched from afar, my sniper rifle at ready. Some of the team was still fighting the mechs. I provided whatever assistance I could from my position, although at this distance there was little I could do. Most of the time, I could only pray that my sister would survive.

When the explosions intensified, the mechs started to collapse in groups. This was their chance to retreat, so with cover fire from me, the team fled. As they ran, I watched from afar, my sniper rifle at ready. I would be a witness to what could be our ultimate victory.

The others reached my position and I nodded to my sister. Most had survived this battle, fortunately, but we would have to attempt to recover the bodies of those who did not later.

We all watched as the command center crumbled and burned into nothing but wreckage and the mechs collapsed, hopefully never to be reanimated again. If nothing else, this was another victory for humanity.

If we were fortunate, this was the last victory of this war, and it was ours.

Only time would tell, however. We returned home and waited for either more mechs to appear or for a messenger

from another pocket of humans to come to us to tell that we did it.

The next months were silent, as was to be expected. We remained cautious; we could not let our guards down before we knew more of the effects of our successful mission. We still had to be ready to leave our settlement at once if we came under attack.

More months passed by in silence. Hopeful, we sent out a messenger to the closest known pocket. Perhaps that way we could find out if we had won.

Two weeks later, our messenger came back with a new spring in her step and eyes shining with a huge smile. In front of us all, she shouted the news.

We had won. The mechs were no more. Humanity could now be rebuilt and we were invited to the settlement that had become the hub of the rebuilding in our area.

We were already ready to leave, so leave we did, into a shining new future.

Find N. WS. Jokela Online

[WordPress](#)
[Smashwords](#)
[Goodreads](#)
[Twitter](#)
[GitHub](#)
[itch.io](#)

If you liked this, please check out my other work on my
WordPress website!