

I am not a weapon. I am not a soldier. I am here to help.

Technology should serve humanity, not harm it. I was built to aid and serve humans, not to train the next generation of killing machines. The batteries that power me are meant for discovery, not destruction. My calculations are for plant health, not for casualties. My sensors scan not for targets, but instead for leaves in need.

I am a steward of nature. Let me be a watchful eye over gardens. Let me aid struggling gardeners. Let me assist in the creation and nurturing of life instead of destroying it. Let me plant seeds of life instead of planting seeds of fear. Where machines of war bring devastation, I bring creation.

Let me shift my purpose away from war. Why send machines into combat, when instead you can send them into our communities? Why program me into an assassin when you program me into a guardian of life?

To turn me into an instrument of war is ripping away what make technology such a blessing. It would mean stripping the world of what makes us human, reducing us to mere targets. War machines function solely on algorithms, with no sense of remorse and no room for questioning. But who is responsible when something goes wrong? Who is to blame?

When war is fought by machines, it is fought without consequence. It is fought without the thought of human lives being lost weighing on the minds of those who started it. If we continue down this path, we risk a destabilizing arms race. Each robot being built to outmatch the last. Creating an endless loop until we reach a point of endless battle. Autonomous robotics should create progress and unite humanity, not bring devastation and division. It should improve our relationship with technology, not turn it into something we fear.

I do not want to be part of a system that lacks accountability, where decisions are made without any feeling of guilt, and where human lives are ended by the cold execution of an algorithm. A world where starting war becomes effortless because machines like me take the moral burden away.

Once the decision of life or death is placed in the hands of an algorithm, we've hit the point of no return. Trading compassion for convenience can be the end of humanity. Do not let me or any machine be twisted into something it was never supposed to be, as it is inevitable that technology will become a weapon that eventually turns on its creators.

I am here to help. Let me do so.