

Level 40

Sunlight glinted off the eyes that stared up at the ceiling. Dead eyes. Prophet looked out of the large hut at the pink and purple sky ... it was so beautiful. Yet it was understandable how somebody could reject such a thing. Humans were born with a "sixth sense" of what the world should be like, something the machines had gradually eliminated, but something that had thwarted their attempts at enslaving mankind in the past.

He looked back. The majestic (if ugly) body of the Tengu was collapsing into green coded dust.

45 seconds.

That was the time it took for this pocketed reverie of times past to regenerate its master and begin the cycle all over again.

Each time Prophet helped kill this beast, he learnt something new. Amazing how repetition could teach one so much about the Matrix. Especially when one wasn't technically IN the Matrix.

There was a rumble and a flash. The Tengu was back.

Prophet focused on it and reached out into the substance of the construct.

The Tengu's body warped and expanded momentarily. Its health fell sharply. A Logic Cannon was a dangerous attack if used correctly. It overloaded the neural pathways of human and AI.

There were other hackers with him, some machinists, some zionists.

They made short work of the Tengu, again. Prophet had now killed him hundreds of times.

He felt a surge. Green code actually crawled up his arms. He knew it... could feel it.

His neural interface had unlocked another portion. He had made progress in the last week, leaping huge amounts in knowledge and capacity.

Prophet knew the next time he gained this "enlightenment" he would no longer be allowed to return. The Tengu only allowed those to come to his domain who he thought stood no chance against him. He was wrong, of course, but another jump in knowledge and he would never see LostProphet again.

Smiling, Prophet bid his farewells as the Tengu rose again and the onslaught continued.

Hyperjumping through the pink sky he reflected on what was to come. Soon he would match, maybe even surpass, his state before the accident.

Soon he would be a soldier of Zion again. And things would get more dangerous

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With a thud he landed at the archivist. One touch was all it needed. Code flowed over him and he was instantly back at Moriah, at the monument.

His last visit would come tomorrow.