

[Backstory] The Accident

Three black trenchcoats billowed as the men landed, dressed all in black, their jet black hair completing them as figures of the night.

"We've got the data," Prophet said quietly into his phone, "Get us an exit."
"Wabash and Lake is the closest I got, but they might be monitoring it now, after ... what happened with Neo."
"We have to take the chance. Agents will already be on our tail if we don't keep moving."
"Alright, we'll be ready for you."

The figures hurried off into the darkness. Their captain and two crewmates were attending a meeting of the Zion command. Word was that Captain Niobe had some very disturbing news. Their mission was important, but really designed to keep the system busy tracking them instead of focusing on the meeting.

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They got to the subway station and waited. The phone rang; an electronic buzz, then silence.
One down, two to go.

Again. Prophet looked around nervously, aware that he was the last. The phone and the Agent spoke at once. Prophet grabbed the handset, lifted it towards his ear. The Agent knew he could do nothing. A quick touch to his earpiece however, and the Matrix changed. A freak jolt of electricity surged from the tracks. The small amount of altered coding along the platform was all that was needed. The Agent smirked and stepped back onto the street above.

Prophet froze in place as the electrical surge passed through him. He was tingling. But things were different on the other side of the looking glass.

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"Shut him down!" the operator screamed, frantically trying to bring Prophet out. His body was convulsing, his lifesigns going frantic. Somehow the surge was feeding back through the neural interface. The operatives that were jacked out tried every emergency protocol they could on Prophet's station but nothing worked.
"I'm going to have to loop the surge back on itself." the operator said. He knew it might kill him, but anymore of this certainly would.

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Prophet waited. Suddenly the phone grew hot. There was a microsecond of complete stillness, then an audible whuuump. He was hurled backwards, landing in between the rails. It saved his life. He stood, shakily, and clambered back onto the platform, seemingly unaware. Luckily the code alteration had reverted. His own phone rang.
"You're still alive."
"Yes."
"That agent is gone. The hardline's dead. You'll need to get to Chicago Precinct."
"OK."

Running outside, he threw himself upwards into a jump ... and crashed forwards. Once more was enough to tell him that something wasn't working right. OK, so let's run it.

He ran ... slowly. Concentrating as hard as he could, he couldn't make himself go any faster.

As he travelled, he caught a glimpse of himself in a shop window and did a double-take. His jet-black hair was now a brilliant white.

It was another 40 minutes before he finally managed to jack out.

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"LostProphet ... I have some bad news for you" his operator said as he pulled the neural jack out.

"Whatever that Agent did has seriously damaged your neural processor. As far as I can make out, you're as green as a newly freed redpill, in knowledge at least. We'll need to find out what else happened, but you're going to have to relearn everything."

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Some hours after that bombshell, the Vishnu had returned to Zion. News was getting worse. Thousands of Sentinels - maybe 250,000 or more - were digging their way to Zion. There was going to be a war ... and Zion might not come out of it at all.

The technicians had also run tests on Prophet's neural processor. The surge had damaged several areas, but nothing had been destroyed. All they could say was he would have to relearn all his skills, and even then it would be at a slower rate than he had previously enjoyed.

There was nothing to say he couldn't become even more powerful than he had been just a few hours ago ... it would just take a long time.

In the end this was to save his life. Bane detonated his ship's EMP in the Counter Offensive, killing everyone. Prophet was even refused duty in the APU Corps. He sat out the siege of Zion in the temple. He was there when the war was declared over, he danced joyously and deliriously with the others. He was forever tied to Zion, and vowed to return to strength to fight for it in the new world.