

The Sunday Papers

The pavement cracked slightly as Prophet landed next to the news stand, having left the Kedemoth HQ that stood adjacent to it. He walked around the front, smiling politely at the bluepill behind the counter, headed over to the newspaper dispenser at the side of the road, and picked up a copy of the newest Sentinel.

Taking a seat on the bench next to the phonebooth, he read.

It was an amusing read. They likened Morpheus to Elvis, and it was interesting to see that some still claimed Morpheus had been killed in Southern Asia. Prophet put down the paper. He surmised that Sobra Shores was definitely a spot for underground activity, and that Morpheus would be at Club Messiah on Saturday. It always made him laugh how the bluepill interpreted what was happening. They couldn't see the obviousness of the truth.

Before he binned the paper, he focused hard on it, and its weak and fragile code gave way to another message. Two in fact.

Zion warned not to participate in Morpheus' schemes. The Machines warned that anybody siding with him should be eliminated.

Prophet sighed. He was swimming against the tide. Hopefully Morpheus knew what he was doing. He went to leave.

An arm tightened around his neck.

"Bonjour petit enfant de Zion" a voice whispered in his ear.

Shit. He tried to move, and felt cold steel.

"Morpheus n'est pas sûr. Prenez garde du Français".

The cutthroat executed his deadly attack. The visceral sound of metal ripping through flesh tore away the silence. Prophet fell forwards, clutching at his throat as blood fountained onto the pavement from the gaping wound. This was a really shitty way to reconstruct. He writhed in pain, hoping it would be over soon.

"Prenez garde du sanctuaire du Merovingian" the redpill cackled as he hyperjumped out of sight.