

Two Tall Towers

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On September 11, 2001 two tall towers fell from the sky. And everyone cried, except him. I wrote this for The Twin Towers the only way I know how, with The Matrix. Let us not forget...

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Two Tall Towers

On September 11, 2001 two tall towers fell.

He was the only one not crying there. He cannot cry. Even for such a disaster. He refuses to cry for the creatures below him. Why should he cry for them, when they never cried for him, they never cared about what they did to him. But even he has the humanity in him to come and see it. Even he has the knowledge of what he is feeling.

Even he can hear their screams, their cries, the sirens, and he can feel the dust. Even he knows this is wrong.

He knows that right now the people down there are dying, and their families will get phone calls telling them, and he knows they'll cry. He knows they'll try their hardest, whatever they are capable of to save their fallen. And he knows sooner or later, they'll accept the inevitable. That they were attacked, and that is human nature. Kill, and attack. Take what is yours, and steal what is not. Kill because of your beliefs. Kill the innocent. Illogic. Stupid. Heartless. Inhuman.

That is what humans do. They destroy. Like they always have. They kill. But he knows something isn't right about all of this.

He feels something that has compelled him to see this.

He doesn't know if he regrets coming. He doesn't know what he should be doing, or feeling. He only knows he needed to see the madness. Even he could not see this coming. He doubted even the Oracle.

No one could have seen this. Because only a madman would do such a thing. Only a madman would go on those planes. And madmen are too different for anyone to reach them. And no one knows what they can do. No one could have stopped it. No one could have come before it happened. But now people are here.

He cannot see most of them because of the dust, or hear their unity because of the cries. But he knows they are there. He knows they will try and try. He knows they will cry. He knows people are dying, and killing each other. He knows people are being broken. Crops have been lost. And now machines are clearing the dead batteries.

He can see from the tower he sits on, the fire trucks disappearing in the dust. He sees people holding each other. He can see children screaming. He can see the wreckage, and the glass. Two tall towers are no more. The codes have fallen.

He did not see it, but he felt it. The entire Matrix shook, and the machines must have never thought such a thing would happen. The machines must have worked to repair as much as they could. But now they

left in the hands of the humans.

He knows that the humans outside must have never expected either. Even now, in the Real World crews are huddling together, looking at the code, and crying. All of Zion is crying, and their armies are rushing to give them screens with code so they all can see.

The Freeborns will not completely understand, but they will cry nonetheless. They will not realize what the sound of two tall towers falling is like. But they will cry. They will.

And the outcasts, the loners outside of Zion will pack their bags and make their way home. They will be no longer avoided, and like all they will cry, watching the codes.

The Council will speak to all. Speak words of hope for their kind still trapped.

They will prey.

And in the caves they will light candles. And in the Matrix, the streets will be lit with the same candles.

The One will cry. He will be with Trinity, and they will cry. Morpheus will stand in cockpit, and stare at the Desert Of The Real, and remember his childhood in the Matrix. While Link won't want to, but will stare at the code, holding tightly to the necklace Zee had given to him. They will remember their former crew, and see that Cypher's betrayal is nothing compared to this.

No one in the Matrix will realize how many people are crying for them outside.

The Oracle is holding Sati, and they are crying. Seraph has strayed away, all to be alone. Even the Merovingian is watching in his mansion. He watches over his television. And he lowers his head into his hands, while Persephone looks away. The Twins tilt their heads, and Werewolves and Vampires will hide in the darkness of the mansion. The Key Maker will hear the news and cry, still making one key.

And he, he will not cry. He cannot. He will only sit there with the others, and stare. Knowing he thought humans are like this. Knowing all they do is fight amongst themselves. Knowing what he believed. Knowing what they believe. But he will still be shocked like everyone else that this has happened.

And all but he will mourn for the death of the innocent, the death of innocence.

He wonders what the Mainframe will choose to do. He wonders if this incident will be too much for the humans to handle. Maybe they'll even question their belief of their god, maybe even of their reality. Maybe the Mainframe will decide to erase these moments, these days, these months. Maybe they'll erase memory of this moment. They'll erase any memories of the people lost. But then again, it would take a long time to erase everyone lost. There is just too many.

But what if they go off to war? They'll kill each other, destroy the energy for the machines. Do they really want their batteries to have a war inside the Matrix, and outside?

Then he sees everyone together, everyone running, and trying to help.

Or maybe this is a good thing for humans. Maybe it will bring them together. Even in war. Maybe it does bring them together in the Real. Maybe. . .

And he sees the firemen come. He sees them run into the dust, disappearing, without knowing if they'll come back. He sees them in ways he's never seen before. Helping, sacrificing. People unaware of their reality, unsure doing things that could kill them. They don't know they're dying for nothing but code. They were so many people. All dying, all crying. All for what they believed. But it is belief that made someone do this to them. It is belief that makes people free.

He wonders what they will do. How will they explain this moment? How will they react? How can they live, knowing their own human killed them? But he remembers he betrayed his own kind as well.

What will they do? Will they blame each other? Their own government? Will they point the finger? Or will they just live with it? Will they sorry they allowed this to happen? But they never said sorry to him. Will they tell each other they'll protect them?

Will they protect the harmed that are least deserving?

He can hear a child call out to his father. He even lowers his head. He can hear the child crying. His father wasn't coming.

He can hear them ask why, just like him. Why did this happen? Why, they ask to the heavens. Why? And no one will ever give them an answer. Just like no one gives him one.

He can see them carry each other. Heroes are chosen now. Heroes chosen by the shift of time. Time that is offset.

And then he sees someone familiar. Someone shedding no tears like him. He sees three Agents. Johnson, Thompson, Jackson. . . Even as they show no emotion, they go into the dust. They stain their suits, and everyone will wonder why they are not crying. But they will go into the dust, and save the lives they may one day kill. Even they help. Even they do, and he turns his head away.

He looks away, and hides his eyes behind his shades. But he still does not cry.

Then he sees something. A rift in the dust. And he turns his head, to see the dust spinning. And he is amazed at what he sees.

The One flies out of the dust, and into the sky. He stares at The One, as he stays in air, his tears falling to the ground below. Then The One turns to him, and they stare at each other. Even he knows now is not the time to fight.

The One comes to fly next to him, and together they stare on top of the building. He stands above him, and his tears fall.

Agent Smith, and Neo looked on.

Smith looks up at Neo, knowing not to fight him. He sees what the effects have done to Neo. Smith looks

to his copies standing behind Neo, and shakes his head. Now is not the time, even he knows that.

And Neo cries, breathing deeply.

Smith looks at The One. His cloak is stained from dust and blood. And he sees blood is on his hands. His shades are cracked, as he falls to his knees with Smith. Neo throws off his shades, and Smith stares. Neo says nothing, and only cries.

Even those outside have come, as Smith looks down to see people in black. Rebels. And now he realizes that now Rebels and Agents are in the dust, together, not to fight, not to kill, but to save. Something no one could have thought of.

But no one could have thought these towers would fall.

People have been brought together. People and people who aren't even people.

And Smith turns back to Neo. Neo's eyes are red, as he wipes his face, staring at something he doesn't want to see. Smith cannot help but notice how everything has changed.

And he pauses, before he takes off his sunglasses to see the disaster with his own blue eyes.

But he still does not cry.

Neo turns to him, and Smith stares at him. Neo takes a moment, just staring at Smith, breathless.

Even Smith knows he must do something.

Neo nods, and wipes his eyes, looking back to the city.

Two enemies that in the end will die fighting each other, enemies that have always killed each other, a Virus and a human, now together. Things like this bring people together. They have to be together.

Trinity is helping the injured, and handing them to the firemen. The firemen know she should not be here, but know if they tell her to leave she won't. Morpheus is pulling up a pipe with Niobi and police. An Agent is sitting with a small little girl dying, and calling another Agent to help him. Crews are plugging in, and they are coming.

People are crying.

This is a time no one will forget, they can't.

The day two tall towers fell, and everyone united. And when this is all done, there will be another war. And the wars will continue on. Wars will be won, and peace will begin in both.

But right now everyone is silent. Everyone says nothing, the shock of such a thing. Everyone stares at the wreckage that used to be two tall towers. Everyone is almost in denial. Everyone is sacrificing. Everyone is together.

And as the sun begins to set, The One returns to the dust. The Virus now walks the streets, and sees everyone crying.

He still does not cry.

But he walks without shielding his eyes. His sunglasses left in his pocket. And he walks the streets staring at something he'll never see again. Such unity. Such purity. And as he sees a mother crying, he stands still.

He can hear them cry, and feel the dust. But he can't smell them anymore.

And someone begs him to help them, and he only stares at them. No one ever helped him.

He stands there, the wreckage and broken code belittling him. He stares up at the rising dust, blocking the sun must like the Real World. He can still hear them cry, and the sirens. He coughs from the dust.

He sees people giving up their lives. He sees people becoming heroes.

He sees everything.

And even if he does not cry, he still understands.

One cannot forget this day. The day two tall towers fell from the sky. The day we people changed. The day that would start a chain reaction, inevitably ending in a war. Some cried, and protested the war. Some gave their lives in the war. Some died in the towers. People held their children, and tried to explain the unexplainable. How do you tell people that evil is a foreign face? You don't. Because in the end, everyone is just human. And humans have the ability to kill. But they have the ability to live, and unite.

And like Neo we wanted to scream, but we had no mouth.

That day we died, and were reborn to something better, something stronger.

Agent Smith lowers his head and closes his eyes, his suit being stained by blood and tears. He is lost in the crowd and dust. He does not cry, but he still understands.

September 11, 2001 two tall towers fell.

Dedicated to all who were hurt during 9/11. To all who cried, and sacrificed. Let us not forget.