

Why?

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You always ask, why? Smith is found after Revolutions. A young girl watches him. She tries to help him. But he only asks why.

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1 - Why?

Why?

Why? Why? Why?

Why do you push me away? Why won't you let me touch you? Why won't you let me look at you? Why won't you let me help you?

I found you here a long time ago. I come back everyday just like I say I will. I stay by your side, even after what they say. Everyday I come. Everyday you turn away. I don't understand. You have nothing left. But you won't let me give you anything.

Why won't you leave this place? This abandon building with blood on that wall? Why do you stay here? When I see it only brings you pain. You say this place has a purpose. When all it is, is just an abandon building.

Why do you hide behind those shades? Why do you turn your back on me?

I try to help you. I try to show you happiness. I try.

Why won't you let me help you?

But I know the real reason you stay here. This building is like you. Broken, and battered. Too forgotten for anyone to bother to delete it. Just like you.

I found you here, long ago. I was running away from my home. Running away from my stepparents. And I heard your cries. I was running, you were hiding. You laid on the ground, your clothes torn, your face bruised. Your back was turned to me, and it was hard to see in the darkness. I crept silently towards you. You stopped your cries, and crawled away from me. But I ran after you, you were too weak to even get up.

"Get away from me!" You cried.

But I didn't go away. I stayed. I saw your blue eyes.

You said you were Agent Smith.

Why? Why? Why?

Why won't you take what I have to give?

I believed you. You wore a suit, and edged sunglasses were in your hand. I did not run. You did not chase me.

All my life I have been told stories of Neo, and Agent Smith. Stories all saying of how evil you were. How blind you were. Some say you liked the taste of blood. Some say you are more artistic. Either way, you were the bad guy. And Neo won, saving us, bringing this peace between man and machine. You tried to kill us all. Even though you say that is true, I did not see that Agent Smith. I saw Smith lying on the floor. In pain.

But in a way you have never gotten up.

I stayed there in the corner with you. Even though you fought me, you were too weak to make me leave. You said you never had slept before, you said you'd never would. But you were too weak. You fell asleep at my feet. I watched you sleep. I watched you, protected you from things I didn't yet understand. I didn't go to sleep that night.

Why won't you let me come closer?

You seemed so peaceful that night. A broken window brought in the moonlight to shine upon you.

Then you woke up, and saw me still there. Why were you angry? I still don't understand. You told me to leave. You threatened me, but I knew you were too weak to do anything. I never left you.

I stayed with you, and I didn't know why. I was too young then.

I only left you to get food. I came back with apples, but you refused to eat one.

Why won't you eat anything?

I tried to take care of you, Smith. Forgive me, I tried. No, I'm trying.

You made me go home, you used long complicated words that you had to explain to me, and you made me go home. But I came back the next day. You say you want to be left alone. I know that isn't true. I leave, you die. I'm all you have.

Everyday I come back. I say I'll come back the next, and I do. Sometimes with things. I gave you laptop to see the rest of the world, but you only put it in the corner. I gave you books, some on Neo, some on Agents, but they only take up space you say.

Why won't you take what I give?

You always tell me to go away, even though by now you know I won't. I didn't understand. You were not the Smith from the stories. You were just a broken man, not letting anyone mend your wounds.

You should know by now, I like to mend the wounds of the dead.

You refuse my help, even though I still give it.

I stayed with you all I could. I'd come by before school, and come after. I'd stay until I'd have to go home to sleep. My stepparents didn't care, they never asked where I was.

Sometimes I swear I heard you crying before I came. But you say I'm only hearing things. I know you must cry. It seems like your life was full of pain. I did research on you. To me it seemed you were only angry, and no one was willing to help you.

I'm willing.

Why aren't you?

Sometimes I made you tell me about the years before. When you had your copies and your power. When you fought Neo. That was nearly fifty years ago. I try and tell you what has happened to the world since then, but you don't listen. So I listen to you, and I ask you about Neo. But you make me call him Mr. Anderson.

You say how you almost defeated him. How you almost won. You had come so close, but you couldn't have been farther.

I know it hurts you to recall the past. I can see it in your eyes. You look a way when you speak of it. But you always stalk about it. You don't want to forget what you were, what you had. You don't want to forget your mistakes.

I try and get you out into the rest of the world, but you don't let me. You say you can smell humans. You smell me. You call me a virus. I call you broken. We get angry. Well, you get angry.

Why do you deny?

You deny that you get angry, and this only makes you more angry. You deny you feel emotion, when I see in your blue eyes pain and sorrow. I see eyes that have cried. I'm sorry.

The world doesn't know you like I do. To me you a program in denial. You feel such pain. But to others you are only the Agent that tried to kill us. They won't listen to me. We were studying the war in class. I got in a fight with the teacher on you. My friends think I'm weird. They're not really my friends, they just say I'm weird. They say things about you, and that you're too old for me. They don't understand. And I sometimes see your theories on humans in them.

I fight for you.

Why do you fight me?

Sometimes you say you'll try and kill us again, I know that isn't true. You won't even step outside that building. You won't take my hand.

Sometimes you'd yell at me. Sometimes you'd hit a hole in the wall. Sometimes you'd wear those damn sunglasses. Sometimes you scared me. But you never hurt me. You couldn't. And now I know there is good in you. Sometimes you help me with my homework, and tell me more efficient ways of anything. You don't wear those sunglasses around me. You remember my birthday, and sometimes get me something. Sometimes you smile behind my back.

But I know that smile never lasts long. I don't know this hatred you keep telling me about. This hatred you have for us. I don't see it. You say you hated us. You would have chosen deletion over being trapped with us. But the key word there is would. Not now, but then.

But I know your wounds are still not healed. Sometimes I sneak around and I watch you. You speak his name.

"Why, Mr. Anderson? Why? Why?" You scream.

Sometimes you scream in the shadows. You tell what happened. You say Mr. Anderson went inside you. You say he broke you. Tore your code, made you bleed. You say it hurt. I believe you.

All you are is a program searching for a purpose. You were once an Agent, then Mr. Anderson took that away from you. Then your purpose was to kill him, and rule this place, but he took it away from you again. You have no purpose now. You mumbled all the time that word, purpose. You scare me sometimes, but I never leave you.

Your wounds may never heal. Pretty much, because you won't let them.

You have to let go.

But you won't.

You always ask me why I stay with you. You always ask me why I laugh at the way you talk. You ask me why I'm scared. Why I'm sad. Why I come to you when my stepfather hits me. Why I come to you and cry. Why I fight you. Why, why, why.

But I always ask why too.

I don't understand you, you don't even want to understand me. Why don't you?

We are only brought together by our wounds. I try to heal yours, but you won't heal mine. You can't, until we heal yours.

You ask why I stay. I never give you an answer. Why I cry on your shoulder? I never answer. But you never answer me. Why do you ask me things? Why do you let me cry on your shoulder?

You are the only thing I have close to a father, a brother, a friend. Kind of sad isn't it? My stepparents only scream. My stepfather only hits me. My teachers don't even think I have a chance at getting an A. No one is willing to be my friend. No one cares about me. I don't know if you truly do either.

But you are all I have. I am all you have. Without me, you'd be left here alone. Screaming to nothing. Yelling his name. But that isn't really his name. His name is Neo, not Mr. Anderson, but it doesn't matter to you does it?

Why do you let me come back to you?

Ever since that day, long ago. I've stay with you. Ever since I was a child. You've always been there for me, but you wouldn't understand my affection to you. You don't want to know. Even though you ask me why.

I've protected you, you've protected me. But you'd never understand that. You aren't willing to. Always you ask, why, why, why. Why do you ask, when you know you won't understand? You still hate us in a way. Hate the smell of us. Yet you always let me come to you. You hate us, and you don't want to understand emotions. You don't want to, you'll never accept it. Never will you see your defeat. Or choose to understand us. You want to know what it is like. To feel the cold air, or happiness. You want to know, but not understand.

Why?

Can't you see I try to help you? Of course not. You are always blind. Such beautiful blue eyes, that seem so wrong for an Agent, are always blinded.

Please let me help. . .

Please. . .

Why won't you let me?

Why Agent?

Why? Why? Why!?

Why Smith!?

I've asked myself that question for a very long time now. . . Never really saying it to you. Sometimes I stare at you, when your back is turned. Always questioning, knowing I may never have answers. You always said curiosity was humanity's biggest flaw. I guess, you're right. Countless weeks I spend pondering that question. Wanting to ask you, but never will.

I'm not a child anymore, Smith. It's been years. I don't think you've noticed. I don't think you want to notice. You haven't really looked at me anymore. . . You don't want to see my aged body. You don't want to know about the years gone by since I met you. . . I'm sorry. It's been years. I'm twenty-five now. And you haven't missed one birthday. I smile.

I wish you'd let me help you. . .

I've seen you in pain for so long. I'm so sorry. Smith, please stop. Please understand. Please stop asking why. Please heal. Let me help. No more pain, Smith. No more pain. . . It's hard to watch you all the time. My Smith. My poor Smith. Let me heal your wounds.

I don't even have the heart to tell you of Neo's return. There is a boy that can fly here now. They say it is Neo, finally returned. Even the Oracle says he is. I can't tell you! I know it will only bring you more pain.

I try to help, but I know you'll only push me away.

I try to push into the world, you only run away.

I try to strip you of your suit, make the pain go away, but you refuse.

I try to take you sunglasses, but you turn your head.

I try to find you, but you only become more lost.

My Smith. . .

I'm so sorry. . .

I'm not a little girl anymore. But I still have the pains I've always had. You are all I have.

And I stand here, watching you. You face the window, gazing on the little sunlight you get from it. It hurts you know. . . I know you. Why won't you look at me? Why do you stare at nothing? What are you thinking? Are you thinking of the pain?

Then I see you turn your head down. Yes, it is the pain.

I wipe my teary eyes. It hurts, I know it hurts for you too. I walked over to you. And I wrap my arms around you. You are surprised by the touch, I know. You raise your head.

"Akira. . ." You say my name.

I know. You've never been held before. Even though you really need to. You don't move, I don't think you want me to stop. You don't even look at me. You don't want to. Smith. . . Let me see those blue eyes, please. You don't know what to do. You're going to ask why, aren't you? Go ahead, I'm used to it.

But you don't. You don't move. You stay still, leaving me be. You let me hold you. I hold you tighter.

"Smith. . ." I say. "It hurts. . ."

So long I wanted to tell you.

You sigh, and then raise our hand, and you hold mine. I don't believe it. You hold my hand, and squeeze it tighter. You don't want to be alone. Don't worry. I'll spend the night here.

"I know." You say.

Oh, Smith. My Smith. . .

"Akira. . . Tell me what it is like." You say.

"What?"

"What is it like out there? Why? Why? Why are you like this?"

I squeeze you tighter, you still holding my hand.

I will tell you. You will ask why. I will answer. This time. I know you will listen. I know you will understand. It's been so long. Now you have to.

2 - How?

How?

How could this happen?

How could you leave me? Where did you go? What happened?

You were just here a moment ago. You were here yesterday with me. How did this happen? How did you leave me? I don't understand. After all you've done for me. . . How could you leave?

You were always here, right here. By my side. You held me. . . You talked to me. You gave me so much. But now you're gone. . . How could you leave?

"Akira. . ." I say your name.

But you don't answer.

Akira, where did you go? How could this happen? You said you'd always come back. But not today. Not tonight. Never again. You will never hold me again, will you? I will never be able to hold your hand again. Never again will I see you. I will never heal your bruises again. I won't be able to protect anymore. I cannot fend off your stepfather any longer. All because you will never return.

How long has it been, Akira? Since you first held me? Since I first held your hand? Since you began to heal me? I know it has been years. I know time has passed. I just do not know how much. I don't want to.

You found me here, and you never left. I can remember you. That small little girl. You found me so long ago. You never let go. You were so small, Akira. Your hand was so fragile. You seemed so cold that night. I'm sorry I didn't see that.

I'm sorry I didn't see you for what you were, a scared little girl. Afraid of her stepfather beating her. I didn't see that. I only saw a human.

It had been so long since my defeat when you found me. Years went by, but they only seemed like days. I was alone, beaten, only left by myself. I wanted to die. I didn't want these memories haunting me. But I had already died. Yet there was, alive. I was Smith. I am Smith. I should have won. I should have killed him. But instead I had fallen. I had lost. I never bothered to move after that. So there I stayed. Lying on the floor. Only being plagued his face. He had won. And he left me there.

Emotions. I've always rejected them. And even as I laid there, I didn't realize my pain. I didn't want to. I never would have without you.

I didn't understand. I hated it really. A lonely little girl did not run from me. You did not fear me. I was

Smith. I nearly killed you all. I was so close. It could have been mine! And now, I couldn't even scare a little child.

The Feared Agent Smith was no more. . .

There was no purpose left in me. There was no strength. There was nothing. And there was nothing when I fell asleep. I didn't dream. I only saw darkness. And you were all I saw the next day.

How could you leave me?

You came back every single day. You brought things from your world. I only rejected them. I didn't want them. I didn't want anything from your kind.

I threatened you. I wanted you to leave me alone. I didn't want you filth to infect me anymore. But you were only helping me weren't you? I never saw that. I never wanted to.

You gave me books, I only put them in the corner. I didn't want to know about what you humans thought of me, or Mr. Anderson. They were only your thoughts. I was there. I know what it was. Your theories meant nothing to me. But you know, I read them when you were gone. . .

Remember you told me stories? The stories about me? What your people thought of me? I liked hearing those stories. It reminded me that I was the one that was in those stories. I made you fear me. All of you. But then you'd say that wasn't me. You know you were right. . .

You always seemed to try and help me. Try and give me food. Try and tell me of your world. Try and say you're sorry. But I never listened. I never said thank you. . .

You'd make me tell you of my past. How I became the Virus, how I was freed. I'd turn away from you sometimes. Do you know why? It hurt. It hurt to say I came so close, and failed. All I had to do was kill him. I knew I could have won. I saw it. But I only saw what I wanted. Akira. . . It hurt. It hurt to know he won. He killed me again. . . It hurt to recall. Because I only recalled the pain. I remembered screaming. . . Trying to hold my code together, but the pain too great. I can remember that night so well. . . The rain poured from the Matrix sky. Green lighting brought little light. My copies surrounded me. Giving me secret protection. Reassuring me I could win. There was only hatred in my voice that night. . .

"Why, Mr. Anderson? Why? Why?"

Sometimes I yelled his name when you weren't there. I couldn't let go, Akira. I couldn't forget his name. I feared if I did I would forget. I would forget who I was, and what he did to me. I yell his name. Calling him to come back, finish what he did. Either kill me, or die. But of course, he never came. It was just a small wish from a broken part of me. A part of me I wanted to forget, but never would.

I don't understand why you stayed. I never accepted anything from you. I barely talked to you, or look at you. I did nothing. But I guess, I did do something. . . Because you always came back. No matter how much I yelled. That is when I came to get use to you.

Remember you used to cry? You used to come to me, run to me. Run away from your world to me.

You'd work your way into my arms, and cry on my shoulder. I'm sorry I never understood the sadness of tears, the pain. I didn't understand how hard your world was to make you cry. I only knew that I should hold you. I let you cry on my shoulder. We'd sit in the corner, my arms around you, and your head rested. Do you remember that? Sometimes you'd fall asleep in my arms. And I would have to hold you until morning. I never understood your pain. I'm sorry.

Sometimes you'd say you were alone. You had nothing, just like me. Sometimes you cried because of your bruises. . . You'd never tell me where you got them from for a while. Remember?

You never told me, until I smiled at you for the first time. I don't recall what I was smiling about. But I did. I didn't really deny that smile either. You laughed, and hugged me. But I quickly left your hug. You didn't feel hurt, I think you expected that.

You were different from them Akira. . . You reminded me sometimes of myself. You cried, like I did once. I never told that. But I cried. And then I realized your pain.

You'd come to me, bruises on your arms. Your stepfather hit you. Remember I use to make the pain go away? I'd heal your bruises. I'd heal your tears. I didn't even really mean to. I just did.

And then I made sure not to forget your birthdays. I know that those are very important to humans.

Then there were others days you'd ask me things. Things that hurt. You once tried to tear my jacket off. I screamed at you. I never took my suit off. Never. Just like his name, it reminded me of what I was. Who I was. Who I am. I was never going to forget that.

Then that day came. The day I will never forget. The day it ended, and something greater began.

You held me. . .

And I held your hand. . .

You told me what it was like. I listened. Do you remember that day? I don't doubt that you do. It was day my wounds, as you said, began to heal. My past would be left in the past. And you helped my future.

You weren't a little girl anymore. . . You were grew so beautifully. I can picture you now.

Remember the first day I left that place? My so called home? Remember you pushed me out the door? You took off my jacket, and my tie. You said I wouldn't look so weird then. And I got to see the Matrix for the first time in over fifty years. I can remember the smells. The sounds. No one recognized Agent Smith. I suppose that was expected.

I can remember the day you told me about his return. I did not show anger. I did not show you anything. I didn't want to show you that, you didn't deserve more pain. You said Mr. Anderson returned, but you said Neo. . . That night, I screamed, I punched a hole in the wall. . . Then I just fell to my knees. I think I fell asleep from the pain. . . I dreamed of that night again, Akira. . . I relived my pain again. . .I'm sorry, I can't let go!

If I let go, if I call him Neo, if I take this suit off . . All that will be gone. All that ever happened will be gone. . . I can't do that. . . I can't. I'm sorry.

I woke up and you were in my arms. You must have come to me, during the night.

Do you remember? You told me I was screaming in my sleep. I was shaking. I was crying. . .

I turned away from you, and you only pulled me back. You wanted no more. No more turning, you wanted me to look at you.

Then you took my sunglasses off. . .

Why did you stare at me?

"Everything is going to be okay. . ." You said that.

But it isn't okay anymore. . .

Then you got up, and I stayed on the floor. I didn't move. You gently took off my jacket. . . My tie. . . And you rested on my shoulder.

"I promise."

You promised me, Akira. You promised!

Then we left that place. We went out into the world, and you held my hand, as we walked in the park. Children laughed and played, and I only stared, unbelieving.

I never listened to children play. I never listened. I never heard that sound before. . . I only heard the voice of Mr. Anderson. . . And the rain.

But now. . .Everything seemed so nice. We got ice-cream that day. Remember I got a brain freeze, but I still like the food. You laughed, as I tried eating it for the first time. I miss your laughs.

You started coming to me with things you never brought before. You brought your music, and your CD player. Remember, I liked techno, and you liked rock.

Then you brought your drawings. . . They were beautiful, Akira. They were of me. . . Almost all of them. They were so perfect. They were so detailed. . . You got my hair just right, and I smiled. You said you had been drawing these since you met me. You gave me some that you drew back then. It showed me in a corner, sitting, my head down, and you. This little girl stood across the room. You didn't show our faces. They were darkened. You made it seem so sad. Then your other ones. . . The one where I'm smiling. I'm smirking at you, like I just said something witting. I like that one. And the one where my suit is torn. My arms are bleeding. . . And the one where I'm back to back with Mr. Anderson. I like that one too. You laughed and handed me more and more. I smiled at you.

Then you said you wanted to draw me without my sunglasses. I paused, and looked down at the

drawings. Yes, in all I had my shades. Then I look to you, and you gently came up to me. You took them off, and you stared at me. I stared at you. You said I had beautiful blue eyes. . . I loved your brown eyes.

. .

I asked you how I should pose, you laughed, and said just stay still. So I did. I sat across from you, my legs spread apart, and my arms on my lap. You smiled, and finished. It was the most beautiful thing I had seen.

You said you had posted these drawings on the internet. But no one liked them because they were drawings of me. You looked down, and I leaned closer to you. You seemed so hurt. You seemed like you had fallen, and not gotten up. I was the same way. I wanted to help you. I wanted to heal you, like you had tried with me.

Do you remember when I kissed you?

How could you leave?

Remember when I shook Neo's hand? A couple years later. He was still a young person, only about fifteen. He wore a cloak still. Remember? His parents were killed, and he lived with the son of Morpheus and Niobi. I forget his name, but he was as old as you. Remember you said you had pulled some strings to get there. And there I stood. The boy that would become The One. I could have killed him. I could have choked him to death. I could have worn a suit. But I didn't. We stood in his house, and I shook his hand. I called him Neo.

You told him who I was. He said he knew, he could see it in my code. The boy didn't seem surprised, or scared. He seemed understanding. He showed me no emotion, just like before. . .

I remember you were proud of me. You told me, and kissed me. I smiled at you. That night was beautiful. I never wanted it to end.

How could you leave that behind?

Then we did it. You came to me, and pulled off my jacket, and tie. You threw away my sunglasses, I only stared at you, not understanding. Then you took my hand. We left that place that day. We would never go back.

We went to your house. Your artwork was hung on the walls. Only a couple of me. More of Neo, and the world. More of the final battle I had told you about. And more of the aftermath. More of the renewing world.

You made me something to eat, and said you had some shirts I could wear if I felt like it. Remember I stared at you and smiled. You asked me what, and I grinned. Then we ran to be alone.

You healed me.

Now you made a whole new wound. How could you leave?

I liked staying with you, and you laughed at what I said. You said I still sounded like an Agent.

Remember we saw the Oracle? She smiled as she saw us. She gave us cookies, and told me good things. Things that came true.

Then your stepfather came. He was drunk, and asking for money. You screamed, as he busted in. He punched you. And I protected you. . . Remember, I held you. I held you. He struggled, as I grabbed him. He punched me, and I resisted to punch him back. I could have killed him.

Then people took him away.

How could you leave?

You cried that night, I cried with you.

Our lives began to heal, Akira. We were okay. Everything was fine. Everything was perfection. Everything had a purpose.

We were together. You healed me, and I healed you.

We watched Neo grow up, and marry Trinity. We watched them have children. Neo made me a godfather.

Remember?

Remember!?

How could you leave!?

You promised!

Where are you now? Where did you go? Why did you leave me!?

"Akira!" I yell.

I had to get away. I couldn't find you. I couldn't hold you anymore. You just weren't there! I had to find you!

So here I am now. Back to place I was long ago. Back to where you found me. Will you find me again? Will you come back to me here? Will you come to the place where you first saw me?

I run into the moonlight of the broken window, I fall to my knees.

How could you leave me?

At my knees I see them. My jacket, and tie I left long ago. The life I forgot, right here. I pick them up, they're dirty with dust, and are wearing away. I stare at them, my hands shaking. And I throw them into

the darkness.

"Akira!"

Where are you!?

Come back! Akira!

You found me here, right here! Now find me again!

Please. . .

"Akira!"

How could you leave me!?

How could you leave all this behind!?

You said you'd always come back. You promised everything would be okay. You did all this! How could this happen!?

You love me! I love you! How could you leave me!?

Why won't you answer me? How could you leave me? How could you?

How could you die?

Years have gone by, Akira. Years and years. Humans age. Humans die. Don't do this to me, please. . .

My tears fall to the ground.

You died last night, you left me. And you're not coming back. You broke your promise! Akira! Come back!

My wounds are now reopened, and I bleed again.

Humans age. Humans die.

Humans die. Agents. Viruses. Programs don't.

I can't let go, Akira! I can't forget! I won't lose myself, again. This is me, Akira. Me. Me is with you. Akira come back. . . Please. I'm nothing now. . . I died with you. . . You took me with you, and left me here. I'm alone again. Akira, I don't want to be alone. Not again! Not again! Please! Come back. . .

You told me you'd always come back. You promised me. You held me. You kissed me. You healed me. You told me you love me. I told you I loved you too.

I was going to protect you forever. I was going to let you cry on my shoulder, and you were going to let me cry. You were going to teach me more. I was going to tell you more. We were going to go see Neo tomorrow. We were going to watch his children.

We were going to do so much. We were just beginning. My love just starting. My wounds now healed. But . . .

I fall to the ground. I don't want to get up. I don't want to leave. I won't leave. Never again. Not until you come back.

"Akira. . . I love you."

But you don't answer.

How could this happen?

How could you leave me?

How could I let you go?