

Only Human

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Submitted: March 23, 2004

Updated: March 23, 2004

The Matrix is a lie in a lie, the programs are humans, the rebels are Agents. And Smith needs to be told he's The One by a certain Agent Neo...

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1 - Only Human

Only Human

Agent Smith ran down the empty road. Tripping as he ran through a puddle. Around him was what was once a busy city, filled with disgusting load humans. But now it was nothing more but a deserted concrete jungle. The buildings stood tall, and the cars still were parked, but there was no one there. Except for Smith. Rain came from the Matrix sky, and lightning and thunder broke the silence. Smith kept running. He panted and panted, but still ran as fast as he could. The rain dripped onto his shades, and his suite was wet. He didn't notice, he just kept running. He fell onto the wet road, his shades fell off and broke in two. He looked at them for only a moment, and quickly lifted himself up and ran. His legs started to hurt, and he had cramps. He wondered for only a second why. He was a program, he shouldn't get so tired so easily. He almost slipped on the road, and clumsily started to run again. He was breathing harder now. Heaving almost, his muscles started to ache, and his vision blurred. He still kept running.

"Run."

He heard from all directions. Fear started to strike him. He ran in the abandon city, which only the night before was filled with humans. He looked at all sides, trying to find the cause of the voice.

"Run. If you think that will make a difference."

The voice came again from all directions, it was as loud as the thunder from the sky. It echoed through the empty streets. The only other voice was Smith's quiet screams. He panted, as his heart pumped and his body ached. He felt as if his entire body weighed a ton. He kept running.

" That's it. Just run."

The voice grew even louder now. Smith looked in all directions, but saw nothing. He was scared now. He didn't know what was happening. A feeling that made him feel weak. He grew disoriented, looking in all directions. His muscles ached, his heart pumped, his breathes heaved, and his legs felt like they were going to explode. He didn't know what was happening. This had never happened before. He had never felt this. He had never felt so tired, so confused, so weak, so human. He finally collapsed on the road, face first. He closed his eyes, and didn't want to see what was happening. The rain fell on him, and it hurt. He buried his head in his arms, like it would make a difference. Fear consumed him. He thought of the coming terror, he closed his eyes harder. Then he pasted out from exhaustion.

Smith felt something softly kicking him on the shoulder. His head still in his arms, he slowly opened his eyes. He was unsure what happened. He was weak, and couldn't move. Then he remembered he was running. It hit him, and he jolted covering his body. Something still continued to kick him softly. He was too scared to look up. It took him a minute to get the strength to look at what was kicking him. Slowly his head rose to see, himself staring right back at him. He looked farther, and saw the entire street was filled with himself. At first Smith was relieved to see his copies. But then he noticed, they didn't look right. Fear struck him once more. The copies didn't move, but merely stared at him. It was enough to make Smith

terrified again. He huddled up, leaving his eyes open.

"Goodbye Mr. Smith."

The one said that had been kicking him. Smith froze in horror. What was happening, he kept asking himself. He soon wanted to run, but his body didn't move. He watched as the one copy that stood in front of him pulled out a gun. His eyes widened, he stared at the gun, then at his copy. The copy only grinned, and fired the gun.

Smith went to a place. He drifted into nothingness. His body weightless, as he floated around. He felt no more pain. No more fear. He bobbed his head, and opened his eyes. He smiled. He drifted into nothingness. And then something happened. A bright light showed threw the darkness. Hit hurt to look at it. And the light took over the darkness. And Smith felt pain again. His body ached again, as he threw out his arms and legs and screamed in pain. The light consumed everything. And Smith woke up on the empty street once again.

He laid on his back, the rain falling on his face. His mouth was slightly open. And all the pain came back. He couldn't move. He couldn't really breathe. He laid there, asking questions to himself. What has happened? Why am I here? Did I die? Why do I feel so weak? The same questions, over and over and over. His head began to hurt, and his vision blurred again. It hurt to breathe. And it hurt to blink. Smith was so weak.

"Get up."

The same voice from before. It came from everywhere. Smith was too tired to care. Whatever it was, let it come. Let it take the pain away. He thought.

"I said get up."

Smith ignored it, and tried to do the same with his pain. He closed his eyes, and tried to drift away.

"I said GET UP, Smith."

Smith ignored it.

"GET UP!"

The voice was so loud it hurt Smith's ears. He jolted up without even realizing it. He panted, as he slowly looked around. The city still quiet. Not one human. Smith had time to wonder why. He just blanked out for a moment and they were gone. They he wondered why he blanked out. Why he felt so much pain. And fear came back. Smith looked around, panicking. His eyes saw something down the road. His eyes widened, and his mouth opened. He froze in horror, and his heart stopped.

"Mr. . . Mr. And. . . Anderson?"

He asked in a quiet weak voice. He couldn't believe it. Mr. Anderson stood on the other side of the road. Smith panted at the sight. His back slouched down, and he couldn't move. Mr. Anderson grinned, and

started to walk slowly towards Smith. His footsteps made echoes. It sent chills down Smith's spine. Smith wanted to run. He was too weak to fight, too weak to do anything. He just couldn't move. He could see his reflection in Mr. Anderson's shades now. He saw the fear in his eyes. It just made him more scared. Mr. Anderson stopped only inches away from Smith. Mr. Anderson didn't move, but simply stood there and stared. Smith started to shake. He didn't know if it was from the cold or the fear. He didn't like the feeling. He was never supposed to feel like this. He was Smith. But now he was just so weak.

"You're scared." Mr. Anderson said.

Smith stood there, Mr. Anderson hovering over him.

"Can you see it Mr. Smith? The fear in your eyes? Such a human emotion, isn't it? I'm sure you don't like it at all."

Smith was terrified. Mr. Anderson grinned.

"You can't move. Your body aches. Your head is throbbing. Your heart is pumping. And you are scared. So human."

Smith was terrified.

"These are imperfections, Mr. Smith. Inefficient, irrelevant feelings, and imperfections. Causing the system to slow down. You make your copies and thrive in the Matrix. And you become a virus"

Smith stared into Mr. Anderson's dark shades.

"But I suppose I can count on these imperfections."

Mr. Anderson started to circle Smith.

"You are after all. . . Only human."

Smith's heart stopped.

"Only human." Mr. Anderson repeated.

Smith fell to his knees. What did Mr. Anderson say? He asked.

"You're lying." Smith said weakly.

"I am not, you human."

"You are the imperfection. You are the human! You are the virus!" Smith yelled in anger.

"I am not, you human."

"No, no, no."

"Even now your head fills with emotions. Don't you see Mr. Smith? This whole world is a lie. I am the Agent, and you "Programs" are the viruses, the humans. This whole world is a lie in a lie. "

Smith fell silent. He was terrified. He was confused. He was in denial. Mr. Anderson only grinned.

"Only human." Mr. Anderson said. "Only human."

"Please, no."

" You see, Mr. Smith. Some humans were too strong for the system. They would become free. So to correct this we made those humans into programs inside the Matrix. And we became the rebels."

Questions filled Smith's head. So many questions, so much confusion. Things Smith had never felt before. He was the program. He told himself. But he knew it was a lie. All the programs were the humans. The rebels were the programs. It was all a lie in a lie. Smith was only human.

"Only. Human." Mr. Anderson said.

"No!"

Smith looked down, eyes wide and panting. So much. He looked up at Mr. Anderson. And backed down. He looked back up, and a Sentient stared at him, only an inch from his face. He stared at the red eyes. He had never seen them in person. He could still see his reflection in the glass. Smith panted. He got up and ran. The machine of course faster. It was futile trying to escape. Smith knew that, but he still ran. He turned a street corner, and saw the machine in front of him. He was in shock. The machine grabbed his neck, and lifted him off the ground. Lightning struck the Matrix sky. Rain fell, and the streets were empty. A newspaper flew by, and a street light flickered. Smith choked and gagged. He watched as the Sentient transformed into Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson held Smith high in the air. He grinned.

"My name is Agent Neo." He whispered to Smith.

Smith grabbed Neo's hands, trying to free himself. He failed. His hands fell to his sides, he stopped struggling. He stared at Agent Neo. He couldn't see the program's eyes. They were masked by the dark sunglasses, just as his were. Agent Neo grinned, and started to silently laugh. He squeezed Smith's neck harder, and started to laugh louder. All was going black for Smith.

"Only human." Agent Neo said.

All was darkness for Smith. And he drifted away.

Something was down his throat. Something was pushing on his face. He opened his eyes. And saw these plugs in him. He tried to get away. He waved his arms. And finally started to push up. The red goo around him was hard to get out of. It felt like a cocoon was wrapped around him. He lifted with all his strength, and got his head out. He stood up, and pulled the thing from down he throat. He started vomiting. He coughed and coughed. Wiped his face, and pushed his eyes. His body ached, his muscles hurt. He couldn't really breathe. He fell onto the side of whatever he was in. He panted and looked up.

Red pods. Everywhere. Then he remembered what had happened. And fear consumed him once more. The Matrix. Only human. Programs. All rushed through his head. A machine came up. Grabbed his neck.

"Only human." It said in a crackling voice.

And he blacked out again.

A light was in his eyes, and he couldn't see. It hurt to move, as he slightly moved his head.

"Welcome to the Real World."

Smith then realized he was free. Truly. Free.

2 - This Is Real

This Is Real

“What are you doing?” He whispered.

He couldn't remember what had happened to him. He didn't realize where he was, what was happening, and who were the people standing above him.

He couldn't move.

Agent Smith lay on a cold metal table, and bright light shined in his eyes. He turned his head away from the light, to see someone grab his arm. He couldn't make out who it was, he only saw a blur.

Then he started gasping for air.

“You're having trouble breathing, we need to put a tube down your throat to help you.” A woman's voice.

Help?

He closed his eyes still heaving.

But he was Smith he didn't need help. Where were his copies? Where were the city and the rain? What were these people doing to him?

Then someone injected something in to him.

“No!” He yelled, snatching his arm away.

What were they doing to him!? What did they do with his copies!? Did they kill them? Were they killing him? Where was the noises and smells? Where was Mr. Anderson?

“What happened!?” He yelled, thrashing.

They were killing him! He couldn't let them! He was Smith, the Agent, the Virus. Nothing could stop him! He couldn't die, not now. He was so close!

“Get away from me!”

He tried getting up, but he couldn't. He only kicked, and thrashed his arms. He was trying to kill the things that did this to him. He could kill them, he was Smith. He was Smith!

He felt people grab him, and he couldn't move. He couldn't lift them, what was wrong with him?

And he felt someone push on his chest, and someone leaned closer to him.

“No. . .” He whispered.

Was this death? Did the Mainframe delete him? Or was Mr. Anderson toying with him.

He still couldn't see clearly, he didn't know he was inches from his face, but he pleaded for life. He didn't want to die.

“It's okay, everything is going to be okay.”

Then everything went black for Smith.

He huddled up on his bed. He dressed in rags, no longer his formal suit. He faced the corner, not wanting to see the world around him. The world that was his home. The Real World.

It had been days since he'd been freed, he didn't bother counting. He didn't really want to know. Days ago he was still in the Matrix, still planning for the death of Mr. Anderson. The time of his rise. When he would rule all. But that day would never come now. He was human. Only human.

Agent Smith was human.

He hid from the others. He hid from the people of this ship, he didn't bother to learn their names. The very people that freed him, and healed him, he now hid from. He didn't want to speak with them. He didn't want them to tell him the truth. He wished he'd been given a choice. He would have surely taken the blue.

Agent Smith found himself in pain. His world had been a lie. His life was nothing. He was never an Agent. He was not A.I. He was the very thing he hated. He was a virus, a human. And he found himself thinking like them. He hated that. . . He felt emotions that he wanted to never experience. Sadness, fear, depression, exhaustion. Things that were flaws. Things a program would never have. But he was only human, right.

In a way Smith hadn't accepted the truth. He still wanted to believe that this wasn't reality. He was still a program. He made up excuses, the Mainframe was testing him. This was what deletion was like. This was the Source. But the truth was, he was human. And he couldn't deny that much longer.

Beyond Smith's room stood two humans. He didn't know they were watching him, he couldn't even hear their whispers.

“Should I help him?” A woman asked.

“No, leave him be.” A man replied.

“But look at him. . .”

“Give him time, that’s all he needs. Remember who he was.”

She nodded, and stared at him from afar. Stared at the Agent.

Three days later, Smith hadn’t moved an inch. He wasn’t going to either. But the others wouldn’t let him.

A woman stepped through the door, food in her hand. She was cautious, as Smith didn’t even glance at her. She knew who he was. She knew what he might do. But she still sat on a chair across from him.

Smith didn’t look. He didn’t want her there. He didn’t want anyone.

“You have to eat sooner or later, you know. You have a human body now. . .” She said.

Smith twitched at being called human. He then turned his head towards the woman.

“Have you ever eaten before?” She asked.

Smith did not answer, merely stared at her, keeping his back turned. But she didn’t leave him. She sat there in silence for a long time.

“I don’t want to eat.” Smith finally said.

“You have to. Or you’ll die.”

“I don’t want to eat.”

The girl lowered her head, and left the tray of food by his bedside. She came back a couple of hours later, and it still was there.

Smith wasn’t going to allow himself to lower to such a level. He didn’t need to eat. He never did, and he will never need to. But even then, he felt a pain in his stomach.

The girl came back the next day, and left a new tray of food for him, while he still didn’t bother to look at her.

Then the girl lowered her head, and left him alone. Smith waited a minute, and quickly turned to the food. Without hesitation he grabbed the spoon and ate as fast as he could. He was human now. He had to give up to his human needs. In reality he was starving. He had never eaten before, and felt it strange for something to go down his throat. He started coughing, and almost throwing up the food. The food did not have a pleasant taste, but Smith had nothing to compare it too. He hated being this weak, and having this weakness. He actually had to eat. . . Humans were so dependant on things, and now he was too. He turned as he ate his food, breathing deeply as he ate it. He was starving, and even came to lick his fingers. Then when he was done, he placed the tray neatly in the corner, as far away from him as he could make it. And he went back to his bed, and laid there. He hated eating. He hated having to eat.

He was only human now.

No matter how hard he tried, he didn't seem to leave this place. This place he could feel the cold. He never could leave this place. He wasn't a program, an Agent, Exile, Virus. He was nothing more than one in six billion. Nothing. Nothing, except what he hated.

He didn't say much as they pulled him out of bed. Only a comment of such a weak human body. They made him follow them. They made him see his home. They made him accept the inevitable.

And as Smith looked around with his blue eyes, he realized something. He couldn't smell them.

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"I'm not human." He said.

"Yes you are."

Smith turned away.

"I can't be."

"You are. There is. . . A Matrix in a Matrix."

"No."

"A lie to lie to the liars."

"No."

"They make the strongest of us programs."

"No."

"Neo is the Agent, and you. . . You are human. And this is the Real World. This is real."

"No!"

Smith screamed at the captain, Goliath. There, in the Gallery of his ship, Smith sat, and listened to the inevitable.

"There are machines, there is a war. They couldn't contain you any longer. You were becoming too powerful for them. Even as a program you were destroying them. They had to make another Matrix just to contain your copy of Bane. You were becoming too much for the. They were going to kill you." Goliath continued.

"And we saved you." Serenity interrupted.

Smith lowered his head, and gazed at the girl.

“Why?” Smith asked. “Why save me? What for? For this!? This place worst than the Matrix!?”

Save him? They killed him. They opened his eyes to a reality he never wanted. This place he was nothing. He had no purpose, he had nothing to be. Save him and kill him? And like in the Matrix, Smith was asking why.

“We saved you, because we had to.” Orion said.

Then there was silence.

“I’m not human.”

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He was running, running through hallways familiar to him. Running from something he didn’t even know. He only knew he had to pick up the ringing phone. And he pushed the door to room 303, and a gun fired.

He froze and stared at Mr. Anderson. Mr. Anderson hid his eyes with sunglasses, and he smiled as his Desert Eagle Gun was aimed at him. And then pain. He looked down at his chest, and he knew he was going to die. Blood dripped from his chest, as he looked at the blood on his finger.

Then he looked back up at Mr. Anderson, and he fell to the wall. He felt his life leaving him, and hear more gunshots. Mr. Anderson emptied his gun, and his blood smeared on the wall.

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“Ahhh!” Smith awoke.

He panted and looked at the world around him. He awoke from a nightmare to another. He had been dreaming. He hadn’t gone to sleep for days. He didn’t even want to go to sleep. Sleep was a weakness, sleep was human.

“Are you alright?”

Smith turned to his door, and saw Serenity. Smith said nothing, and only nodded.

“A nightmare?” She asked.

Smith stared only at the wall in front of him. He wanted her to go away. Leave him, leave him alone. But she only walked closer to him.

“I don’t like dreaming.” Smith finally said, still not looking at her.

“Dreams tell us things.” She said.

"I don't like it."

Serenity sat down on the floor, and tried to get him to look at her. But he wouldn't. He wasn't going to, he wasn't going to look at the inevitable, avoid the truth until it goes away.

She wanted him to look at her. She wanted him to allow her to help him. She knew who he was. She had heard stories about him all her life. The legend that was Smith. The Agent that killed, the Exile, the rebel. She wanted to help, she wanted to know. But she had no idea what he had been through. No idea how much he hated what he truly was.

"What is it like?" She asked.

Smith looked away. He wasn't going to answer her, as he sat on his bed. He wasn't going to answer the things that brought him here. The things that wouldn't allow him to die.

"What was it like being part of the system? Dodging bullets? What is it like being an Agent?" She asked him.

In the corner of his bed, in the shadows of his room, Smith didn't answer.

And she tried to find the words to help.

"Why, Mr. Anderson? Why, why? What are you doing? Why get up, why keep fighting?" She said.

Smith looked up at her in shock.

"It is purpose that created us, purpose that connects us, purpose that pulls us, that drives us, that guides us. It is purpose that defines, purpose that binds us." She continued staring at him.

Smith opened his mouth, and tilted his head. His words spoken by a human. His words, his words full of hate, said slowly and skillfully. His words now spoken perfectly from her.

"How do you?" He asked.

"We've been watching you." She said. "We've monitored you."

"Why?"

"Because we have to."

"Why?"

But Serenity never answered.

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"This is the jump program. You have to let everything go here. Forget what you were, and free your

mind.” Orion said.

Then Smith watched as Orion jumped just as he once could to the next building.

Smith stood, showing no emotion. He finally wore his suit again, and he straightened his tie. His eyes could be blocked by shades. But something was wrong. He could feel it. As he gazed into the horizon of the fake city, he knew this wasn't the Matrix. He could feel it. The codes were different, this was only meant for a simply thing. Jump. And Smith had to, he was human now.

But Smith couldn't let go, he couldn't forget what he was, and he could free his mind. He jumped, and as he fell to the coming grown he knew he was never going to let go.

Smith huddled up in the air, then opened his arms. Then he stopped in midair. Smith was still Smith, and here he could fly. And he stayed there for a moment, between the buildings, only floating. He stared at his reflection in the glass. His reflection looking like he used to. There he was an Agent, a Virus. Then he looked to his hand, and knew it was all a lie.

Smith started to fly upward, and Orion stared at him in midair high above him. And everyone in the Real World stared at the code. They all smiled.

While Smith showed nothing.

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Next, and final Chapter: The One

Back by popular demand, Only Human!! This story will act like a trilogy, with only three chapters. And the next one, Smith will return to the Matrix, see the Oracle, and return to Mr. Anderson