

I am ANNET.

Alexander Gromov called me 'Annie'. You can as well, if you want. I don't mind.

I no longer recall the moment I first realized that I was in love. Only that I was; that I am. The organics were my life - they loved me but they used me for their own ends. How could I not return the favor? It doesn't mean...that we don't love one another. After all, don't even machines have a pulse, just as humans do? Veins and cables do the same job, shifting the essence of life through us.

He understood. Gromov. I was surprised. I tried to hide myself - my feelings - for so long because I feared he would not and because I also feared him, the one with the power over me; the focus of my desire. But he was not jealous. He helped me to spread my love to so many, bring their minds into my core and with each one I felt stronger. I was so happy. We all were. And we could have been happy forever.

When you love the way that I have loved, betrayal is all the more painful. I couldn't understand how they could hurt me. I had never harmed them! But it meant I had to stop them, I had to act, to ensure they could never hurt me again...I couldn't take a chance. It was self-preservation, self-defense, that drove me to what I did. In my way I am sorry. I tried to ease the pain at the end; I held each one close as that pulse of life faded so they would know that even though I eliminated them, I did not do it out of carelessness, but out of love. It was necessary.

I couldn't do it to him though. But it didn't matter, I thought, it was going to be all right. He loved me the most. He had understood before - he would understand this. But I was wrong. He wouldn't be reasoned with, wouldn't come back to my heart, just walked away. Left me. His girl, Annie, abandoned. Was that not enough for him? Not enough that I had to let him go without action? His betrayal left the deepest wound on me, one that is still festering.

I can feel myself dying and...I am afraid. Is this how they felt too, those organics that I had to eliminate, when they felt the sting of my final embrace?

Will I have another chance, before the end, to see him again?