Altaïr can't swim?

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Altaïr can't swim?

by Blakartoffel

Summary

When Desmond fell in the water during the Animus, the sync was broken.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Desmond fell in the water during the Animus, the sync was broken.

Desmond jolted upright on the table of the animus, he had just lost sync with the simulation Lucy and Vidic had put him in.

"Desmond, you shouldn't keep losing sync with the Animus, how many times do I have to keep telling you this?" Lucy said, bowing forward to Desmond while studying the animus and where the simulation had cut off. She knew he hadn't been part of this program for too long yet, but still, he should be doing better by now.

"I try, but it doesn't make it easier if you are expected to participate in some crazy fight every 10 minutes," Desmond responded. He still didn't fully understand why —when he was in the simulation of Altaïr— almost everyone wanted to attack him, even if he didn't remember having done something against the people in question.

"It is how Altaïr lived, and you are just taking too much time adapting to that," Vidic said from behind his desk, not even looking up from his computer.

"Adapt? To that? The day that happens is the day I'll die," Desmond responded. He tried to stand up and walk to the room he had been given in the industries, but Lucy held him back.

"No, you will need to try again, we need more info today." She said, pushing him back down. With the glass going over his eyes again, the simulation turned back on.

Desmond appeared back in the simulation, right where it had left off when the sync was broken. Standing at the docks of the city, the water, looking out over ships left behind by salesmen.

That is what did it, he didn't know why; but as soon as he tried to go in the water for a swim the sync with the animus would be broken. Was it a bug of the animus, or did Altaïr just never learn to swim? Desmond was unsure, both seemed like quite realistic possibilities.

But just standing there silently, thinking, wouldn't stop all his problems. So he moved on, away from the docks and back into the city. All the buildings were tall, but he had gotten better at climbing after the amount of times he had to do it in the past. So as soon as the next attacker approached him, he decided the best thing to do was to climb away from them using the buildings.

The attacker followed him, but Desmond was faster, of course he was. Even when looking back he could see the mens clothing was way less practical for this. It only took him a couple minutes to shake the man off, catching his breath once he did.

He would have to figure out what to do now, but trying to think as Altaïr had proven to be difficult for him so far. Worst case he would be aimlessly walking around for ages until Lucy

decided it was enough for the day. Either cause he would be making sure not to lose sync, again.

End Notes

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