

ACTRON: THE END

#3

by Stanley Lieber

Of course the silver was fake. It had been years since he'd aged. If it were up to him he'd skip the pantomime, but his employees expected a certain bogus *gravitas*. These days, he dressed like a high school coach working weekends at a car dealership.

Grisham's Formula always worked. He smeared the questionable paste across his forehead and kneaded it into his hair. Instant stature. They'd think of him as a dad.

For the conference calls it probably didn't matter. Nobody he'd be speaking with much cared how he carried himself. But for the sake of consistency he kept himself on model. He found it easier to keep track of himself this way.

Now, where was he?

Thirty-six employees were being let go. It was time to make the announcement.