

ACTRON: THE END

#7

by Stanley Lieber

It was time to dye his hair again.

Tom kneaded the Grisham's Formula into his scalp and waited for it to take effect. The inevitable sales boost.

Was this stuff affecting him?

Could anything affect him?

Being born had been traumatic enough. now he had to contend with efficiency stats, human resources, public relations, labor boards, local agreements, office politics, quarterly budgets, and the fact that the hair dye recalcitrantly refused to turn his hair completely silver. He looked like a young man wearing an old man costume.

And he wasn't going deaf. He thought. If anything, his superpowers had intensified as he aged. He was stronger. He was faster. And he was pretty sure his hearing had actually improved. Therefore, he could only conclude that *sound itself* had degraded.

His reverie was disrupted by yet another call from Piro.

Which was curious, since Piro had been dead for thirty years.