

ACTRON: THE END

#8

by Stanley Lieber

The concept of this stable inner core is ancient and tenacious, but it is an illusion.

They all died. As much as he could remember, he was aware there was much (or more) that he had forgotten. Whole people. Entire eras. The continuity was by now completely muddled. No editors.

Piro was gone, he was pretty sure, but his memory of the pirate persisted. Tom found that it helped keep things straight if he pretended at conversations with his dead brother. He could write him in his sleep, for whatever that was worth.

Tom wrote some stories. His pen was dying. He didn't really sleep last night. His coworkers were useless idiots. No speakers had enough bass. Nobody was buying his silver hair, except for the people who would agree reflexively with anything he said. His legs hurt.

Shut up.