

ACTRON: THE END

#9

by Stanley Lieber

The last time Tom spoke with Piro he was interrupted. When the conversation finally turned back to Tom's subject, Piro asked him to repeat what he had been trying to say. Tom shouted, "I don't care!" and stomped out of the room.

That wasn't quite how Tom remembered it, but nevertheless that was how it happened.

Nowadays Tom was marooned in an isolation cell, solitary confinement, transporting himself to DET86 aboard a miniaturized RAGNAROK shuttle. He'd booked the flight himself, bereft beyond believe at his current status, re: dead relatives.

What did he imagine was waiting for him at the other end of this journey?

Unknown.

He pressed the button on his cell door and opened the tiny observation window. Snaked his arm through the hole, fishing for the exterior door handle.

Let himself out.

The craft was small. No galley. He rummaged under the seats for snacks. Found his stash.

It was going to be a long trip, and he had forgotten to pack entertainment. The shuttle refused to activate his visor, so he was effectively blind. But this wouldn't stop him from eating chips.

His mind wandered.