

ACTRON: THE END

#10

by Stanley Lieber

This time there was no reprieve. Tom closed his eyes and opened his eyes but he was still aboard the ship. He was still thinking about being on the ship.

He was pretty sure.

It was hard to tell with the dead visor. He'd lost the little wrench he used to remove it. Nothing to be done, then, until the ship docked at DET86.

Mars.

It was going to be a long trip. He'd purposely locked the ship into a slow transit. Voice commands disabled, without his visor there was no way to alter his course. It figured. It was very much like him to change his mind only after it was too late to do anything about it.

Space, at this speed, was pretty boring. Forward in time, one click after another. Not quite lateral movement, but it was not at all apparent from riding in the cabin that any advancement was being made towards the secret Martian base. He was boring himself speechless. It was a dead-end sentence.

It couldn't have been this bad back when he was in charge.