

ACTRON: THE END

#11

by Stanley Lieber

"I'm an idiot," Tom said.

There was no argument from the crew, who were not aboard and thus had no way to respond to his remark.

Tom slumped in his chair. Then he opened another bag of chips. The pattern had become apparent even to him. He watched himself eat the chips and then he watched himself wipe his hands across the front of his shirt.

What was he doing?

Well, there was no one to ask.

His eyes drew to a slit beneath his ruined visor.

Waitamminute.

It was at this moment that Thomas suddenly recalled his childhood. The whole shape of it, a smearing quicksilver ellipsoid, entered and exited his mind like a tadpole shooting across a pond. Yes, like a bullet through his brain.

However, no ripple, no impression registered in Tom's consciousness.

Unaware of the momentary disturbance, he returned automatically to his chips.

Program continues.