

ACTRON: THE END

#14

by Stanley Lieber

K.A.R.L. had gone into sleep mode. At last, the cabin was quiet. Thomas climbed back into his isolation cell and engaged the locks. With both observation windows open, he could reach through and touch both sides of the cabin. The cell fit him like a straitjacket. The scope of his imprisonment was limited only by the size of his craft.

He sighed.

Back and forth. how many times had he made this trip?

He whistled to himself.

Presently, K.A.R.L. resumed.

"I *hate* Indiana," he said.

Thomas ignored the *non sequitur*. Indiana, its existence, whether or not it sucked, had never significantly registered in his awareness. If not for Woody on CHEERS, he wouldn't even remember having heard of it.

"So what," Thomas said. "Pass the chips."