

ACTRON: THE END

#23

by Stanley Lieber

Kid, don't crack on me now. Your government has invested a considerable amount in your future. Don't throw it all away just because you got a little itchy about your role in the arrangement. Hell, you knew this was coming. Isn't it what you signed up for? In any case, don't embarrass yourself. And give me a break. I'm only going to warn you once.

A message from *where?*

It was enough to put him off his peas. But something wasn't right. Aside from the string of disconnected clichés, the handwriting was definitely not his father's. And his father was dead.

Wasn't he?

Thomas tapped his tray, and noticed that it came unlatched. He removed the now dangling cover to reveal his father's real intended payload.

A pristine Timex Sinclair 1000, with 16 KB RAM pack.

He connected the device to the panel on his cell door.

The lights went out.

THE END