

## SIMILAR HERE

tags: 1966, mars2, tab2

31 December, peeing off the balcony to welcome the new year.

It really was taking a long time to climb up this hill.

A dialogue box appeared.

### SIMILAR HERE

TAB2 clicked, reflexively. He couldn't really see what he was doing, and maybe he even missed, but there he was still on the steep side of the mountain, data gloves stabbing wildly into the... whatever it was... and he'd be damned if more of the same didn't seem like too good an opportunity to pass up.

Things began to happen.

First of all, he was knee-deep in gray mud. Contra dust. The windswept side of the mountain seemed to be meeting him halfway, perhaps even moving in the opposite direction as himself. In any case, suspiciously giving and friendly. He rejected this out of hand, the residue of his long training instantly justifying the substantial investment by his country. A cynicism he'd internalized through early grade school and on into the present. There was no even-handedness when he was even-handing, so shut the fuck up.

The hill was sliding down on him.

Okay.

He clicked, and clicked, and clicked.