

by M.G. Higgins

I stare at the sun. It is bright. It is warm. Is it me who thinks this? Or is it my skin chip?



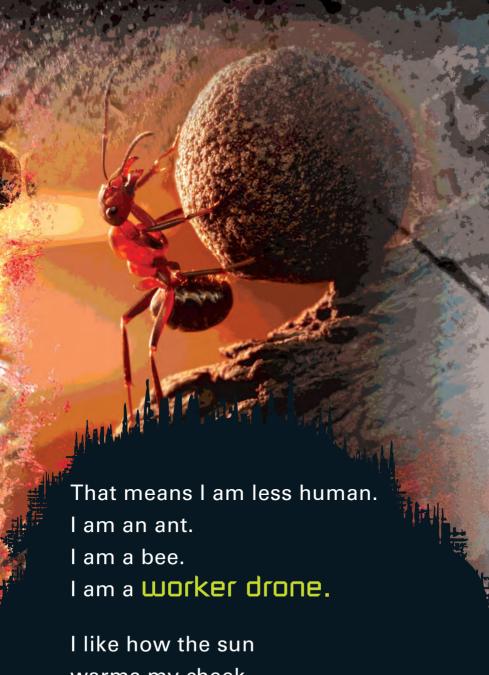


"Ten-nine-one!"
The boss calls my name.
I turn. He frowns.
"Get to work."



The boss is part human. So am I. But he has more human parts. I have **1255**.





warms my cheek.



