

Hooter

by

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Got off botbus. Went straight to busterm. Better safe than sorry.

Huge busterm. All are. Don't know why postcrash gen built so big. Maybe that many people before popcrash. Not after. Maybe wishful thinking.

Some homeless inside. Asked one, "How's outside?" Said "Daytime okay, stay in night." Techmech doing everything, worldcop watching everything, still crime, still homeless. Go figure. Clicked him some dollars. Strolled away.

Big busterm. Shops at edge. Went to food. Slid into booth. Clicked menu. Anything you want. Hamburger, onion rings, sweet tea. Roller arrived. Slid food over. Rolled away.

Time for new id. Been long enough. Gotta be careful. Menu nets busterm data. Busterm data nets all data. Worm through busterm data to anywhere. Not allowed. Do anyway. Know how.

Wormed into iddata. Not allowed. Did anyway. Know how. Set new id. Trashed old id.

Wormed into bankdata. Found abandoned account. From before popcrash. Before my time. Before grandparents time. Grandparents gen lived popcrash. Lucky few. Parents gen built techmech, worldcop. My gen use techmech, evade worldcop. Get by. Know how.

Clicked new id to abandoned account. Have funds again.

Crossed busterm. Into bedplace. Door scanned new id, greeted, began autopay, new account. Whatever I want.

Trashed suit. Took shower. Into bed. Tomorrow, new suit, food, first botbus out. Anywhere. Don't matter. Like to travel.

Life's a hoot.

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