

Hooter

by

Sam Aurelius Milam III
c/o 4984 Peach Mountain Drive
Gainesville, Georgia 30507

This story was first presented here on Tuesday, November 15, 2022, and was most recently revised on Sunday, November 27, 2022. It [also appeared](#), as revised, on page 3 of the December 2022 issue of the *Frontiersman*.

This document is approximately 408 words long.

Additional stories are available on my [personal website](#).

This story is LiteraShare.

That means that it isn't for sale and that it isn't protected by a formal establishment copyright. As the author, I ask you to extend to me the courtesy that is reasonably due. If you copy the story, then copy all of it including my name and address as shown on each page, and this LiteraShare Statement. I invite you to provide such copies for other readers. If you quote from the story, then do so accurately and give me credit. If you care to make a voluntary contribution to me, then I prefer cash. For checks, money orders, or PayPal payments, please inquire.

This page was intentionally left blank.

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.

This page was intentionally left blank.