

ACT 5

FINALE

Page E1

The man in the suit reaches into his pocket and extracts a capsule from a sealed box. "I'll warn you," he says, "these are likely to be excruciatingly sour. But don't worry. That's the active ingredient at work."

Don't eat that, says the Voice. You'll regret it.

As the man approaches, you obligingly open your mouth, and he drops the capsule in.

...

When you regain consciousness, the sun is shining through the window. You're in a hospital bed, surrounded by onlookers.

"Congratulations," says someone, who you recognize as the general you spoke to before. "The cure we tested on you proved effective. With your help we were able to feed nonsense into the zombie telepathic matrix. There's nothing left to do but mop up. And I do mean mop up."

"Fortunately," says a white-coated man, "we were able to revive you afterwards. I'm afraid it took a whole lot of transplant parts, but we had so many to choose from. And enough of your brain survived that you'll retain much of your original personality and memory!"

THE END.

You may choose to start again at page A1.

ACT 5 (cont'd)

Page E2

As the man in the suit begins to reach into his pocket, a door bursts open behind him and in rushes... your friend Alice?

A guard moves to block Alice, and there is a blur of motion. The guard collapses in a heap.

Now, says the Voice in your head. *Take out the guards behind you while your counterpart deals with the heads of the Mundane Resistance.*

But what about the handcuffs? Oh, well. Having nothing better to try, you exert some force on your handcuffs. They pop apart. Wow, apparently you are transhuman.

You tear at the plastic that covers you and spin around. Your guards are moving very slowly. Only after you have clubbed the first one with his own rifle do you consciously realize that your high-fructose-enhanced reflexes have given you superhuman speed.

You dispatch the guards and lock the door, then turn to see Alice standing over the prone bodies of the Mundanes. She smiles.

Now what? you hear her ask, inside your head.

You have done well, says the Voice. *The two of you are the pride of transhuman engineering. You should have no trouble escaping this building, now that your grafts are fully healed and your true potential has been unlocked.*

But first, says the Voice, *it is finally time for lunch.*

THE END

You may choose to start again at page A1.