



**MEMORY STICK**  
**SECTOR F-3**  
**LEANNA'S EXPERIENCE**

"Carlos. Carlos, are you all right?" I am breathless and wet with panic and pain. "Carlos! Stop screaming. Tell me what's wrong!" Leanna's voice yanks me out of the dark place where I had been taken by her memory stick. I've decided that was a silly thing to do. I know for sure.

It all began after we rescued Houston and Toby from the chancellor's office. Great movie action. We were hiding out, like the Dalton Gang of nineteenth-century America. The chancellor of the Federation even had a bounty for each of us. Frisk!

For a while, we used the ship's camouflage system, blending in with the surroundings. But there's a limit on how long RUBy can hold the ship in chameleon mode, so we moved to Mount Everest to wait for things to die down. Rizin was sure no one would look for us there. He turned out to be right.

When Rizin felt it was time, we made our way to Cyborg City hovering over Omaha, Nebraska. Our ship is docked on the giant hover barge filled with junk and throw-away stuff from everywhere on the Earth. The floating junkyard, like its sister barge, known as Gypsy City, provides fuel and hard-to-find parts for just about anything.

Rizin called for Epps, Houston, and several other cyborgs to join him in tactical plans. It's hard to keep count of the times Rizin has stated our objectives. "First, we are committed to keeping Leanna free until she is granted an open trial. Her existence will prove that clones are independent beings and should be free. The second goal is equally as important," Rizin always adds. "We want civil rights for the cyborgs. No more second-class citizenship." Then raising his fist in victory, Rizin ends with a cry for action. "Justice!"

"Justice!" we always respond.

Before leaving the ship, Dr. Epps pulled me to the side. "Leanna's resting. I've cleared her mind of the horrible ordeal she experienced at the Topas Corporation and placed them in a memory stick," Epps explained in her military officer's voice.

Epps had a brilliant medical career in the air guard. Then she crashed in an out-of-the-way place somewhere in New Zealand. The surgeons gave her six artificial parts. Saved her life, but ended her career. Epps is a certified cyborg, and no less a superior doctor, but her practice is limited to the Moon Colony, far removed from the medical establishment. No more awards and recognition, just the appreciation of her fellow cyborgs.

"We'll treat Leanna's artificial purple skin, and she'll be back to her normal self after a few more treatments." Then Epps gave me the cylinder for safekeeping, saying, "Give it to her when she awakes."

As soon as Epps left, Houston approached me. I was wondering what he was going to tease me about this time.