

# **Blank: Madam Doesn't Like That**

## **by Zhanna Hamilton**

### **EXCERPT**

The Arlo read a large sign passing by on the boulevard.

KILL ALL BOTS!

“What the hell is Razor doing?”

“She'll be fine. She does it all the time.”

“Does what all the time? Never mind. Don't tell me. We have to stop her.”

Zen crossed her legs, tapped the console with long, golden nails and stared past the protest.

“You stop her.”

He watched Razor lift a helmet off the ground and put it on, pumping her fist as she walked into the chanting crowd.

“I can't be in a protest, Zen. I have a career to protect.”

“Sounds inconvenient.”

“Don't we have somewhere to be?”

“And we'll get there.”

“This is ridiculous,” he said, stepping out of the pod. He tried to spot her. Nothing but angry strangers. Walking towards the crowd, he felt the electric energy of frustration.

“PEOPLE OVER BOTS! PEOPLE OVER BOTS!”

He stood at the edge of the moving spectacle and scanned for Razor.

Against the grain of the crowd, he spotted the oversized biker's helmet with flowing blonde locks extending beyond the edges. She grabbed a bat off the ground near a closed psychedelics store.

“Razor, no!” he yelled, his voice drowned by the raging chorus.