

ENGAGE [2] Science Fiction



ALMOST HUMAN

by M.G. Higgins

I stare at the sun. It is bright.
It is warm. Is it me who thinks
this? Or is it my skin chip?

Warning my mind chip
tells me. I look away. I am like
people in that way. The sun can
hurt my eyes.



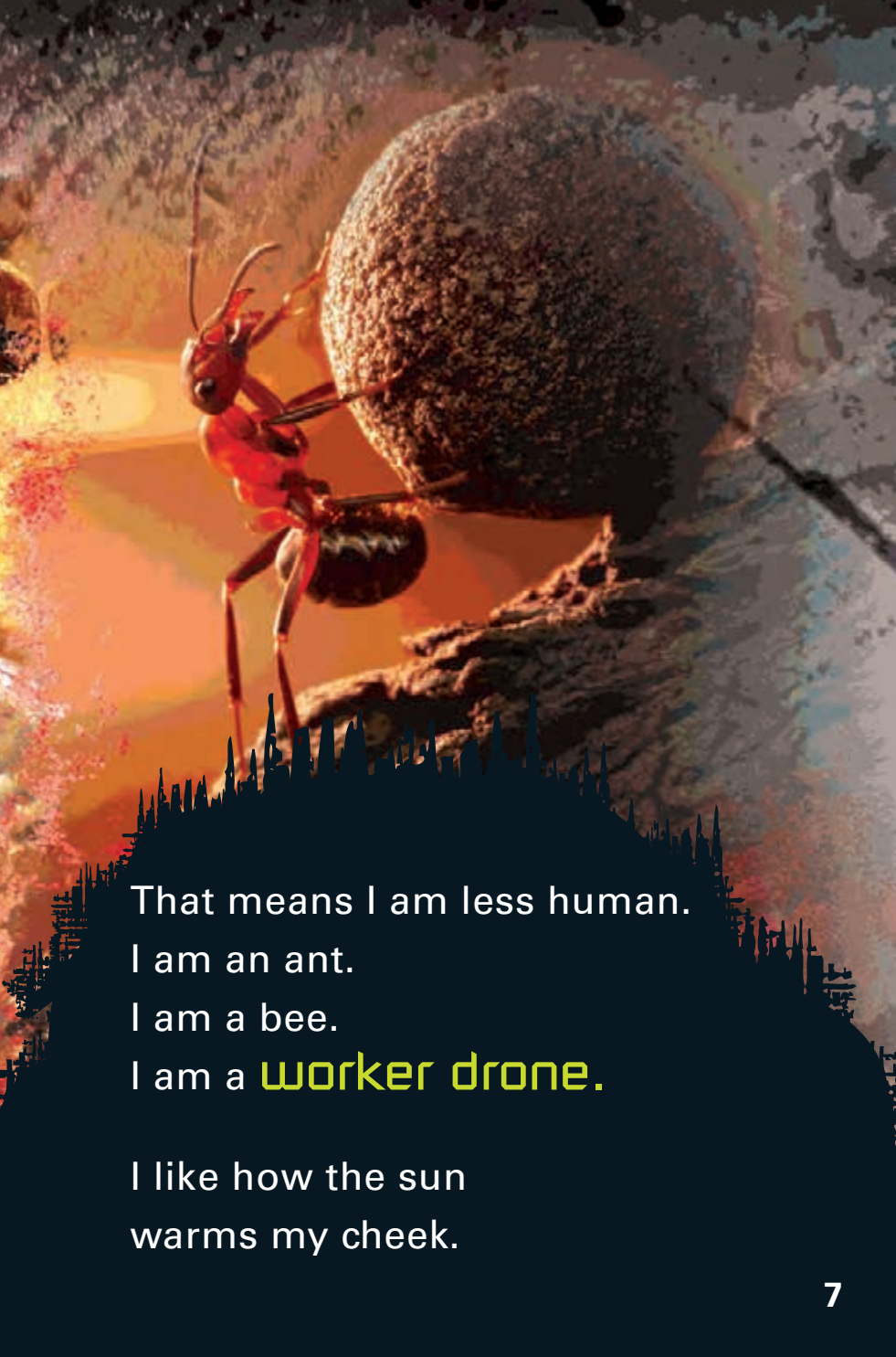


"Ten-nine-one!"
The boss calls my name.
I turn. He frowns.
"Get to work."



The boss is part human. So am I.
But he has more human parts.
I have **less.**





That means I am less human.

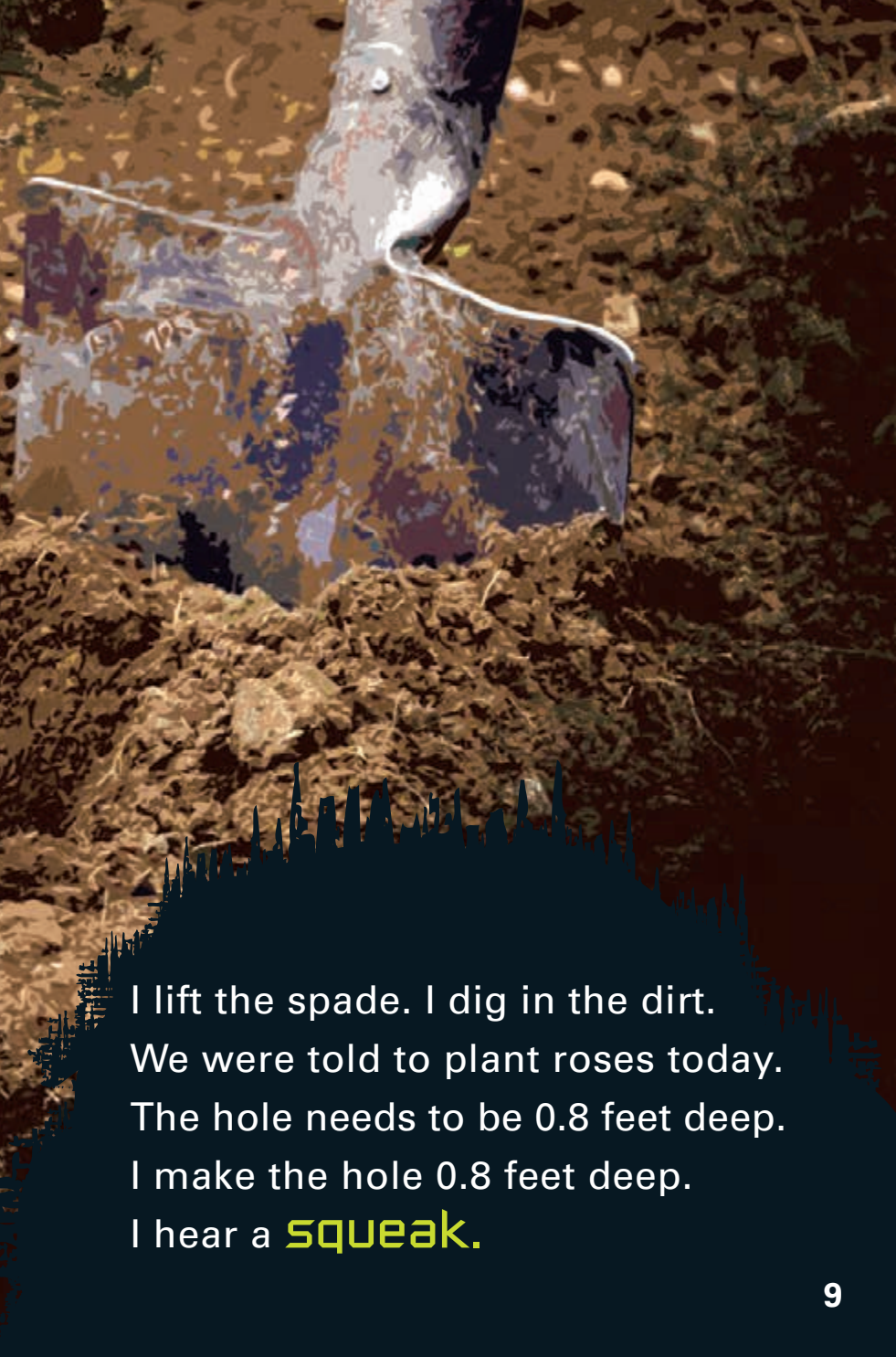
I am an ant.

I am a bee.

I am a **worker drone.**

I like how the sun
warms my cheek.





I lift the spade. I dig in the dirt.
We were told to plant roses today.
The hole needs to be 0.8 feet deep.
I make the hole 0.8 feet deep.
I hear a **squeak**.