

## INTERZONE

She looked around at the canteen with its shiny white surfaces, its smiling staff collecting plates and delivering food. The glass walls curving up and over their heads to form a blue-tinted ceiling, the drones and air pods vying for space in the air, the skyscrapers glinting like columns of diamond and glass.

He took her hand. "What's wrong?" he asked. Her mood watch was glowing uneasy green.

"Nothing," she replied, but she was frowning. "Just something he said."

"The speaker?" he asked. "That was all speculative. Theory."

"I know," she said. "But what if it isn't just theory? What if - "

"What if what?"

"What if all this is a simulation?"

He smiled at that, and it seemed to her that his smile was made of numbers. His eyes sparkled, and in them were tiny flashes like starbursts.

"Yes," he said, "But what if it *isn't*?"