

The disk

Hedönin jumped over the roof following the disk thief. *I must not lose him*, he thought.

Ten loads, quick, he ordered to his second-life Gë.

A flying ball of soft skin zipped in front of him and bubbles of light streamed down to him.

Hedönin slowed in mid air, his body rigidifying. He scanned the streets below, it was still early but the city was awakening.

There, I got you!

The thief ran inside a building, the precious bag clenched in his arms.

Speed landing.

Dozens of light bubbles streamed from Hedönin to Gë. He darted toward the ground. At the last instant, the stream inverted and Hedönin landed smoothly.

Running speed.

Gë siphoned the surplus of load plus a little bit more making him lighter. Hedönin rushed between the early passerby and followed the thief inside.

The room was full of vendors installing their display. He heard shouts. An old vendor was yelling at the thief who had knocked over his fruit stall.

Hedönin dashed past the old man and grasped the thief's jacket.

He was propelled forward, hitting the thief's back. They both fell on the ground.

Twice load.

He blocked the thief with one arm and opened the bag with the other.

By Bliss! The disk had been replaced by a cherimoya.

The old vendor, he thought.

Hedönin turned.

The old man was nowhere to be seen.

Hedönin was running out of time, his daughter was dying, he needed the disk.