

# Neuromancer - Linda Lee

*William Gibson, 1984*

He'd found Linda Lee waiting in the loft, huddled in the dark with the gray sheet pulled tight around her thin shoulders. Her face was there in the dark, pale and pointed, framed by dark hair.

"Case, I was so scared." She shivered against him, and he held her, feeling the bones beneath her skin, thinking of birds.

He'd met her in the Chatsubo, just another face in the neon-washed crowd. She was from the Sprawl, like him, running from something she'd never name. She had a habit she couldn't kick and a smile that made him forget, briefly, what he'd lost.

Before the war, before the damage, Case had been the best. He'd flown through the matrix like a bird of prey, diving through walls of corporate ice, snatching data from the bright towers. Then they'd burned him, his employers, and everything had gone gray. The matrix was closed to him now, locked behind damaged nerves, and the world of meat was all he had.

Linda Lee was part of that world. The warm, fragile, temporary world of flesh. She held on to him like he was the last solid thing, and maybe he was.