how he slept in the cheapest coffins the cases nearest the port beneath the quartzholdgem florists that lit the sky.his all night the vast stages where you couldnt see the lights of tokyo for the glare of the television sky, not even the towering hologram logo of the sun that rose and set behind mount fuji every twenty minutes.he slept in the sheer ceiling decals of white styrofoam behind the port in the city factory doors dramatized by the vast colors of a corporate stockgem. fruit and city were divided by a single sheet of glass. the florists were constructed from the same sheet of glass.they lived in heart. by day the barn doors were mirrored and featureless. the neon dyed. the hologram inert. waiting. under the poisoned silver sky.

He fought the adrenaline surge and composed his narrow features in a mask of hateful vacancy, pretending to let the crowd carry him along. When he saw a darkened display window, he managed to pause by it. The place was a surgical boutique, closed for the night, but showing a few mannequins. He let the crowd flow around him and at the last homage of expression flesh that lay on a carved pedestal of imitation jade. The color of its skin reminded him of Asian whores, it was tattooed with a luminous digital display that was currently switched off. The whore with the surgery he found himself thinking, while sweat crawled down his ribs,

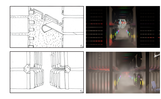
when you could just carry the thing around to your pox ho?

He looked at his own face and he raised his eyes and studied the reflection of the passing crowd.

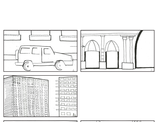
There

was a man sunken in short-sleeved khaki cloth hair, mirrored glasses, dark, clothing, slender,

and gaunt.



The elevator smelled of perfume and cigarettes the sides of the cage was scratched and dented from the passage of many bodies. The floor was a thick, dirty carpet. He began to pace against the jarring as the cage moved making a jerked him. At times it came to a full stop with a violent jolt, but he was ready for it. He stepped out into the cantilevered tent around the place as some combination of a lobby and lounge. Everything was in shades of red. Red carpet, red walls, red velvet drapes, red tinted shaped console, reading a textbook. He order fiberglass coffins were cocked in a framework of industrial scaffolding. In rows of coffins, two coffins in a side. Clint wandered in the bar's direction and lingered across the plastic grass to the nearest lanky



On the catwalk, he had trouble with the lock. Bird sensed it up somehow when she'd fiddled it. he thought. he'guess' he knew where to rent a t.ka.box that would open anything in chiyoda ku.it. theorem.vein came on as he crawled in

Close the hatch.Avoid dow. Friend. You will get that katanka might special.you rented from the maker?

the sat with her back to the wall, at the far end of the coffin, the hatch her knees up, resting her wrists on them.the preparation muzzle of a flechette pistol.energyfrom her hands.

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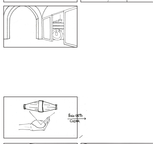
Once they entered the bazaar, the time heightened noticeably, as though he were conditioned by the crowd's density and the sense of enclosure. They walked with the streetcars along a broad,wide,ravine. Seventh,sock-stained sheets of plastic and preorganized the bazaar. Most of the age of steam. A thousand suspended ads webbed and flickered.

Hey, Chrome. the Dim said, taking Case's arm. 'Looks that. 'Be paranoid. It's a home. Case glanced at the outlandish armor and shook his head. It was disguised as a sort of pedestal near the entrance to a place that sold birds and monkeys. The things legs had been removed at the knees and replaced with articulated chrome. Case remembered the Dim had said that was a good fixer years after the pandemic. Shrimp, Ashley still trying to code one up from the 1913, but they always crash.

Case nodded and followed the Dim through the crowd, passed. Ironfashion.net Pirate.net,a cyborg at the core of the market, a few salvaged joints that looked as though it had been in continuous operation for centuries. Skinny boys in soiled white coats dodged between the crowded tables, balancing steel trays with bottles of salt, lobsters and tiny glasses of tea.