

## SABINE's DREAM [b] e2 contd.

A paddle-wheel riverboat ahead proceeds on a set of tracks that runs from shadow DC, under the secret pentagon, up and out the Chesapeake through the Patapsco and Patuxent, to all the evil places that can be reached. Towering gigantic atop the baleful barge is a fortress, a monolith that proceeds glacially while corpses plummet from its heights and explode on the surface of the water, the churning order of things. Sabine hoists herself up over the bow, lent cover by the roiling exhaust of departing F-35; which explodes horrifically against the cavern walls seconds after departure from the carrier with no clear objective... A salvage party is sent out to collect the corpse for disemboweling and re-emboweling with contraband, but this crew fares no better, as dismembered operators, instant amputees, join their brothers-in-death. Thus, engaged in their own games, Sabine slips under the ship's deck unnoticed.

On entering she is confronted by a procession of doors. Behind the first, a girl being lowered into a tank filled with goo, presumably to be drowned in goo. Furrowed brow scientists take furious notes on clipboards, next door, hm, another girl drowned in different color goo, another door more goo but this time the tank bursts and dissolves screaming the adjacent lab coats. Monsters strapped to gurneys, not very impressive looking monsters, gross, yucky, but not super-soldier material.

Some of the ones in the deep-sea tanks seem to exist only as an experiment in making a maximally weird thing.

Some sentient disease here, some kind of new cancer gun... A party of goons in the next room she shoots dead just like that with her new cancer gun just to test it, it was take-your-daughter-to-work day she's crying WahWah but you get the feeling this has some sinister human shield function that undermines the piteous effect it should've had.

Massive fog clouds rise, then strobe in and out of vision, flashing over an indoor golf course which encompasses an entire human field of vision and serves as the hidden ruler's turf plastic palace garden. There's a couple holes here with some politically charged "warzone" themes, at first Sabine thinks it could be funny in a kinda *détournement* way, like what if this was a gallery installation somewhere, but it's actually only cruel. The combat casualty-caddy uniforms the hired help's wearing doesn't add much dignity to the situation, but oh!

It turns out these aren't caddies but demons occupying sh-sh-shells!, leering forward, red hooded form towering, a myriad of inscribed codes on their "person"... National Endowment for Democracy lanyard, studied abroad with USAID affiliated fellowships, Georgetown educated. On realizing that bad guys wear uniforms or at least transparent disguises, Sabine is thrilled with the green light she's just been handed to kill 'baddies' with impunity.