

SABINE's DREAM [b] e2

The only industry for miles into the Summit of Maryland Cliffside/CASINO GUNSHOP BAR THEATRE rail tunnel is cadaver processing. Down-on-their-luck Victorian surgeons lurking with gas lamps while wage slaves dismember and drain, ostensibly splaying the gore for bats and bugs to fulfill sustainability quotas, but to a discerning eye, it's clearly a scheme to get company hires to internalize the "Hurt self/hurt Others" program.

Bored into the walls are two joining right angles made with special industry drills for just such a thing. Horizontally aligned, giving pairs a surface appearance of un-united points, separate and apart. To preserve this image the openings were all sealed and locked, contents obscured. With x-ray vision insight she could make out, in sprawling rows dulling glinting not as light but as its potential, fossilized and stratified, recorded names of high school classmates, former coworkers, anyone she ever encountered on a forum or half-entertained fantasies of. *"An uncanny mine of souls,"*

Through a swinging portal, backlit by her lighting crew, strides Sabine. She drops into the nearest seat, fumbling around a bit since this place's kept real dark, dragging on her rollie, the brazen little oxygenated glow setting off a chain reaction of similarly red similarly carcinogenic lamps that light the whole place up now, swelling and falling, eclipsing 'n gliding past each other, a system of spheres but no paradisiacal mirrors.

In fact, everything that comes into contact, don't merge a bit! [when two lights meet, it's said to result either in the destruction of one or the averted course of the other..] Slot machines line every wall, stacked on top of each other, some systems delicately balanced tilting forward, to be accessed by the several load-bearing spiral staircases looking a bit rickety, leaning, never collapsing but often bucking a player off, who will then bounce a few feet forward with a mug of beer stuck over their head.

Little artisan stands are an established presence, with their collapsible awnings tented on the bar to protect from thrown bottles and arcs of piss sent down, the accompanying giggle 'oft only heard too, too late. The ceiling, far above is made of glass and steel, illuminating a stark, wet, lime ceiling, whose previously impressive geological features have been erased to a sheer oppressive imminence. Ah, well, that would explain the piles of dripstone and flowstone outside, the delicate forms of which include once wholly intact draperies crushed under haphazardly tossed calcite, all buoyantly bobbing in an azure pool by the establishment's side entrance. One would hope the whole thing would hope would remain in some, albeit decreased, splendor, at least something resembling it, just by the fact of its prior inarguable majesty something must remain, but *hélas!* The geological realization is rendered indistinguishable from decades-worth of trash bags dumped on top of it.

