

The Wild Silence: Intro

by Mary Diamond

He huddled against the wooden beam of a chop suey stand, glaring out into the giant technological organism that was his city. Lights, hulking monstrosities and endless possibilities were teeming in the night-hustle that surrounded him.

The rain began with a few large and awkwardly spaced patters. He pulled his jacket closer and checked his messages. Sometimes when he felt out of place, it gave him a reason to be there.

Nevermind that it's a handheld device and he could do that anywhere -right here and now he was checking them.

He certainly was not loitering near a chop suey counter waiting for a mysterious woman to sidle up and pass him a brown paper sack.

There was even less possibility that he might be engaging in what was pretty much a life outside the law.

His night's wages would most certainly not be earned at the cost of someone else's misfortune, or plucked from the pockets of a random victim of circumstance...

...or maybe they would.

