

REVERSE CRIME



The President cut diagonally across Central Park, marching past the Dakota without so much as a glance in the direction of the men who had financed his reelection. Straight into a deserted field. Feet cramping, he discarded his stiff, leather shoes and trod through the dirt, his mind flashing on a particular high he had not experienced in what felt like months.

It had been three days since his last hit of the crack rock.

As he traipsed past a fence and into the tall grass, the familiar reverberations of a ghetto blaster thumped through the brush, flagging his awareness.

Jerrymander switched spectrums and immediately staggered backwards as the pink triangular frame of the RAGNAROK populated his visual field.

1OCT1993.com
stanleylieber.com



massivefiction.com

