

BRASS CEILING

by Stanley Lieber

Around the room, displays flashed and fell dark. Save for dance of candlelight against the brass ceiling, illumination honored the void.

Programmatic barrier.

In point of fact the interference was locally generated. Piotr's equipment floated near the darkly shining obstruction, negotiating constraints.

What was this? Difficult to move. Bumped my head.

Brass ceiling.

The guests comingled. It was unusual to find them all here, conversing openly.

"Sometimes I suspect I'm the only man alive who doesn't want to die," I opined.

"You don't have to like it, you just have to do it," quipped Piotr.

Too true.

But: Ingress only, for this lot.

I wondered how much they paid to get in.