

LATERAL DISCONNECT

by Stanley Lieber

She got mad.

The green doors all opened. Then closed, inhaling and exhaling rhythmically. Costumed partygoers scrambled for the blinking exits, but most stopped short as the portals once again slammed shut. In summary, few of the club's members achieved egress.

Obviously, none of them had trained for the objective. Also, none of them understood what was happening.

Piotr tapped his ear. I adjusted my visor and the audio finally synched to his moving lips.

"...and then we're all finished here."

Nodded. Then followed him out of the club back into the ship.

"Boneyard," declared Piotr into his collar mic.

The ship commenced the slow process of compressing the club for longterm storage. The club folded, then folded again. Shrinking. Denizens still trapped inside had by now achieved visible panic.

"What a time to be alive," I lamented, and the membership, though none of them could hear me, seemed to agree.

Compression completed, THE RAGNAROK sighed and closed the file. Removed the temporary copy from memory.

Piotr sat down on the bed and removed his visor.