

TEXT ADVENTURE

*'OUR
ENEMIES
ARE
FLAT'*

stanley lieber

1

Paris Mold lay on the ground, his legs spread wide to provide consistent support for his lower back. His finger moved, preparing to squeeze the trigger of his rifle.

After some time passed he realized that his finger had not moved.

He wondered at the discrepancy.

2

Albert Lunsford lay on his bed, repeating the same thought to himself in words nearly audible to his ears. It was difficult to speak.

"Hey."

Lunsford spoke into his collar mic.

"Can't talk now. Paralyzed."

Paris Mold continued to stare at his immobilized finger. He noticed that other peripherals had also failed to engage.

"Depressed. Feel like killing myself."

Paris looked at his hand.

"Don't."

Lunsford seemed dissatisfied.

"Why don't you ever want to talk to me?"

Paris' finger twitched.

The gun fired.

Paris switched off.

3

Nana Mold lay on the kitchen floor and stared at the ceiling. Slowly, she raised her knees to her chest, then lowered them gradually back to the floor.

Repeat.

Probably, she should not have attempted to move the bed by herself.

At this point, she was stuck. Skirt moved, but wouldn't dance.

Legs, too.

Reached for her knife.

4

The Vizier lay sprawled on the dance floor of the White Room.

Sharpened fingernails dug into his palm. Probably, he should not have attempted the head-spin.

People were laughing at him.
Eyes blinked in the disco lights.

5

Piotr's head rolled gently from side to side, his gaze sliding across the ceiling of the head. He groped on the marble floor for his gun.

Legs wouldn't work.

Propped himself up on his elbows and rolled over.

Tactical disadvantage.

6

The Ragnarok sat idle. Persona responsive, if inactive.

She didn't know what to do.

Spine had stopped responding to commands.

Rogue back. Can't make it do anything.

But no. Drop it.

Serene.

Wait for him to come home.

NOTES

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