

GRAPHENE ASPHIXIATION

tags: 1964, mars2, tab2

Previously, 30 October.

It wasn't really as swift as all that. The process of migrating families would unfold over months, if not years, and not all of the projects were moving. Compartmentalization ensured that the workers' assumptions remained firmly speculative, even after they had been proven accurate. But this did nothing to quell dissent amongst the student body.

"If I fail Facebook Analytics a third time I'll be kicked out of the Army!"

TAB2, on intersectional economics.

His pink hoverboard (graphic: BUM RIDE) lazed sarcastically above the adolescent playground equipment, a pustulous yellow fiberglass turtle spotted with deep red accents, some cresting its faceted dome as if hesitant to be seen there, still playing on the playground well after puberty. Several kids from his class huddled beneath the crude shell, squatting in the pea gravel, giggling uncontrollably at TAB2's naive apprehension of the surveillance imperative. Every so often he would feign falling, waggle his arms and legs like a handsome man's eyebrows, and thump the yellow turtle with the edge of his board. This would ricochet the kids into further paroxysms of laughter.

Already a tenure-track skeptic at the age of seven, TAB2 enjoyed unfettered access to his father's opinions about the impending move, and so he was somewhat more relaxed than his classmates when it came to unanswered questions. That, and he knew he was safe. After all, he'd already been issued his orders.

He waved his hand through the empty, expectant air, activating the pea gravel below.

Placed a fresh stick of Shitex gum in his mouth.

Smiled.