

Store

We got in cars, drove far, parked on the tarred expanse. Pulled carts from four red rows and pushed inside, wielding our right, our cards. A crowd of screens shone loud. Beyond, high tubes buzzed a grey glow into the room's yawn. Our carts were vast with our lack. We rolled down aisles, grabbing goods. Turned grabbed some more. We took our goods to the stations where they were conveyed. We paid, received them rearranged, wheeled them away. At the exit our receipts were seen and lined, and we were free to bear our deals home. We did, and piled them high. There were more goods than space, so we drove back for tools and shelves to make some more.