

Brooke lay back on her cushioned pedestal, holding a book loosely by her side and ignoring the pedestrians. They revolved past her window, curled into the suspended gondola bikes as they darted across the wire bridges between each building.

One mississippi- she'd turn the page.

Two mississippi - she'd turn it back.

A couple paused on the walkway below, idly looking through the store window. He craned his head. She pulled at his wrist. Brooke winked as he was led further into the city.

One of the cameras to her left blinked, hidden behind the thick red curtains framing her windowsill. A steady white light - a sign she'd soon go live projected onto hundreds of billboards and screens across the city, the coordinates to the bookshop scrolling past her waist in glaring red text, alongside discount codes for laundry powder, bubble tea and Nannybears™. She pulled the neckline of her dress lower and brushed her hair over her shoulder. For twenty seconds, Brooke furrowed her brow, gave a small gasp of surprise and turned each page. The light flashed another three times, then went dark.

She relaxed against the window, letting one leg dangle from the edge of the pedestal and flipped back to the front cover of the book. Alan didn't like it when she stared out the window, calling it her "gormless goldfish look." Hardly befitting a store of this calibre. If she wasn't engrossed in the books, why would a prospective client be? Even if she had read the entire store three times by now. But she could sense the hive of activity past her shoulder. The vibrating web of the bikes, the buses rising from the Earth far below — the magnetic suspensions soundlessly lifting them to the streets above her.

Thankfully, her shift was almost over. The SunLamps dimming, Jewellery and Rare Wines boarding up their windows. Maybe she'd take a walk after work, leave the luxury district and take the high bridges all the way down to the Portlands, sit with her feet dangling into the shadow of the city and watch supplies descend into the holding bays past the Harbour