

Nearly everyone who sits here alone faces the crowd. At lunch, the loners have a choice when they enter the nearly endless cafeteria. And most, if not all, on any given day will choose a table at one far end of the room. And every table has two chairs. One faces the crowded food court and the other faces a wall. And so, on any given day most, if not all, will choose a seat that faces the crowd.

Dez Seegle faces the wall. She doesn't like to think of herself as a revolutionary but she is. Is a fucking writer because writers rule the world? Why is that? Because every fucking writer writes about their fucking triumph as a writer and the brutle fucking struggle it took to get where they are. Why write about writing Dez Seegle? Is that what you're going to write about, because no one fucking cares!

Nearly everyone who faces the wall, uses a computer or cell phone or tablet or some device worthy of escape from loneliness. Dez Seegle does not; at least not visibly.

She glares at the hundreds of pricks around her who are writing, and quite possibly writing about her. Who the fuck do they think they are that they can get away with writing about me? How dare they steal my identity? I will tell them who I am.

Dez Seegle is running numbers in a public space filled with public people in a very public plaza in a city with a public image. Dez Seegle is a revolutionary. Dez Seegle is racking her brain as she begins to sweat. Visibly, she begins to sweat.

Ugh! That disgusting brown bitch is sweating like its a hundred degrees in here. It's fucking winter, you smelly Muslim bitch. Take that fucking jacket off.

Dez Seegle begins to stand. She has nothing at her table to clear. Dez Seegle begins to unbutton her jacket. She has something under her jacket. Dez Seegle is running numbers. She is counting down. Dez Seegle is...