

Nearly everyone who sits here alone faces the crowd. At lunch, the loners have a choice when they enter the endless cafeteria. Most, if not all, will choose a table at the far end of the room. Every table has two chairs. One faces the crowded food court and the other faces a wall. Most, if not all, will choose a seat that faces the crowd.

Laila faces the wall.

Do you think you're a revolutionary? You are just stealing people identities. You are taking who they are. Do you want to know me? I will tell you who I am!

Nearly everyone who faces the wall uses some device worthy of escape. Laila does not.

Is she another fucking writer? She doesn't have anything to write with? Why do writers think they rule the world? Every fucking writer writes about their triumph as a writer and the brutal fucking struggle it took to get where they are. Why write about writing asshole? Is that what you're going to write about, because no one fucking cares!

Laila is running numbers in a public space filled with public people in a public plaza in a city with a public image. Laila is a frozen. Laila is racking her brain as she visibly 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!

Laila stands. She has nothing at her table to clear. Laila begins to unbutton her jacket. She has something inside. Laila is running numbers. She is counting down. Laila is... misjudged.

Two shots are fired and Laila Qasim is killed during her lunch break by a terrorist-hating hillbilly. Laila was a technical operations officer for the United States Government.