

* S * T * A * R * G * A * T * E *

Radial beams blink in repeat in lunchtime light.

A dull grime of pizza grease softens everything with dank clamminess. Fake wood paneling frames a man behind the counter as he prods a pie with his short fingers, the uncooked dough pudgy and retracting in its pan, unwilling to hold anything. A table chair focused before a pinball machine sitting directly underneath a stairwell leading upstairs, its determined position reflecting the length of its last players stay:

!BEAT 490,000!