

Neuromancer - The Beach

William Gibson, 1984

He found her on the beach, the white sand stretching away in two gentle curves. The sky was a different blue than he'd ever seen, and the clouds were static, painted things. There was a wind, of sorts, a steady breeze that carried no scent at all.

"I been waitin'," she said, smiling at him from beneath an impossibly blue sky. "This is my place."

"Neuromancer," Case said, understanding now.

"The lane to the land of the dead. Where you are, my friend. Marie-France, she called me Neuromancer. Neuro from the nerves, the silver paths. Romancer. Necromancer. I call up the dead. But no, my friend," and the boy did a strange little dance, brown feet printing the sand, "I am the dead, and their land." He laughed. A gull cried. "Stay. If your woman is a ghost, she doesn't know it. Neither will you."

Case looked out over the impossible sea. It was the color of old T-shirts, washed thin. The horizon was a clean line, dividing two different blues. It was beautiful. It was a trap.

He jacked out.