

Neuromancer - Freeside

William Gibson, 1984

Freeside. A cylindrical habitat, spindle-Loss, at the L-5 point. An archipelago of industrial parks and residential cubes, strung along a central axis of zero gravity. The spindle's surface was studded with docking bays and the beehive cells of customs.

They cleared customs and took the elevator up from the dock, rising through the floor of a broad, low mall. Case stepped out into artificial sunlight and caught his first real glimpse of Freeside's interior.

It curved overhead, the transparent panels of the dome revealing a succession of landscaped areas, golf courses, blue pools, the green of trees. A breeze blew steadily, carrying scents of cut grass and something that might have been jasmine. It was like a very expensive suburb.

"Jesus," Case said, craning his neck to stare up along the curve, the sharp wedge of his face white in the artificial sun. "This is it? This is what they do with all that money?"

Molly shrugged. "Keeps the riffraff out."