

Vouchers Coupons And The End Of A Shopping Session

Age of Silence

Well, at least all the small pieces of paper were collected, but their function was limited to say the least. Almost every shop had gone out of business, and the brimstone building had lost its appealing look. The heat was agonizing and the white marble was no longer visible through the thick layer of lifeless ashes and dry dirt.

Empty trolleys blocked the hallways and the air was filled with infernal muzak played at unbearable volumes. Credit cards lay melted around the payment terminals and worthless vouchers were tossed around on the floor by dry, hot winds. Some shoppers still endured, but they gave in to the poisonous air and excruciating heat one by one leaving their empty shells behind, making the ultimate payment to the shopping mall and its C.E.O, Mr. M

The gargantuan parking lot held only one car black, streamlined and expensive arrogantly parked in front of the huge exit. A pillar on each side of the automated door unified in the tiresome task of supporting a hideously, fluorescent sign: Thanks for visiting. Please come again.

It would not be long before the mall re-opened.