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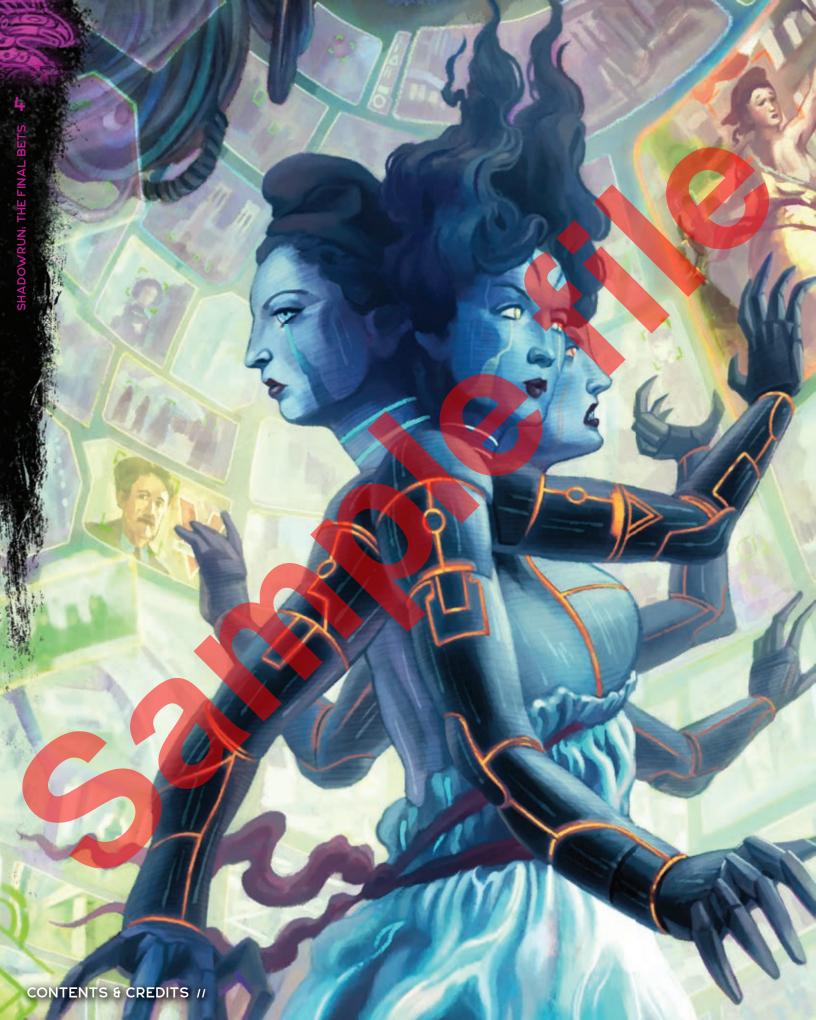
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SOCIAL RITUALS

BY JASON M. HARDY

Paris, city of love. Paris, city of lights. Paris, city of nonstop pains in the hoop.

Seebeck pressed the button on the side of her small, round device.

"Come again?" she said.
"*crackle* activity on the *static* suite of the *buzz* Palais-Royal."

She rolled her eyes. "Which suite?"

"*crackle* —ftop."

That would do. She checked the piece of paper paper!—with a map of the neighborhood printed on it. The map did not, of course, update her position on it or reorient to where she was or how she was moving. It was appalling. She felt fortunate that Hrulg hadn't limited them to horse and buggy while they were in town.

These primitive walkie-talkies would make it difficult to call for backup, but she shouldn't need it. She'd been hanging out with the Grand Tour for a week in Paris. She had spied on six clandestine meetings between Tour participants. Five of them involved naked bodies and tangled limbs. One involved supposedly rival executives enjoying a collegial lunch together. This was time number seven. It was 22:00, and she was going up to a hotel suite. She fully expected more naked limbs.

She jogged down Avenue de l'Opera. She should be in a scooter. Another deficit imposed by Hrulg's paranoia over the French Matrix and Marianne's all-seeing eye. With the museums and churches closed, traffic was pretty light, though some theatergoers had started spilling into the streets. Her pace drew some attention—few people jogged in a Diór dress. She slowed down as she approached the hotel so she could be just another fashionable person out on the town. She stiffened her back and fixed most of her movement in her legs, trying like hell to glide smoothly. She mostly stared ahead, with a haughty sidelong look at anyone she felt needed to be discouraged from looking at her. She was fully the hightoned elf people expected her to be.

Her pace stayed even as she passed the hotel entrance. She turned into a courtyard that held a restaurant and several parking spaces tucked in either end. The hotel was on the south end, but she went north fewer people there. There was a small gap between the restaurant and the nearby building, filled in with a one-story connector. After a quick look around, she scrambled to the top of the connector and slid be-

tween the two buildings.

Now was when the magic would happen. Literally. The first matter of business was leaving her heels right here. They'd only be a pain for this part of the job. She hoped she could reclaim them, but if not, she'd just bill Mr. Johnson.

She shed them, cast a Levitate spell, and smoothly glided up three more stories to the roof of the building.