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Black sedans and SUV's prowl a vast plain of crumbling asphalt for going-out-of-business sales. Improbably huge glass wedding cakes pierce lowering clouds. Headless manikins won't meet our gaze. Somewhere else, *those not like us* stitch together flimsy, ill-fitted garments and stuff them into shipping cartons, for us. Self-serve checkouts mutter and chirp as we head for the exits.

