

Abattoir Place, New York City

Technically, this street is supposed to be West 12th Street after that street intersects with 11th Avenue: Abattoir Place extends west until it hits the Hudson River. And if you're walking, that is indeed how you get there. If you're driving, however, you'll never see the street, because it doesn't exist for anybody who isn't moving under his own power. Even a bicyclist won't be able to find it.

If you're trying to figure out how that works, do yourself a favor and *stop*. Accept that it's magic or something, and that it could be a lot less benign than it is. People have puzzled over this mystery right to the point of getting major strokes; it's just not worth it.

Anyway, Abattoir Place (your best subway stop is probably going to be 14th St/8th Ave, by the way) is the place to go for bespoke oddities. The exact type of oddity depends on the campaign, but generally if it's esoteric and can be carried in on one's back, somebody in the twenty or so elderly shops lining the street will probably be happy to sell you one. If it's too big to carry, they'll arrange for delivery or pickup elsewhere. And if you have something odd, weird, nasty, disturbing, or particularly problematical

to sell, well, somebody will buy it. Although it will be none of your business about what they're buying it **for**.

Do note, by the way, that despite the topological issues with the place -- and the fact that it shows up on no maps -- Abattoir Place is still part of NYC, and the world. Cell phones work fine, and the shops all pay taxes. Which means that if you cause trouble there, the cops **will** come. They'll come on foot, but they'll probably also be the *special* cops that every police force in the world has, but none ever admits to having...

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