

You wake up in your bed. Your eyes are glazed over and your mind is filled with vague, alcohol-soaked memories of last night's events. It seems like this has been an all too familiar state for you recently. You get up and go to the bathroom for a drink of water. On the way, you take an inventory of your current attire. It appears that you're fully clothed except you seem to be missing one sock; the reason is unclear.

While you're brushing your teeth, you wonder how you got home last night. You remember going out drinking in celebration of Marco's birthday. You ended up at "The Dirty Crab", a small, hole-in-the-wall type of place. You and your friends all refused to drink draft beer because Scott was intensely worried about how much time had passed since they had last cleaned the lines. You remember him saying something about "unsanitary taps", and "mineral deposits", and you vaguely remember telling him to stop bitching about it or you'd fill your sock with bar peanuts and beat him with it.

You've finished brushing your teeth and now you're contemplating taking a shower because you smell like day-old dog ass. You glance at the Smirnoff Ice clock that hangs on the wall adjacent to your shower. 9:42. You have

to be to work by 10:00. No time for a shower. You change your clothes, gather your things, and walk to your car.

As you approach, you realize there's something wrong. It looks as though you had been in an accident. There is a large dent just behind the rear door of your sedan. This doesn't make sense to you because Scott picked you up to go out, and your car hasn't moved since yesterday afternoon. As you get closer, you see blood smeared all over the rear window and all over the top of the trunk. While you examine the blood on the window you look into the back seat and notice a stuffed boar mounted to a wood panel. You think to yourself that it appears to have been done by a good taxidermist. You follow the blood trail around the back end of the car and notice that it's heavily concentrated on the rear end. You open the trunk to discover a dead body. It appears to be a middle-aged man of Asian descent. There are no visible wounds but it's obvious he's bled significantly. You close your trunk quickly and look around to see if anyone has noticed you. You don't see anybody. The trunk, however, doesn't seem to close properly and you glance down to see that the man's hand has fallen out of the trunk and you have slammed the trunk lid onto his defenseless fingers. You notice he is wearing a giant gold knuckle ring that reads, "CASH". The

hand needs to go back to its previous position in order for you to properly close the trunk and conceal the contents, but you don't want to touch it. You end up kicking it back in with the instep of your right foot.

It looks as though your apartment complex is rather desolate. You wonder if anyone has noticed your car's new coat of ~~paint~~ blood. It's been backed into its parking spot, with the rear end facing a brick wall. A random passer-by probably wouldn't notice much of anything, right? You think you may be safe for now.

You walk back into your apartment and sit down on the couch. You dig in your pocket for your cell phone to call Marco. After three rings he answers, and you ask him what the hell happened.

"Oh God dude... bad night", he replies. You can tell that he's shaking his head in disgust on the other end. You marvel at his apparent lack of urgency regarding the situation.

"Yeah obviously asshole! I was wasted, I don't remember anything, what the fuck happened!"

"Well... The bartender at The Wolfpack Club, right..."

You interrupt, "Wait, The Wolfpack? I thought we ended up at The Crab?"

"We left The Crab and stopped at The Wolfpack for a night cap. Francis was talking to some girl and took her home. You, me, Scotty, and Phelps went to The Wolfpack." Marco now seems alert and focused.

"Wow... Jesus, I don't remember any of that", you remark dissapointedly.

"Yeah the bartender was some Chinese dude, big fat guy... you really don't remember any of this? You don't remember being at The Wolfpack Club at all?", he asks. Marco seems baffled by your extreme level of intoxication last night. His level of astonishment is trumped only by your own.

"Nah dude, I was a disaster apparently." You'll have time later to discuss your ~~ability~~ inability to hold your liquor within a responsible level. Right now you need to hear the rest of what happened.

"Anyways, he tried tellin' us we were too loud and had to go. Scotty was kinda pissed and really drunk so he kept callin' him Godzilla and stuff, and Phelps was askin' him where he parked his Honda. He was like 'yeah whatever Mr. Miyagi just put this dollar in your tip cup and stay at the other end of the bar." If you hadn't inexplicably found a body in your trunk 10 minutes ago you might find this hysterically funny, but it's currently not triggering your

sense of humor. You involuntarily manage a smirk anyway, but quickly ditch it.

You begin to put things together. "Oh fuck, that's the dude that's in my -". Marco cuts you off with a sudden burst of enthusiasm for his story.

"Yo, this guy was so cool though, he thought we were funny, he didn't even care. He actually drove a Honda too, that's the best part. He said if we quieted down he'd buy us shots... Wait, what were you about to say? I cut you off, my bad."

You wonder what is actually going on. It appears that although Marco wasn't as drunk as you, he doesn't know the extent of what transpired either. You wonder if maybe you should keep this under wraps as best as you can, for now at least. Involving Marco would bring possibly undeserved pressure onto him to help you.

Do you want to tell Marco about the body in your trunk and hope he can help you figure out what happened and what to do from here? Turn to page ____

****OR****

Do you want to try to protect Marco's innocence, hang up the phone, and call another one of your friends in an effort to try to find out who else knows about this besides you? Turn to page ____