

Climacophobia hits different.  

Having a fear of climbing stairs is pathetic.

When you're a bounty hunter with climacophobia, though, it's straight-up embarrassing—like sprouting a third leg kind of embarrassing.

You decide to finesse Griff to save face. After all, bending the truth isn't *exactly* lying.

"Griff, I can't climb those stairs. My knee's still wrecked from a skateboarding sesh. Tried to pull off a grind, collided with the rail and bit the dust HARD."

You lift your shirt slightly, revealing the bruises on your ribs like a badge of honor.

You think back to two days ago—your squad hitting the half-pipe two days ago, landing ollies and nollies, and pushing the limits of aerial acrobatics. Quinn, your Day One, had nailed a grind so clean it could've been a tutorial. Fueled by competitiveness (and maybe a little ego), you attempted to land the same sequence.

You landed something, alright—colliding with the unforgiving cement! Bruised body, bruised pride.

Griff, to your astonishment, has empathy for your plight, commiserating with your pain.

"I haven't been able to land a frontside 180 yet," he says, shaking his head with theatrical misery. "But I keep trying. My knees are so shredded they're MIA! Maybe we can swap skate techniques after we wrap transactions?"

Griff finishes his heartfelt commiseration with a dramatic flair, making a chef's kiss motion with his fingers.

"Why don't you head to the kitchen while I run upstairs," he continues. "My bae baked some brownies—snag some deliciousness."

SCORE!

Not only do you now have a skate buddy, but you're about to feast on brownies *and* score a lit weapon for your next bounty.

Can this day get any better?

You make your way into the kitchen. A plate of brownies sits on the table, military-precision uniform in shape and size. Your mouth salivates.

You love brownies—you've never met one you didn't like.

As you bite into it, you're forced to re-evaluate that entire life philosophy.

The "brownie"—air quotes fully intended—is vile.

It tastes like someone mashed garlic, zucchini, and onions, then stirred it all in a molasses-like nightmare.

Hot garbage doesn't attempt to describe it.

You gag, desperately, looking for salvation.

Trash can? Nonexistent.

Figures.

Now you're down to two options: spit this vile brownie out, or swallow this horrible-tasting sludge.

You glance at the sink, evaluating your last hope of rescue. But then again... how bad could one bite really be?

Spit or swallow? It always comes down to one or the other.

**If you decide to yeet that disaster of a brownie into the sink,
HEAD TO PAGE 128.**

**If you muster the courage to swallow the questionable concoction,
TURN TO PAGE 139.**