

*DUCK!!!*



You instinctively drop your head like it's hot—except it's your head, and the heat is an out-of-control helicopter drone slicing through the air like a toddler on six Red Bulls.

It misses you by inches. Maybe millimeters.

Hard to say—but it's fair to infer that if your reflexes had lagged even a fraction of a second, your head would be rolling down the pavement like a lost bowling ball.

(Almost) R.I.P. You.

Phew. Crisis averted. For now.

It's already shaping up to be a throat-punch-possible-decapitation kinda day.

Since you prefer staying alive, you resign yourself to full-time high alert.

"Yikes! My bad! Total oops moment!"

The negligent menace responsible for your near beheading stands there, rocking oversized bug-like sunglasses. He tosses you a thumbs-up, like that somehow nullifies the fact that he just tried to air-mail your head to another zip code.

Dude's not just impervious to his abysmal drone maneuvering skills—he's blissfully oblivious to the chaotic energy radiating off him like a busted microwave.

If cluelessness had frequent flier miles, this clown would be first-class for life.

And—as if he could hear your brain screaming—he flips the thumbs-up into a middle finger salute, then bolts. Like he didn't just almost commit drone homicide.

What the—?!

As if you were the rogue sky goblin yeeting chaos on literally whoever.

*Welcome to Downtown Wichita, Kingdom of the Aimless.* It'd make a fitting tagline—if anyone actually ventured here by choice.

But let's be real: no one does.

This isn't a destination; it's a crossroads. A purgatory for the displaced.

People drift into Downtown Wichita chasing something—or running from it. Which one are you? Some days, even you aren't sure.

Hard to know what you're chasing when the whole world's still trying to outrun its past.

Year: 2079.

Fifty years since the Collapse ran its course.

It started with a contagion—unstoppable, ruthless, insidious. A virus that spreads faster than fear, gutting nations and silencing entire cities.

Over a billion lives lost.

Hope flickered. Then died. Swallowed by a perpetual blackout. Full dark, no stars.

But before the virus hit its zenith, the world plummeted into its nadir—a hopeless plunge where survival felt impossible, where collapse seemed inevitable.

Fast forward to today.

The world commemorates P-Day—Purge Day—the virus's deadliest crescendo.

Billboards loop the faces of the fallen. Newspapers laud the researchers who dragged humanity back from extinction.

The scars run deep; even now, the world strains under the gravity of its own history.

Fear once spread as insidiously as the virus itself. Some heeded the warnings. Others clung to denial—until reality knocked them flat.

If the Collapse taught us anything, it's this: Human nature is its own worst adversary.

And sometimes?

A crisis doesn't destroy you.

It wakes you up.

You shake off the doom—no point dwelling on the past when the future demands your attention. You're here to learn from it, not drown in it.

You're here because yeah, the world's been messy—but you're not about to stay stuck in it. You've got bigger aspirations than moping around like some washed-up extra in a low-budget dystopian flick.

You're here to level up—elevate—ascend—blast way past ordinary.

Wait.

Ordinary? Basic? Mediocre? Mid?

Who fed you that garbage?

Those words don't even exist in the same lexicon as you.

You're straight-up legendary—a force, a presence.

The one who walks in, dripped out, exuding effortless command.

You don't just participate; you dominate.

Full stop. Main character energy. Crown mandatory.

Your comebacks? Sharper than a villain's monologue.

Your vibe? Unparalleled.

And yeah, let's be real—you've been called a snack more times than you can count.

(And no, not just by your aunties!)

You're at that peculiar crossroads of adolescence where you fluctuate between feeling like a forgotten crumb on the floor and a full-fledged monarch who demands respect.

Obviously, you prefer the latter—riding the highs, ignoring the lows.

Some trolls might dismiss you as an acquired taste. But you'd just clap back with facts:

If they don't like you, they clearly need to acquire some taste.

Hahaha. LOL. LOL. LOL. Hahaha.

Your jokes? Top-tier. (At least, in your own esteemed opinion.)

And, as usual, you digress.

Because staying on track? Yeah...not exactly your forte.

You conscientiously scan the streets, tossing a furtive glance around the square.

No sign of the rogue drone or its visually-challenged pilot.

You exhale, relief hitting you like narrowly dodging a pop quiz you didn't study for.

Clear streets? Cool.

Brain? Already off sightseeing like it's on a field trip from common sense.

Downtown's finest are out in full force—scurrying, lurking, loitering—NPCs waiting for someone to trigger their next side quest. A few still rock neon bandanas, a frivolous fad paying homage to the seedy slice of 2020—back when masks were as non-negotiable as underwear.

A dense hive of market stalls clogs the sidewalk, each vendor hustling an eclectic—or maybe sketchy—lineup of goods.

The decent weather's been a boon for sales, and today's no aberration.

Just ahead, a man in a plaid suit executes a rushed transaction at a stall.

Shady? Unclear.

Intriguing? Absolutely.

Plaid suit though? Bold choice. Bro really woke up and chose to cosplay as a picnic table.

There's no way he has the rizz to resurrect plaid—he's no Kendrick in bell bottoms at the Super Bowl.

But what, exactly, is Plaid Man buying?

His energy screams *super sus*, like he's about to either make a deal or lose his lunch right there on the sidewalk. And with that level of barely-contained anxiety, you'd bet he's chasing something seriously illicit.

Dude practically leaks desperation—and not the garden-variety kind, either.

This is black-market, under-the-table, don't-ask-questions energy.

Neurozone? Edibles? Some premium-grade Zaza?

Or some contraband even more depraved?

The man radiates moral bankruptcy—deviance personified.

As you inch closer, angling for a clearer view of the sketchy exchange—  
—and then



A teenager with massive headphones shoulder-checks Plaid Man like it's the NBA finals. Deliberate, no doubt. He scowls at her, but she just hits him with a flawlessly executed "Who, me?" face—the literal epitome of feigned innocence.

Except, you clock it instantly.

That's not innocence—that's pure, weaponized skill.

She just finessed this rich chump's pocket with the precision of a seasoned pro.

A masterclass in deception. Clean. Effortless. Massive W, no debate.

Plaid Man's heading back Uptown a little lighter, courtesy of the charlatan's sweet lift. Dude got fleeced—and he doesn't even know it yet.

You exhale, regret slapping you in the face. Why didn't you think of that first? You could seriously use the cash right now. Who knows how much money was stuffed in that wallet? Probably enough to wipe out your financial L's and buy, like a lifetime supply of instant noodles.

Your brain executes a hard pivot—no brakes, full chaos—straight from Plaid Man's missing wallet to your two flaming dilemmas:

1. A catastrophic cash shortage. You're broke-broke. Like, "couch-cushion scavenger" broke.
2. The Charlie and Drew debacle. Your reputation isn't just tarnished—it's on life support. Critical condition. Immediate intervention required.

Both crises are screaming for attention. But which dumpster fire do you put out first?

Now *that's* the real quandary.

High schoolers thrive on scandal and spectacle—goldfish attention spans, elephant memory when it comes to spilled tea. And thanks to Avery's big blabber-mouthed betrayal, your descent from social grace was faster than a vending machine eating your last dollar.

Your dirty little secret?

*Still* plastered across every single student's social media feed—a digital scarlet letter that refuses to fade.

Oof. Hard oof. Maximum oof.

You *want* to retaliate—to high-five Avery's face, aggressively and repeatedly.

But let's be real: this one's on you.

You built this disaster. Now it's on you to dismantle it.

So, you shake off the rancid memories and lock onto a new aspiration: stacking copious amounts of cash. Cold, hard currency. Dolla bills.

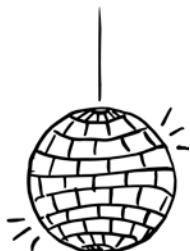
A bankroll so ridiculous it needs its own security detail.

Why?

Because Plan B is officially in motion.

And what's Plan B?

Throwing the ultimate party.



The kind of legendary, history-making, reality-bending, reputation-resurrecting rave—a spectacle so massive that last week's catastrophe gets Thanos-snapped out of existence.

This won't just be a party—it'll be a cultural reset. A narrative overhaul.

A night so undeniably iconic that people won't just forget the drama—they'll rewrite history like you were the hero all along.

Regret? Deleted.

Reputation? Restored.

You? Unstoppable. Untouchable. Practically a myth.

And to make it happen?

You need a job. Like, yesterday. Like ten yesterdays ago.

The good news—Big Flex: You actually scored a job interview.

Step one toward raking in mad cash and turning your aspiration of throwing that ultimate, reputation-resurrecting party into a reality.

The bad news—Lame Flex: The job's at a nursing home.

(A.k.a. the antithesis of glamorous.)

Think bedpans. Mysterious odors. Geriatric nightmares you'll never be able to unsee.

Disgusting? Absolutely.

Necessary? Unfortunately.

Survivable? Debatable.

But if it bankrolls the GOATED party of the decade?

Then yeah, you'll suck it up, power through, and pray your soul survives the process.

Lost in that thought, you turn the corner—

Collision, Round Two.

You slam straight into an old dude who looks like he's been around since fire was a life hack. His face is wizened, his neck is somehow even wrinklier.

And yet...

Dude is DRIPPED OUT.

He's rocking a plethora of diamond chains—it's honestly a miracle he can stay upright under all that bling. Low-key impressive.

Your eyes drift from the ice to his wrist—a Rollie XR-III.

That bad boy costs more than your entire existence. Like a cool quarter mil.

(And just to clarify: real money. Not Monopoly money. Not Chuck E. Cheese tokens. Just spend-it-on-pizza money.)

For a split second, you contemplate the snatch—a clean, fast getaway.

Just a little light-fingered liberation. Sure, he'd notice eventually. But by then, you'd be long gone.

Then reality slaps you upside the head.

That Rollie would 100% get ensnared in his unruly wrist hairs (which, by the way—repulsive!) and there is *no* universe where you're untangling that hot mess.

You shake it off—only to realize you’ve been staring way too long.

And before you can look away, he speaks.

“Oi,” he barks, his clipped, impossibly pretentious accent practically dripping with disdain. “Let me guess—you’re the daft sod here to natter with Mr. Fluffy, yeah?”

Um. Rude.

First of all—what? Did he even speak English?

Second—who even is this wrinkled fossil? He looks like a dried-up prune masquerading as a human.

And, third, and most importantly—who on earth is *Mr. Fluffy*?

That name sounds like the kind of moniker a third-grader would slap on their imaginary sidekick—right up there with Captain Fuzzy Pants and Sir Snugglepaws.

Cool, cool, cool. Love that for you. Totally thriving. Totally normal Tuesday.

You open your mouth, locked and loaded to unleash a flippant retort—something guaranteed to put Condescending Geezer in his place.

But—

Your words falter. You freeze.

Because in that split second, you catch it.

Not just the icy, bone-deep coldness radiating off his stare—that much is a given.

It’s the smug, all-knowing glint that screams: *Try me. I double-dog dare you, kid.*

And suddenly, your entire nervous system nopes out.

Not a shiver. Not a chill.

A full-body shutdown.

Your fight-or-flight? Fried. Glitched. Blue-screened.

Because this dude?

Yeah, no.



This isn't just some haughty old fossil with a leather-worn face and a vibe that screams "I'm better than you."

This is a man who trafficks in terror for fun—the kind of guy who probably has a loyalty program for intimidation. He's emanating legitimate sinister gangsta vibes so hard you half expect his next words to be a threat about breaking kneecaps wrapped in poetry.

This isn't just someone who metaphorically has the heart of a lion.

No—this man probably has the *actual* heart of a lion.

Like literally.

Probably preserved in a jar, fresh from his last visit to the zoo.

Focus, brain! Now is not the time for your internal stand-up routine.

Because while you've been busy narrating your own disaster documentary—*How to Ruin Your Life in 3 Easy Steps*—you've also managed something truly spectacularly dumb—

You've blatantly ignored Condescending Geezer's question.

And guess what?

He's still waiting.

He asked if you were meeting Mr. Fluffy.

And you just...left him hanging, blinking like a busted animatronic.

Ghosting this guy?

Yeah, that's not just reckless—that's practically an application for an early grave.

He doesn't exactly radiate patience—if anything, he emits the slow-burning intensity of a man who does *not* tolerate inefficiency.

And he is the absolutely, 1000% last human being you want to vex, irritate or even mildly inconvenience.

No cap. No crumbs. No survival plan.

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