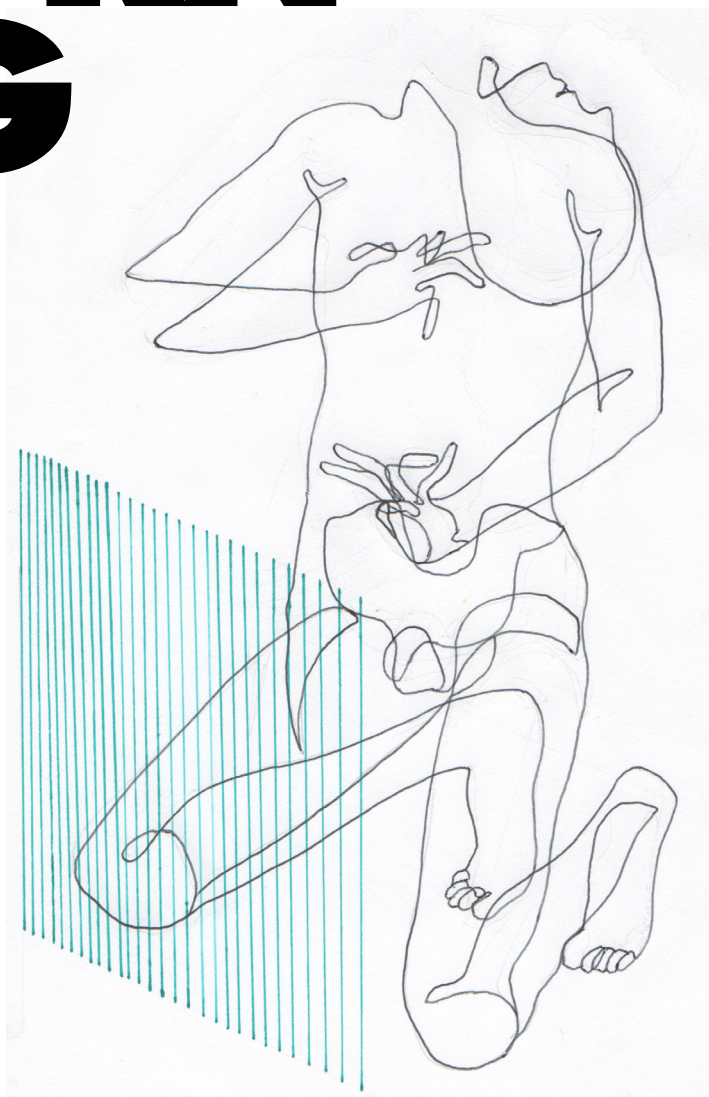


MON- DAY MORN- ING

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>BEDROOM

You are in bed, asleep. No dreams. The alarm goes off, you wake up, it's 6:30 a.m.

>GET OUT OF BED

You try to sit up, but you're too tired. Doesn't seem much point in it.

>GO TO SLEEP

"TO SLEEP" is not a recognizable location.

The alarm continues to sound. It is very piercing.

>HIT SNOOZE BUTTON

The alarm stops. You doze. Outside, the sun hasn't come up yet. Without the alarm clock, it could be any time at all.

It is 6:37 a.m. The alarm goes off.

>TURN OFF ALARM

The alarm stops. You go back to sleep. You were up too late last night, although it's nearly impossible to get out of bed anymore even under the best of circumstances. You fall back into a dream you were having, except you were drunk when you were having it, and you aren't drunk anymore. It's less like a dream and more like turning back and forth and trying to swallow cotton.

The phone rings. It is 10:40 a.m., and you are uncomfortably warm.

>ANSWER THE PHONE

It's your boss, at your job. This is the fourth shift you've missed this month at your job. You are now fired.

>APOLOGIZE TO BOSS

I don't know the word "apologize." Also, your boss has hung up.

>GET OUT OF BED

The floor is strewn with clothes you should've washed over the weekend. North, there is a door to the hallway. West, there is a door to your closet.

>WEST

There is a box of *Magic: The Gathering* cards on the closet floor. Lots of swamps. There are two sweaters on hangers, one brown, one slightly less brown. There is a backpack on the top shelf.

>TAKE BACKPACK

It rattles. There's a flashlight inside.

>TAKE CARDS

Grow up.

>TAKE BROWN SWEATER

You take the slightly-less-brown sweater, because the other one has holes in it. Then you pick up pants and underwear and socks off the floor. They are reasonably clean.

>N

HALLWAY

Your roommate's door is closed. He's snoring, and there is somebody else snoring with him, so that girl at the bar last night probably came home with him. You can't really remember. Sunday night is a stupid time to be at the bar anyway. To the east, the bathroom door is open. North is the living room and kitchen. South is the bedroom.

>E

BATHROOM

There is a sink. The cold-water tap is caked with dried toothpaste, and pieces of floss dangle from under the mirror over the sink. The shower curtain is closed. The toilet is

open, and there is something unspeakable in the bowl.

>FLUSH TOILET

It's clogged. Gray, lumpy water bubbles over the lid.

>GET PLUNGER

You look for the plunger, but it's not under the sink. The bubbling has subsided, and now there's just a smell. You have to vomit.

>VOMIT INTO TOILET

Ew. No, you probably don't want to get your face near that.

>VOMIT INTO SINK

You throw up into the sink. The smell gets worse. You'd like to shower, but the thought of trying to get clean near whatever is in the toilet makes you want to throw up again. You quickly change your clothes and brush your teeth long enough to get the smell out of your mouth. You'll have to call a plumber, but you don't have a job anymore, and you can't really afford it. Maybe you could call your parents, if they were still answering your calls.

>W

HALLWAY

The snoring has stopped. They're making noises right now that sound like, well, how would you know? You haven't had a girl over the whole time you've lived here. They're probably just playing a really exciting game of "Imitate Your Favorite Farm Animal."

>N

LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN

It's a city apartment, so there's not a lot of distinction between the two rooms, just a waist-high wall that blocks off the cooking-and-food-prep area