

Your conservative workplace appropriate haircut disappears. You sprout a huge multicolored Mohawk to replace it. Your white button up dress shirt morphs into a Leftover Crack “Kill Cops” t-shirt. You are now dressed all in black with a metal-studded leather jacket.

The world swirls around your alcohol and marijuana soaked brain.

You walk down the street kicking over trash cans and singing Clash songs.

You soon come to a bar, and being the decent and respectable street punk you are, you go inside and have a dozen drinks, get into a fight, and have sex with someone (male, female, who cares!) in the bathroom.

You are later found dead from alcohol poisoning in a piss-soaked alleyway.

THE END