

You leave the bar and step back out onto the street. It is plain to see that the bar is not going to shed any light on these strange events.

You can hear thunder in the distance as you walk down the street.

The thunder becomes louder and more rhythmic – there is something wrong about this. You are downtown and the skyscrapers tower around you. You spin around and look for any sign of human life, but there is no one else on the street ahead of you or behind you. In the midst of gunfire, sirens, and screams, you feel completely alone.

Three blocks ahead of you a person comes running out of an alleyway into view. The pounding becomes louder and you realize it is too rhythmic to be thunder. Next to you there is a puddle of blood on the ground from some past encounter. You see little ripple-waves radiating through the pool and that part in *Jurassic Park* when the T-Rex first attacks flashes through your head.

A colossal toddler, at least three stories tall, walks into view from the same alley where the person appeared. The giant is naked but for a diaper. It is carrying a rattle that is proportionally gigantic for the thing. Each step it takes makes the ground heave.

It shakes the rattle lazily back and forth and then, with sudden quickness, brings it down like a club on top of the running person. It slowly lifts the toy while crouching to look at the mess it made. Even from here you can see the long tendrils of viscera running from the rattler to the corpse.

You don't want to stay out in the street. You feel way too exposed here.

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Duck down the alleyway to your left, turn to page 70.  
Hide in the porn shop to your right, turn to page 126.