

You push and shove your way through the crowd to get to the bar. A cute guy with rainbow liberty spikes dressed in all black is tending. You make eye contact and open your mouth to order. He smiles and places a full bottle of whiskey in front of you before moving on to the next customer.

You take the bottle. Must be an “end of the world” special.

You work your way into the crowd and try talking to people to find out what is going on. Everyone ignores you. You stand directly in front of some kid who looks twelve. He’s wearing a Casualties shirt and already so drunk he can’t stand steady. You scream, trying to get over the music, but he pays you absolutely no mind.

You chug, frustrated.

The song ends and the bar falls eerily silent. It dawns on you that there has been no conversation since you’ve entered; the music was just covering up the silence. You feel the same sense of doom you felt when you first woke up.