

If this is the end you're not going out sober. At a time like this there is only one option: The Rat's Nest, a dirty little hole in the wall with a jukebox filled with street punk, hardcore, anarcho, and some dub reggae.

The bar is only five blocks walk away. You see more fires and fleeing people on your way but nothing that hints at the cause of all this. You try to stop one woman as she runs by but when she gets a look at you she only screams louder runs away.

You get to the bar. Thank God it hasn't burned up yet. You just hope they're open.

You open the door and find the place packed. It is wall-to-wall dreadlocks, Mohawks, and shaved heads. Everyone must have had the same idea. Aus Rotten is blaring and the air seems to be nothing but weed and cigarette smoke. You can't even smell the fires in here.

