Wallace opened his eyes to a sickening beam of sunlight and the immediate realization that he’d definitely drank too much the night before. It seemed like as time went on, he was worse and worse at getting to that sweet spot where he was buzzed, bold enough to make a slightly suggestive comment to Alice, sober enough to figure out if the response was positive or not. Instead he didn’t even remember what he’d said to her. He hadn’t sent her a text, at least, their last messages were about what alcohol she was bringing over to their place. Wallace mindlessly scrolled through Instagram, the nausea staying at a noticeable but manageable rate as long as he lay motionless. His roommate Frances was still passed out. She’d drank at least as much as he had. They’d finished a bottle of wine together before everyone got there, the cheap stuff from TJ’s and then done like, 5 shots each when everyone else arrived? Frances could handle her alcohol better than Wallace, though, and likely would be able to tell him what had happened, maybe give him some insight into the whole Alice situation?

Wallace finally mustered the energy to sit up, wishing that he’d been responsible enough to drink more water. One glass for every drink, how hard was that? He got up, walking through the detritus of last night’s party- used glasses, a pizza box, a bong sitting dangerously close to the edge of the table, scissors for some reason, crumpled napkins, sticky rings of soda residue. He filled up one of the last remaining clean glasses and chugged the water, to the immediate displeasure of his stomach. Fuck. He sprinted to the bathroom, craning his head over the toilet, waiting for the inevitable. He licked his lips, hoping to get this over with quickly. He shifted in position, wishing their tile floor was more comfortable, or at least cleaner. His mind wandered as he waiting, wondering if there was leftover pizza. Wallace began to think he might not throw up after all. He wandered back to the kitchen and started on the leftover Domino’s. Amazing. Why had his hangover suddenly gone away? He didn’t just feel okay, he actually felt great, like he’d just finished a run, had a shower, drank a wheatgrass smoothie and then done a couple lines of coke.

Frances plodded into the kitchen, sat across from him in one of the uncomfortable wooden chairs they’d rescued from a dumpster. “Well, I feel like fucking shit. Why the fuck did we think it was a good idea to combine moscato and tequila?” Her voice was raspy.

“Because we’re fucking idiots.” Wallace replied. “Drink some water.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Frances moved over to the sink, filled up the cup Wallace had just used. “I literally think I might throw up, and I haven’t done that since, like, Tracy’s party sophomore year I think?”

“Dude, don’t drink from that, that’s my cup.”

“Whatever, Wal, I don’t think at matters at this point.” Frances downed the water. “Shit, that actually worked. I feel pretty fucking good.”

Wallace frowned. Why had both their hangovers gone away so suddenly? It couldn’t have been the water, he was about to puke after drinking it. What was it?

The door edged open, and their neighbor Luke walked in. “What the fuck, Luke, knock first?” Frances said in mock outrage.

Luke had been at their party last night and he looked to be in a state commonly referred to as hungover AF. On a hunch, Wallace filled up the same cup of water he’d just used. He was pretty sure it wasn’t a coincidence- his saliva cured hangovers.