

- 11 Switch
- 12 Stepson
- 13 Witch
- 14 Bucephalus
- 15 Alleran
- 16 Rank
- 17 Frad
- 18 Doberman
- 21 Pristie
- 22 Xocks
- 23 Cunth
- 24 Sphere
- 25 Ozzie
- 26 Dictate
- 27 Cindrom
- 28 Rodnar
- 31 Rhomb'od
- 32 Wylie
- 33 Leftie
- 34 Nöst
- 35 Brasket
- 36 Bidden
- 37 Gus
- 38 Ignoram
- 41 Krapp
- 42 Agrebor
- 43 Zoub
- 44 Uzi
- 45 Umbrageous
- 46 Guts
- 47 Vera-lack-lynn
- 48 Gordrick
- 51 Yesman
- 52 Harlet
- 53 Prentice
- 54 Tryst

D88 FIRST NAMES TABLE

Roll 2d8 and read them left to right. 2 and 4 is 24, 8 and 6 is 86. So on.

- 55 Liutrant
- 56 Ogworth
- 57 Aft
- 58 Vrod
- 61 Rüberad
- 62 Flash
- 63 K
- 64 Mysth
- 65 Quisk
- 66 Xisxie
- 67 Yeoman
- 68 Indignity
- 71 Johnette
- 72 Questing
- 73 Frefka
- 74 Barbrak
- 75 Bakster
- 76 Senedicto
- 77 Malefact
- 78 Handover
- 81 Esprit
- 82 Eekie
- 83 Umma-gum
- 84 Naerd
- 85 Jaques
- 86 Wendrok
- 87 Tom Cat
- 88 Zeek

11	Quincechild	45	Xillion Bucks
12	Guzzlegag	46	Idlehands
13	Butterscotch Frisk	47	Horsemonger
14	Trustbuster	48	Stockton
15	Kalleral	51	Le Pont
16	Slickman	52	Yankee
17	Nezzerad	53	Intertext
18	Ontologicant	54	Vlad
21	Ockfrog	55	Forgetmenot
22	Zapato	56	Bronte
23	Lastwords	57	Leforge
24	Sezanne	58	Unwells
25	Siouxer	61	Avec La Langue
26	Laurette	62	Venderman
27	Worthlingtosh	63	Highwayman
28	Wōrst	64	Jene Saispas
31	Jannisariot	65	Xandrenford
32	Dolittle	66	De Saint Ford
33	Grosser	67	Reagan
34	De La Cigarette	68	Yorkie Bellmont
35	Propmaster	71	Hopdash
36	Norminarion	72	Draggs
37	Rockrostler	73	X
38	Zay	74	Igors
41	Aggregentum	75	Malevalent
42	Ceville	76	Pointstuwin
43	Esquire	77	Alterworth
44	Undenwald	78	Van Der Donk
		81	Ce'pas
		82	Ekhard
		83	Tordorom
		84	Qode
		85	Fuchs
		86	Maas
		87	Kreedleton
		88	[Hyphenate 2 other names]

D88 LAST NAMES TABLE

YOU: Hmm.

CHILLSO: Yeah. You're both Bodkins I guess. You and Frankly. Weeeeird that you have it tho.

YOU: The card's only got like two shares left.

CHILLSO: Yikerrrrs. Rent's due tomorrow, too.

YOU: For

YOU: For the stable?

CHILLSO: Yeah. Man, we should totally Plerofuck it.

CHILLSO: Plerorealm it. Sorry. I call it that sometimes. It's stupid.

CHILLSO: But uhhhhh yea. But not like usual. No ma'am; not like usual.

CHILLSO [whispering across the table, bad breath, elbow-leaning]: I'm not talking picking up oil, alright? No, no. I got me a map that leads right to some lady who- word is- was looaded and is probably dead already. We find her shares or her oil and we're made like shade. Heh heh. Glad you came, I was looking for a tough gun like you anyways.

YOU: Can it wait or something? I want to figure out my memory shit.

CHILLSO: Gotta be today. Like, in the next hour, actually. It's a rare node and it'll close really soon

CHILLSO: Memory shit?

YOU: I forget everything. Like I don't remember *anything*.

CHILLSO: What do you mean.

WAITER: [arrives]

CHILLSO: Glass of beer and glass of milk please.

YOU: My usual?

WAITER: [leaves]

CHILLSO: What were we talking about?

CHILLSO: Oh right, right: I could swing us a big score, but I'd have to cut in a local Managistrate. I owe him a cut of my next trip and if he sees I'm skipping out I'm fuuuucked. So if you're in you gotta say so now.

YOU: So we go look for her? Get her money? Take it off her body?

YOU: Kill her?

CHILLSO: It was years ago she vanished. Who knows she's alive or dead or what?

CHILLSO: But also, like, yes. Big money, tho.

CHILLSO: In or out?

YOU: I've been trying to tell you I can't remember anything. Like I didn't know my name.

CHILLSO: What?

YOU: I forget everything.

CHILLSO: Wait- what's that got to do with, uh, with the money?

YOU: I sort of don't know what the fuck is happening.

CHILLSO: Then say you're in. Money.

YOU: Then we can get my memory back?

CHILLSO: Memory back? What are you talking about?

YOU: I fucking don't remember anything like I don't remember you, I don't remember last night, I don't know where my card is, I don't know how I got *this* card, and I feel (honestly) like shit right now, Chillso. Really bad.

CHILLSO [blank]: Are you a fuckin' schizo or something? I'm giving you a job. Yes or no?

The waiter sets down the drinks. Your usual is vodka soda. You take a napkin and wipe the sweat from your cheeks, leaving a streak of blood, pinch your eyes.

YOU: I'm gonna throw up.

CHILLSO: Not near my beer milk.

YOU: I need some fffuckin' money don't I?

CHILLSO: Now she's waking up. Is that a nod I see?

YOU [drooling onto the table]: Uh huh.

CHILLSO: Then we don't have much time.



It's campfire warm in the corporate HQ waiting room. The heaters here don't rattle, their mouths are barred and spiked, repelling some vermin you've never seen or don't remember. The dizziness every time you stand (paired with kaleidoscopic lack of vision) is just now waning. You threw up in the hall outside. You're sweating through the flannel. You look for other shit to focus on. The walls are covered in ads and one catches your eye:

**MASTER RAMJI,
ROTAPRIEST, MIRACLE
HEALER. ALL AILMENTS
CAN BE CURED AT A
LOCATION NEAR YOU.**

YOU: Have you ever been to Master Ramji? Do you think he could do memories?

CHILLSO: Huh?

RECEPTIONIST: Your representative can see you now.

Fickie Shorts Jr. (just Junior, please, mister Shorts was my father)'s office is nondescript; we're talking faux wood desk, brass name plate, radiator, peeling posters, a couple of stiff rubber-like plastic chairs, and he's sitting behind his desk (surface 2 inches deep under paper, a rotary phone atop the left corner of the pile) with his tie loose, hair you might imagine to have been slicked back this morning, and pit stains

(having been (if you can believe it) overheated). He gestures to the low chairs opposite him. You and Chillso sit, almost fall backwards at the lack of height on the things.

JUNIOR: A mission or a loan? Both?

CHILLSO: Just a mission. Figured you should know, figured you might uhhh want dibs on the funding or whatevskies.

JUNIOR: And and and who's this? This the muscle? Huh?

Jawbreakers got 'em yesterday, maybe maybe this morning?

CHILLSO [to you]: He's razzing you, you look awesome.

JUNIOR: Plerotrip mission?

CHILLSO: Yeah we were gonna Plerofuck it.

CHILLSO: Sorry sir. Plerorealm it.

JUNIOR: I'll fund it cuz I owe you one and I'll come because because because I don't trust you but I don't touch a damn *thing* except the profits and we bring MY guy to handle the the oil. We're going after oil I assume.

CHILLSO: Done. Uh, sure, yeah. I got a map to some oil.

YOU [to Junior]: Who's yer guy?

JUNIOR [to you, wry smile]: Name of The Prim Pluckler.

PRIM PLUCKLER [Emerging from shadow]: Eughegegegeg

The Pluckler wears a falcon hood and a dog's collar and is holding a wooden rod with a single long nail hammered through the end of it. He wears a prize pumpkin on his back, which you remember is for carrying oil. It holds more than it should, like magic. Or something.

YOU: How do we get there?

JUNIOR [pointing at you with his pinky]: She's stupid?

CHILLSO [to you]: You're literally like embarrassing me. Like you obviously know how to fucking get to the plerorealm.

CHILLSO [to Junior]: Yes.

YOU: I forgot everything.

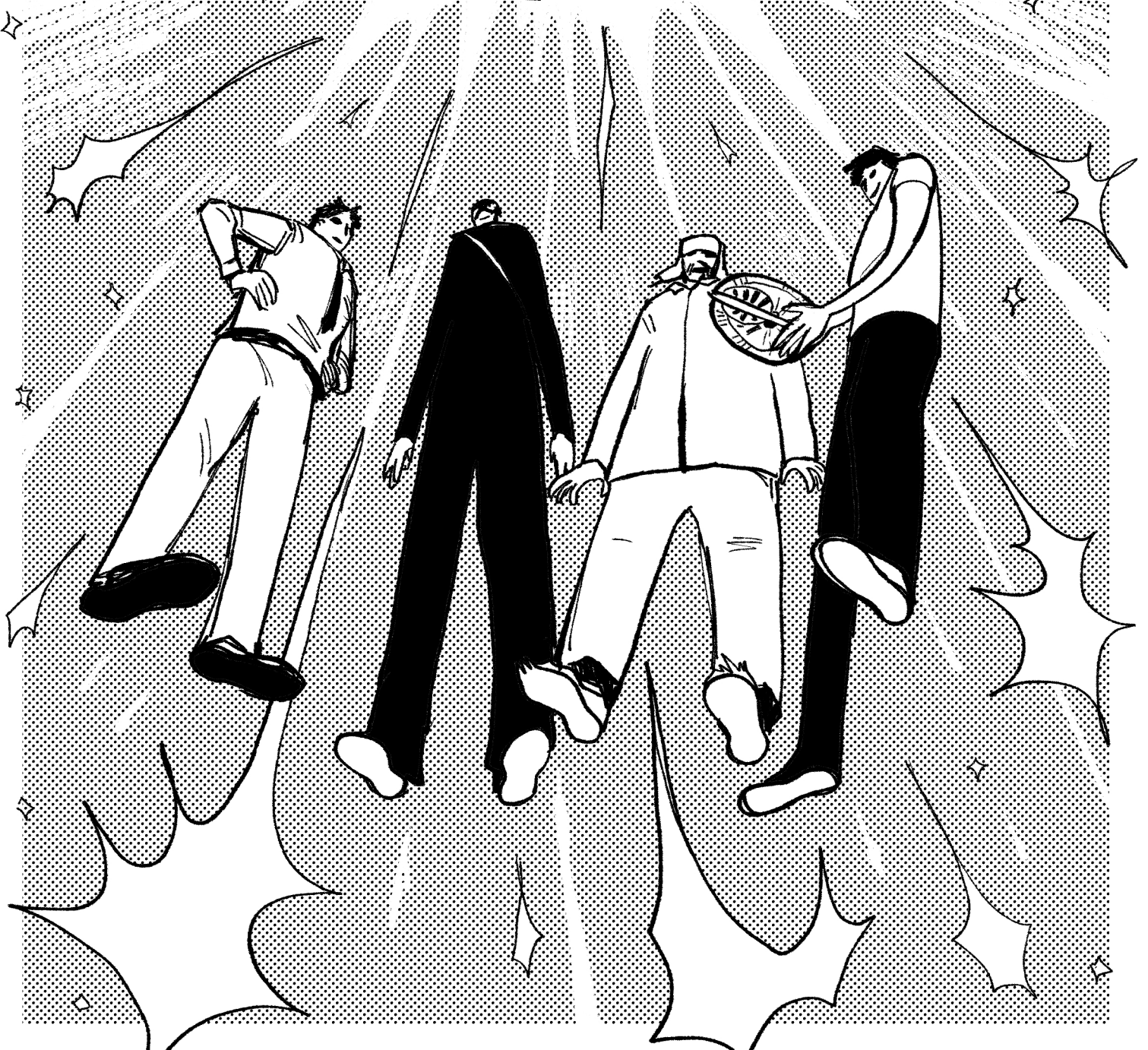
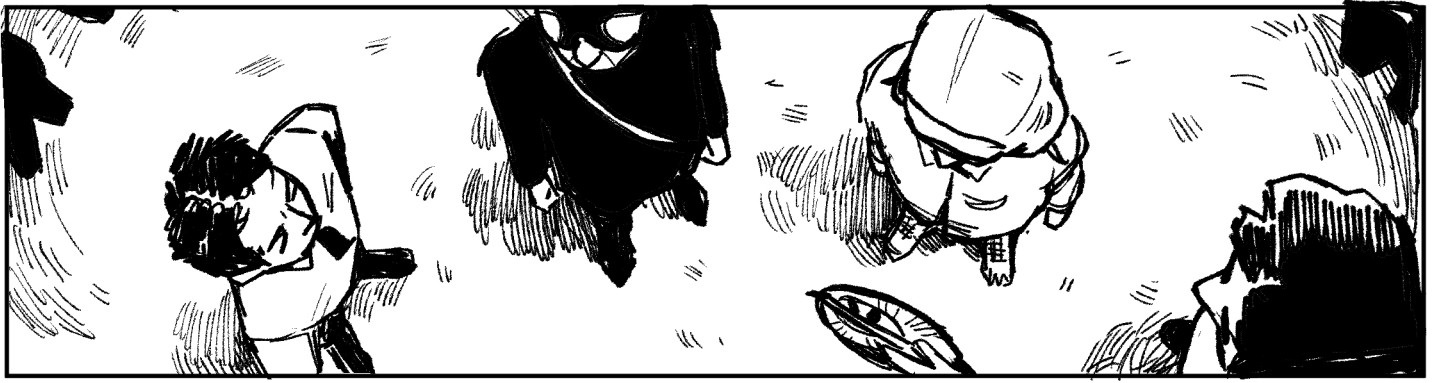
PRIM PLUCKLER: Eughegegegeg

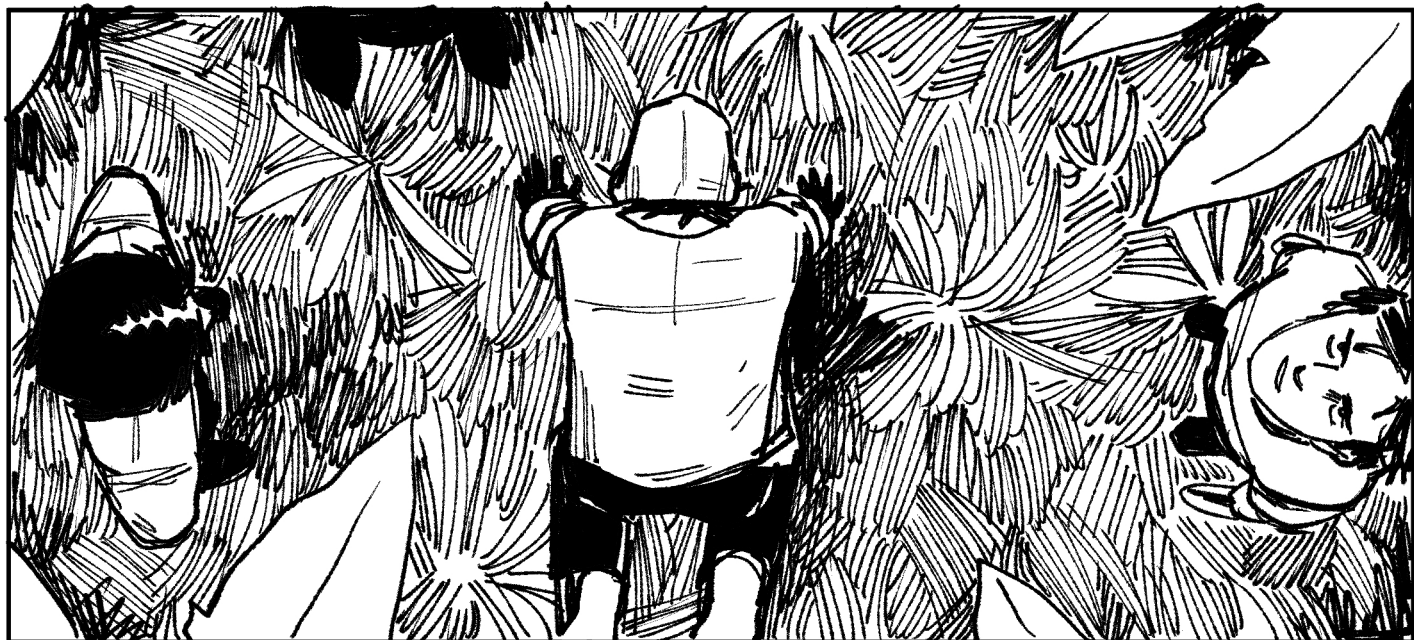
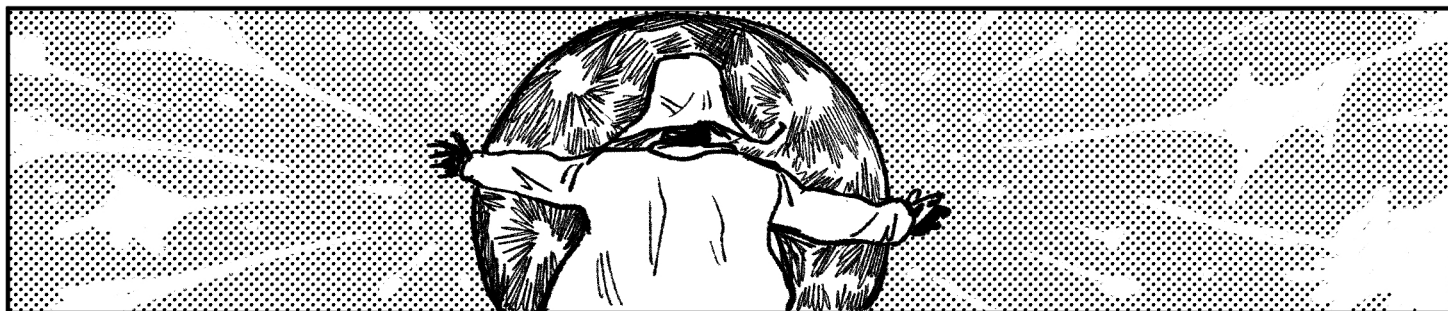
The quick shopping trip spoils: candles, jerky, binoculars, rope, cigarettes, flashlight, ballistic vest. For you, Junior says, a boxcutter.

You tell him you already have your rusty hammer. He says you might need something small and sharp. He says it while straightening his tie, looking off to the wall. You believe him and pocket it.

All ready: all the stuff in bags, all the chicks in a row, all the papers signed for Junior. Chillso's got an astrolabe out, seems to be running some numbers.

Junior asks if you remember warping. You don't. He flashes a malicious sort of smile. Up we go.





There's a ceiling somewhere up there. You can hear its echoes like thunder when bird-calls get trapped in some corner of what must be the jagged rocks above the canopy and are crushed, repeated, torn until they're stretched-low and come cascading back like a broken synthesizer. Frogs are croaking loud enough that you can feel it in your boots. There's a belching from the mud. The humidity is fucking with your nose and you're sweating like a pig in an oven. You tie your hat tighter- bugs buzz near your covered ears and crawl up your sleeves. You slap down, shoe them away.

A sulfurous, humid miasma surrounds the flashlight's ray. It's coming from Chillso. Chillso says something stupid and points like everyone should follow him. You follow.

Each step is shtick-thunk. Shtick-thunk. The oily black mud squashes around your sole with each of your steps, making your rubber shoe-bottoms into suction cups, only releasing with a pop and some pointed effort. Black-green leaves, branches, flowers, webs, conspire to block your path. Even with Chillso ahead, it's so thick that each person from you to the Prim Pluckler hits new shit. Particles like dew stick to your wet face. It tastes bad on your panting tongue.

After too long, a clearing. A puddle of oil. The Pluckler fills his gourd to spilling, taking up the entire wide puddle in the pumpkin. He and Junior have some quiet aside.

You're on watch for "oil gators", dizzy but vigilant. The darkness overwhelms your still-spinning vision (both standing and warping). You ask Chillso, who's loitering near the tree line:

YOU: Are you gonna tell them about the woman?

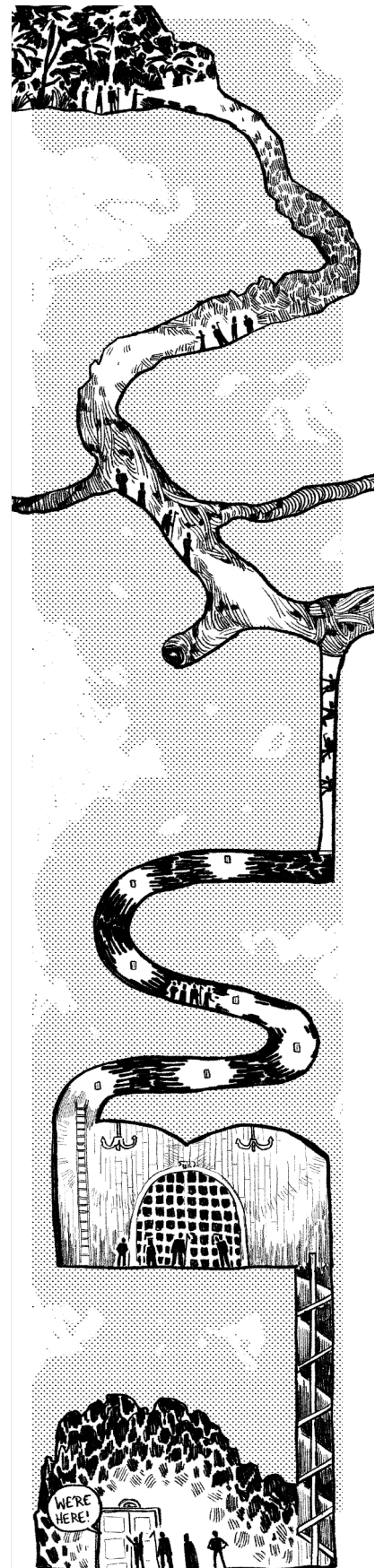
CHILLSO: Not unless I *haaave* to. I'd send 'em home now but they'd get 'spicious we're up to something.

YOU: So they get a cut of all of that oil *and* whatever we find for them?

CHILLSO: Lets wait. Maybe they die or something. Maybe we'll shake 'em.

Junior and the Prim Pluckler reconvene. They want more oil, want to see this map of Chillso's. Chillso refuses. They argue for a while.

A gator shows up, you point it out, the Pluckler stabs it through the head while you hammer it in a haze-sick blood frenzy. You get a pat on the back and a promise of extra shares from Junior. The excitement assuages his concerns, and you all follow Chillso further.



Chillso opens the door.

CHILLSO: Ain't nothing in here but some crummy fuckin' shit.

You see some crummy shit in here. A bed, a nightstand, a fridge, a chair with a nice heavy jacket draped over it. Junior opens the fridge (all spoiled food). Chillso checks the bed, finds a skeleton. The Prim Pluckler chuckles, for it doesn't seem like he can see in whatever way you do.

The jacket (down coat, covered in patches, sea green and navy blue) draws you to it. Behind you, silently, the door closes. You throw the jacket on. Heavy. You check the pockets; all empty except for one little thing, uuh. Oh. Another ID card.

Name: Debbie BB Brisk

Occupation: Psychopomp

Shares: 999

Uh oh.

Bang

Junior's brains are blown out, his body crumpling at his feet like his strings were let go. The flash, now a smoking bit of air, came from some invisible assailant near the door.

Your hands tingle, go numb with adrenaline.

The Prim Pluckler swings at the shade and nails its side, dropping the invisibility; a person like you or I, bandying a Mauser.

Pluckler goes for a second hit, gets shot in the neck. Blood like a hose.

You've only gotten out your hammer and taken a step back. Gun's on you.

???: Nobody move.

CHILLSO: Frankly?

DORSON HUIGGINS-FRANKLY: I said nobody fucking move.

FRANKLY: You.

YOU: Heh?

FRANKLY: I believe you just found something of mine.

YOU: Yea.

You pull out Frankly's tavern ID card, set it down on the ground, and kick it over to him. Confused, he picks it up.

FRANKLY: What is this?

YOU: Your Tavern ID Card.

FRANKLY: How did you get this?

YOU: I don't know. I woke up and had it. I don't remember anything before this morning.

CHILLSO: What?

FRANKLY: Well this isn't what I meant. I meant that there's something in that jacket that I want. A different Tavern ID Card.

YOU: Weird. Nothing in here.

FRANKLY: You.

CHILLSO: Hunh?

FRANKLY: Search the jacket for me.

CHILLSO: Uh. Uh. Yessir.

FRANKLY: And you, drop the hammer.

You do. Clang. Chillso tip toes up next to you.

CHILLSO [whispering]: Sorry lady.

You grab Chillso by the shoulders and throw him at Frankly.

Bang; bang; bang.

Chillso is shot in the back out through the chest

as you barrel through him and into Frankly. The three of you hit the ground like scattered matchsticks. You scramble on top of Frankly, kick the Mauser away (still shaking, still mouth-breathing, still numb).

With one hand you hold his face down open-palm on nose. With the other you feel for your boxcutter. His spit and snot and teeth rub against your hand. He bites it hard but it only feels good, tingles, sharp sting. You press harder.

You extend the boxcutter: t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t. You press it against his beating left artery with a rattling hand.

He's yowling into your palm. It goes in easy, but pulls across hard. Raw steak. You hit tendons and the thing bumps along the neck's inner geography.

The gun goes off. You don't hear that it's taken off your right ear, Your left still deaf-ringing. Anyways, cheek-to-cheek goes the cut. The final turn upwards he's still thrashing.

You grab his face in the eyes and nose and hair, just a fist that happens to catch skin. You extend the knife all the way out while its inside his neck. Iron on your tongue, gross, alien blood. Each pump is a water-bottle spritz.

Frankly is limp. Your new coat is soaked. The adrenaline starts to wear off and it stings like heat after cold. Something's bad in your gut.

You vomit. Your heart won't stop. Hands all blast-shaking and mind clear but not fully in control, you crawl over to still-breathing Chillso and you grab his shoulders. He's wheezing/coughing.

YOU: Take us home.

CHILLSO: Fuck

YOU: I bet a- uh- a Rotapriest could fix this, yeah? Maybe get a two for one deal? Just gotta get home first. You can make it.

CHILLSO: Fuck you.

YOU: Come on.

CHILLSO: You're gonna kill me.

YOU: You're my friend.

CHILLSO: You fuckin' killed me.

YOU: Can you get me home?

CHILLSO [feint]: Biiiiitch.

YOU: Come on.

YOU: [say your catchphrase.]



YOU get to Master Ramji's office by hook, by crook, by dumb luck. Whatever. Master Ramji will see you now. Each room is set up like a glory hole with a hole for Ramji's mouth (eye level) and a hole for his hand. A cutout of the guy on the poster is affixed to the wall so that the guy standing on the other side assumes the master's mouth and arm, like an ice-cream store photo cutout thing.

MASTER RAMJI?: What can Master Ramji do for you?

YOU: I recently lost all my memories and I want them back.

RAMJI: You good for it?

YOU: Price is no object to me right now.

RAMJI: Morally, personally, I'd like to inform you that you were here just recently to remove your memories.

YOU: No... shit. Did I say why?

RAMJI: Some girl or something.

YOU: Do you know who she might've been?

RAMJI: It sounds like you didn't want you to know. I don't remember either way.

RAMJI: Sorry, lady,

RAMJI: Anything else I can do you for you?

YOU: Could you sit with me for a beer?

RAMJI [checks his watch]: My shift ends at 8. Cirque De Fernando or Stye?

YOU: Stye. Who're we kiddin'?

RAMJI: Uhm.

RAMJI: Just because I have to tell you, contractually I mean, at the end of a meeting like this: we can remove loneliness point-blank at a discounted rate until Thursday. But drinks sound really nice.

YOU: You can?

RAMJI: It's in the contract that I tell you that line.

YOU: Is that what I got last time?

RAMJI: No.

RAMJI: But it's similar.

YOU: Painful? Takes time?

RAMJI: No, it's instant and painless. Until Thursday.

YOU: Shit.

RAMJI: But you know, drinks are fine with me. I just have to say that part.

YOU: Well. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to try for that sort of miracle. How expensive?

RAMJI: Three hundred shares,

YOU: Is it worth it?

RAMJI: I just want to stress: you got a very similar operation recently.

RAMJI: So.

RAMJI: You tell me, lady.

YOU: Three hundred?

RAMJI: Three hundred.

YOU: [mock pensive]

YOU: Done.