



The President cut diagonally across Central Park, marching past the Dakota without so much as a glance in the direction of the men who had financed his reelection. Straight into a deserted field. Feet cramping, he discarded his stiff, leather shoes and trod through the dirt, his mind flashing on a particular high he had not experienced in what felt like months.

It had been three days since his last hit of the crack rock.

As he traipsed past a fence and into the tall grass, the familiar reverberations of a ghetto blaster thumped through the brush, flagging his awareness.

Jerrymander switched spectrums and immediately staggered backwards as the pink triangular frame of the RAGNAROK populated his visual field.