

MORALE CHECK

by Stanley Lieber

"Buying soap will help set trafficked sex workers free. Find out how and buy some soap here →"

Oper touched the arrow, followed the black dog into the corridor. But something had gone wrong. Overlapping maps?

"Hesh? Hesh?" he called.

Hesh did not answer. The arrow had vanished. Oper wondered about the fates of the trafficked sex workers. Something familiar. Presently, his mind wandered.

"I'm not a dog," said Hesh, finally.

"The costume," observed Oper.

"Is not the costume of a dog," said Hesh, perturbed. This seemed to settle the matter. At least, Oper had stopped responding.

Approached the entrance to CLASS ACTION.

"Comes the candidates, Oper and Hesh, to all of which they do solemnly and sincerely promise and swear..." The doorman trailed off.

Adjusting their masks, the men entered the nightclub.