

TEXT ADVENTURE

*' DARK
WALLET '*

stanley lieber

1

Slake found the wallet and opened it.

The usual: loyalty cards, photographs, small bills.

False panel.

Opened the panel and climbed through.

Leather on donkey cheeks. Face through the folds.

It was dark.

2

On the other side, Paris was still cold.

Nothing scrolled.

Whatever.

Paris to Basement.

Paris to Basement.

There was no response.

Wait.

Nothing.

Wait.

Still, nothing.

Wait.

Sleep.

3

Slake moved progressively through the wallet.

Deeper.

Less money, down here. Cramped space. Conditions were intolerable. Well, write your Congressman.

Rain.

Faint chimes sounded in his mind. No, it was the wallet. Interior audio. Cheap effects, okay. But atmospheric. It would do.

More compartments. Corridor. Light, up ahead, obscuring the darkness.

Reminder of Nana's milk, miscegenating.

Rounded a corner.

4

Another Paris.

There, on the floor.

Unmoving.

Slake found the wallet and opened it.

Another false panel. Familiar placement.
Honey trap? Hardly mattered.

Opened the panel and climbed through.

On and on and on.

5

Up top, first layer.

Paris stirred.

Wallets shifted, accordingly.

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