

3-Card Stud

—Corey Plover

Walking towards the safe house, you try to gather some information from Bundy.

“Why is Arts West your safe house?” you ask.

“Because whoever wants to kill me probably still thinks it’s called Economics and Commerce.”

“So he won’t be able to find you here?”

“Exactly. I wish the safe house were Babel, though,” he glances at you with a twinkle in his eyes, “all the babes are in Babel. And female Europeans.”

You enter Arts West and are greeted by a powerful alto voice.

“Welcome, little monsters!”

You head downstairs with Bundy to locate the source of this utterance. The fluorescent lights of the lower floor illuminate a figure seated on a glitter-covered motorbike, behind two poker tables. She is wearing spectacles with TCAC printed in white lettering across the frosted glass lenses, and otherwise appears to be clad entirely in lettuce leaves. You watch her slowly eat a cupcake.

“Oh, pardon me, I’m just bluffin’ with my muffin. It’s been a long time since you came around,” she looks expectantly at Bundy.

“It’s been a long time, now I’m back in town,” he replies after some thought.

“Correct, that is the password! Welcome, Professor Undaberg!”

Bundy shoots you an embarrassed look while softly mumbling, “This is my chief of security.”

“Everything’s been quiet here. I just smoke my cigarette and hush,” she continues. “But I see you have a new recruit.” She turns to you. “Do you want love? Do you want fame? Are you in the game?”

“Um, what?” you raise your eyebrows at Bundy.

“Just say yes, you’ll play the game,” he mumbles, even more sheepishly. “She’s also my chief of recruiting.”

“Okay. I’ll play the game?”

“Marvellous! It’s just an entry test, to make sure that you’re no paper gangsta,” she points at the poker tables. “A little gambling is fun when you’re with me.”

