

## The Banquet

You have been invited to a banquet. But it is not until the day of the affair itself that you are sent an invitation. It is carried to your very doorstep by a personal messenger!

Before you can thank him, he's gone. You break the seal of the envelope and examine the contents. Everything is written on the invitation: the time, the menu, the program, and the expected attire. Everything except the location.

Dressing hastily, you fly out the door into the streets, asking the address of each passing stranger. A few of them smirk without answering, but most of the passersby merely shake their heads uncomprehendingly and carry on with their business. You meet no one along the way who even knows what you are talking about. It occurs to you that perhaps you are the only person who has been invited to the banquet.

You are already late, undoubtedly late. As you quicken your pace, you feel someone kicking you from behind, as if to push you harder.