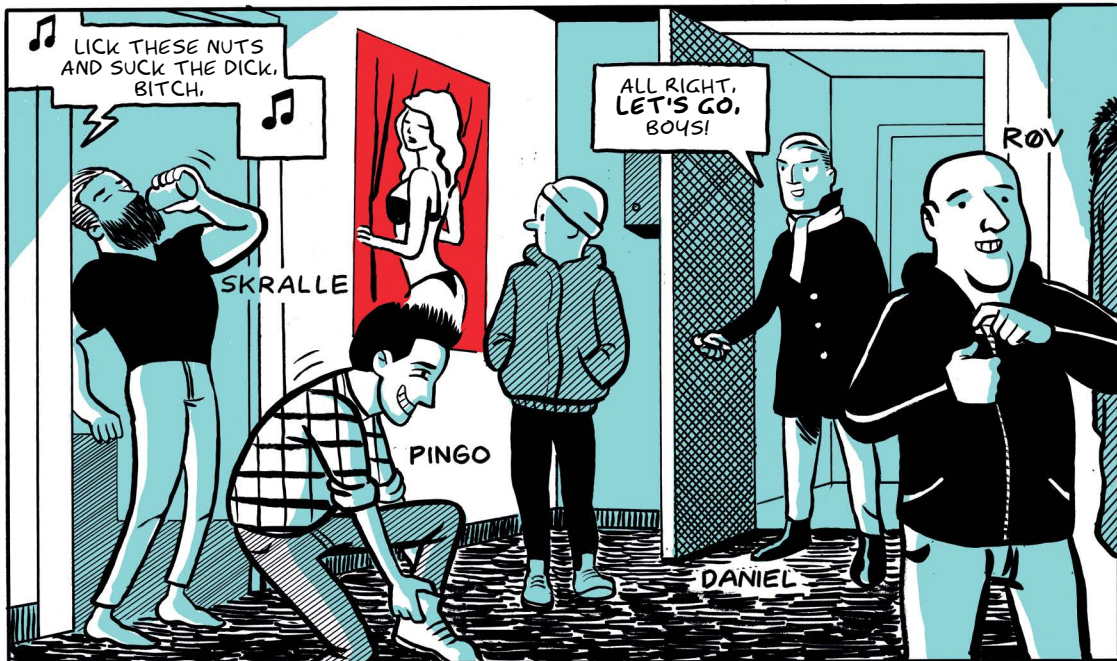


AFTER VISITING MY  
PARENTS I WENT TO  
AALBORG.

DANIEL HAD INVITED ME ALONG ON A NIGHT OUT  
WITH SOME FRIENDS AND I FORCED MYSELF TO  
GO, HOPING IT MIGHT CHEER ME UP.

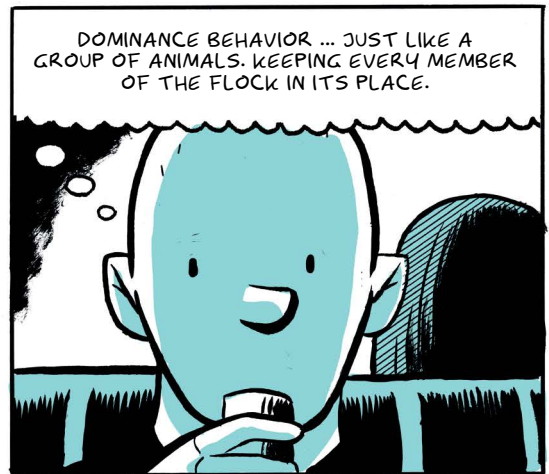
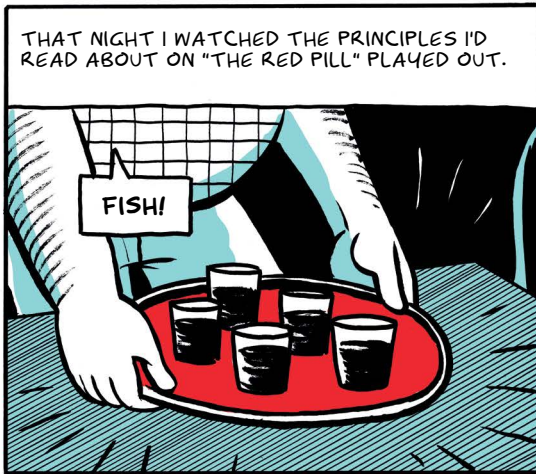
AND ALSO THAT I MIGHT  
MEET A GIRL AND GET  
LAID.





\*: A STREET KNOWN FOR ITS BARS AND CLUBS





"SARGE" GOT HIS NICKNAME FROM HIS TIME IN AFGHANISTAN, SOMETHING THAT LENT HIM AN AIR OF AUTHENTICITY AND MANLINESS.



PORKY, WAS AN APPRENTICE AT A BUTCHER, AND ONCE HE'D BEEN ASSURED THAT I WASN'T "A FAGGOT" HE TOOK A LIKING TO ME:



COOLIE WORKED WITH I.T. AND MADE UP FOR HIS SMALL STATURE BY BEING THE JOKER OF THE PACK.



DANIEL WAS THE ALPHA-MALE AND THE LEADER.



AND ME?

I WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HIERACHY. THE **OMEGA ANIMAL**.





IF SOCIALIZING WAS JUST A STRUGGLE FOR DOMINANCE - AND YOU'RE THE LOSER - WHY EVEN BOTHER HANGING OUT WITH OTHER PEOPLE?



