Somewhere in Ohio
By Cecilia Philips

He stayed up all night - until three, imagining a tacky land where a two-headed girl would write her motel manifesto right

before evaporating into the wreck of poverty, expired coupons and smoking Marlboros on stoops of this cluttered wasteland that breeds almosts and maybes. Before she ceases to exist, she'll reveal the question that forces an honest introspection of personal philosophies regarding humanity:

How much money would it take for you to kill a man?
He doesn't claim to know the value of a life or how to get away with murder but the two-headed girl said she can teach him how to make the best of a bad moment so it doesn't feel like he's carrying the dead weight of the wrong choice and if he wakes up at 11 he'll have gotten eight hours of sleep, which is all he needs.