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Rising to his feet, Corigan stumbled out the alleyway. His bones creaked as his legs straightened into a walk. People walked with their eyes fixed on him, their mouths contorted, and eyes full of disgust. His eyes spun in panic as his hands crawled up his arms. He tucked his head down and raced back to the alley while pulling out a long-stemmed pipe. He lit the flame and the pipe dropped from his hand as he exhaled a silver string of purple smoke. His eyes glossed over as his mind ripped away from reality.