

# Almost Spoiled For Choice

I'm not saying I'm the first Spirit of Alcohol. I'm just the *oldest*. I never met the first one, actually. She was gone centuries before I coalesced.

It was tricky, surviving those first years. The problem is, I need to anchor myself to this plane of existence via actual distilled liquor, and there were a few times starting out where I was almost out of range of a new bottle when the old one got drunk. But it's better now. I've got plenty of places to go.

What's that? "Prohibition?" *Please*. I could manifest *anywhere* in the country, back then.

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