

Stepa flew into Peru with only one thing on his mind. Cocaine.

He dutifully informed, his mother, Masha and wife, Luba, that he had at last decided to deal with his asthma, and Peru's mountains with their crisp, clean air were known to have a restorative effect. Stepa had also managed to convince his employer to give him a new project, something to help his waning motivation. Unfortunately, Stepa's company already had business in Latin American countries and so, on New Year's Eve Stepa found himself in Lima. Three more waste-of-space co-workers tagged along. One from his office and two more just for the sake of an adventure. Their mission was the same. Simply to have a good time.

In their thirties, a lot of previously good boys finally want to give it a try, find out what it feels like to go off the rails. It would be better if their mothers had taught them that you should go from bad to good, not the other way around. But that's beside the point.

His colleagues arrived, managed to get all their work done in a hurry and one evening decided to walk on the wild side (as much as they understood what that meant), which translated get some powder, hole themselves up in their hotel room and do something with it. Exactly what they didn't know except what they'd seen in movies. Also, from flicks, they knew about drug lords, who gunned down everybody at the drop of a hat. The rare Peruvians born and raised in Lima lived in a state of terror.

Stepa made friends with one of those natives, Carlos.

A tall, thin boy, about twenty-five, who played all parts - tour guide, translator, driver, and sherpa. Carlos was...well, there's no better way to say it: a jack ass. Straight up, bumbler. The only redeeming thing was his kindness, he was kind to everyone. And he also stuttered, but not all the time. He was very shy about it which made him even more pathetic. Stepa was moved by kind people and despite himself always trusted them. When the question came up where to get cocaine, the three office jerks looked to Stepa.

"Step, you began it, so you lead the way. Everybody says, you can get it anywhere here"

Stepa, who didn't want these a-holes anywhere near him, admonished:

"Here, everyone's got a gun. Here, you can get fucked. Here, they keep a close watch on tourists, frame them and lock them away. They don't care about anything except the ransom. Luba is not going to put up anything for me. She'd rather pay to keep me inside. We need somebody we can totally trust."

"Do you have anybody?"