

The Indian boy threw up his hands. “You can’t just arrest me for...for...”

The police officer, a large white man with some noticeable sideburns, simply shook his head. “Yes I can,” he drawled.

The Indian boy looked at his friends. “This is ridiculous!” he shouted in a slightly panicked voice.

One of his friends, a gay Persian boy, picked at his nails. The other boy, who was...um...25% Korean, simply feigned a yawn and looked away.

“Look, those other guys started it,” the Indian boy whined. “This ain’t even your jurisdiction...”

“I know what you did!” The officer of the law emphasized each word with a wave of his fists.

The boy rolled his eyes. “It was self-defense!”

“You *shot* them!” The legendary sheriff Yeehaw Tarnation put a hand to each side, ready to quickdraw both Rootin’ and Tootin’.

The Indian boy put both hands in the air. “Wait, wait, wait, my character has his shotgun already out, right? Because, like, he would carry it with him into the room, and...”

Luke sighed and put his Dungeon Master notebook down. “Okay, Varun and Fritz’s argument’s gonna take a while, and I don’t wanna stop it, buuut...Market run?”

As I followed my friends to Sixth Market, I wasn’t wondering about whether or not me being a Chinese-Canadian-American and my Asiatic skin tone and features had skewed their perception of me as a person. I wasn’t considering if a gang of two white boys, a Chinese-American kid, a...25% Korean (I think he also mentioned Latino?) dude, and a gay Persian-American guy coming together to play some Deadlands was an accurate representation of UCSD’s overall “campus climate”. Quite frankly, I didn’t care. All I was thinking about was how I, Ryan Marsh, the cowardly, somewhat alcoholic private investigator, was going to help solve a string of missing persons cases in the mining town of Bodie.