

Would you believe me if I told you that a dog has been chasing me for months now?
Ash-colored eyes, oil skin—it only emerges at night, as I walk home from the store, from work, it follows. I'll turn a corner and a few moments later its gaze, a focused wave of bloated unpleasantness, washes over me.

Take a train, the bus, rent a car you may suggest! But, no, that makes it angry, that makes it vivacious, hungry. I took the bus home one night, I sat in the back of the bus, not a soul in sight, I relaxed, closed my eyes for but a moment; then it was on my lap, looking up at me silently. Then, its face cracked open, mouth elongating and stretching.

Would you believe me if I told you that the dog ate my entire face? Like stripping fat from a fine stake, the thing stole it entirely. The dog wears it now. As it follows me, my face hangs loosely over its snout, taunting me, teasing me to get on a bus again, daring me to even think about not walking home.