

The Idiot King

by Alex Waxman

I stayed by the idiot king in his box, never ranging far, never letting the box out of my sight. The river flowed back, soaking me to the knees. We had to get to higher ground somehow.

I stopped worrying at a certain point. I knew there was a search party out looking for us with the dogs. But the dogs are dumb. You can see it in their eyes. They belong to every man, woman and child in the kingdom. They are kept in the kennel.

I had to get some clean drinking water. I was smart to bring the dropper. I brought the cup to the idiot king's lips. He gibbered. The brown water ran down his chin. I took a sip myself.

When I got back, I thought, I could get the nose job. They'd have no choice but to give it to me. I wondered what styles they had as I waited with my back on the box.

The idiot king made sounds like rocks dropping into water. It got dark.

Then it got a little light, then dark, then light. I must have nodded off.

When I woke up the idiot king was gone. The box was still there with some gnawed apple cores in the bottom, but the idiot king was definitely gone.

I looked everywhere.

