

Errol

by Ann Bogle

Errol blamed the sunrise for his lack of productivity during the day. He prided himself on being not menacing like a bear. He was not missing any fingers or even parts of them. His gray whiskers itched as he dragged the fingers he used at the piano to his face. His instinct led him to think of the nurse Jennifer whose retirement would be secure. She had once wrapped her arms around his spacious middle and tilted her head up to see his distant face. She was much shorter than he. The sky rarely prohibited her.

