

Hair

by Daniel Harris

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I had a temperature of 105 degrees for five days. I lost all my hair.

The doctors said it would grow back. It didn't.

I'd been in hospital for four weeks. My girlfriend came to visit at eleven one night.

We had sex, but not like the old days.

She left about midnight.

"I guess you got lucky," said the night nurse.

I didn't reply.

Five weeks later I left the hospital for my apartment.

My key didn't work.

The landlady told me I didn't live there anymore. My girlfriend moved out and told her I had died. All my belongings went into the trash.

"What happened to my musical instruments?"

"I don't know. They weren't in the trash," said Fanny.

I had no way of contacting my girlfriend.

When I finally found her in a bar, she said to me,

"You're bald, you look like an old fuck. Get away from me or I'll call the cops."

I bought a bottle of Jim Bean and went back to my SRO hotel.

There were two ways out of the room, the door and the window.

The long drop looked like the way out.

