

Down to Earth

by Diane Becker

He ran his forefinger round the rim of the lid then sucked at his fingertip. The texture's like chalk, he thought, it tastes of earth. He hadn't anticipated this — but dipped his finger in again and swallowed. It was like scraping his tongue against a blackboard on which someone had scrawled every equation ever written. A perfect solution, he thought, as he licked his lips and wiped specks of dust from the corners of his mouth. Finally he screwed the lid back on and reaching up to the highest shelf, wedged the urn back in between his favourite books.

