

Horny

by Erin Zulkoski

The day I noticed the horn growing out of my forehead, I thought, “well, shit. I guess I really AM the spawn of Satan.”

There, in the middle of my forehead, was a tiny protrusion, probably about a half inch long. I was fascinated at what was happening. I stared at myself in the mirror, gingerly poking at the horn. I was mesmerized by it, hypnotized, even. I wonder if it held magical powers.

Would people flock to me, wanting to touch it, rub it for good luck? We'll be famous, me and my horn. Spots on the national news, maybe even a cult following. The merchandizing dollars made my head spin. Visions of “Unicorn Girl” t-shirts, action figures, mouse pads, and dog leashes filled my head.

I'd have to start a website, maybe hire an assistant to help me. Definitely need to hire bodyguards, as I foresee at least four assassination attempts on my life in the near future. The paparazzi will be relentless, camping out in front of my humble one bedroom apartment, itching to capture the perfect shot of me. Maybe I should call Lloyd's of London and have this thing insured, and when I die, either donate my skull to the Smithsonian or have one of my friends sell it on eBay for no less than \$2.5 million dollars.

I continued gazing at myself in the mirror, and reached up to touch my ticket out of this slummy apartment and less-than-admirable life, when to my horror, the horn fell off and rattled around the porcelain basin of the bathroom sink. My eyes wide in disbelief, shocked at how quickly my aspirations quite literally have gone down the drain. I reached down to pick up the horn, to see if I could reattach it somehow.

As I picked up the horn, I became even more crestfallen.

As I held the horn in my hand, I realized that it was not actually a horn at all, but a nacho cheese Bugle, which had been my snack last night when I was lying in bed, watching the latest episode of "Hoarders." I had fallen asleep and woken up with a snack stuck to my head.

I'm still going to try to sell this thing on eBay, though.

