

Introspection

by J. Bradley

The piss monster looks for clues of its childhood in the stains it leaves behind on the furniture. “Why am I here,” it asks. Its latest victim can't bail his lungs out fast enough to answer. The piss monster walks to the nearest mirror, notices how the light from the still ceiling fan refracts through its body.

The carpet absorbs the piss monster as it paces around and around and around. It tried to leave the apartment but its body froze at the threshold. It hopes the carpet absorbs its body and limbs enough to slip through the door in the way it did when it came in. The piss monster keeps freezing at the threshold at five feet, then three feet, then one foot.

The piss monster wakes up a few days later in a new house, body restored. The piss monster begs its arms to let him ask the questions it needs to ask about its purpose before baptizing the next victim.

