

it was after a revolution, or a war, or some disaster

by Jerry Ratch

I had this dream. We were living together, and we were in bed asleep when strange, enormous cats began crowding around our windows and meowing. They made awful scratching and scraping noises at the windows, trying to come in. But I couldn't wake you up. Every time I'd shake you, I would realize it was I who had been asleep and that the cat was at the door.

It was after a revolution, or a war, or some kind of disaster, and the streets were filled with mud. There were ruins everywhere. Miller (the little twerp!) was there selling wineglasses that were huge and would hold a whole bottle of wine. He kept assuring these crowds of people that they were real glass, and not plastic. But you could see they were really just old wine bottles (with yellowing labels) turned upside down and that he had merely cut the bottoms of the bottles off.

