

Bedtime Stories

by JM Prescott

Once upon a time was just like now, only with fewer baths; so don't read to me about a prince charming with no first name and very little dialog.

Read to me stories of despair, insanity, isolation and death. Pick a book of war stories, violent stories. I want to read a story that ends unhappily ever after: one where the bad guy wins and no one gets the girl.

Stop.

Let me pick my own book: I want to read to myself.

