

Startled by Towels

by Joshua Moses

I woke up when the smoke alarm insisted. Either the curtains were on fire or I hadn't changed the battery. The room danced like a con man's cover and the floor exchanged places with the ceiling. Somehow my legs kicked off the sheets and I crawled along the carpet, pushed my way into the bathroom and hid in the shower. On top of the toilet was a stack of fresh towels. Fuck, I thought. Not again.

