

Living Through Fuzzy

by Shawn Misener

They politely urged him not to get too involved with his creations.

Breathing life into Fuzzy, he couldn't help but smile. A geyser of joy, an erection of bliss. A seed taking root.

Fuzzy was number sixty-eight. So many more to go, but he didn't want to continue. He held Fuzzy in his arms and wished to be like him. He wished to be what he had made.

His celestial colleagues shook their shiny heads when he relinquished his power and climbed into Fuzzy through the velcro pocket. The measure of a soul is the greatness of its inventions.

Traveling across Earth, he relished the feel of dirt under his soles.

Now is the time to make babies. Now is the time to focus on survival. Now is the time for candy and musk.

Looking up, he saw death for the first time.

Shit shit shit, he fumed. *I should have thought this through.*

