

The Glory Leak

by Shawn Misener

This is the most frustrating kind of amnesia. I've been staying in the Taft Room for five weeks, curling up on a tiny cot tucked under the wax moose / bald eagle action brawl display, but I don't remember a second of what could have been a, well, *memorable* time. The White House. The President and the First Lady.

Punching myself in the temple doesn't stimulate my brain.

Like floodlights startled bright by the sly motions of a curious raccoon I realize something. I'm lucid now. NOW. It may be humid as the insides of an oyster in the Taft Room, but suddenly I feel weightless and carefree.

Full of giggles I find the door and float into the hallway, where I discover what is possibly the greatest collection of science fiction armor ever assembled. It goes on forever, both ways: nanosuits and exoskeletons, trooper gear and badass loader units. Things I was familiar with from flicks paired with things I couldn't even imagine.

I hear myself saying "Hello?" before I actually say it.

"Hello!" says the President, suddenly before me. His hands are firmly on my shoulders, as if trying to keep me from lifting off.

Then, to my terrible dismay, I realize I am floating on a corn flake in the middle of a bowl of milk. My sense of glory leaks from me, and I fart around the bowl like a sail, propelled by the glory billowing from my back. If I only I knew whose cereal this was, maybe then I could find my way back to the armor collection. If only.

