

The Happiest Place

by Stuart Millard

Everyone's been so pleased to see me. Hugs and smiles; strangers who want to shake my hand and pose for pictures. I've been in more photos this past hour than the rest of my life combined. I normally don't photograph well, but today — well, today's different. The head is hot inside, but I don't care. It's funny how easy it is to get people to like you. They do say that meeting new friends is all about getting on out there and putting on your happy face. Smile, and the world smiles right back.

I bludgeoned Goofy while he was taking a smoke break. Skinned him clean and hid his pretty guts in a storage closet, before climbing inside. As the cops start towards me, I do my wave. Four oversized fingers in clean white gloves. I can't even smell the mace, and it takes a steel baton to the knees to drop me to the floor. Inside I'm crying, howling with pain. But on the outside, all anyone can see is the grin that says "I'm fine, everything's fine." Just like every other day.

