

Greg Bachar

THE SKELETON

A man woke up one day to find his skeleton had left him in the middle of the night. He lay in bed limp and soft and wondered how he was going to get to work. When he tried to raise his head to look at the clock he heard his brain squish as it shifted beneath his skin, and when he tried to raise his hand to reach for the telephone, he felt his veins shift and wrap themselves around his muscles.

On the other side of town, the man's skeleton sat on a bus stop bench, unsure of what to do next.