

sunlight. It's a day whe

er or not he's

—

's ache to the stretched skin. It didn't work; it just stacked more pain on

he'd b

towards the outhouse in his baggy clothes that didn't at all compliment his slug

suddenly remembered shoving a hot dog in his back pocket at last night's

The hot dog had dropped directly between his legs, into the toilet's water. Grant looked
looking at the water's surface. His stomach rumbled again

He lifted it up to his eyes and pushed his glasses back further onto his face. I'm hungry,

to him, but it never reached him. He opened his eyes and nodded approval and thought OK, I'll

of it. The shit flakes' texture hit t

and he wasn't hungry any longer
