

Happy Birthday to Me

"The last thing I need is a zombie with a replica of my own face," said Willy. "So you don't like your birthday present then," replied Bianca. "It isn't that," said Willy, "but what is he for, anyway? What am I supposed to do with one around the house?" "He could help with the cleaning," suggested Bianca as she waved a hand, palm open, towards the rumpus room. Willy followed her gesture: entertainment center (cobwebbed), sunken conversation pit (filled with alligators and musty water), one of those giant egg chairs you sit in while smooth music plays on the hifi (spikes all along the inside, a cobra coiled on the cushion). Without saying a word, Willy looked Bianca right in the eye. His birthday present stepped to his side and, with the same eyes (only clouded over and crusty at the edges), did the same. Willy had to stop himself putting an arm across his own shoulder.

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