

From “The Deadly Saffron Sign”

We were hiding in the bar when the zombie shambled in.

...Bob had on big sunglasses, as if to block out the glare of his shirt. Little puffs of dust rose up from the ground every time his sandals hit the soles of his feet. As Bob took his usual seat I realized he hadn't looked this unhappy since the day before his death. Dying was the best thing to ever happen to Bob. He certainly had more friends now.

“Bad news, folks,” Bob told the bar. “Somebody killed a tourist.”

And just like that, my retirement was on hold.

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