

# Changes In Taste

I dropped my cup as the Wave rolled through my soul. Opposite me, the spriggan looked on, almost sympathetically. Little bastards almost never have to go through this; humans usually agree on what spriggans are like.

“Bad one?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said through gritted fangs. “Apparently vampires are back to being metaphors for terrorism again.” I could already feel my humanity-defined imago shifting. It grated. Literally.

The spriggan snorted. “What, again? That book was published last year!” Yes, it had been. Six hundred pages of memetic-warping pain. I shrugged through my own.

“They probably brought it out in paperback.”

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