

## Table for One At Le Déchets

Contrary to popular belief, my kind do *not* prefer ossuaries. I know, there is a certain charnel romanticism to the idea of the ghoul in her underground sanctuary, full of bones. But, well, they're *bones*. Dry, stale, no longer nourishing. It's like imagining that, since humans use wood, a human's favorite haunt would be a lumberyard.

But a landfill? Oh, it is *lovely*, here. Delightful fragrances from all those rotting organics, interestingly seasoned and endlessly variable. Plus, there's still the odd corpse, here and there.

Oh, do not look at me like that! It's not like / put them there.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>