

Monster's Bar

It took everything I had to go to where the monsters drank.

In the dimness, I could almost believe the bar was run by people. But I knew better than to look. To look was to see; and the angles in there were *wrong*. We lost too many people before we understood not to **look** too closely.

The worst part? The monsters never wanted to hurt us. They gave us space to live; they (guiltily) tried to make amends. I *needed* that guilt, right now.

My voice quavered as I looked down. "Hello. I need a human for a job."

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