

# Blanche's Bad Dream



Blanche was having a really awful dream. She was in an Italian restaurant, a nice one, and had ordered the house special: the calamari. The waiter, a tall, dark man named Brad – quite handsome except for the tentacle that protruded from his forehead – seemed shocked by her request. He silently crossed himself and rushed into the kitchen, from which a furor soon arose. Brad reappeared at the door along with the chef, whose forehead also sported a tentacle. As Brad pointed at Blanche, the chef became agitated, convulsing like a washing machine stuck on the heavy duty cycle. He lurched back into the kitchen, and Brad soon followed him. A few moments passed. Blanche knew it was moments and not minutes because her wristwatch was calibrated in moments. Brad burst through the kitchen door carrying a steaming tray of what she assumed was her dinner. Good. She was hungry! But just before he got to her table, his feet tangled on the seaweed on the floor and he tripped. The entrée went flying – right onto Blanche! Worse, the calamari somehow reassembled into a living, breathing cephalopod mollusk! And the minute (*not* moment) it touched human flesh, its tentacles went into suction mode, holding on for dear life. Unfortunately, the tentacles were sucking the dear life out of poor Blanche, too. One that sat atop the bridge of her nose began to pull inexorably on her eyeballs. She tried to scream but nothing came out of her mouth. Nothing, that is, save for the tonsil that she thought had been removed years ago. Summoning long dormant subconscious powers, she willed herself awake. A wave of relief swept over her as Brad, the restaurant and her wristwatch promptly vanished. Alas, the same could not be said for the tentacles.