

The Woxes



There were times when Gladys was sure she had left her hometown behind and slipped into a parallel universe, one populated by argumentative adobe, chatty crayons, and woxes. (A wox was a cross between a fox and a wombat that walked upright and drank lots of coffee.) Take today, for example. A moment ago, she had been rooting through her purse for exact change for the trolley; now suddenly she was in an adobe dressing room surrounded by a dozen full-size woxes. Although they were for the time being docile, the creatures clearly also had the caffeine jitters. They seemed to be preparing for some sort of performance, as they applied make-up and adjusted their antimatter garments, so Gladys did her best to stay out of their way. But then she chanced to see her reflection in the mirror on the wall and discovered to her horror that the same malodorous ruff that featured so prominently in the anatomical make-up of the woxes was trying to establish residency on her own neck! She screamed. But the noise that came out of her mouth sounded less like a yelp and more like a crayon. It was a sound that aroused the woxes, and they began to close ranks around and brush up against Gladys. At first the plucky lass was frightened, but the feeling passed, and soon she was aware only of a yen for a hot mug of French roast.