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Untitled

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UNTITLED

The stranger wore a trench coat the color of shadows, the color of the dark of the mind during sleep. Thus attired, he needed no great stealth to slip in unnoticed between the buildings and into the court of the apartment complex.

In truth, no one would have noticed him anyway. He bore no resemblance to the cover of *GQ*. His hair was not sculpted with mousse; it was closely cropped all over his head. None of the items of clothing that he wore, spanning the color spectrum from dingy white to dusty grey, could have cost over \$100.00. Clearly, he was a stranger below notice here at Melrose Place.

The man lifted his head, revealing a long scar running from the corner of his eye to the back of his neck. He lit a cigarette and smoked it with a mechanical familiarity that was neither relaxed nor tense as he leaned against a wall and watched the apparitions come out. Legions of perfect, proud, plastic people issued forth from the many apartment doors, squabbling in perpetual jealous paranoia and making absurdly dramatic declarations. *They aren't real*, the stranger thought, *so this won't hurt a bit*.

He produced an automatic weapon from the folds of his coat and did what he came to do.

When he was done, the walls and pavement were splattered. They were splattered with Nutragena and Oil of Olay and Calvin Klein's Obsession (for men and for women), and Prell and Maybelline. Fresh from their veins, it made the sidewalk silky

smooth and the apartment walls irresistible as it soaked in.

Of course, the stranger knew that deep in the underground labs of the TV scientists, more such creatures were being assembled. However, he didn't let this mar his satisfaction as he slid back into the shadows, knowing that this one Monday night, he had been avenged.

— *Brian Currie*

Editor's note: Due to spatial limitations, only part one of this three-part story was used.

NIGHT BLINDS US TO A

Night blinds us to a sun that spends its promise in a far latitude.

— *Robert N. Georgalas*