

Fishing around inside his pockets, he tried to find his keys. But they just weren't there. He knew he had left them on the counter at work again. Unprofessional. Quietly he sneaked out of the patent office he had been waiting for help in. He leapt through the window, and fell three stories into his open topped convertible. He daintily brushed himself off, and went home. He stomped rhythmically into his kitchen, arms outstretched to feel the air. Down the pole he slid, and frantically ran across the giant room he knew so well. Like a man-sized spider, he darted his head and arms about as he crept around the room, low to the ground. Machinery of his own invention sat everywhere. Rusting. He saw the keys and grabbed them carelessly, backhandedly. He spit a wad of tobacco juice onto the ground and sauntered out the secret exit, forgetting, or perhaps not caring to lock it behind him. He looked out at the lonely world, and noticed a carnival where there used to be dirt. He tromped over to it, and watched in wide-eyed wonder as people flew through the air all above him. At his level animals with women on their backs marched proudly. It was all so grand that he almost didn't notice the circus workers staring at him. They all broke into a run. He chased. They stripped off their clothing as they ran to reveal tan, fit bodies in bathing suits. Not typical of carnies. They leapt onto their waiting surfboards and rocketed out into the ocean beyond his control. He looked down at his hands. He had lost his keys again.