

Why Creative Writing 212 Is Corrupting Me

Hooray!
I finally have the t-shirt I've been waiting for.
It is *so* funny,
I have to show my friends.

There they all are.
"Hey guys, check out my new t-shirt!
Hah, Hah?"
They all look at me with puzzled expressions.
Why aren't they laughing?

I pull the bottom of the t-shirt away from my body and look down.
Wait a minute,

That's not right,
It's just a big blur.
Blurred out.

Strange.

I raise my hand to my face and give myself the finger.
My hand is blurred too.

I look down again,
I'm not wearing any pants
Or underwear.
Luckily he is blurred out too.

The blur is spreading up my arms and down my legs.

"Oh Sh—."

I look in a mirror.
The blur has covered my mouth and is creeping up my face.

'Uh oh'

Gary Vincent