



Ask Apricot

Dear Apricot,

I have been seeing the same girl for a few months, and everything's been going well. Except, a few weeks ago, she started talking about trick-or-treating. She says she wants to dress me up as a donkey, and lead me around on a rope.

At first, I thought she was kidding, but since then, she's bought some grey felt and brought out her sewing machine.

I don't want to break up with this girl, Apricot, and I don't want to make her mad. I really think I love her. But I don't want to be an ass, either. What should I do?

Worried at the sight of pumpkins,
Donkey-whipped.

Dear Whipped,

A Freudian slip is when you say one thing and mean your mother.

This girlfriend of yours is too repressed to come right out and tell you that she thinks you're an idiot. Instead, she's going through an elaborate charade, projecting her subconscious feelings toward you into the societal rituals of Halloween.

She probably had a bad experience the year her father dressed up as Conan the Barbarian for Halloween.

You can stay with her if you want, and follow through with her animalistic fantasies, but then again, you don't want to be an ass.

Hoping you get lots of treats,
Apricot.

Dear Apricot,

My boyfriend has some irritating habits. He likes to knead my lap with his hands, and he won't stop even when I smack him. The other aggravating thing is that sometimes he drags his bum along the carpet, instead of just walking. It's OK when we're alone, but in front of my parents it just doesn't go over very well. He has a tendency to scratch the couch when we're sitting and watching TV, and the cloth on the arm is beginning to wear away. I am not sure quite what to do — when I complain he just snuggles up to me and licks me with his raspy tongue, and I just melt.

—Looking for Mr Purrfect.

Dear Looking,

Honey, you'd better keep looking, because this bozo isn't it. Anyone who drags their bum along the floor needs it either kicked or de-wormed. While appearances aren't everything, you need a guy who isn't into public displays of affection (PDAs). You need a boyfriend who will treat you well, who won't knead your lap or lick you with his tongue at family dinners.

Furthermore, I sense that there could be some psychological problems here, such as some underlying conflicts. Does he wait at the bottom of the stairs until you climb them with him? Does he seem intimidated by dogs? If your boyfriend really is a bad cat (and I think he is), consider getting him neutered — one quick snip and all your problems are over.

Remember kids, vets are professionals. Don't try this at home (without first selling your story to the tabloids or a TV network as a tasteless movie-of-the-week).

Happy petting,
Apricot

Chill

Matt R.oherty

I had a dream last night
I took a life in my dream
not unusual, but most peculiar in method.

I stood in a shadowed doorway.
Just beyond the reach of a streetlight
Frost forms upon my breath
I'm not cold
My gaze is caught by a vision of youth.
Probably walking home.
Probably from the theatre.

The young captivate me, soft, innocent
Confident of their own immortality.
I'm walking now
I've been noticed.

My blond prey has quickened its pace.
The heart beats fast.

I'm standing behind her now.
Neither of us are moving.

The body quivers when my teeth first
brush the surface of the neck.

Then goes momentarily rigid
upon puncture.

The flow begins, pulsing rhythmically
The body goes limp, eyes open wide, mouth
agape in silent scream.

Not dead, yet.

The experience is virtually indescribable.
A passionate exchange but fulfilling the
soul as well as the corporeal being.

The pulse has stopped. I drop the corpse
somewhat pale, to the earth.

A gust of wind blows strongly by, shuffling
leaves,
Freezing over a nearby puddle.
I am not cold.

distracti[🎃]ons



goblins and witches by the *frightening* nina boo!-tten