FRIENDS
Ashley Chantler

Sleeping Dave: snug as a bug, free from fear; his blood-swelled penis nudging the duvet.

Gary crept out of the spare bedroom and dusted. He erased Dead Dave and he smiled, imagining Awake Dave would now always be happy. He was warmed by what he called ‘humanism’.

Gary was asleep on the bathroom floor when Awake Dave nudged him with his right foot.

‘What have you been doing?’

Gary stood. ‘Dusting.’

‘Why?’

‘Because I love you.’ Gary smiled, then saw the skin under Awake Dave’s eyes and shuddered.