

Unreliable
by Agatha Mallett

It was a dark and stormy night stop no it wasn't. It was actually a very temperate *evening*, and no it was at the very least partly cloudy with a spot of hail—and it definitely was night. Well after bedtime anyway.

Right, so, on this dark occasion, there was a goblin—ordinary human—whose main contribution to this narrative is his present occupation, which consists now of his standing atop a high steeple overlooking the innocent townspeople in the valley below. This guy was actually very nice and *shut up* no he—wasn't. He was *definitely malevolent* as you could plainly see from his wide-brimmed hat and leather overcoat billowing it was actually a lady—a very nice lady in a summer dress, windswept elegantly with the late-afternoon it was an evil evil man goddammit.

Well, *I* thought it was a lady so no it wasn't yes it stop interrupting! This is a story about an evil goblin—lady—standing ominously *at the very earliest at twilight* against the shut up you don't know what you're talking about. Nobody loves you you liar make me feel bad so much I don't even why can't you let me speak ever because you're a terrible narrator and everybody liar get out of my silence you don't understand how to tell but stories are meant to be interpreted it's hard to getting it wrong.