



Ian Seed

Sale

We stand in a row, ready to greet the jostling crowd of customers outside the glass doors. There's a brand new product on offer: a glowing white tube, completely odourless and just a little bigger than a large thumb. It has multiple uses, including torch, mobile phone, and sex toy. We smile as we are meant to, yet there is a whiff of sour sweat – we know we are once again the makers of empty dreams. When the store finally opens, the crowd piles in. An elbow bashes my cheek. I'm scared of falling and being trampled on. At the same time, the warmth from all those bodies pressing against mine makes me come alive.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org.