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Hunger City

I'm not remotely a stalker. I think of myself as *observant*. And hungry. Well, who isn't these days, given crop failures across the country and rumors of people like me?

Lately, I've been watching for the man whose Alsatian bit me two weeks ago when we passed each other on our quiet oak-lined street.

My neighbor, as eagle-eyed and Aryan-looking as a Hitler wet dream, apologized profusely, insisted on driving me to the nearby free-standing ER after he dragged his dog back into a typical 70's ranch house, much like mine.

I said sure.

That's because I'd often seen him in the upscale gym I went to daily, trying to stay in shape even though we'd all been warned by HHS to not exert ourselves too much and paradoxically lose muscle mass. Steroids were no longer available anywhere, of course, ditto creatine.

Whether working out or in the showers, my neighbor radiated a potent masculinity I had always hungered for. Sitting in his gorgeous caramel-colored electric Lexus SUV with a handkerchief on my oozing hand I might have been in pain, but it was overwhelmed by his juicy, meaty presence (how did he do it?) and his musky Prada for Men. I knew that's what he was wearing because my ex-lovers had before—

He didn't suspect anything about me.

Which was great, because en route to getting my hand taken care of, I felt a *deep* connection.

The newish free-standing ER was bigger than an Urgent Care but nothing like that old TV show *The Pitt*: Though it was bright and shiny, it was compact and not at all crowded or chaotic. We were seen quickly and the gaunt Caribbean nurse asked my neighbor what I should have asked: “Has your dog had all his shots?” Yes. And to me: “Have you had a tetanus shot in the last five years?” Also yes. She smiled with relief and did what I could have done back home: washed the area with soap and warm water, dried it, applied an antibiotic ointment and a sterile dressing. Then she gave me a list of things to watch out for, none of which have happened.

Driving the ten minutes home, my neighbor apologized once again and said he would pay my medical bills if there was anything my insurance wouldn’t cover.

“I’ll let you know.”

I’m ostensibly a freelance journalist working at home and my study window faces the main road in our subdivision. Every time I see my neighbor walk by with his dog, I feel a rush and can’t decide if I want to screw him or eat him.

Maybe both.

Image by [samuelfernandezrivera](#) from [Pixabay](#)