

*Dreaming*

Sally looked at the skeleton hanging in the museum. She wandered around the glass encasement "*Male species 1954*"

Mmm, she thought. I wonder who he was. Would he have been my type? Images of a tall dark stranger leapt into her mind.

The young student propped against the wall, glanced around the rest of the room, but her gaze quickly returned to Mr 1954

Sally smiled and placed her hands against the glass. Beguiled by the collection of bones, she began dreaming.

Barb Gurney