F. J. Bergmann - Evil Clowns

After Amazon ran out of everything, we kept layers of curtains drawn, like cumulonimbus veils, and bolted chainlink over that. We whispered (even cuss words), wore slippers—noises attracted eaters. They *were* clowns—probably; they *did* paint their faces. Spicy odors preceded them, along with incantations that immobilized their prey (us). Wet cement was an effective barrier, but concrete mix had vanished from stores. *The Big Deal,* read a huge sign outside Menards, where we’d trekked to make sure. From inside a floor-model gazebo, a trumpet segued into “2,000 Light Years from Home,” then the flapping of enormous clown shoes.

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