

“People Like You Have No Imagination”

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[#Fictober18 \(October 2018\) writing challenge](#)

Day 2: “People Like You Have No Imagination”

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Why did they even bother having store hours posted, if he wasn't going to follow them and just open the place up at 3 o' fucking clock in the morning? Carla stifled her yawn, thankful that she had a working coffee maker in her apartment and a 16 oz travel mug to carry the caffeinated beverage in just to deal with situations like this.

Next time, she'd turn off her phone before going to bed so he couldn't call her. But, nah, he'd just show up via the shadows or something, like the creep he was. She sometimes forgot that her boss was a demon and could do whatever the hell he wanted.

Idly, she wondered if it wasn't time for a career change.

Whatever. She was there now at his behest, leaning her weight forward, against the counter. The temptation to sleep while standing up was strong, but she forced herself to stay awake by taking another drink of caffeine.

Man, he really liked to talk. Carla, admittedly, hadn't been listening, and rather than have Dylan repeat himself, she just nodded.

“People like you have no imagination,” he said, finally stopping his erratic pacing. Hands on the glass counter, he leaned forward too. He was close to her—uncomfortably close—but that was nothing new.

Out of habit, Carla eased back. “Excuse me?”

“No imagination. No creativity. Nothin' worthwhile in that head o' yours.”

“Wow. Your rudeness has reached peak levels.” She'd indulged him enough. “Did you call me here just to insult me or what?”

He sighed, seemingly as exasperated by the situation as she was—which made no sense. Very little of what Dylan said or did made sense to her, but more often than not Carla rolled with it—as she did now. “Thought it was obvious why I called you.”

“Uh, no. You just told me to get over here. Like it was some goddamn emergency.”

“Well, m'openin' the shop twenty-four hours. Saw a place like it in the last dimension I was in. S'brilliant, yeah?” He grinned. “You never woulda thought of that. No imagination.”

Take a deep breath. Count to ten. Don't slap that look off his face if you can help it; you haven't found a new job yet, girl. “Yeah, I don't think so. No one in this town's going to go comic shopping at four a.m.”

“That’s where you’re lackin’ imagination. The vampires. The demons that only like to come out at night—there’s a whole world o’ opportunity we ‘aven’t even tapped yet.”

Carla found it hard to believe that most demons and vampires were lamenting the fact they couldn’t purchase comic books and comic book paraphernalia at peak hours. Then again, there was Dylan, his daughter, and a smattering of other supernaturals she did know who probably wouldn’t mind snagging a comic at midnight.

“Cool idea, bro. But you’ve got to hire a night shift person. I’m strictly sticking with the daytime hours. A girl needs her beauty sleep.” She picked up her coffee cup and picked up her purse from the chair. “I’m out.”

“Extra pay, yeah? Benefits? I could get you benefits!”

“Ooh, I’ve got an idea.” Carla plastered on her biggest, brightest fake smile. “You work the nightshift and deal with anyone who wanders in, and I go home and finish sleeping. This is your ‘brilliant’ plan, after all. You handle it.”

As she started for the door, Dylan followed behind. “Listen to reason: s’gonna be the next big thing. Bigger’n big.”

Carla just shook her head and pushed open the door with her hip, cool night air hitting her. “Well, let me know how that works for ya. I’ll see you in the *actual* morning.”