



It had started out harmlessly: He and a friend agreed to meet for a beer after work. Then the sun set, night fell and early morning arrived and they had not stopped to notice until the bartender reminded last call and by then it was too late, everything had already gone sideways. When his friend woke him a few hours later, Graham found himself painfully twisted within the folds of his friend's food-stained sofa and still wearing his suit, which was now covered in the fur of his friend's dog, who was evidently given to intense shedding. The dog's hair was long and white; Graham's suit was charcoal gray.

Late again, unwashed, oily and bleary-eyed and wearing a wrinkled, hairy suit, we now find Graham at the twilight of his employment. Not long after dealing with his first customer of the day, Graham receives his first customer complaint of the day. Shortly thereafter, a summons from his boss: Can I see you in my office, Graham?

Two years of graduate school have not prepared him for wearing a suit of dog hair, which happens to be the only thing that matters. Now it is Graham who is shedding.