

Wildest Dreams

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What she saw when she looked out the window was hell. The Earth was on fire, with light-blazing automobiles for embers and illuminated skyscrapers as leaping flames.

How had it got to be this way? And what might she be looking at instead, this evening, if human brains, deep in evolutionary history, had stayed smaller? If their influence had not become so pervasive?

Curling herself back into her low bed, she slipped uneasily into a state of half-sleep and a lush green land that she roamed on four paws. Into a world where she howled at the moon's silver crescent.