

# The God of Justice: Part 3

by JohnCarl McGrady

"We don't have to worry about the Wizards." Frost waved his hand dismissively. Molly gave a brief hysterical laugh. "We don't have to worry about the Wizards? Frost, they're Wizards."

"Yes, I know." Mortals. It always took them a few repetitions to understand even the most basic concepts.

"You're really, really taxing my suspension of disbelief. You want me to believe in not just Gods, but also Wizards?"

"Yes. Well, no. It's not relevant if you believe in Wizards, they have no role here."

"You have no proof of any of this."

"I don't?" Frost pulled his gun free of its holster.

Molly reached for her own sidearm, but before she could draw the weapon, the God unleashed four rounds into his own skull. The deafening gunshots were horribly out of place in the silent night, disturbing a darkness Molly knew was best left undisturbed. The bullets never penetrated Frost's skull, of course. The moment they broke his skin, they dropped to the ground, a thin layer of blood the only evidence he had even shot himself.

"That was stupid! God damn it, do you ever think before you act? What if someone calls the police?"

"You are the police."

"The rest of the police, you idiot!"

It took all of Frost's sizeable willpower to resist his ingrained violent reactions. Humans were supposed to worship him. To bow down and make sacrifices. Not insult him.

"You wanted proof, mortal," he managed through gritted teeth. "You have it. If officers of justice come to this place, I will handle it."

"That doesn't prove anything about these Wizards." Molly hefted the ancient tomb that contained the instructions for the Dustbox.

"Then don't believe they exist. It matters not. Do you know how to use the box?"

"Yes, if it even works."

"It works."

"Sure. Supposedly, you just have to touch it against your target and bam, you get his mojo in the box. Catch is, whoever opens the box next gets whatever power is inside. So you have to keep it closed if you want the power safe. Once you empty it you can use it again. Theoretically on the same person, though it's not clear what that would do. Take a different power, I guess, but what if they don't have one?"

"That does not matter." Frost lifted his trash bag. "I only plan to use this once."

"Yeah, right, I was just wondering if..."

Molly was cut off by a muffled voice near her bed. "Yeah, we've got a body here. We're going to need CSI."

Frost spun around, his gun already in his hand. His danger sense hadn't flared, which was bizarre, but that voice had clearly come from inside the apartment.

"Relax, that was just my radio." Molly chuckled.

"Oh, yes. Radio." He had heard of those, but he hadn't paid much attention. They didn't seem very important from what he could gather.

"Same M.O. as the others." The muffled voice crackled through the static of the radio. "Throat slit with a curved blade. Several cuts on his chest. Don't want to call it, but... how much you want to bet CSI is going to say it was the same scythe?"

"Someone is talking on the other side of this, yes?" Frost asked.

"Yeah."

"We need to find them. This was Hades."

"Are you sure?" Molly raised her eyebrows questioningly. "All his other kills have been broad daylight."

"I am sure."

"Okay. Let's go."

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The battered black SUV pulled into the vacant parking lot, yellow headlights illuminating the grey concrete block that loomed in the dark. An old, flickering sign claimed that the building was a diner. The thin line of police tape that stretched around it like a fence meant to keep it from escaping claimed it was a crime scene. A police officer ducked under the tape as Molly and Frost climbed out of the SUV, a small black case in his gloved hand.

"Patterson," Molly muttered, clearly displeased.

"What?" Frost pulled a large trash bag out of the passenger seat.

"Leave the bag."

"What if..."

"We won't need it. Trust me, leave the bag."

Frost was not happy about taking orders from a mortal, but this one had treated him well enough all things considered, and she knew her way around the city and its silly societal norms much better than he did. So, begrudgingly, he put the trash bag back into the passenger seat.

"What is Patterson?" He asked again.

"Who." Molly started towards the concrete building without really answering his question. "Don't talk."

"I was briefed extensively on how to interact with executors of justice," Frost hurried to catch up, "I can handle any conversational duties required."

"Yeah, like you handled them when you ran into me."

"... Exactly."

Molly chuckled. She did that a lot, Frost noticed. "Let me do the talking."

"Fine, but I have a single question."

"What?"

"Who," Frost asked pointedly, "Is Patterson?"

"A cop. Who hates me."

"Why?"

"Take a wild guess."

"Because of a difference between the two of you that, while it does not inherently impede any sort of working relationship you might have, causes at least one party great distress on account of deeply rooted beliefs, likely stemming from childhood indoctrination?"

Molly stopped walking for a second, eyebrows raised. "Well, yeah."

"I told you I was prepared for interaction with mortals. Mercury spent a good deal of time helping me memorize that."

"Yeah, but you can't, like, say that to him."

"Why not?" Frost frowned.

Molly sighed and started walking again. "Just let me deal with it."

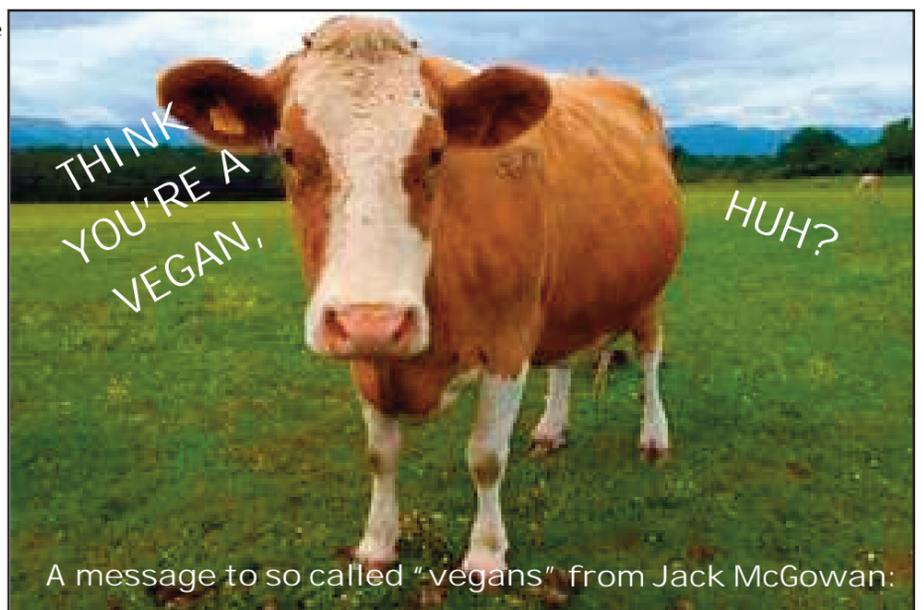


## Satire by Liela Marrett

Dear Mr. Principal

Today in English class we were doing show and tell. I was supposed to go right after Jimmy (which I wasn't too keen on doing because he is admittedly kind of a weirdo), but I was pulled out of class because my bra strap was showing. It was brought to my attention that school officials had been observing me all throughout the course of the week, and my promiscuous clothes seemed to be their main concern. I understand that this is for my safety, so I'm not going to write you a long letter on rape culture and the patriarchy as I'm sure you have gotten them before and we both know that those are both terms feminists made up to push their agenda. I'm writing this letter as a complaint because I was forced to leave, and didn't get a chance to see the custom AR-15 Jimmy brought in for show and tell! I was upset that I had to leave before he could show us how to use it, and it disappointed me even more to hear the gasps of my excited classmates as I was led out of the class by the Assistant Principal. Furthermore, as I was walking out of school I heard the fearful voice say over the intercom, "Lockdown, Lockdown." Not only did I miss show and tell, but I missed a lockdown as well, and those don't always happen. I apologize for creating such a distraction with my dangerous shoulders and bra strap, but I have never been so angry in my life. Don't get me wrong; I was a little excited that I got to leave school early and miss the great education that I am so lucky to be afforded, but I did not want to miss seeing Jimmy's AR for the first time. I hope this doesn't happen again, or I will be forced to buy more modest clothes in hopes of staying in to observe more life threatening weapons.

~Liela Marrett



Think your vegan? NO. You're NOT. Unless you bike or walk everywhere and you don't use gas-powered products, You are not a Vegan. If you drive a car, mow your lawn, cook on a gas stove, or use products and materials that were made by burning fossil fuels you are a hippity hoppity hypocrite. Not a vegan. Dead animals, things that were once ALIVE, such as dinosaurs and all other prehistoric animals are being capitalized on by consumers and large corporations and you are supporting it. If I'm correct, that is a violation of Intergalactic Vegan Stick Leaf Law. Big no no huh. Time to start walking. So grab your fork and your dirt cuz its going to be a long way home.