

ACTRON: THE END

#21

by Stanley Lieber

The comic was okay. Actually, he liked it a lot. It reminded him of the way he felt about the X-Men back when he was a kid.

He guessed. He'd keep buying it, if only for the art. (The artist would leave the book inside of six months.)

Now... There was a lot of paperwork to catch up on. His abortive trip to mars had eaten three months. Nobody had bothered to steer the (ahem) ship while he was away. It was absolutely typical.

Chrysler Building Classic utilities were behind schedule. He saw here they were threatening to turn off the lights. What had these people even been *doing* while he was gone.

He jabbed the button on his desk.

"Eva, what the actual fuck?"

"*Fuck off!*" She clicked off.

And now he still had to deal with the black coke. They'd tried altering the formula. They'd tried different packaging. Nothing seemed to work. Nobody could understand why the powder kept turning black.

"Keep your powder dry," Piro whispered, helpfully.

"*Fuck off!*" Thomas shouted, to no one.

But the pirate had a point: moisture could be the culprit.

Thomas walked down the hallway to discuss the possibility with his wife.