

THANKS, BRANDON!

by Stanley Lieber

Brandon stepped down out of the truck. coolguy98 had made the winning bid. Brandon was coolguy98.

"Payment," directed Plinth Mold.

"No shit."

Brandon swept his hand through the air, completing the transaction.

Plinth nodded. Brief pause as the world changed hands.

Nothing had changed.

Everything had changed.

Brandon toured the grounds.

"Suggest some changes," demanded Brandon, to his assistant, who was himself. The arrangement was peculiar in that it had persisted through numerous staffing changes.

Plinth stared at Brandon's penmanship. Excused himself without further comment.

Brandon proceeded, undeterred.

First on the agenda: Cleaning house.

Things were going to change around here.