

—

#37

by stanley lieber

Geo's plastic skateboard had been a gift from his father. He didn't want to be seen riding it in public, but it was all he had. The plastic had ablated as he cleared the gap over the nuclear reactor(?), leaving only the now very hot magnesium trucks, which also promptly melted and fell away. Geo wasn't sure what to think, and he was never quite sure how he had made it to the other side.

Gaining access to the facility had been easy. All he had to do was wait in the parking lot of The Celar until it was time for the usual Friday night delivery of seventy-five-odd pizzas. He crouched in the bed of the delivery truck under some boxes, then, while the driver unloaded the order, he snuck through the temporarily open gate.

Once inside there were numerous options. Geo skated several small outcroppings before he discovered a large concrete mound that terminated in an attractive gap over... what was it, anyway? You know what, who cared.

It took a few minutes for him to work up the courage, but that gap was calling out to him. Not audibly, don't be ridiculous. He could see the jump unfolding in his mind. He knew exactly how to handle the approach. He only hoped that the inferior construction of his plastic board was up to the task.

It all happened more or less as he had imagined. Except for the part where his board melted. Geo didn't know what to think about the fact that no one had challenged him the whole time he was on the base. Eventually he ran out of steam and climbed back over the fence, then hitched a ride back into town.

The next day he knew something had changed. When Matt went to "trade punches" with Geo by hitting him on the arm with his fist, Matt broke his hand. "F-fuck, George," Matt had said. In response, Geo punched him through a wall.

Being a super-hero was shit, and Geo didn't adjust to the change in lifestyle right away. He designed a costume for himself one day during study hall. He had no idea what to do with it, so he ended up wearing it to skateboard.

It was a bad decision.