

## MAUDE MOLD

#12

by Stanley Lieber

### RADICAL INDIFFERENCE REDUX

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1 October.

The nascent lifeform on the kitchen floor never made it off of the linoleum. Odin stood transfixed as his actions fell into sync with the MIRV lightning uprange. He was still staring out the window over the kitchen sink when Plinth strolled in, crushing his spent cigarette on the floor, inadvertently (?) putting a stop to the áss aborning.

Odin remained frozen in time, furiously willing himself to invisibility, and, at last, in spite of the sudden feeling of powerlessness over his predicament that had so enraptured him, it seemed to work. "Azure, two clouds proper, one issuing from sinister chief and one issuing from dexter base, a cubit arm in armour in bend, issuing from the sinister, the hand grasping a branch of olive proper, and three lightning flashes gules," he muttered. Plinth didn't seem to notice him as he stepped over the mess and strode casually into the living room.

"Where is the child?" he asked Maude, raising an eyebrow at the destroyed PC, but notably, not actually raising the subject. If pressed he would have to admit he didn't even know what a PC was.

"Out," Maude said, pawing at the air with a gloved hand as she spoke. Scrolling, he guessed. "Did you hear Jack Northrop has left the planet?"

Plinth repaired to their shared bedroom, scene of oh so many crimes, where he opened the wall safe and retrieved a wax cylinder. He carried this out of the room in a brown paper bag, looking like nothing so much as a very rich man visiting the liquor store himself, owing to some screw-up with the staff. He lit up another cigarette off of the cherry Maude extended with her solitary ungloved hand.

He remembered that hand, considered its uses.

Maude seemed distracted, so he left her to it.

Back to his hangar.