

RADICAL INDIFFERENCE REDUX

tags: 1961, Æsir, mancamp, mars2, maude_mold, odin, plinth_mold

1 October. Later.

Initialized by Od's semen, the nascent lifeform on the kitchen floor never made it off of the linoleum. Odin stood transfixed as the rapid movement of his eyes 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 (?) aborting Odin's latest offspring, the new áss aborning.

Odin remained frozen in time, furiously willing himself to invisibility. At last, in spite of the period-appropriate powerlessness over his predicament that 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. This he carried out of the room in a brown paper bag, looking like nothing so much as a very rich man condescending to the liquor store on his own, probably owing to some screw-up with the staff. He lit up another cigarette off the cherry Maude extended with her solitary ungloved hand.

He remembered that hand, considered its other, historical uses.

Maude seemed distracted, so he left her to it.

Quit the apartment.