

Yesterday I was approached by a man with corkscrews protruding from the inside of his wrists. I believe his intention was to mug me, although I never really give them the chance to announce them. The so-called *cyborg heroes* are another breed, and my current theory is they've watched too many movies from the 22nd Century, thinking that half the fight is the speech you spend two hours practising in the mirror before you leave the house in the morning. And as an **actual fucking hero** I tend to very aggressively disagree.

So, this idiot with the corkscrews was running at me...

Actually, before I get on with the story I'd just like to point out that the average medically-inserted corkscrew only reaches the end of your palm. Honestly how hard is it to just keep a corkscrew in your kitchen drawer? Not only that, but to actually be an effective weapon this idiot would have to stab his victim, then twirl or spin or whatever the hell he could to drive this piece of metal into their body... Then whoop-dee-doo you've got an injured, and likely incredibly angry person ATTACHED TO YOUR WRIST, and that's assuming this person has been relatively at ease about the situation until now. So all in all I was **not** in any danger, and much less was I afraid of this presumedly alcoholic imbecile.

Right, so as I was walking towards this guy another idiot turns up out of the blue on a **neon green scooter of all things** yelling "fair maiden, fear not for I have arrived just in time to save you from this assailant and bring justice back to beautiful Michigan!", and even managed to give me double finger guns in the process... The most vile of all hand gestures. And, yes, the two extra bionic arms he sported were one of the less stupid enhancements I've seen. Like corkscrews. Honestly, corkscrews? Of all things? ... Not that technology was ever going to match *real* superpowers. Regardless the scooter was almost amusing, and most definitely destroyed any

semblance of credibility... Or any chance he had walking away from this fight without a broken bone. The moment he finished speaking, because I wasn't about to ruin his hero moment *and* his dignity in a single second (I could at least appreciate not getting corkscrews implanted), I sprayed him with a blast of water so hard and fast he flew off the scooter and into the wall behind him. Then I grabbed the first idiot by the wrist and snapped it. He'd obviously gone for the cheap enhancement option because the blunt end of that corkscrew shot straight out of his skin.

Neon green scooter guy groggily stood up. "Hey, *superbitch*-"

Brief interjection. 'Super' is apparently a derogatory word. Because being born with hectic abilities is apparently subpar to having a rich doctor shove them up your ass (I'm not joking... Statistics can be scarring...). Superbitch is readily come by, and really not nearly strong enough to describe me.

"-How about you put that water to good use and drown yourself?" He smirked and did the finger guns again. **The fucking finger guns.**

Funny. But I can breathe underwater. I blasted him again so forcefully in the stomach he proceeded to wheeze, then throw up everything he had. Well, at least he was right about beautiful Michigan...

Surprisingly, I was only three minutes late to community service that day.

But the nightmare wasn't over yet. This morning I had to walk through the centre of Hell to get to the HCSC before community service. Yes, Hell. The place of endless suffering and a million damned souls. Or as the over glorified snow globes will tell you. "Sunny Hell, Michigan". Some ironic bastard back in the 21st Century probably had a good laugh to himself after burying his super charged nuclear alien weapon in the then tiny town, before a bunch of drugged up scientists, who thought 'getting hitched in hell' was a fucking great idea, claimed Hell's atmosphere was improving

their brain function, developed the Biotechnological Enhancement technology and started human trials, only to be trampled by the greatest Hero versus Villain turned Super verses

Biotechnologically Enhanced war the world had ever seen. A bunch of people die, the town is basically destroyed, and the government decides the Supers can not only clean the ruins, but build an entirely new *city* for these BEHs (Biotechnologically Enhanced Humans) to thrive. Hell is an **incredibly** appropriate name. I like to think the actual Hell is a carbon copy of this shitty city...

And then I remember that I've got a one way ticket to it's gates and pray whoever is deciding my fate has even an ounce of pity for me.

So, I'm walking to the HCSC. And surprisingly, I was running early for once. My plan was to take the fastest route, thereby avoiding all the back streets where idiots with corkscrews would approach me, and neon scooters would try and "help" me, but would require me to walk past the busiest and most hideous building in the entire city. My only option was to grit my teeth and speed walk down that sidewalk faster than the Flash.

And you're now asking me 'what the hell is so awful about this building?' Oh, I'll tell you. The source of all evil resides in that towering monstrosity. It's called the B.E.C., or the Biotechnological Enhancement Centre, and it's the only place on the North or South American continents where you can legally get your biotech enhancements. International asshole Roland Brant, the company's "genius advertiser" and the wettest paper bag of a person you could meet, thought it was a fantastic idea to put a decal bigger than a bloody semitrailer up on every side of the building. It depicted a man with giant metal wings (forced me to take Falcon off my favourite superhero list because of it, too) holding his hands up finger gun style (Like a complete and utter fool), with the words 'Be the BEHst you!' in bright red writing and a surprisingly basic font. All the enhanced humans had been on a power trip since their little nickname had been popularised...

BEHs. No one really knew how to pronounce it, either. Was the ‘H’ silent? Did you have to give it a throaty *heh* noise? Like I said, idiots. Most of their TV and billboard advertisements had lost their creative flair within a year...

‘BEHcome the BEHst!’

‘We BEHckon you inside!’

‘BEHold the future!’

‘We’re BEHtter than the rest!’

‘Don’t get left BEHind!’

And that was about it. Several variants of each one popped up here and there... But over eighty years later and they all still thought it was God’s gift to mankind. The Michigan government even changed our state motto to ‘The BEHst State in America’. So as a little gift to Hell’s citizens, which I’ll remind you **no one asked for**, they put hundreds of thousands, maybe even millions, of LED lights on the decal so at exactly 7pm every night it lit up brighter than the moon, and every single person in *beautiful* Hell got an eyeful of their most popular tourist destination all night long. And yes, they are waterproof. To my utter and soul crushing dismay.

I’m glad we’re on the same page now, however. That building sucks. And there’d be nothing more appropriate than for people who suck to hang out around it. So I’m walking to the HCSC.

the same disregard for appearance, with the same cracked, ripped and rusting chairs that were brought in after all the SuperCare legislation passed. The line of desks at the front were chipping paint. The entire building smelt of dust and sweat mixed in some disappointing concoction.

The waiting room was boring as usual. A few old heroes were dozing off to the side (most likely forgotten about), a few younger heroes blabbed on about how the doctor was checking them out during their physical (which I highly doubt), and the fat receptionist, Buffalo, was still shoving snacks down her own throat at any given time. In fact, at all given times. It was always. I often wondered what would happen if she fell off her chair... And just kept rolling? Would she make it out of the building? Down the street? Right out of Hell? It could go on forever.

“Wavewoman...” She said between handfuls, spraying bright yellow flavouring over the countertop.

I stood three meters away from the desk. “Miss me, Buffy?”

“No.”

“Yeah... The feeling’s mutual.” What a bitch. I could probably just reach over the countertop and pop her open with a pushpin. Then all her fat soaked blood would ooze out with this sickly yellow slime on it all over the floors. I consider it every fucking week, if not to be discouraged by the possibility she might just explode yellow goop all over *me* instead.

Every. Single. Week. Just for a meagre allowance. Not only did I have to prove I’d been to community service, and have a full background check to make sure I hadn’t been in any trouble with the law (shut it, that idiot with the scooter was too proud to tattle), but do more tests than you could image. Urine test. Blood test. Stool test. Sputum test. Heart rate test. Drug test. Alcohol test. Blood sugar test. X-Rays. CAT scans. Ultrasounds. An eye test. A fucking pregnancy test, like I actually like anyone enough to have sex with them. Several other little useless tests. And to top it all

off, a full physical examination. My theory is simple, the government thinks keeping me in this shit pile of a building for at least 4 more hours than necessary to hand me over a very pathetic envelope of cash is not because they want to make sure I'm healthy (in fact they're probably hoping I'm dying), or even to use the results to engineer a synthetic version of my powers (because I have complete faith they're fucking idiots), but to show they control us. Which they don't. The only reason I haven't burnt a building to the ground yet and started calling myself 'Tsunami' or some evil crap like that, is because I don't know anyone who makes bulletproof outfits. If I had the badass costume from Hell, I'd be outta here. But I don't. So I'm here. Handing over a pot of my own urine to a twenty-something-year-old doctor dressed in a rubber apron.

“Arm.”

He drew out a pint of blood.

“So, doc, are you a super or what?”

He shot me a look as he packaged the blood to be sent to some mysterious lab (that was probably just the bin next-door). “Stool.” He handed me another little pot.

“Ah yes, the infamous Stoolman! Fighting crime one stinking lump of faeces at a time!”

I took his silence as the opportunity to saunter over to the little conjoined bathroom. Which, I might add, had to be the most disturbingly decorated room I'd ever exposed my ass in... seeing as the Roland Brant of the design world had made the **excellent fucking decision** of putting faces on all the tiles. Am I more likely to comfortably take a shit with hundreds of eyes on me? No fucking way.

I've tried suggesting to Buffalo to hand out little cups of prune juice to incoming supers. Because fuck, it is the absolute worst thing to be sitting on a toilet, and half your arm too because you need to keep that pot poised at the ready, having no fucking clue when exactly you'll walk back out those doors. And just beyond those very doors is a man, with a university doctorate, who probably has more brains than the entirety of the B.E.C. stuffed together, maybe a cat waiting for

him at home, who is sitting there waiting for you to shit. He can't go do something else. He's not allowed to pull out his phone and check his messages, or pull up solitaire on the lab's computer... No. He just has to sit there and wait. And I have to sit here and wait. Hope my bowels are kind to me today.

I, a woman with the capability to send what's left of Australia underwater for good, and hydrate all those malnourished children in India, made a man wait three hours for me to produce a small pot of stool. I am in control here.

So I throw the doors open, to mark my re-entrance. I can't stumble out holding the pot like a loser. I'm fucking Wavewoman.

But the doctor wasn't there. Someone else was.

My eyes were still adjusting to the bright lab lights... I could make out his broad shoulders... muscular arms... wings unfolding and..... No.

Shit.

Fuck.

Hell help me.....

FINGER GUNS.

*GODFORSAKEN, DIRT OF THE EARTH, VILE, DISGUSTING, NAUSEATING,
ABHORRENT, WICKED, HORRIBLE, BLOODY, DAMMED, ROTTEN, INFERNAL,
WRETCHED,*

EVIL

FUCKING

FINGER GUNS.

And I'm telling you, as someone who understands what I've been through these past two days, I was ready to fucking smash this guy right out of Hell and up into Heaven.

"I hear you've been causing trouble with *my* people." He flexed his wings out. They nearly reached from one end of the room to the other. He had this sinister grin on his face, like he actually thought he was going to come out on top here. That was going to be my first target.

"Yeah? Well I see you every *fucking week* on that *fucking monstrosity of a building* and it's driving me **fucking crazy**."

"You wish you had my enhancements, you soggy piece of bread." The grin widened, and I could've thrown up all yogurt I ate earlier right then and there.

"I wish I had a fork to gauge your eyes out. And then mine. For looking at you for so long."

He stretched his arms and cracked his knuckles (FINALLY stopping the finger gun display), slowly. "You're dead, bitch."

I cracked *my* knuckles, but louder. "See you in Hell, *asshole*."

Oh... Wait... Shit. What a stupid thing to say.

Fuck all those superheroes who have people to write badass lines for them.

I leapt towards him, throwing the pot from my hands to free them for fully powered water blasting. The pot went soaring towards finger gun guy, and he ducked to the side to avoid it. But

one of his wings knocked it back, and it cracked open on the tiled floor. He righted himself, took a long, angry stride forward, slipped on the poo and slammed full force, face-first, into the bench. The *metal* bench. Finally, a piece of metal with an *actual purpose*.

“Oh... Fuck.” I stood completely still for a moment... then shrugged (he was still breathing, chill), snatched a scalpel off a work bench, sliced each and every finger off this guy and threw them straight in the trash.

Fucking finger guns.