

Sucker Punch
By
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Lynch threw the first punch and missed by a mile.

“Gotta do better than that, human,” the creature sneered.

Lynch threw a second punch, a third, a fourth, but none connected as the creature danced away from Lynch’s wild swings.

“You the best they got, huh?” the creature laughed. “I pity this reality. Seriously.”

“Shut it, mooseboy,” Lynch huffed.

“Mooseboy?” the creature asked as he shook his head. “Because I have antlers and four legs? So sad.” The creature stepped forward and landed two jabs to Lynch’s midsection. “Humans and their bigotry. It will be your downfall across all universes.”