

Codex
By
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“Who shall pay this man’s taxes?” the Lord Collector shouted from the gallows. “If none then he shall forfeit his life!”

“Please, sir!” the man cried as he stood hooded and bound. “I filed the extension!”

“Extensions? Pshaw!” the Lord Collector replied, cuffing the man.

“But, sir,” the condemned man pleaded. “I filed the extension according to the new laws! Please, good sir, check the codex!”

“CODEX! CODEX! CODEX!” the mob shouted.

“Fine,” the Lord sighed. “Bring out the codex!” The mob parted to let the six carts filled with the volumes pass. “Better get comfortable folks! It’ll be awhile.”