

*The*  
***Fabulist***

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*A new home for fables,  
yarns and diverse tales.*

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## NEW MYTHS & OLD LEGENDS

Lewis laid the scalpel edge along the soft inside of his friend's forearm and slashed. The wound sealed itself almost instantly.

"You have to cut deeper," Montgomery said.

On the third try the cut showed bone and Montgomery was able to insert the vacuum tube before his nanobots could reconstitute the damaged tissues. Sensing the presence of a foreign body, the enhanced macrophages in his blood attacked, devouring four millimeters of the tube before he could extract it. He managed to transfer a half teaspoon of blood to the mixing plate, where it boiled savagely in an effort to destroy itself. Lewis applied several drops of the green liquid and the bubbling stopped.

"Wow," said Montgomery.

"Let me try."

"You know it won't work."

"It was my idea."

They repeated the experiment, but Lewis's blood simmered on the plate, assimilating the tincture before devouring itself and leaving the metal spotless.

*From "With Virgil"*

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“First to create difference, then to let the fiery arc of human emotion leap and close the gap: this acrobatics of the imagination fascinates and satisfies me as almost no other.”

— *Ursula K. LeGuin, introducing her 2002 anthology,  
“The Birthday of the World.”*

“... So great is the bounty with which he has been treated that he may now, perhaps, fairly dare to guess that in Fantasy he may actually assist in the effoliation and multiple enrichment of creation.”

— *J.R.R. Tolkien, “On Fairy-Stories”*

# Perfect Day

by Adam Myers

**M**y good friend Marianne once asked me, “What is your definition of a perfect day?”

She was flipping through one of those women’s magazines, reading the questions of some quiz out loud. Kicked back on the couch, her bare feet dangling from the edge, me cross-legged on the floor.

It was one of those long weekends. We were just hanging out on a lazy afternoon, goofing off.

I looked up from my drawing. “My perfect day, huh?”

I thought for a moment and, with a very serious face, told her, “Well, my perfect day would consist of a Star Trek marathon, an enormous bottle of wine and a gorgeous chick beside me who just happens to love comic books.”

She laughed, told me I was a dork and laughed again. She knew all about my nerdy past: X-men T-shirts, favorite movie “Excalibur,” middle school Dungeons & Dragons tournaments.

For Christ’s sake. She knew all about me. We were very good friends and I will never forget her laugh. But all these years later I remember that moment and think to myself, what *would* my perfect day be? If I could tell her now, it would go something like this.

My perfect day:

Wake up and watch the sunrise. Then drink a Mimosa and hang-glide to the moon.

Paint the world’s most beautiful picture, compose the world’s most enchanting love song and write the world’s saddest, yet uplifting poem.

Then fly back to Earth and wait for God to show up at my dinner party.

Later that evening, at the party, I get God really drunk. Not just buzzed. I get God falling down, pig-shit, *wasted*.

By 10 p.m. the party is going full force. All my friends are there and God is shit faced.

He has already knocked over several liquor bottles on the buffet table, while raving about omnipotence. He is in the kitchen, slouched