

Not the Hero You Want

by Bryan Schuder

"No."

THUNK

"Nope."

THUD

"Again?! I sent them like three rejection letters! No means No!"

PLUNK

Isaac flung another packet of fancy paperwork into the garbage can at the post office.

From around the corner Rob, the post office clerk, "Yah, sorry, Isaac. It just another batch of recruitment letters from all the superhero groups, today."

Isaac dumps the remaining lot into the garbage can. "How many certified letters stating 'I'm not remotely interested' do you have to send before they get the hint?"

Rob shrugs. "I don't. You do have an impressive work history."

Isaac pinches the bridge of his nose, "I know. I know."

"You did save the world 20 some odd times-"

"In a month. You'd think that'd satisfy some kind of quota. Seriously, I've checked... Ultraman, The Super One, Incredible Alpha, Maximum, and Terra Witch combined only saved the world 15 times in a month!"

"You know what they say, a hero's work is never done!"

Isaac shot a glance at Rob. Rob smirked, "Aww, you know I gotta jab you in the ribs occasionally. You know the city is glad to have someone taking care of everyone else."

Isaac rolls his eyes, "Fair enough. I'll see ya tomorrow."

Rob nods and gives a quick wave as Isaac trots out the post office and takes flight.

Isaac looked over the city. It was a small college town, a good amount of crime, and just the right kind. Simple, easy, and the type he felt made a difference in people's lives. Isaac used to go by Galactic Enforcer. He had a really nice suit, too. Mask, cape, bright color tights, the whole deal. These days, he just goes by Isaac, his regular name, and wears a bright blue and reflective yellow vest the local police department gave him. Some days, he misses the whole suit kit. But given the summers around here, it's REALLY NICE to wear cargo shorts, a tank top, and that awesomely guady bright orange Hawaiian Shirt.

Campus is always a good place to check. Isaac's juristiction stuff is complicated, but the campus police were happy to give him the ability to write tickets. Especially, parking tickets. Parking Services practically have a shrine listing the amount of money he brings in for them. People know when Isaac writes the ticket, as it is handwritten. The ticket computers and

printers aren't fast enough to keep up, so Isaac has special permission to write handwritten tickets. Isaac hovers over the library lot. His favorite lot, since there's always students trying to snag faculty spots. He looms over for a few minutes. It's a game to him. He watches as people notice him hovering over the lot. The faculty and staff wave happily. The students are the fun ones to watch. Many will start texting friends to move their cars and some rush to get in their cars and get them out of the lot.

Isaac stares at his simple digital watch, "5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Zero."

In a brief moment a streak of blue vest and Hawaiian shirt orange, zips through the entire lot. Tickets spring up in mere moments, right before people's eyes.

A student runs to his car, he's halted by a blurry gust of wind. He stops, defeated, but a bit relieved. "Oh cool, it's only another ticket."

The blur returns and Isaac hovers near the license plate of the vehicle. He pulls out a parking services tablet and taps in a few numbers. "Hmm... Thought so."

The Isaac launches into the air towards parking services, the sound barrier breaks immediately upon take off. The student stares blankly at the sky, wondering what exactly just happened. He's not wondering too long, as a blur lands next to his car... which somehow grows a bright orange tire lock boot.

"AWW DUDE! The fuck man! That's not cool!"

Isaac puts the last ticket into the student's hand, "Pay your ticket and don't park in this lot. It's really simple."

"Man, you fucking changed man. You sold out!"

Isaac hovering before taking off, "Sold out, right... Why don't you ask Ultraman how that movie of his is doing? And Terra Witch's merchandise line."

Isaac had gotten used to the usual lines. People complaining that he should be saving the world, rather than writing parking tickets. But, the way he figured he's saved the world enough times and it ALWAYS needs saving. Now parking tickets, littering citations, and zoning violations... No one is taking care of those and when you are done with those... You are done. It nice seeing actual results in your work. Saving the world... Bah... The damn thing always needs saving. Isaac had almost gone completely mad that fateful month when every world destroying horror emerged practically everyday. He finally had enough and retired from super level crime handling.

Isaac paused in flight, he heard something off in the distance. A quick zip over and he immediately saw what it was. It was the Ultraman and Terra Witch fighting some 20+ foot tall, few ton alien monster. Isaac took a seat ontop of a building in the relative sidelines of the battle. Looks like they hadn't noticed him.

"They got this. It's just some typical alien monstrosity-"

The vapor trail of Ultraman being cosmic bitchsmacked into the next county broke Isaac's train of thought.

"Well, Terra Witch has it, she's an upper tier superhero."

Terra Witch let her guard down, giving the creature an opening to put his species' equivalent of a haymaker right into her gut. Using her magical prowess she was able to slow down and

stop right above Isaac. Recollecting herself she finally realizes who else is there.

"GALACTIC ENFORCER?! What are you- Nevermind! You need to do something!!"

"Goddammit. It's Isaac now and- Oh my, yes I need to do something."

Isaac glared towards the alien beast... But he was oddly not focused on the beast itself. A blur blitzed away from Terra Witch and right past the alien beast. Both Terra Witch and the alien beast were very confused.

Isaac hovered over the alien's spaceship. With a grin ear to ear on his face, he pulled out his ticket pad. "Triple parked into two handicap spots and a unpaid parking meter, on the curb, and with no license tag displayed and missing wheel tax stickers. Oh the guys at the station are going to LOVE this!"

From the distance behind Isaac Terra Witch's voice echoed out, "WHAT THE FUCK!?"

This was quickly followed by a gurguling alien grumble, "Yah! What the fuck man?!"

Isaac ignored them. He was actually kind of excited by figuring out how much the fine was going to be for this. He didn't even seem to notice the looming alien figure with the raised muscular fist. The alien dropped the fist at lightning speed upon Isaac. And in an anti-climatic moment, the alien's fist stopped a few feet over Isaac's head. The alien tried to move his fist... and he couldn't. He struggled and strained his body to move his fist, but to no avail.

"So, let me guess, you are also uninsured."

"What human?! Of course I don't have your pitiful insurance! I go where I want, I'm the awesome star commander-"

"Yep. Figured. You need to move your vehicle and pay this at the court house."

The fist of the alien momentarily shook and moved free. The alien pulled his fist toward him and opened it up to reveal a stack of citation tickets in the palm of his hand. Terra Witch's jaw could have completely dislocated on the surface of Jupiter and it wouldn't have hit the floor harder than it did at the sight of this. "Are you fuckin' kidding me, Galactic Enforcer?!"

The alien paused at hearing this and slowly turned to look at Isaac. His many eyes narrowed then flung wide open in horrific recognition. "Uhh... Right... Umm... Where's the courthouse?"

Isaac pointed, "Down the street, take a right, you can't miss it."

"Okay I'll go there right now and take care of these."

"Ahem..."

The alien froze at that sound, "Yes?"

Isaac pointed to the alien's space ship.

The alien sheepishly creep over and oozed into his ship, fired up the reactors, and hovered it out of the many parking spots he was taking up. "Uhh.. Right. Sorry."

"It's okay. There's free one hour parking at the courthouse in the back."

"Uh, yes. Thank you for your mercy, Galactic Enforcer."

"Isaac. It's Isaac now."

"Right. Yes. Sorry."

The alien ship hovered off towards the court house. Terra Witch could only watch in confused irritation at what just transpired. "You let him go!"

"Of course. He can't pay the tickets if he's dead, captured, or otherwise!"