

Dime

By Vostok

It was the closing stages of fall in the city of Dyem, the air was brisk and the sun was setting earlier and earlier each day. The little coin city was sleepy that night, the street lights on the verge of flickering on in the setting, gray sun. Nobody thought anything of another routine changing of the seasons, until people began to notice a heavy, rhythmic quake in the distance. The jaded cityfolk thought nothing of it, buying their late coffees and newspapers, hopping in their cars to go home.

The heavy booms grew all the louder, though, and almost every person able to either moved to a window or filled the streets of their metropolis to gaze upwards. All they saw was the dusty underside of a goddess' sneaker, a dull pink smear spread across it aimed right at their city. Almost in unison the screams erupted, every life grabbing loved ones and running to the outskirts of their city. A gesture completely, utterly futile as the gum on Vostok's shoe met with the town.

The metal skyscrapers, so painstakingly built, survived the first test, the dirty pink gum barely bending the very spires as it came down - but such a giving surface was an illusion. The thick, rubber sneakersole behind the thin spread of gum was vastly less forgiving, the tallest spires, embedded in the gooey surface bent awkwardly beneath the pressure, folding in half, then rolling and bending further and further down along the base of their superstructures, until they snapped off where they met with the coin. Shorter and shorter buildings met with less extravagant fates, merely crumpling inwards along their squat surfaces with microscopic tin cans, glass exploding outward like titanic shotguns.

Seven million people, families and friends alike, were snuffed out in the gooey substance sheathing the harsh rubber of Vostok's sneakersole, in only a fraction of a second. In a grand display of insult to injury, the dime that made up crushed civilization's town lifted up with her shoe, the gum sticking it into the rest of the filth that was scooped up in the lump of goo's surface on her walk across town.

The bat herself didn't notice until the fourth or fifth step, the curious noise of metal scraping on pavement with each footfall annoying her delicate ears. She hopped forward on her other leg, looking curiously down at the bottom of her shoe - and then flicking her ears upwards with excitement! A single claw peeled the coin out of the mushy gum stuck to her sneaker, shifting it between two fingertips to look at it in the dim, fall evening. She turned it over curiously, one side to another, smiling at her fortune. One side was a little bit faded, as if it'd been worn away, but it was heads-up when she stepped on it. Just meant good luck, she thought, sliding it into her pocket. Maybe it'd buy her another stick of gum.