

Peer Review

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The law can be extremely complicated with twists and turns. How do the laws of man apply to beings who are only marginally human?

Dan Rather smiled for a second before composing his face into the solemn mask he affected when imparting distressful news to the people of America. "The tumultuous kidnap and assault case involving Maria Hopkins, a desperately ill young woman, her little brother Nathan, and the masked vigilante Revenant took a couple of odd twists today. After the American Justice Commission—a group of superheroes united to uphold the laws of the United States—announced they would hold a hearing on Revenant's actions, news organizations filed suit in Federal court to force the AJC to open their hearing to the public. Lawyers for the networks pointed out that the Federal and States' Attorneys in both Vermont and New Hampshire had refrained from filing charges against Revenant pending the outcome of the AJC hearing.

"The Advocate, charter member of the AJC and its legal advisor, noted that as a legally constituted and privately held Delaware corporation it was not required to open its meetings. Federal Appeals Court judge Elizabeth Kerin agreed with her argument and refused to issue an order opening the meeting.

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All indications from the High Court are that it will refuse to hear arguments in the case."

Dan let a hint of surprise lighten his expression. "In the most bizarre turnaround in the case, Revenant—who was believed to be in hiding outside the United States—has agreed to attend the AJC hearing, despite his not being a member of the organization. His agreement was deemed unlikely in light of the AJC's involvement with the case and its active opposition to his actions. Nemesis, founder of the AJC and its current president, gave Revenant a personal guarantee of safety and said the hearing would be fair. Revenant, a shadowy figure who has the distinction of being the only superhero ever to make it to the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list, cited that guarantee as the primary reason for his decision.

"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes, the Romans used to ask: who will guard the guardians? Now we'll have to ask: who will guard the guardians while they are guarding themselves?"

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The desiccating desert heat surrendered reluctantly as Revenant descended the ramp leading into the American Justice Commission headquarters. Built beneath the Arizona Center—the hole for it having been carved out of the caliche by Nemesis and Glacier—the marble-lined walls made him more mindful of a mausoleum than a place meant to be the center for the fight by good against evil. Having holographic images of fallen AJC members built into the walls did not help improve the impression.

The floor leveled out into a small lobby, but the information and ticket booth off to the left was dark, and the tour schedule had a big ' 'canceled' ' sign taped over it. Continuing on ahead, Revenant passed between two twenty-foot-high statues of Justice done in bronze and into a narrow corridor with a ceiling that sloped up toward the surface again. At the end of it he entered a huge chamber with red rock flooring and copper trim everywhere.

Seven members of the AJC waited to render judgement on his actions. Seated behind a high bench, Nemesis occupied the primary position. On his right sat Aranatrix, Hummingbird and Hammersnake, on his left Glacier, Caracal and Thylacine. All

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of them wore their costumes, and none had deigned to let him see their bare faces.

As he had no intention of doing that either, he did not take their remaining masked as an insult. His midnight-blue hood hid his face completely except for his eyes, and his cape shrouded the rest of him. As he walked to the defense table to the left of the central aisle, he refrained from throwing his cloak open quickly—he knew Glacier, Hammersnake and Colonel Constitution would love nothing more than an excuse to pound on him. Reaching the table, he gently flipped the cape back behind his shoulders, then carefully drew and laid his dart gun and shock-rod on the table.

He remained standing, taking his cue from The Advocate and Colonel Constitution at the prosecution table. He bowed his head to Nemesis. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting, but parking is at a premium around here." He glanced over at the superhero wearing red, white and blue. "I hope you validate stubs."

Colonel Constitution snarled immediately. "I'll validate your stubby little..."

"Enough." Nemesis rose from his chair, muscles bulging. Though born on a planet in a far distant galaxy and sent to Earth as a child, he did not seem alien to Revenant. His uniform had green sleeves and leggings, with white stripes at the shoulders and waist. The blue of the torso matched the hue of Nemesis's domino mask and was not that much lighter than the color of Revenant's uniform. Unlike the Nightmare Detective, Nemesis did not wear gloves or a cape, and his long, blond hair touched his broad shoulders.

' "I wish to thank you, Revenant, for taking part in this hearing. It is less to ascertain innocence or guilt than it is for us to decide if we will establish a policy concerning you. Your participation in the Hopkins abduction has been the subject of debate here." From the way Nemesis looked around and various members nodded, Revenant guessed the debate had been acrimonious. ' "It is my hope that we can resolve this situation. Agreed?"

Revenant nodded. "Agreed, though, for the record, I would like to point out that I do not recognize your authority over

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me, nor do I consider myself bound by any verdict that might be reached here."

A suppressed growl from Colonel Constitution echoed through the cavernous hall. The Advocate, in her trademark double-breasted black suit, black fedora, black mask and black gloves, held Constitution in check, but did not spare Revenant an evil glare. Nemesis nodded affirmatively, then seated himself again. "That is understood."

The AJC leader looked at The Advocate. "Please proceed."

"If it would please the... ah, you, my esteemed colleagues, let me remind you of the situation two weeks ago that led to the catalog of crimes pending

indictment on Revenant. Fearing for the safety of her six-year-old son Nathan, Jeanette Hopkins—in defiance of a custodial order to the contrary—sought refuge near Groveton Springs, New Hampshire. She said her husband and her daughter were members of a satanic cult who wanted to sacrifice Nathan in a foul ceremony. Reverend Bert Sunnington took her in and housed her at his Blessed Haven estate near Groveton Springs, then retained legal counsel for her and immediately appealed the Vermont court's divorce and custody decrees. Her ex-husband Martin was enjoined not to do anything to interfere with her temporary custody of Nathan and, in response to a request by the judge who made that ruling, Colonel Constitution led Strike Team Alpha up to New Hampshire to see that the child stayed with his mother.

"That restraining order in place, Revenant entered into a criminal conspiracy with Martin Hopkins to violate that order and commit numerous felonies."

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Martin Hopkins never would have described himself as a brave man. A brave man, he told himself, would be able to fight his own battles. He could not, and he acknowledged that fact right along with his failure in any of a number of other areas of his life. Even this appeal might fail, but he was desperate to do anything that might save Maria. Desperate enough to overcome his fear of anything that even remotely looked outside the law and especially anything that had to do with Revenant.

Martin Hopkins in no way looked the part of a hero and

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certainly didn't feel it, even though a friend he told about the meeting said he had to have balls the size of planets to actually want to meet with Revenant. Short and stout, with a pencil-thin moustache and a double chin that rested on the top of his barrel chest, Martin crept into the warehouse Revenant had designated for their meeting as if he were the lead in a very, very bad spy movie. The belt barely kept an old trench coat closed, and the requisite fedora had given way to a Yankees baseball cap.

Revenant cleared his throat and Martin spun, clutching at his chest as he saw the shadowed outline of a man. "You wanted to see me?"

"Whoa, jeez, don't do that." Martin caught his breath, then doffed his cap and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. "I'm sorry, sir, I mean..." Frustration and fatigue wove their way through the man's voice, bringing it to the edge of cracking. "Look, I don't have any money. It's all tied up in the operation."

Revenant slipped from the shadows that had hidden him. "You are getting ahead of yourself. You are Martin Hopkins, forty-one, divorced, two children. Maria is nineteen and Nathan is six. You are the manager of Northwoods Lumber." Revenant's voice, calm and even, drained away some of the panic causing Martin's heart to jackhammer in his chest. "Your ex-wife has your son in a religious commune in New Hampshire."

Martin's brown eyes grew wide. "Good, that's good, that you know that stuff I mean. That's good."

Revenant inclined his head toward the shorter man. "And why would that be good?"

Martin swallowed with difficulty, his tongue thick in a dry mouth. "Look, my daughter, Maria, she's in the Medical Center Hospital of Vermont over in

Burlington. She has leukemia and is going to die. The doctors say she needs marrow for a transplant and I'm not a good donor. Nathan is, but Je-anette..."

A lump in his throat choked off the rest of his words. He opened his hands toward Revenant and sniffed.

Revenant's head came up, and Hopkins felt the man's

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green-eyed gaze pierce his soul. "Your wife is aware of Maria's condition and will not allow the donation?"

Martin nodded. "I know Nathan would be willing. He loves his sister." Martin swiped at his nose with his sleeve. "Reverend Sunnington—I called him to beg, I really did—said Maria's illness is God's retribution for her sins."

Revenant folded his arms and his eyes narrowed perceptibly. Martin felt a chill run down his spine and could see how the man before him had earned the nickname of the Nightmare Detective. Had he been there just for himself, Martin would have run when he first saw Revenant, and if Revenant were ever after him, he knew he'd just die.

"I don't know that I can help you, Mr. Hopkins. While I sympathize with your plight"—Revenant shrugged uneasily—"I am only a normal man with a few tricks and a cape. This is the type of case better handled by people like the American Justice Commission."

Martin sagged to his knees. "I tried them. Colonel Constitution says the order is legal and it's a second-amendment issue. I can't fight them." He opened his mouth, then closed it again. Swallowing the lump down, he croaked, "Please?"

The Nightmare Detective remained silent and motionless for what felt like hours to Martin. Finally he nodded. "How long does your daughter have?"

"Maybe a month. The sooner the better."

"Very well. I will give you details for your part in this. You will have your son as soon as possible."

A charcoal-grey gloved hand extended itself from beneath the blue cape, and Martin shook Revenant's hand. Revenant did not seek to crush his hand, and Martin drew strength from the firm grip. "One more thing, Mr. Revenant, sir." Martin freed his hand and patted the trench coat's pockets until he found what he wanted. He pulled a rabbit's foot from his pocket and handed it to the tall man.

Revenant took it, examined it, then shook his head. "I appreciate the sentiment, Mr. Hopkins, but I doubt this will help me."

Revenant made to hand it back, but Martin waved him off. "No, look, Nathan is a smart boy and wouldn't go with you

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unless you can give him a sign that you're bringing him to me. That's his—Jeanette called it satanic and left it behind when she ran. Give it to him. He'll know."

The Nightmare Detective nodded, and the lucky charm disappeared into a pouch

on his belt.

Martin smiled and pulled his cap back on. "I can't thank you enough."

"That may be true, Mr. Hopkins, we'll see." Revenant started to withdraw, then stopped. "You can make a start right now, if you will."

Martin stiffened. "Yes?"

"You're not the sort of man to be associating with those who know how to contact me. How did you get the number where you left that message?'"

Martin blinked, then thought for a second. "At the hospital, in a get-well card, someone had put in a note—anonymous. I called."

"Anonymous; interesting." Revenant stepped into the shadows and vanished.

\* \* \*

The Advocate turned and pointed at Revenant. "Regardless of the seemingly humanitarian motive of obtaining the marrow needed for a transplant, Revenant mocked the American legal system by planning and executing a series of crimes..."

Revenant held a hand up. "Alleged crimes."

Colonel Constitution looked at him, then sank his fingers into the edge of the copper-covered prosecution table. The Advocate bowed her head, her short auburn locks sweeping forward to half hide her face. ' 'Alleged crimes. Revenant did willfully break and enter into the Blessed Haven compound..."

"I'll agree to entering, but I did no breaking."

Hummingbird, barely visible behind the microphone that was as big as he was, darted over to within six inches of Nemesis's face, then across to Revenant and back behind his microphone in two seconds. "Mr. President, I have a question."

"Proceed."

"How can you say you did not break, when there was a

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ten-foot-tall fence with razor wire on the top all around the place? Glacier and I installed it three days before you... allegedly entered the Blessed Haven sanctuary." His wings humming, he rose above the microphone, his arms crossed over his chest. "You can't fly, so how did you get in?"

"Trees."

The Advocate frowned. "Trees?"

Revenant nodded. "I climbed a tree, walked out on a branch and went over the fence. The fence later went down when Mr. Force-of-Nature hit it."

The Advocate did her best to speak over Glacier's grumbling. "Regardless, you stole a terrified little boy away from his mother, coerced him into criminal action, then assaulted duly sworn officers of the law in the course of their duty."

\* \* \*

Coming across the Blessed Haven compound, Revenant conceded to himself that organized religion did serve a purpose. He chose Wednesday night for his penetration of the commune because he knew the adults would all be at services. He knew, from the handful of articles concerning Reverend Sunnington and Blessed Haven, that all children would be in their rooms studying or praying before lights out at 8:30 P.M.—the commune had its own school, and classes started promptly at 6:30 in the morning, every morning.

Actually locating Nathan Hopkins within the 100-acre compound had presented a problem, but Revenant managed to narrow down the possibilities. An old map of the compound run in the Manchester Union Leader had showed a set of new buildings under construction and a picture accompanying the same article depicted the construction site as having all the plumbing and electrical fixtures one would need for simple apartmentlike housing units. A later map indicated the same buildings were used for "storage," but the article was talking about Sunnington's "Satanic Sacrifice Succor" program. That meant that Jeanette Hopkins and her son would probably be in the new units—labeling them storage seemed to be a clearly transparent effort at misdirection.

It did occur to him that the new map, which had appeared only two weeks ago in the Boston Herald, might have been

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planted as part of an elaborate AJC trap. He dismissed that idea because Colonel Constitution was running the AJC operation, and "elaborate" became a synonym for "confused" when used in reference to anything he did. The new fence was classic Conny, yet Revenant remained vigilant just in case Constitution had come up with an original idea for once.

If Blessed Haven had maintained a computer listing of its tenants and Revenant had known about it, he could have solved the problem of determining which of the two dozen apartments in the new complex housed the Hopkins family. As he approached the building, weaving his way through the cars in the church parking lot, he started by eliminating apartments connected to patios or balconies where he saw toys unsuited to a boy or someone of Nathan's age. Crouching in the shadow of the BMW owned by the judge who had signed the restraining order, he also eliminated the dark apartments that looked vacant because they lacked shades on the windows.

Moving on, lest the hiss of the car's quickly flattening tire attract attention, Revenant slipped his knife back into the top of his right boot and worked around to the far side of the complex. Apartment 14 seemed a likely suspect, as it had a light on, but no toys on the patio in front of it. He took pride in his deductive ability, then he drew close enough to see a small tag on the doorjamb, just above the doorbell, that read "Hopkins, Jeanette," in a small, orderly hand.

He spent his irritation by raking the lock open with his lockpicks in less than five seconds and slipping into the dimly lit apartment. He closed the door behind him, then flipped the flag lock to give himself a second or two of extra time to escape if someone tried to enter the apartment. He set the heavy pack he had been carrying down in the middle of the living room floor, then crouched and just listened.

The living room and kitchenette were separated by a half-wall. Off to the right a narrow corridor led past a closet to the bathroom—the source of the

light in the apartment—and on to two bedrooms. Revenant expected he would find Nathan in one of them, but something didn't feel quite right. He couldn't place it; then he saw a brief flash of light coming from beneath

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the hall closet door and heard a faint snatch of a hummed tune.

Glancing back out the window and seeing no one, Revenant moved to the closet door. He jiggled the knob, then opened the door. The little light inside snapped off, and Revenant recognized the sound of a comic book flapping shut. In the light that slipped from the bathroom into the closet he saw the comic and a flashlight head down into an empty boot; then a little boy looked up at him.

"Who are you?"

Revenant squatted down. "I'm here to take you to help your sister."

The boy's blue eyes grew wide. "Are you an angel?"

In spite of himself, Revenant laughed. He knew that was the first time and likely the last anyone would ever make that particular mistake about him. "What makes you ask that?"

The boy smiled innocently. "I asked Reverend Sunnington to let me go to help Maria. He said that if Jesus wanted me to help my sister, he would send an angel." The boy reached out and traced the R that made up Revenant's logo on his chest. "You must be Raphael, the helper angel."

"Something like that." Revenant produced the rabbit's foot as if by magic from Nathan's left ear. "I have spoken with your father. He asked me to give this to you."

The boy's face lit up at the mention of his father; then he took the charm and rubbed it in his hands. "If an angel gives this to me, I guess it can't be bad like Mommy said."

"Right. Are you ready to go? It will be a little bit of a trip, and we can't make much noise."

Nathan nodded solemnly and hitched the rabbit's foot to one of the belt loops on his short pants. He stood up and left the closet, closing it very quietly. On tiptoes he crept out into the living room and stopped beside the pack Revenant had left behind. "I have a pack like this. Mommy had me pack it in case we have to go away. Should I get it?"

Revenant nodded and Nathan ran back to his room. The Nightmare Detective dropped to one knee by his pack and unzipped one of the pockets. He pulled out two small plastic bottle-shaped items no larger than the rabbit's foot and set

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them on the ground. Nathan returned, looping a fuzzy bear backpack on, and Revenant pointed to the plastic items.

"Do you know what these are?"

Nathan nodded. "Party favors. Pull the string and they go boom."

"Right. They're for you. Use them only when I tell you to, okay?"

"Okay."

Revenant shouldered his pack, then crossed to the door. He saw no one through the peephole and no one outside the window. "Nathan, when we go out, we're going to keep to the shadows, okay? Follow me and we'll be with your father in no time."

"Okay, Mr. Raphael."

Revenant opened the door and Nathan followed him out into the night. The little boy trotted along as fast as he could, which was not quite fast enough for Revenant's taste, but the boy said nothing, and that earned him points in Revenant's book. They crossed the open area near the apartment complex and got all the way to the church parking lot before stopping. They hunkered down in the shadows of the cars and Nathan began to hum along with the hymn "Nearer, My God, To Thee."

"Nathan, stop for a second. I have to listen."

The boy clapped his hands over his mouth, then smiled. Revenant looked around but saw nothing out of the ordinary. That did nothing to make him feel any more secure, because he knew that his uniform could render him virtually invisible at night and, without the benefit of starlight or infrared vision devices, his chances of spotting someone were very low. He also knew, from experience, that sound would more likely betray a foe at night, but the damned singing would have covered the advance of Hannibal and all his elephants.

Nathan tugged on his cape. "That car over there has a flat tire."

Revenant laughed lightly. "That it does."

A motorcycle's headlight flicked on from the right. "That's not the only thing that's going to be flat around here." Colonel Constitution slammed his right fist into the front of the

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knight's-shield on his left arm. "I'm going to start with your head and work my way down."

Nemesis nodded as Colonel Constitution finished swearing to tell the truth. "Your witness, Advocate."

The Advocate came around from behind the prosecution table and nodded to Colonel Constitution. "You were present at Blessed Haven with the permission of Reverend Sunnington to enforce the court order protecting Nathan Hopkins, is that correct?"

Constitution nodded, the red threads on his epaulets rocking gently back and forth. "I was in place at Groveton Springs that evening. Nemesis had agreed to my request to let Strike Team Alpha take care of the Hopkins situation. I had Ham-mersnake, Hummingbird and Glacier patrolling the grounds. I had been watching Jeanette Hopkins in church to prevent any attempt at snatching her. I had a premonition something was wrong, so I left the church and saw the defendant hustling the child away. I hit my Strike Team alert signal to bring the others to me, then I identified myself to the suspect and asked him to comply with the law."



"And his response to that was?"

Colonel Constitution shook his head, his tricorn hat shifting slightly off center. "He responded by violating my civil rights."

\* \* \*

Revenant hefted Nathan up and sat him on the roof of the judge's car, then shucked his pack and set it there. "It's party time, Nathan, and you know what that means. Be ready."

The little boy clutched his party favors and smiled. "Ready."

Revenant stepped away from the vehicle and into the center of the crushed gravel parking lot. "You get one shot, Colonel. Make it good."

Constitution grinned coldly. "I'm going to kick your butt from here to Canada and back, Revenant. You don't stand a ghost of a chance."

"Your puns are cornier than you are." The Nightmare Detective slipped a foot-long silvery tube from the sheath on his

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"How did you...?" Constitution snarled furiously and kicked the engine on the motorcycle to life. White stones roos-tertailed out behind the bike as he gunned the motor, and the bike reared up. The Premier Patriot wrestled the bike down to the ground and aimed it straight at Revenant. The engine roared as the big Harley bore down on him. Constitution hunkered down behind his shield and Revenant watched as Constitution set himself for a shield punch that would put Revenant down for the count.

At the last second, his cloak a swirling satin cloud, Revenant pivoted on his left foot like a matador dodging a raging bull's charge. He stabbed his shock-rod through the spokes of the motorcycle's front wheel, then spun away as the shield clipped him on his right shoulder. Moving with the blow, he ended up flat on his back as the shock-rod locked against the front wheel's fork. The bike bucked forward and catapulted Constitution through the air.

The Premier Patriot flew like a missile and slammed head first into the grill of a Ford Taurus. Radiator fluid gushed out into the air as the hood crumpled and in the driver's compartment two airbags exploded from the dashboard and steering wheel. The motorcycle cartwheeled after Constitution, bouncing high on its tires after an initial somersault; then it balanced for a second before falling over to pin Constitution's legs.

\* \* \*

Constitution's nostrils flared as he looked over at Revenant. "If it had been an imported car, I would have demolished it and then him. Because it was a domestic, well, I was hors de combat for the moment, so I didn't see what happened next."

Nemesis looked over at Revenant. "Have you any questions of this witness?"

The Nightmare Detective shook his head. "None he could answer without grinding his teeth."

"You are excused, then, Colonel." Nemesis stared the man back to his place at

the prosecutor's table, then looked at Hum-

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mingbird. "I assume, Advocate, you want Hummingbird next?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

Hummingbird zipped from his place to the witness box, then hovered before the microphone, his wings a blur. "On my honor, as a member of the American Justice Commission, I swear to tell the complete truth and labor tirelessly until justice prevails."

The Advocate checked some notes at her table, then looked up. "'You were next on the scene, correct?'"

"I was."

"Would you describe what happened?"

The Wee Winged Warrior nodded almost imperceptibly. "Not much to tell. He tricked me."

\* \* \*

Humming like a furious cicada, Hummingbird's first pass knocked Revenant back to the ground. He'd taken the blow full on his back, so his Kevlar body armor helped absorb some of the shock, but the kinetic energy Hummingbird had built up still blasted him into the gravel. Grabbing the shock-rod as he rolled into a crouch, Revenant looked up to see Hummingbird hovering between him and Nathan Hopkins.

"If you want the child, foul one, you must go through me first."

"Have it your way." Revenant slowly stood. "Now, Nathan."

The little boy obediently pulled the lanyard that set off the first party favor. Accompanied by a bright flash and sharp crack, a silvery octopus of fine streamers shot out into the sky. The backdraft and suction from Hummingbird's wings pulled them in, entangling the Wee Winged Warrior before he even knew he was under attack. The streamers enfolded him, and the harsh beating of his wings slowed, then stopped. Yet before he could fall to the ground, Revenant lunged forward and swirled his shock-rod through the trailing tinsel.

His thumb caressed the shock-rod's control button for a second and Hummingbird twitched like a spastic marionette, then hung limp from the streamers. Revenant carried him over to the car and set him down, then peeled the tinsel off and flipped

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the six-inch-tall man over onto his stomach.

"See that, Nathan? He's a small man in a mechanical suit." Revenant pulled the knife from his boot and used the tip of the blade to pry the lid off the little square box between Hummingbird's wings. "These are the batteries he uses to power his wings. If we pop them out, just like that, he won't get into any more trouble."

"If he's trying to stop you, Raphael, he must be a demon." Revenant shook his head. "Not a demon, just a confused man. It may be a while before you understand it, but there is a difference."

\* \* \*

Nemesis stared down at Hummingbird. "You say you awoke in the glove box of a Mercedes Benz?"

The tiny superhero shook with indignation. "I'd been stuffed into a tube sock and had a pillow made out of Kleenex."

"That was Nathan's idea," Revenant interjected quickly. "He'd seen cats about in the compound and thought the sock would make a great sleeping bag for you. In the spirit of things, I figured you'd enjoy a suite at the Mercedes hotel."

The Extraterrestrial Titan nodded like Solomon. "I see. Thank you, Hummingbird. Unless Revenant has any questions for you, I think you can be dismissed."

The Nightmare Detective shook his head, then looked up as Hammersnake moved to the witness box. Stretching his right leg up and over the bench, the Elastic Revenger planted it firmly, then let the rest of his body flow down into place like a man-shaped Slinky. His right hand snapped up cobra-like, and he swore to tell the truth as his two predecessors had.

The Advocate glanced over at Revenant, then smiled and turned to her new witness. "In your encounter with Revenant that evening, you suffered a fate similar to that of two other Strike Team Alpha members, did you not?"

"Yeah."

"But in that encounter you learned something that pertains to his motives for being there, and his methods, correct?"

"Yeah." Hammersnake raked rubbery fingers back through rubbery black hair, the tangled mess making an audible snap as he pulled his fingers free. "Do you want me to tell it now?"

The Advocate nodded. "If you please."

"Yeah, right. I learned Revenant works with the Injustice Cabal..."

\* \* \*

Revenant and Nathan had hurried along through the night. The Nightmare Detective knew two other members of the AJC's Strike Team Alpha lurked out there somewhere and the only real chance of his defeating them lay in dealing with them separately. "If Hammersnake and Glacier converge..."

"Don't worry, Raphael, we have the rabbit's foot."

Revenant smiled and lifted Nathan up in his arm. "Then let's be quick like bunnies and get out of here. Get around there and ride piggyback."

"But rabbits don't do that."

"Angel rabbits have special rules." Revenant shrugged his pack off, then let Nathan settle himself in place. "'Ease up on the choke hold there, Nathan."

"Yeah, Nathan, leave something for me."

Revenant whirled and saw an impossibly tall and lean figure silhouetted by the light from the commune buildings. The man stood with his fists firmly planted on his hips, his chin elongated as it thrust forward. He swayed slightly, like tall grass in a light breeze.

"He looks like a soggy pretzel," Nathan whispered in Revenant's ear, prompting a laugh.

"Yeah, laugh there, Casper, because there ain't nothing you're going to find funny when I'm through with you." Hammersnake jerked a thumb toward himself—deftly done without moving his fist from his hip. "I'm Hammersnake, and if you know anything about me at all, you know you better give up now. Don't worry, kid, I'll have you away from him in jig time, then we'll get you signed up with my fan club and get you some action figures and stuff."

Revenant dropped his hand to the holster on his right hip and drew the pistol. Glancing at the selector lever, he switched it over to the second position, then pulled back the cocking lever. He raised the gun to shoulder height, the muzzle pointing toward the stars. "Give it a touch with the foot, Nathan."

As the child happily complied and Revenant drew a bead, Hammersnake laughed aloud. "Shoulda read the press kit on me, irrelevant. I'm rubber. Bullets bounce off...OUCH!" Hammersnake looked down, then plucked a silvery dart from his chest. "A dart. Ha! My metabolism is so special that nothing you could have in there could hurt me. In fact, only the venom of..."

"The venom of the Haitian solenodon can affect you." Revenant pumped two more darts into the Elastic Revenger, and the man collapsed into a tangle of garden-hose limbs.

"How did you know? That's a secret!"

"Ever since you got bitten by one when fighting Crimson Carnage outside Port-au-Prince, the word's been out on you. The solenodons are being harvested to extinction and the Injustice Cabal's computers list dozens of brokers where you can buy the stuff." Nathan slid from Revenant's back as the Nightmare Detective squatted down and tied Hammersnake's arms and legs around a sapling with a couple of bowlines.

Revenant looked up at the boy. "So, Nathan, you think Hammersnake's a cool hero."

"Not!"

If I ever need a sidekick, Nathan, you're the leading candidate. Revenant took Nathan's hand, recovered his pack and ran off into the darkness before Hammersnake's groans could die away.

\* \* \*

"I have a point of clarification, Mr. President." Nemesis nodded at the woman seated at his right. "Yes, Aranatrix?"

The Mistress of Webs smiled, her silvery costume sharply reflecting the room's muted light. "I have, in spreading my web through the nation's computer systems, come across phantom traces of activity I have attributed to Revenant—though he leaves elusively few clues." She inclined her head toward him, and Revenant returned the nod respectfully. "I would note that the information

concerning outlets for the purchase of the neurotoxic venom of Solenodon paradoxus has been altered and now, as nearly as I can determine, all requests for same are collected and made available to local law en-

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forcement or Federal forces, as appropriate."

Thylacine, down at the end of the bench, smiled beneath his wolfish half-mask. "Mr. President, as you know, Caracal and I pay special attention to crimes in violation of the Endangered Species Act. In Haiti, which is the only place Solen-odon paradoxus is found, hunting has all but stopped in the past two weeks. I hadn't thought about it until now, mainly because of Haiti and voodoo stories, but rumors of 'The Unholy Ghost' prohibiting poaching and dealing with poachers has destroyed the trade."

Colonel Constitution stabbed a finger at Revenant. ' 'Adding computer crimes and terrorist actions against foreign nationals to your list of crimes now?'

"Alleged crimes." Revenant laughed as Constitution's neck bulged. "And I believe those questions are beyond the scope of your current inquiry."

Nemesis agreed with a nod. "Glacier, you're up next, I think. Thank you, Hammersnake."

Revenant felt the room grow colder as Glacier came around from behind the bench and moved to the witness box. Clad from head to toe in white, Glacier moved with a deliberate slowness. His short-sleeved uniform revealed arms as massively muscled as the rest of him, and icy bracers protected his forearms. His flesh had a bluish tint to it, shades lighter than that used to emblazon the letter G on his chest, but not dark enough to mark him as alien.

After being sworn in he stared at Revenant with arctic blue eyes. ' 'Yes, I was the last of our team to face Revenant in the initial encounter. I determined I would not fail to detain him, but I found myself subjected to an unusual form of attack..."

\* \* \*

Without further interruption, but with a few laughs and giggles, Revenant and Nathan reached the fence the AJC had erected. Revenant dropped his pack to the ground, then upended it. In a nice little bundle a padded chain ladder fell out. Revenant undid the cords holding it together, then lofted it up toward the fence. The thick canvas padding covered the razor

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wire, while the aluminum rungs provided an easy way to go up and over.

"Okay, Nathan, you go first. Take it easy, and if you see any sharp metal at the top, be careful and don't touch it."

The boy nodded, and Revenant tucked the singleton tube sock hanging from the top of the bear pack back inside. "Go for it. I'll be over in a second."

"Halt!" The bellow echoed through the woods like the challenge of a bull moose to a rival. ' 'I arrest you in the name of the American Justice Commission."

"Nuts." Revenant dug into his pack and pulled out a tooled metal device that looked to be the big brother of Nathan's party favors. He looked up at the

mountainous man at the crest of the rise they had descended to get to the fence. "That's Glacier."

The boy pulled his remaining favor from his pocket and smiled. "Is it party time again?"

Revenant tousled the boy's light brown hair. "Yeah, but you save that one for later, maybe for when you see your sister, okay? Up and over for you. Wait for me by that big tree over there, okay?"

"Okay."

As Nathan scrambled up the ladder, Revenant stood up and opened his arms wide. "Let me make this easy for you, Sno-cone, I'm resisting arrest."

"This is ill-advised." Glacier flexed his muscles, eclipsing the moon rising behind him. "I am authorized to use whatever means necessary to detain you."

"Yeah, yeah, you'll put me on ice. There'll be a frost in hell before I walk as a free man. I've heard it all before." Revenant waved Glacier forward. "Do your worst, just don't take all day, okay, Pokey?"

"Tremble where you stand, lawbreaker!" Glacier shook a fist at him as he began to plod forward. "You shall know the inexorable wrath of Glacier!"

Revenant exaggerated a belly laugh. "Oh, that's rich, coming from a guy who went skinny-dipping and sank the Titanic!"

"Aarrgh!" The Chilled Champion lowered his head and

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started pumping his arms as he charged forward. His legs, which did not look particularly long because of their girth, ate up the hundred yards separating the two men with deceptive quickness. Glacier's body straightened up as he hit his top speed, and his fists flexed open and closed as if practicing what they would do to Revenant.

The Nightmare Detective held his ground, crouching slightly, as the behemoth rushed toward him. He could feel the thudding footfalls shake the ground. Glacier's labored breathing echoed like a blast-furnace bellows in the night, and the pumping arms reminded him of a locomotive's pistons driving the engine. Twin streams of breath vapor trailed back from either side of Glacier's face, and the air took on the bone-numbing cold of an arctic blizzard.

Revenant drew in a breath and held it, waiting until Glacier came within ten feet of him. He raised the metal funnel, then yanked the lanyard. The blank shotgun shell inside the narrow part of the funnel exploded, forcing everything in front of it out the wide end of the device. The waxed cardboard wadding shot out, smacking Glacier squarely in the face, so he never saw the cloud formed by the pound and a half of black pepper that burst out from behind it.

Glacier sucked in pepper like a Dustbuster in overdrive, and immediately choked and coughed back out as much as he could. Then the convulsive sneezing started, with each intake of breath thereafter dragging more and more pepper into his nose and lungs. The tears running from his eyes froze on his face, forming long, Fu-Manchu icicles hanging down from his chin; then a violent sneeze snapped them off as they bashed into his chest.

Revenant, having spun away from the cloud, lowered his cape and saw Glacier stumbling about blindly. He started to reach for his pistol, then decided against it. Walking over to the stricken hero, he spun the man around so his back was to the fence, then planted the heel of his foot on the point of Glacier's chin in a nasty front kick.

Arms and legs flung wide, Glacier flew the remaining half-dozen feet to the fence and sagged into it, like a trapeze artist dropping into a net. A series of high-pitched twangs sounded

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as the cyclone fence abandoned any pretense of holding Glacier up. It tore away from the nearest post first, dragging Glacier off to Revenant's left as the fence contracted.

Nathan peeked out from behind the tree, then whistled as Revenant limped over to him. "He's out cold."

The Nightmare Detective laughed and resisted the temptation to make it tail off into the sinister tones he used when dealing with criminals. "That's good, Nathan. You're a sharp boy. What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Nathan took Revenant's right hand and they started to walk through the woods. "I want to be a hero—not like them, a real hero."

"I think you have a chance, Nathan." Revenant gave his hand a squeeze.

"Really?"

"Really. After all, you've already got the dialog down."

\* \* \*

The ice on the witness box bannister cracked as Glacier released his grip on it. "That is what I remember."

The Advocate nodded, dismissing Glacier, then turned toward Revenant. "That is the point when you fled to avoid arrest and prosecution. You also conducted the child across state lines, making the kidnapping a Federal offense. Colonel Constitution, if you would be so kind..."

Nemesis frowned. "Colonel, if you please, just remain seated at your table. You are still sworn. I know where this is going, so why don't you catch everyone else up?"

Constitution cracked his knuckles. "With pleasure."

\* \* \*

Nathan stopped when he saw the sleek Corvette waiting in the woods. Dark blue on the top with grey trim along the side panels, the vehicle sat with its nose pointed to a narrow road heading east through the woods. "Wow, God lets you angels have really cool cars."

Revenant winked at him as he disarmed the anti-intruder system. "I got it in trade for my harp and a millennium of payments. Hop in."

Nathan slid into the passenger seat, and Revenant closed the door before

vaulting the hood and getting in the other side.

Nathan had already pulled his pack off over his head and started to fasten the seat belts. Revenant helped him, tucking the pack down in the footwell, and nodded when he was finished. "Next stop, your sister's hospital, okay?"

"Okay."

Revenant pulled his own safety harness on, snapping the belts into a stainless steel clasp over his chest, then fastened the lap belt low and snug. He punched the ignition code in, bringing the engine purring to life. He let Nathan hit the button that turned the lights on, then brought up the onboard navigational computer. "That dot, it's us. We'll use the old Route 110 extension to a covered bridge over the Connecticut River and into Vermont."

"I like covered bridges. Maria does too."

"Good, you can tell her all about this one." The Corvette roared down the woodland track and joined a paved road about a mile farther on. Revenant felt apprehensive as he pulled onto the New Hampshire state route, but it was the quickest way he could get to his destination in the car. A more direct route would have continued through the woods, but the Corvette would have bottomed out a number of times and could even have been put out of commission if a tree had fallen in the thirty-six hours since he last scouted that route.

His confidence grew as they blew through Groveton and turned left. The 110 extension had been graded, but maintained only for local residential use. The dark car moved through the rolling New England hills like a panther eluding pursuit, and Revenant began to smile as the dot on the computer screen closed with the bridge icon.

"What's that?"

Revenant looked over at what Nathan had pointed out and snarled. "That's trouble." A flickering, bobbing light moved through the woods at a high rate of speed. Revenant lost sight of it for a moment behind a small hillock, then saw it bumping its way across a meadow as he crested the hill for the run down to the bridge.

He hit his high beams as the light slowed—it and the 'Vette stopping at the same time. Colonel Constitution extended the motorcycle's kickstand. The front tire peeled apart like a re-tread shedding its outer skin, leaving behind a D-shaped wheel rim. Revenant blinked as the tire spat out road pebbles and tried to straighten up, but Hammersnake's legs quivered and he sat down hard.

Colonel Constitution ignored his battered companion. "It's over, Revenant. Time to take your medicine." Constitution hit a button on his bike's control panel, and two Red Rockets shot out from the launch tubes mounted on either side of the high seat. They arced high into the sky, then arrowed down and slammed into the covered bridge.

The ancient wooden structure had withstood storms and floods in its lifetime, but high explosives were more than a match for it. The twin fireballs blasted the center of the bridge into burning splinters. Cedar shingles flew like autumn leaves through the air, and flaming planks sailed out into the river's dark waters. Jagged beam ends burned brightly, marking where the center of the roadbed had once stood—memorial flames mourning the gap that separated them.

Constitution rubbed his gloved hands together, then made a big show of punching a button on his belt buckle. "There, I've even gone and summoned the



Big Guy so he can use his X-ray sight to keep track of your bones as I break them. Get out of that car, and I'll give you a nightmare it won't take a detective to figure out."

Revenant glanced over at Nathan. "Seatbelts fastened?"

The boy nodded. "Check."

"Rabbit's foot deployed?"

Nathan rubbed it. "Check."

"Let's go!"

Revenant jammed his foot down on the accelerator and worked his way up through the gears smoothly. He finished shifting by the time a surprised Colonel Constitution dove out of the roadway. Keeping both hands locked on the wheel, Revenant came around the last bend in the road and started up the slight incline to the bridge. He watched the digital display continue to add numbers to his speed, but he didn't relax even as it cracked triple digits.

"Here we go, hang on!"

The Corvette shot through the fire at the bridge end, the

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engine screaming as the wheels met no more resistance. Rev-enant watched as the car's nose touched Jupiter, holding his breath and praying it would stay pointed in that direction for another second and another after that. Then slowly it began to dip, and his first glimpse of flames on the other side seemed to place them just a little more distant than he had hoped they would be.

Nathan shrieked with glee. "We're flying!"

"I guess we are. Brace yourself." Revenant grimaced. "We're landing."

The car touched down hard, sparks shooting everywhere as the vehicle bottomed out on the far side's concrete approach. The impact jammed Revenant down in his seat, and he ducked his head so the rebound wouldn't bash him senseless against the roof. He heard metal scream and felt a bump as some of the tailpipe assembly tore away; then a second heavier thump came from the back.

The car immediately started dragging its tail. Revenant saw one of the rear tires whirling off along the road ahead of them. It passed between two cars parked in the darkness on the Vermont side of the 110 extension, but Revenant ignored them as he fought to bring the Corvette to a stop. He spun the wheel to the left to counter the skid, but the car spun and backed into a roadside drainage ditch with a solid bump.

The navigational computer shorted out in a puff of smoke and Nathan's airbag deployed, but it did not muffle his laughter. "That was great. Do it again!"

"Not right now. We have to give your rabbit's foot a rest." Revenant popped his restraining harness open, then freed Nathan. As the two of them left the ruined vehicle, the waiting cars turned on their headlights and a heavysset man came out of the station wagon.

"Dad!" Nathan, his bear pack swinging wildly in his right hand, ran to his

father and hugged the man's legs.

Revenant threw Martin a thumbs-up, then looked at the primly dressed woman getting out of the Infiniti Q45. She pulled a leather briefcase with her and started to open it, but froze when Nathan screamed, "Look out!"

A red, white and blue meteor hurled through the flames

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burning at river's edge. Propelled like a slingshot pellet by Hammersnake on the far side, Colonel Constitution smashed his shield into Revenant's back, then rolled on down the road until he could bleed off his momentum and regain his feet.

Nathan's warning had enabled Revenant to begin to shift away from the blow. Even so, the shield caught him solidly and smacked him into the side of the Infiniti. Rebounding from metal-sandwiched polymer alloy plating, Revenant landed on his back, momentarily stunned. Feeling flooded back into his arms and legs—pain mostly—but conscious control over his limbs still eluded him.

Colonel Constitution swaggered up into sight at his feet. "Get used to being on your back, because you'll be spending a lot of time in traction." He laughed coldly. "It's party time!"

He raised his shield to bash Revenant with it, but an expanding ball of tinsel shot up from Nathan's last party favor and blinded him. Revenant rolled to his right as Constitution punched his shield down into the road, then swept his leaden left leg back, catching Constitution in the ribs. The Premier Patriot spun away, then clawed the silvery tinsel from his face.

"You've corrupted the minor!"

Revenant rose unsteadily to his feet. "Better that than he grow up like you."

Constitution raised his shield again and closed, but another figure descended from the sky and stopped him in mid-rush by planting a hand in the middle of his chest. "Stop, Colonel." Nemesis looked over at Revenant and held his other hand out to keep them apart. "If you please, Revenant, minimizing the violence would be best for the boy, don't you think?"

The Nightmare Detective nodded. "Just tell that to Captain Collateral Damage over there."

"I'm going to nail your butt!" Constitution's wild gesticulations did not cease even when Nemesis lifted him from the ground. "You're mine. You're under arrest!"

The woman turned from inspecting the dent in her car and pulled a piece of paper from her briefcase. "And you will likewise be under arrest if you continue harassing Revenant,

Mr. Hopkins or his son." She slapped the paper against Constitution's stomach. "This is a restraining order compelling you and Strike Team Alpha to stay one thousand meters from Revenant and the Hopkins family."

Nemesis released Constitution. The Premier Patriot unfolded the order, scanned it, then crumpled it up in a ball. "What kind of lily-livered judge would sign that sort of order?"

The woman grabbed a handful of Constitution's tricolored tunic. "/ signed it, buster. It's got as much force as the order you were upholding over there in New Hampshire, so I suggest you think about that. Then I suggest you start marching off one thousand meters to the east and remember to breathe when you're swimming."

Colonel Constitution looked stricken. "Nemesis?"

The AJC President shrugged his shoulders. "We uphold the law, Colonel. Comply with the order."

Revenant winked at the retreating hero. "Remember that breathing thing. Pity about the bridge."

Nemesis dropped to his haunches and smiled at Nathan. "So you're the young man who's going to help his sister get better, is that right?"

Revenant looked back at his car and groaned. "Judge, do you mind if I borrow your car for a quick hospital run?"

She shot him a harsh stare. "After I've seen what you did to a 'Vette? You sent Mr. Hopkins to me because I'm smart, remember?"

Nemesis straightened up. "I think I can remedy the problem. With your permission, Mr. Hopkins, I'll fly your son to the hospital."

Nathan shook his head. "Let the angel fly me."

Nemesis cocked an eyebrow at Revenant. "Angel?"

"He thinks the R stands for Raphael. Could have been worse; he could have thought I was a turtle." Revenant shook his head at Nathan. "Naw, go with Nemesis. If we angels do everything, guys like Nemesis won't have any reason to be called a hero."

\* \* \*

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The Advocate opened her hands. "That covers almost everything, I think. Aranatrix has informed me that some tampering was done with Reverend Sunnington's bank account, deducting something in excess of \$467,353 from it. This figure is remarkable only in that it is roughly the amount of the bills the Hopkins family ran up in medical and legal fees concerning Maria's illness. This is just one more count of computer crimes—alleged computer crimes—that can be added to the list.

"If it pleases Your Honor, I rest my case." Nemesis looked down at Revenant. "You've not questioned any of the witnesses against you. Do you have any witnesses for your defense? The Hopkins family, perhaps?"

"No, I have no witnesses." Revenant stood slowly. "The Hopkins family has more important things to do than to talk here today."

"Do you want to make any comments in your defense?" Revenant shook his head. "My actions need no defense."

"The hell they don't!" Colonel Constitution shot like a rocket from his chair. "There are guys on Death Row who've broken fewer laws than you have. You trampled all over the very Constitution that I've sworn to defend. You're a

lawbreaker—you're worse because you don't even think the laws should apply to you. You offer no defense because there is no defense for what you have done!"

"Wrong." Revenant came out from behind his table, shaking his head. "You draw the line at the law. You use the Constitution and the legal framework of this nation like a wall that segregates good from evil. You think and act in a realm of absolutes, rigidly defending the product of a process that you choose to ignore.

"Think." The Nightmare Detective tapped his brow. "Think, dammit. This nation, the tradition of laws you cling to, has undergone multiple changes through the centuries. Why? Because what was once considered just and right is determined, by mutual consent, to be unjust. A thousand years ago it was a man's right—his duty—to beat his wife. In the American South it was once a crime to teach blacks to read. Fifty years ago we imprisoned American citizens just because

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of the color of their skin and their ancestry. That was unjust, but had you been there, you would have been standing at the gates of internment camps keeping the Japanese in."

The Advocate sniffed. "The Supreme Court upheld the internment order. Extraordinary times demand extraordinary methods."

"Exactly!" Revenant's right hand contracted into a fist. "Extraordinary times require extraordinary methods and yet, fifty years later, reparations were paid to the survivors of internment. We recognized an injustice and made an attempt at making it right again. That's what I did here."

' 'But the courts were the right place to fight out the battle being waged between Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins."

"No! They were not a good battleground, because resolving it there would have taken time—time Maria did not have." Revenant's head came up. "There was an injustice there, and it was my duty—the duty of every human being who could recognize it as such—to effect a remedy."

The Nightmare Detective looked at each of the AJC members in turn as he spoke. ' 'I understand why you draw the line at the law, because to move past it is to move into an arena with no restraints, no boundaries. I have chosen, unlike you, to live in that region outside the law, because that's where you have to go to hunt down the people who would destroy the world encompassed by the law."

"So," Constitution sneered, "you're admitting you're a criminal."

"No, I admit I am an outlaw, and there is a difference. I do have a guide out there: justice. Siphoning off money from Reverend Sunnington to cover the operation was justice. Forcing Charles Keating to operate one of his resorts for and act as butler for the people he bilked, that would be justice—perhaps not under the law, but it would be justice nonetheless." Revenant's hand opened, then disappeared beneath his cape. "I do not hold you in disrespect because of the choice you have made, and I feel no need to defend the choice I made."

Nemesis smiled. "You were eloquent in your non-defense."

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The Nightmare Detective nodded. ' 'Colonel Constitution inspires me."

The Extraterrestrial Titan smiled. "I think, then, we can come to a verdict here. You've heard the evidence. Register your votes, please."

\* \* \*

Nemesis waited until the last of his compatriots had withdrawn from the chamber before congratulating Revenant on his acquittal. He offered the Nightmare Detective his hand. "I know you don't think it is important, but I appreciated your participation here. There are times when the American Justice Commission needs to remember that while we uphold the law, discretion, latitude and even dissent are part of the system. I have assurances that the Federal attorney and the State's Attorneys in Vermont and New Hampshire will nol-pros the charges against you."

Revenant shrugged. "Better the indictments never go into the NCIC computer than I have to go in and get them out again." He shook Nemesis's hand, then looked the taller man in the eye. "Close vote."

Nemesis nodded. "Not unexpected, given that we do law, you do justice. I had expected the three members of Strike Team Alpha to vote against you. Your work with the computers and in Haiti swung the other three to your side."

Revenant nodded. "And you cast the deciding vote—which had to go in my favor, since you dragged me into this whole affair in the first place."

The big man smiled. "When did you know I was involved?"

"I suspected when Martin told me he'd gotten the number he called in an anonymous Get Well card. I'd only given that particular number to a dozen people—including you—and most of them would have been angling for a reward for making the contact, not offering the information anonymously." Revenant shrugged. "Know, on the other hand..."

"At the river, right? When I flew underneath and gave you the boost to make the jump?"

"Nathan announcing that we were flying was a big clue, yeah." Revenant folded his arms across his chest. "You'll

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have to be careful there, Nemesis; in doing that you aided and abetted a fleeing felon."

"Not at all." He clapped Revenant on the shoulders. "I just stopped you from illegally dumping your car in the river."

Revenant laughed. "Gotta know the rules if you're going to play by them."

"Or if you are going to be the exception to them."

"Story of my life."

Nemesis walked with Revenant toward the exit. "So now that the Haitian situation has calmed down and this is over, are you going to take a vacation?"

"I'd love to, but there's always more work to do." The Nightmare Detective shook his head. ' 'I just ran across a couple of IRS agents who have a scam to

boost their collection rating. They created a computer program that scans returns to select folks who can't or won't fight an audit. They pounce, the victim settles, and the agents are golden boys."

Nemesis nodded thoughtfully. "You could turn the evidence you've collected over to their supervisor and have them dealt with very easily."

"True, but that would be playing the game by your rules." Revenant shook his head. "If I did that, the IRS would reprimand them, perhaps put a negative letter in their files and, horror of horrors, ship them to Fairbanks to run the Alaska office. That's not justice for even one audit."

"I see." Nemesis frowned. "Then what, by Revenant's rules, would constitute justice in this case?"

"Oh, I have something very special planned. It is guaranteed to fulfill the dictates of justice, and to serve as a deterrent against future crime. I got into their computer and made some changes to their program, directing the selection of their next victim."

"That person being you, I take it?"

"Me? No, that would be too easy." Revenant's sinister laughter echoed through the dark marble corridor. "The next audit on their list is of a guy named Bill Wright."