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# Doctor Mighty and the Case of Ennui

By Paul Melko

16 February 2004

Doctor Mighty noticed the malaise right around the time he captured Auntie Arctic in her lair in the back room freezer at a local Giant Eagle. Actually it was the fifth straight time he'd captured her in a Giant Eagle. Every time she escaped from the Institute, her first stop was the freezer of a grocery store -- never a Kroger, never a Big Bear, always a Giant Eagle. First it was the one in Plymouth. Then it was the one on Grant downtown. Then in Crestview.

This time, Mighty hadn't even bothered to decipher the clues that she was leaving at each of the tanning salons she destroyed with her freeze ray. He just went to the newest Giant Eagle, in Roosevelt, and confronted her and her two henchmen, Fahrenheit and Celsius. Rankine and Kelvin had died several months earlier in a freon accident.

"Doctor Mighty! You've cunningly tracked me to my lair!" Ms. Arctic cackled. "Get him, boys!" A fine sheen of ice crystals covered her skin, and he could see the blue veins in her neck as she screamed. She was a young aunt, trim in her tight blue leotard and matching cape. Her dark hair framed her sharp, pale face. If she had been a woman he'd met at a party or in the produce section during his off-hours, he might have been tempted to ask her out or at least talk to her. Alas, he mused, she wanted her henchmen to kill him, and that wasn't a good basis for any relationship.

F and C didn't have superpowers, so Doctor and not a Queen. I wish to be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if he can give me that, I might accept his gift." Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00

## [Before Paphos](#)

by Loretta Casteen

8 January 2007

It starts again. The baby begins to cough and choke.

## [Locked Doors](#)

by Stephanie Burgis

1 January 2007

*You can never let anyone suspect,* his mother told him. That was the first rule she taught him, and the last, before she left him here alone with It.

## [Heroic Measures](#)

by Matthew Johnson

18 December 2006

Pale as he was, it was hard to believe he would never rise from this bed. Even in the darkest times, she had never really feared for him; he had always been strong, so strong.

## [Love Among the Talus](#)

by Elizabeth Bear

11 December 2006

Nilufer raised her eyes to his. It was not what women did to men, but she was a princess, and he was only a bandit. "I want to be a Witch," she said. "A Witch

and not a Queen. I wish to be not loved, but wise. Tell your bandit lord, if he can give me that, I might accept his gift."

[Archived Fiction Dating back to 9/1/00](#)

