

Dimensional Smugglers Blues

“You asked me why this regulatory bureau exists,” said the police sergeant. She extended a familiar plastic toy gun. “This is why.”

She didn’t wait for me to reply. “Here, it’s just a toy. Three universes over, extruded plastic and foam holds a magical charge better than anything they’d ever seen. Which we only found out about for ourselves after somebody diverted a toy store shipment and then promptly overthrew an Evil Empire back ‘home.’”

I thought it was time to say something. “But that’s *good*, right?”

She grimaced. “The mage-ambassador who almost fireballed the UN in response... disagreed.”

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