

Rest Cure

“There’s another one over here,” the policeman called out. I went over to confirm. After a month of this I was old hat at recognizing a Transcended: blandly regular features, decent body shape, no body hair yet. He’d also have a slightly manic look in his eyes when he woke up. They all did.

“Well,” I sighed, “call up the hospital, tell ‘em it’s two-for-one night.” I felt bad about that, but what can you do? Sure, these creatures apotheosized from a lower dimension. They were still helpless in ours. They *need* to be committed, at least for a while.

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