

From the Superhero Ultraferno (From Hell)

By Don Zolidis

SCARLET WITCH

Thank you. So all right – first of all – the guys around here are total losers, all right? So my friend Gina sets me up with her brother’s friend, Tommy. Right? I don’t know Tommy – I’m like, ‘who’s Tommy?’ she’s like, ‘he’s nice’ I’m like ‘he sounds like a loser.’ Just cause of the name. I’ve never met a Tommy with a job.

So he shows up for our (*air-quotes*) date. I’m putting date in quotes right now cause what was about to transpire does not really qualify for the word. Okay, let me describe Tommy. First of all I can smell Tommy when he is a block away – this cloud of cologne comes down the street, comes to my house, opens my door by itself, and punches me in the face. Tommy is orange. He’s got enough gel in his hair to suspend a horse from a bridge. He’s got a tattoo over the top of his chest that says “The Greatest.” How do I know what it says? Because he’s wearing a tank top. For a *date*. I’m thinking nice restaurant, I’m wearing heels, I went tanning that day – to look nice, you know?

First thing he does, lifts up his shirt. Says, ‘feel my abs.’

I’m like ‘no.’

“Feel them.”

“No.”

“Feel them they’re awesome.”

“I’m not feeling your abs!”

“Wanda, I’m letting you touch me! Touch them, dang it! You know you want to!”

“No!”

“Fine. You know what? This coulda been the best night of your life. You just ruined it.”

We go to the gym. Let me repeat that in case you didn’t hear me properly: WE GO TO THE GYM. Starts working out. I’m making small talk, you know.

“You got a job?”

“I’m working on it.”

“So that’s a no.”

“Why you gotta be judgmental? First date. You’re judgmental! You want to judge something? Judge this.” He takes his shirt off. Starts flexing and looking in the mirror.

First thing I do – a little hex – Start his tattoo on fire. Not like a lot of fire, you know? I’m not cruel – but enough – he freaks out, flames are popping out of his chest he’s like “aaaaaaah! I’m burning! Help me!” Whatever. I’m like “stop, drop and roll” – he does that, cow falls on him. I don’t have any control at this point. This 900 pound cow smashes through the ceiling, lands on him. Breaks a couple of his bones, whatever. He gets up, limping, still on fire, runs out into the street – aaaaaaah! Gets run over by a car. Another car hits him. This is Jersey, there’s a lot of traffic. Here comes this semi next.

In the hospital later I set him on fire again. Just cause.

Later he tweets about it – like “that chick totally wanted me.”

And that’s when the airplane fell on him.