

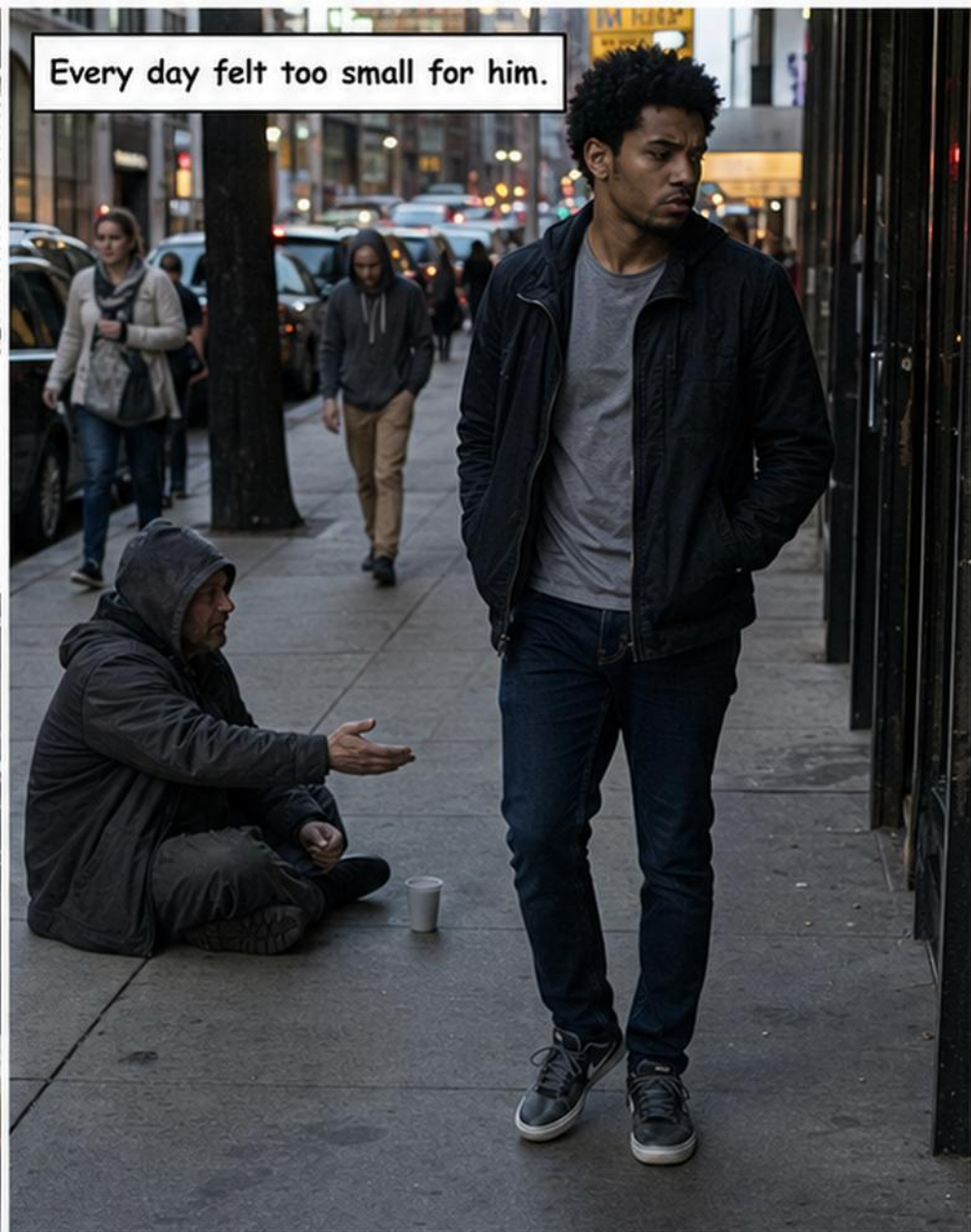
POWER FLUX

The Selfish Wish

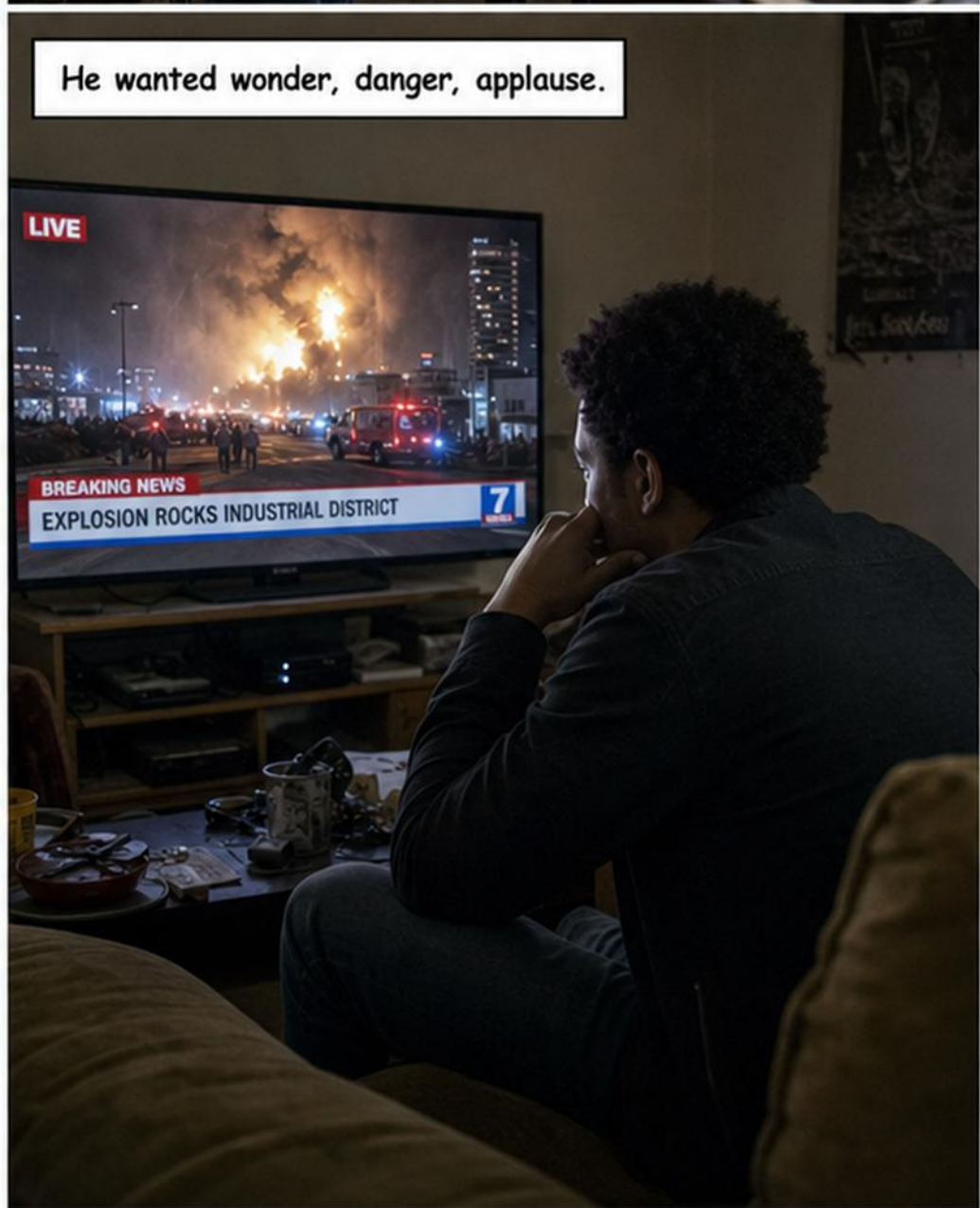
Rann Dominique hated ordinary life.



Every day felt too small for him.



He wanted wonder, danger, applause.



He never asked what anyone else needed.



He saw a shooting star.



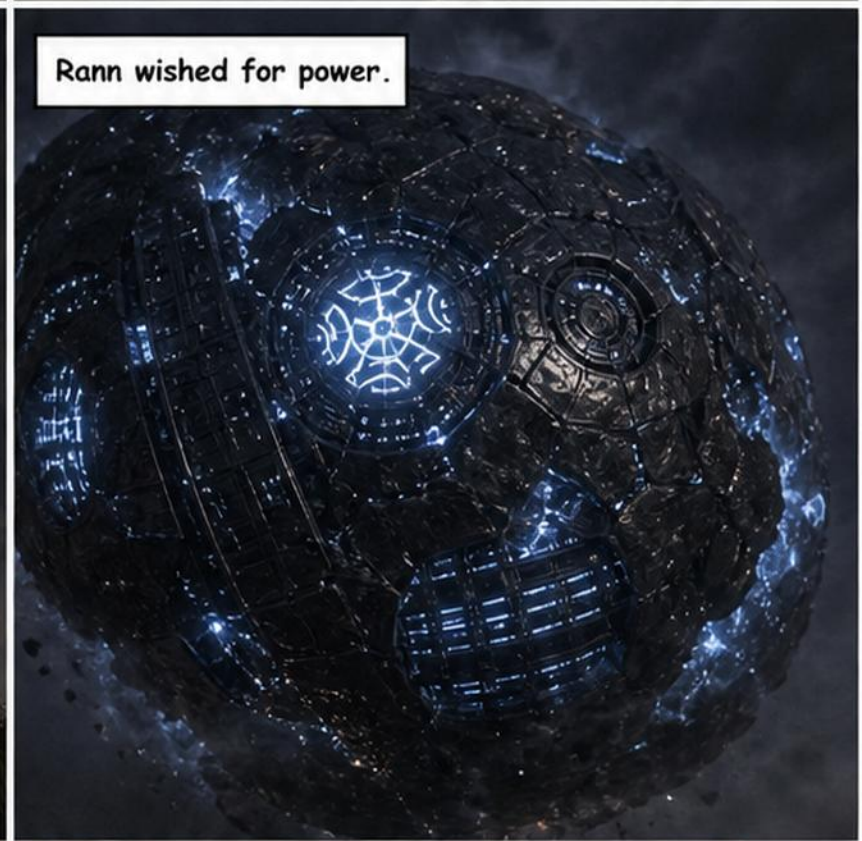
He could have wished for peace.



He could have wished for mercy.



Rann wished for power.



The star answered wrong.



It was not a star.



It was a prison.



Rann's wish broke the lock.



The worst things in the galaxy fell free.



Then Rann fell farther.



Rann woke where endings wait.



Dark Angel had seen the wish.



Selfish. Small. Catastrophic.



He opened the gate Rann had earned.



Dark Angel pushed.



Rann did not pass through.



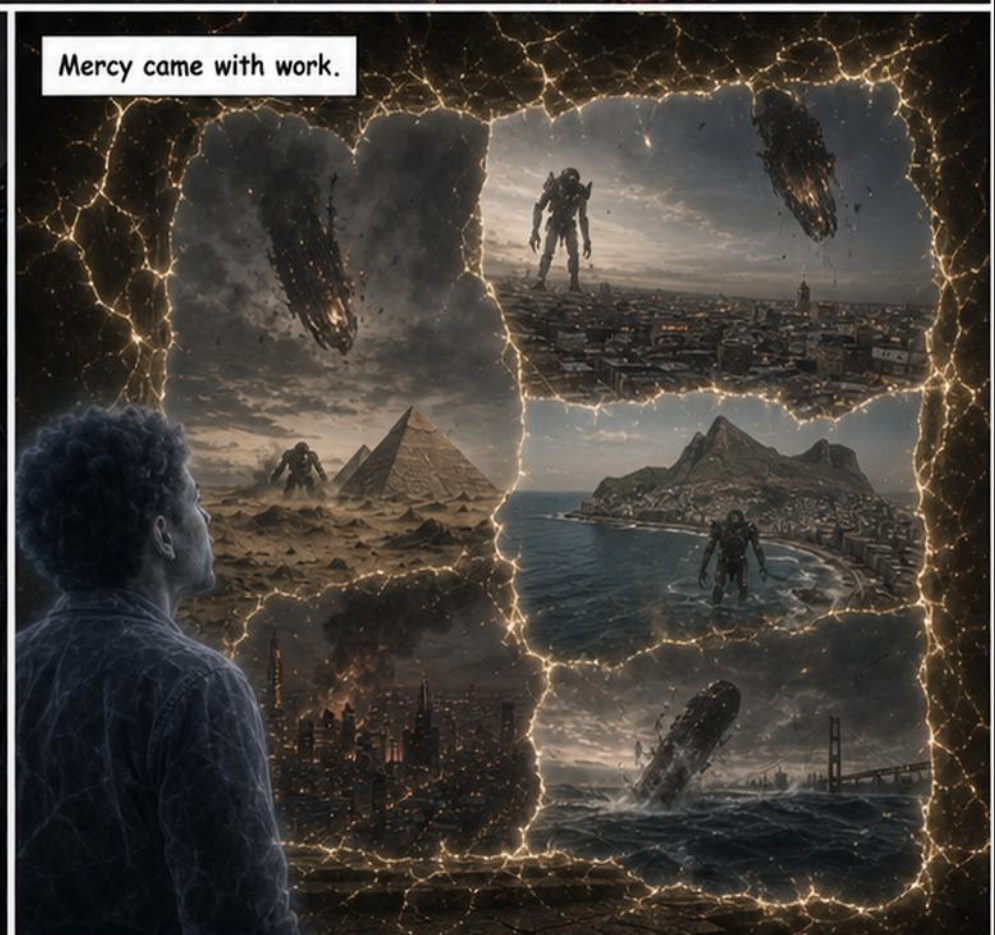
Something unseen held him back.



Mercy, Dark Angel called it.



Mercy came with work.



Rann had asked for powers.



He had not asked which ones.



Flight became slime.



Slime became fire.



Fear said yes first.



Something better would have to follow.



Limbo threw him back.



The dead man breathed.



The question marks changed color.



Rann had wanted a miracle for himself.
Now Earth needed one from him.

