

## Home?

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A pleasure ship moved slowly across open waters. The Brothers Jetstream didn't take vacations. Way too much heinous stuff for vacations; things people know about but try to pretend otherwise: movie industry's just a front for a secret vampire cabal; The Brothers Grimm? Their short stories were warnings. The brothers aren't dead. They teamed up not two weeks ago with the Brothers Jetstream. Much ass kicked that day. Much ass. Came as close as the space between a gnat's ass to finally getting rid of the False Prophet Buford.

Raffic the Mad Buddha's absence, however, made all the difference.

Regular Joes got tired and took vacations. Tired for the Brothers Jetstream was escaping the Bermuda Quadrangle, dodging angry resurrected dead folks, uncovering lesser known cabals (deep down folks knew about the vampires but it was a lot easier to stick a head in the sand and scapegoat Jews rather than admit a bunch of psycho blood-suckers were actually responsible for some damn good box office), or having to deal with the Thoom.

The Thoom were stupid. They thought Scientology didn't go far enough.

Seagulls, aware of the buffet aspect of cruise lines but not bold enough to land on deck, whirled past the ship's bright venting stacks. Ramses Jetstream watched one glide lazy eights.

He took a deep breath, scratching his scarred fingers through a rough goatee.

He was trying hard to relax.

Reactions to being dark-skinned were at times tiresome too.

For example: he and his brother wanted to procure cold ones for two of the loveliest women in seven dimensions, black, white, brown or green—and there were some damn fine green women in the world—and they'd been understanding of the busy *Joyeux Voyage* cruise ship, but the wait staff was performing its interpretation of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, zipping to youngish tan things as if guaranteed a fierce lay despite the commanding presence of the Brothers Jetstream.

So Ramses spoke up a little louder.

And got the *one moment* finger.

The resigned weight of a sigh dropped his chest. He was more patient than Milo, but that didn't make him patient per se.

And seagulls weren't interesting in the least.