

Florida Man

Taco skated through the gathering puddles of the dark and wet alleyway and headed for the street. Rein followed behind trying to keep up with her while trying not to tumble over herself. The street was much brighter, there were neon signs and banners all lit up along the narrow urban passage. Cars zoomed by splattering the sidewalk with a fresh douse of murky puddle water each time.

“Hey!” Rein called after Taco, who seemed to be gliding down the street in her roller skates. “Wait up!”

“Come on! They went this way!” Taco yelled back.

Rein tried to keep her up to her pace, but Taco was skating like a natural. The magic girl was getting further away by the second.

“This better not count in the contract if you stray away from me!” She said to herself, pushing herself forward.

The wind behind Rein seemed to pick up slightly. The wheels of her skates gained momentum as a white blur dashed past Rein. The gust sent Rein thrusting forward. She thought her knees would buckle from the strain, but she maintained her balance as she drew closer to Taco.

That white gust shot ahead of Rein, though on further inspection; it was more like a blur. It reached the point where Taco was. The gust almost threw her off balance too. But then the blurring suddenly stopped. As Taco came to a halt and steadied herself, Rein could see the blur had taken on a human shape – wearing white. As she drew closer, the person in white seemed to be saying something to Taco, and then the person pointed to the building above them.

A few seconds later, Rein caught up to Taco and the mystery man. He was tall, muscular, and handsome. His slicked back hair revealed two green eyes behind a red eye mask. His mouth flashed a set of pearly whites that took the focus away from his large, yet chiselled chin. His get up was no stranger than Tacos, too. He was wearing a white spandex costume with red boots. There was a symbol on his large chest; an “FM” with a yellow lightning bolt between the two letters.

“Who are you?” Rein asked in between breaths of exhaustion.

The burly man gave her a wink and if Rein wasn’t mistaken, one of his white teeth seemed to gleam with a ‘ding’ noise as he did.

“I’m Florida Man, good citizen of this city! And I’m here to help.” The man confidently replied.

“It’s true!” Taco replied. “Look, her found the owls.”

Rein followed Taco’s finger pointed above their heads, and spotted Germany, France and China hooting calmly perched atop a neon sign of a fire. They were outside a spicy food shack of some sort it seemed.

“Step aside, ladies!” Florida Man said, producing a small device from his utility belt.

“What are you going to do?” Rein quizzed, as the comically muscular man with the anatomically impossible chin pressed some buttons on what looked like a really old phone.

“I can’t fly. But I need a lift to those Hooters, so I’m calling 911 for help!” He replied. “Hello? Yes. Is this 911? I would like to—”

As Florida Man spoke to the operator, Taco rolled her eyes and waved her wand. All three of them started to float upwards toward the owls. Florida Man let out a high pitch screech and dropped his phone as they all ascended in the middle of the street.

Rein was less panicked than the super hero, but she found keeping steady in this state much easier than on roller skates. Just as they came into arms reach of the three owls, sirens in the distance started blaring.

The three owls hooted and fluttered their wings, summoning another door in mid-air. This door was an old, crudely cut wooden door. The three birds flocked towards it and vanished behind the doorframe.

“Argh! Your stupid call alerted the cops and scared them off!” Rein grunted at Florida Man.

“I was only trying to help...” He said in a defeated voice.

“Well, you’ll get your chance!” Taco said as she waved her wand again. “You’re coming with us!”

The three of them floated quickly toward the door before it vanished again.