



# *Mr. Justice: Dreams Born in Stone, or: How to Stop the Rock*

*In the middle of a peaceful Bridge City, something fiendish is going on. A man who once played baseball before he was thrown out for his discriminatory comments is holding up a bank. He went crazy and attempted to commit suicide by jumping off a bridge. When he expected to die by hitting shallow water he was saved by some jagged rocks that he created. He realized that he could magically create rocks at will, and quickly turned to crime! Now running a rampage in Bridge City, this man lives up to the name: John Rocker!*



"Open the safe or you'll get a face full of rocks," said Rocker.

The bank teller turned the extremely old fashioned safe dial. Slowly turning the combination, the teller hopes someone will help her in this deadly situation. She turned left twice to the number 11, turned right to the number and then to the last number...

"Stop right there, Rocker," broke the heroic voice of...



"MR. JUSTICE!" yelled Rocker. "Damn Jewish society."



"Hey Rocker, I'm not going to have any of your neo-Nazi racism in my story," said Justice calmly.

"Screw you, Justice, take rocks!" screamed Rocker as he raised his arms. Now most people can't shoot rocks out of their hands, but not Rocker, he can shoot rocks out of his damn hands! Rocks flew through the air hitting Mr. Justice right between the eyes. Justice fell to the ground and entered the strange world of super hero dream sequences.



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"Why, Justice why?" said a man in a dark cloak that covered shackles and chains.

"What?" asked Mr. Justice as he looked at his surroundings. The entire world was black except the single spotlight shining on him.

"Why?? have you humbugged your Christmas spirit?" the man asked as he dropped his cloak revealing himself as Jacob Marley. "Three ghosts will visit you tonight!"

"Holy Night! What are you talking about? I love Christmas," Justice defended himself.

"Do you?" asked Marley as he raised his eyebrows.

"More than baby kittens!" exclaimed Justice.

"Oh. Well I don't know why I'm here. Sorry Mr. Justice. Keep up the good work."

"Hey Marley, I got a question. Which actor portrayed you better: The old men from the Muppet Show or Goofy?"



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"Ouch, my head," Mr. Justice grumbled as he sat up. He was on the ground of the bank. He looked at the clock. He didn't know when he fell asleep so this showed no useful information.

"You were knocked out for about twenty lines," stated the bank teller.

"Huh?"

"I mean minutes," corrected the bank teller.

"Thanks lady. Were did Rocker go?"

"He ran out of the bank. Is that helpful?"

"No."



Mr. Justice ran the rooftops searching for any sign of Rocker.



Soon Mr. Justice decided he could better solve this crime in front of the TV waiting for news updates. He went home and crawled in his apartment window while making a mental note to remember his keys. Lying on his chesterfield and eating nachos, Larry King slowly made Mr. Justice re-enter the world of super hero dream sequences.

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"Hello Mr. Justice."

"Jacob Marley?" asked Justice, looking around at the familiar black background with a single spotlight setting.

"No, it's Chester Harlem."



"Who?"

"Chester Harlem, your college room mate."

"Oh, Chester! Wait, what are you doing here?" "I don't know, I choked on a dry roast beef sandwich and died. Now I'm here."

"Oh, that really sucks."

"Yep, so I hear you're having problems with a super villain."

"Yeah, this Rocker guy is a real major league asshole," replied Mr. Justice.

"Wanna go for a drink?" asked Chester. Suddenly the single spotlight went out and revealed the University of Bridge City campus.

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Mr. Justice, suffering from a dream induced hangover, rolled off his chesterfield. "Sweet vitamin C!" yelled Justice as his head hit the thinly carpeted cinder block floor. Looking at his watch, a strange collaboration of hands told him it was noon, "What the Shazam? I slept for 18 hours. That's the longest dream sequence I've ever been in."

Mr. Justice looked at the TV to see a local reporter saying "after twenty one bank holdups in under twenty four hours a man called the Rocker has set a new record for Bridge City's largest crime spree. My only question is, where is Mr. Justice? And why isn't he helping the city he loves?"

"Hey!" Mr. Justice defended, "I still love Bridge City. In fact I'm going to stop John Rocker right now!" Mr. Justice grabbed his keys and ran down the hall to the elevator.



Stan-Man, a golden age crime fighter from the fifty's, was waiting to get to the first floor. He looked at Justice and said, "You're not going to fight crime looking like that are you?"

"Uh. Yeah I guess so."

"Well, it's not like me to make comments but back in my day, crime fighters had showers and combed their hair, and dammit, they wore pants!"

Mr. Justice looked down at his Alf boxers.

! 2 hours later... !

After a shower and some Chef Boyardee, Mr. Justice was out patrolling Bridge City.

"Need some assistance?" came the voice of the National Captain.



"No. Go away, Captain," said Justice. Most super heroes didn't like the Captain, because whenever he was around, the heroes knew they were doing a bad job. Whenever a crime is not handled properly, the government sends in the Captain to clean up the mess.

"No need to be a prickly pear. I'm here to help you with this Rocker character."

"Yeah, well why don't you go see what China-Wing is doing? I bet he could help us."

"China-Wing?"

"He's kinda like Batman except Chinese."

"I know who he is, him and I formed SUPER H.U.C, The Super Heroes United Committee a few months ago. I don't think we'll need his help in this situation."

"Oh yeah, Super H.U.C., the super hero team that all the good super heroes are in."

"Yes, that's the team."

"I noticed I never got my membership card," said Mr. Justice.

The Captain's expression went blank and said, "Uh, yeah it's probably in the mail. I'm going to go see what China-Wing is doing any way, just to make sure." Captain took to the air using his ability to fly to get as far away from Mr. Justice as he could.





## ! Else where... !

At the Chinese millionaire, Bruce Wang's mansion, something devilish was about to happen.

"Sir, you have a call," said Ahmed, the over worked/underpaid Butler.

"Not now, Ahmed. I'm watching the stock report," said Bruce Wang.

"Sir, it's the red phone," said Ahmed.

"The red phone?"

"The bright red one that beeps and flashes red."

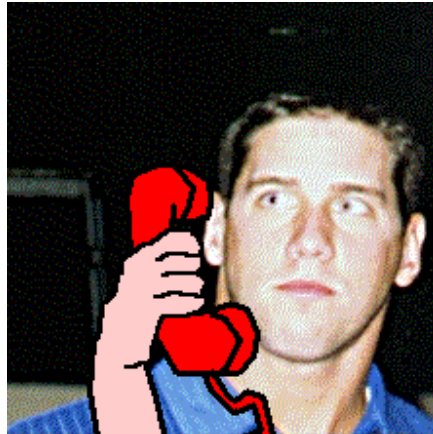
"Huh."

"The China-Wing secret phone you use to contact the mayor."

"Oh! Why didn't you say so," said Wang as he left out of his chair and jogged to his den. He picked up the bright red phone and said, "Hello, this is China Wing."

The voice on the red phone whispered in a strange stereo fashion, "Hi China-Wing, or as you might also be called, Bruce Wang."

"What! How did you know?" questioned China-Wing.



Rocker jumped out from behind a couch, dropping his cell phone and yelling, "Surprise, yah dumb gook. Now give me all the money in your vault or I'll expose your secret identity."

Bruce Wang stood there, without his China-Wing costume and gadgets on he had no defense. Wang led Rocker to a large safe door and entered the song activated code, "na na na na na na na na na China-Wing, China-Wing, China-Wing!"

"Nice song, but I'm more of a rock guy," Rocker laughed to himself and then looked at China-Wing who seemed unamused.

"Ah never mind. You gotta speak English to get the joke, you dumb gook."

"I do speak English, my grandparents immigrated from China so I'm a second generation Canadian. It just wasn't a funny joke."

"Canucks, what a bunch of metric system idiots."

"Your ignorance doesn't amuse me," said the National Captain.

"What the hell! Get out of here, Captain," said Rocker. "Why don't you go clean up some subways? It's like freaking aids train down there."

"Rocker, you have rage issues. Doesn't he, China Wing?" asked the Captain.

"You idiot, what if he didn't know I was China-Wing."

"Your identity is secret? Well I probably shouldn't have said all that stuff like 'China- Wing is really Bruce Wang' on CNN last week."

"You bastard! That's why reporters have been following me around. I'll kill you!" Bruce Wang's blood boiled as he charged National Captain. While the two heroes settled there differences Rocker cleared the vault and headed off to the Caribbean.





! Else where... !

"Get out of here, Mr. Justice," yelled twelve cops at the donut shop. A fat cop yelled, "Where have you been for the last twenty four hours? You're supposed to be out protecting the city not sitting around eating donuts. Get out of Bridge City. We don't need a green wearing super hero around here!"

Bummed out, Mr. Justice walked down the street through the booing crowds and to the local travel agency. He looked at a sign in the window: Free 100 gallons of gas for the first 20 tickets to Iraq. "Wow, I bet they could use my services in Iraq as much as I could use 100 gallons of gas." Excited, Mr. Justice ran into the travel agency. Mr. Justice could smell the gas, which made him think about how the Justice Mo-ped had not been running in over a month, and also how it must be unhealthy to work in all these fumes, and how strange this promotion was, especially since they actually gave the gas away at the agency instead of sending people to a gas station and then he thought how if he wrote down his thoughts it would be one heck of a run on sentence.

Mr. Justice looked at the travel agent, whose name tag said her name was Mary. She sat at her desk.

"Hi Mary, I'm interested in buying a ticket to Iraq."

"Hold on sir, I'm with a customer." Mr. Justice failed to notice the man on the other side of the desk. The man turned his head to reveal himself as...

"Rocker!" yelled Mr. Justice.

Rocker raised his hand up, and just like before, he did something that most people can't do. Bikity Bam, damn rocks shot out of his damn hands. Wham, Mr. Justice is on the ground and entering a recently familiar place.



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"Justice! Wake up, dammit!" yelled the voice of police officer John McLane.

"Bruce Willis?"

"No, it's John McLane and I know how to stop Rocker."

"What's the deal with Die Hard Two? Die Hard One and Three where great, but what happened to number two? It sucked," stated Mr. Justice.

"What?... It's very important that you listen to me. I'm only going to tell you once. To stop Rocker you must..."

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"Dammit," mumbled Justice as he realized he was no longer talking to the action hero but to John Rocker.

"Mr. Justice," Rocker put his palms on Justice's face. "In the words of Bob Dylan 'everybody must get stoned!'"



Just as Rocker was about to replace Mr. Justice's brain with a rock, travel agent Mary saved the day. After swiftly kicking Rocker in the grits, Mary ran to safety in the street.



Mr. Justice dove behind a desk as Rocker shot stones all over the place. Mr. Justice thought to himself, "What would Bruce Willis do? Whenever he's in trouble, he blows things up."

"C'mon, Justice, I wanna rock!" yelled Rocker.

Mr. Justice stood up behind the desk and said, "Well you might also wanna stop, drop and roll."

"I don't get it," said Rocker.

Mr. Justice threw a pack of burning matches and dove for the door. The matches burnt out and smoke rose from it.



"What the hell was that supposed to do?" asked Rocker.

"I don't know," Mr. Justice walked back in the door. Justice sighed, "Uh... I give up. You win. Here's a cigar. I'm going home," Mr. Justice tossed Rocker a cigar and walked out the door.

"Sweet, finally I get the respect I damn well deserve." said Rocker, he put the cigar in his mouth and lit it.



The gas finally ignited blowing the building and John Rocker sky high.

A crowd of cheering fans suddenly forgot about the twenty-four hour boo-lust and carried Mr. Justice to town hall. Mr. Justice was given his twenty seventh award for heroism, reminding him of twenty-six other times the city turned on him. Mr. Justice didn't stay mad though, it's hard to stay mad when you say humorous one-liners at the end of each story.



# The End.