







The Theological Rantings of Father Gideon

A Sander Hall Funnies Tale





HE SETTING SUN FILTERED DIMLY THROUGH THE RADIOACTIVE HAZE, AND THE REFLECTIONS CAST BY SANDER HALL'S SHATTERED GLASS WERE BLEAK MEMORIES OF BRILLIANCE. FATHER GIDEON ROSE TO HIS FULL HEIGHT, LENDING PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPORT TO HIS WORDS. THE THOUGHT OF HAVING TO DEFEND HIS OBVIOUSLY HOLY QUEST OF RIGHTEOUS DOOM WAS INDIGNANT AND REPELLING. WAS HE NOT GOD'S OWN MESSENGER OF DEATH? WAS IT NOT HIS MISSION, AS THE LAST FATHER OF THE FAITH, TO STAMP OUT SATAN'S EVIL IN THIS NEW-BORN, INFECTED WORLD?

SO WHAT IF HE KILLED THE MUTANT CHILD?

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