

**The Phenomenons:  
No Rest for the Wicked and Just**

*By day, college students. By night, fascist fighters.*

The Phenomenons consist of beginner wizard Lynx Landry, half-alien Orion Milos, android Bobby, martial artist Jabari Elliot, and punk rocker Sonus Valentine. After meeting at a Democratic club in their shared college of Louisiana Advanced University in the city Fluer Fraise, this group of quickly-bonded friends realized talking their way through inequality rarely works. They decided they needed to make a bigger statement to combat the fascists and nazis living in Louisiana. Donning costumes and aliases, they spend their time tracking down bigots and giving them their message.

## Lynx Landry, aka Mountain

*They/them, sophomore, nonbinary, bisexual, English student with intents for a PhD in Latin*

Having been initiated into the magical family practice on their eighteenth birthday, Lynx has a lot to learn about the art of magic and how it ties into their Cajun heritage. A notorious book worm, they can be found either studying their magic or writing essays. While they have yet to unlock their full magical potential, they their powers are developed enough to use in combat.

## Orion Milos, aka Double

*He/him, junior, trans man, straight, kinesiology student*

Born from a human woman and an alien father, Orion is the best of both worlds. While some of his alien features can be difficult to disguise, he passes as human for the most part. A jock with a heart of gold, though he needs to be reminded to take life a little more seriously sometimes.

## Bobby aka Rave

*He/him, freshman, mechanical engineering student, alias: Rave*

An human android built by Orion's cousins, Bobby came to Earth as his first stop in exploring the universe. The android doesn't particularly care for labels, he is what is he. As he's pretty new to experiencing humanity, he's easily excitable about things most humans take for granted. As excitable as he is, he tends to miss important details.

## Jabari Elliot aka Rumble

*He/him, senior, cis, gay, medical student with intents on becoming a registered nurse,*

Jabari always dreamed of being a hero but was constantly told his disability would prevent him from being one. They told the wrong guy. Despite chronic fatigue, Jabari got to work right away with boxing and became well known in school for his skills. He went as far as to incorporate his cane into his combat. His perfectionist nature and experience as a disabled individual fuels his determination, although he finds it hard to slow down when needed.

## Sonus Valentine aka Decible

*She/her, sophomore, trans woman, lesbian, music production student*

This punk rocker does not care what anyone thinks. She's been abducted by aliens and experimented on, so she's been through the thick of it. She has one thing going for her though: the aliens gave her the ability to amplify and soften sound waves. An avid fan of DIY, Sonus started a band with music she wanted to hear: The all-girl hardcore punk band Bitches in Death Too.

# No Rest for the Wicked and Just

The half full moon brightly glowed, almost distracting from the extreme humidity that Louisiana always welcomed. The Mississippi River being right next to the dive bar Dead Meat didn't help either. The night, surprisingly, was quiet. Shouldn't be too much of a surprise - this is a college town, and it *was* a week day. But the five college students in line for this dive bar paid no mind to the fact that they had tests the next day, or papers due, or truly anything to do with school at all.

They were, after all, more than college students. They called themselves the Phenomenons. Their mission? Rid the world of the unkind and unjust.

Nazis. It was mostly nazis.

But the gang was hopeful that they'd have just one night off. Just one! So that they could all enjoy their comrade's band Bitches In Death Too playing tonight.

"This sure does look *adventurous*," Lynx commented to the group, arms folded. This wasn't really their *thing*. They preferred more quiet, more library time, more research. Practicing their magic, perhaps. Going to a punk dive bar and listening to loud music wasn't really their definition of a fun time. Today was an exception though, but that wouldn't stop them from complaining.

"C'mon," Jabari responded. He lightly elbowed Lynx in the side while leaning on his cane for support. "Not really for me either, but we gotta at least experience new things every once in a while. Makes you a well rounded person. Besides, you're always cooped up studying. Going out outside of our escapades will do you some good. God knows I go out whenever I can because my disability likes to force me to stay in my bed."

“You should come with me to explore those abandoned buildings sometime!” Bobby offered to Lynx, giggling. “It’s fun looking at the rotting architecture.” Easy for him to say - he just came to earth. An android from space, he was always looking for opportunities to explore more of Earth.

Orion wrapped an arm around Bobby playfully. “Yeah, you should take my cousin up on his offer, Lynx. Getting dirty won’t kill yah.” A half alien, Orion wasn’t a stranger to getting down to the nitty gritty in the name of research - The research being playing football and sweating hard in the gym.

“Okay, okay, fine!” Lynx exclaimed, laughing off their own hesitance. “I’m convinced, I’m convinced. Bobby, I’ll go with you some time. Would give me an excuse to work on my reconstruction magic.”

At the agreement, the bouncer of the bar approached the line. They checked IDs and let the friends in after wrapping a paper bracelet around the wrists of those underage to drink

The interior of the bar was dingy. Every now and again the overhead lights would flicker. Loud, grainy punk music shot out the speakers scattered across the space. The tables and stools were faux leather and have since deteriorated with several cracks in the fake material. The stage in the corner was barely a stage - just a small platform. Big enough for one guitarist, one singer, and a drum set. Two big speakers sat at either side of the stage. The decor was as one would expect, a lot of attention-drawing posters saying things like “Black Lives Matter” and “Free Gaza.” Loud and proud this space was and the personality made the small space seem bigger than life despite the fact that there were around ten people in the bar including the employees.

Orion and Jabari went up to the bar to get their drinks. The bartender didn’t talk, and they noticed a bat behind the bar in case of some wackos getting out of hand. They both appreciated the preparedness of the staff and returned to the others, Orion holding a beer, and Jabari with some sort of fruity cocktail. They talked among themselves until they spotted Sonus approaching them.

Bobby ran up to Sonus and gave her a big hug. “It’s been so long since I’ve seen you!” he burst, squeezing her tight.

“It’s only been, like, six hours,” she responded, chuckling. She hesitantly returned the hug, albeit more gently and subtly than Bobby. She wasn’t too much of a hug person, or overall a physical affection type person. But Bobby definitely was, so she tolerated his hugs and his hugs only.

“You feeling nervous?” Orion asked.

“Just a little,” Sonus responded, “We’ve played here before, but today is the day we’re singing a new song. Our EP was good, and I know you all know that because I made you listen to it. But this song is gonna be *better*. I have a fabulous guitar solo ready that’ll blast your eardrums.”

“Okay, superstar, but let’s go easy on the sound waves there,” Jabari warned lightheartedly. With Sonus’ ability to amplify sound waves, he always felt the need to clarify. He knew that Sonus got carried away sometimes.

Sonus crossed her arms and rolled her eyes. “Look, guys, I get it,” she grumbled, “I promise I won’t actually explode your brain, physically. Besides, I know it would probably blast Bobby’s circuits out.”

“Maybe,” Bobby exclaimed, “But I can always put myself back together!”

“Only if you think you can,” Orion responded, “I know my cousins wouldn’t mind helping put you back together. I’m still confused as to why you came to Earth in the first place. The entirety of space and planets and solar systems, and you chose this little place.”

“I just wanted to explore the universe! And your family’s the one that found that capsule they shot up into space in like, the 1950s, I think? Honestly, I just thought humans looked funny! I just had to check it out.”

“And how’s that going for you, robot boy,” Lynx teased, handing Orion his beer back after taking a sip.

“Aw, well! I think it’s going pretty great,” Bobby concluded, beaming a smile towards his friends.

As the group discussed the ins and outs of how weird humans are, Lynx decided they needed a soda. They broke from their friends to head off to the bar. The bartender, once quiet and non engaged, was talking to a patron sitting at the bar. Lynx wasn’t exactly paying too much attention until they glanced over and saw the small and subtle “88” patch on the patron’s jacket. Lynx squinted, hyping themselves up to do something. Just as they were about to walk over and deck the man, the bartender grabbed the bat from behind the bar and smacked the wide end of the bat against his palm several times towards the nazi. The skinhead got up from the bar slowly and calmly walked towards the exit without making much of a scene.

The bartender, hyper focused on the man until he left the building, approached Lynx finally without a word. The wizard ordered a Coke. Throughout the transaction, the bartender said nothing. Lynx, thinking it a bit rude, returned to their friends with the bad news.

“Hey, y’all,” Lynx whispered to the group, interrupting the conversation. “There was a nazi at the bar just now. The bartender kicked him out, but just letting y’all know we might need to be ready for something.”

Sonus sighed. “And today I thought we could have an off day.”

“Look, you know how they are,” Jabari responded, “If they got one kicked out, they already nipped the bud of the rest of them taking over. Let’s just try to enjoy ourselves tonight.”

“You’re right,” Orion agreed, albeit a bit hesitant, “We’ll be able to kick their asses tomorrow. We constantly monitor when they gather, and we decided on today because we couldn’t find anything that indicated they would show up anywhere tonight. Still though, worrying.”



“If they come back anyway, we know we can take ‘em,” Bobby comforted, “We do it all the time!” Everyone smiled at Bobby’s optimism.

Sonus clapped her hands. “And with that, I need to get backstage,” she said, rushing to the small door, without so much as a goodbye.

“Man, she really isn’t a big fan of feelings, huh,” commented Lynx, shaking their head lightly.

“Hey, people!” Yelled one of the employees from the stage. Everyone turned to the stage, some looking startled. “The show’s gonna start now. We got Bitches in Death Too here ready to absolutely annihilate. Clap for ‘em or else!”

The audience whooped and clapped when the band members stepped onstage. The singer approached the mic with a smile.

“Alright,” the singer Logan shouted, nodding her head. “I like that sound. We’re big bitches alive and beyond. Hardcore or nothing!”

As soon as the drummer hit the bass drum, the stage exploded into a bouquet of raspy lyrics and guitar shredding. Sonus amplified her guitar’s sound waves as she strung her guitar, the other hand’s fingers expertly fretting on the other side of the guitar. A mosh pit began to form, although it was just one drunk man flailing.

Orion, seeing the man, decided to join in on the mosh. If the man was flailing, Orion was flopping like a fish. Jabari and Lynx both laughed, but Bobby was simply confused as to why someone would willingly put themselves in a position to get hurt.

Jabari placed his cane in front of him and placed both hands on the derby handle in order to head bang, his short twists waving with the motion. Bobby happily jumped up and down and whooped. All three of them gave more energy than the rest of the few people in the bar, but they were beyond caring. Lynx, however, stood with their arms crossed and lightly bobbed their head.

They decided to take a seat at the bar, where there was a better view of the entire venue. The single nazi still bothered them, and they couldn't get it out of their head. They pushed through the mini crowd and took a seat. They took a good, long look around the venue, nervous something might happen.

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It was a good ten minutes before commotion began at the front door. It was hard to hear, but the actions seen by Lynx were undeniable - a group of people pushed themselves through the door, past the bouncer. Armbands, leather jackets, no hair... Just like the man that the bartender scared off.

Uh, oh. Looks like nothing is sacred.

Everyone sprung into action. Literally, *everyone* in the bar. The whole crowd started focusing on the nazi closest to them, but to no avail. These nazis seemed to be part of a new division, the likes of which the Phenomenons hadn't seen before. They were unusually strong, jacked up the wazoo - These nazis were *super soldiers*.

The patrons couldn't fight them off. The nazis struggled free from their grip and practically threw everyone to the side within seconds. The Phenomenons knew what they had to do.

Bobby, using his built in jetpack, flew to the top of the room to better assess the situation. All ten nazis had fully entered the building. "Sonus, quickly!" Bobby yelled towards Sonus, "They're all in here!"

Sonus, still on stage, quickly and aggressively strung a single chord. She manipulated the sound wave towards the nazis, intending to paralyze them. They all grabbed their ears and let out wails of pain, thought they quickly recovered.

Orion, who was still in the middle of the crowd, quickly duplicated himself. His copy grabbed the nazi closest to him from behind, holding his

arms back. The nazi whipped himself back and forth, grunting and foaming at the mouth. The true Orion punched the nazi in the face, causing a nosebleed and potentially breaking his nose.

The fascist didn't slow down. It was like the punch never happened. The nazi struggled free from the duplicate's grasp and charged towards Orion. Before the half alien could react, Jabari used his cane as a centering tool to spin kick the nazi in the back of the head. The nazi fell on top of Orion, who quickly regained himself by pushing the nazi off of himself. One down, nine to go.

Lynx stood on top of the bar while the commotion took place. It was difficult to select a target when everyone is running around, but eventually they spotted their mark. Two nazis bolted straight toward the stage, closing in on Sonus.

Lynx took a deep breath and gathered green, leafy energy into their palms, the balls making large rose thorns inside of themselves out of nothing. As the wizard exhaled out violently, they put their palms in front of themselves, launching six energy balls towards the nazis. As they hit the couple, the thorns attached to their jackets and pants and expanded. Howls of pain rose from them, and they collapsed a foot before reaching the stage. Taking that as a cue, Sonus screamed towards the pair, amplifying her sound waves. At a closer distance, the sound waves worked - the nazis screamed before going silent. The sound wave temporarily shut down their brains.

From the top of the ceiling, Bobby saw four nazis grappling patrons. He flew over quickly, shooting his wrist lasers towards the hands of the nazis. As they let go of the victims because of the pain, Bobby quickly hyper extended his arms so that they reached around the bodies of the super soldier nazi and held them together. Lynx, seeing them gathered together, whispered a spell under their breath to pull them into a deep sleep. Two of the nazis went down immediately, while two of them remained. Jabari quickly hurried over before they could escape Bobby's grip and used his solid steel cane as a baseball bat, knocking out one of the two still remaining. Orion followed Jabari's lead and tackled the remaining nazi, head butting him once they both reached the ground.

The remaining three nazis banded together, their backs turned against each other to survey the rest of the area in an odd moment of quiet. Their eyebrows furrowed, and one of the nazis' eyes lightly watered.

The patrons, some roughed up, circled around the nazi super soldiers with fists raised. The bartender had his bat, lightly beating it against his palm. The Phenomenons all gathered amongst the patrons, ready to go.

"Hold on," said the bartender, clapping his hand on Jabari's shoulder, "Let us take 'em."

"Woah, y'all sure?" Jabari asked, "They already overpowered y'all earlier."

The crowd nodded. "Oh, yeah, I think we're sure," Logan responded, a smirk on her face. "There's only three now, I think we'll be fine."

The Phenomenons looked at each other, still hesitant.

"Well... okay," Orion eventually concluded for the rest of the team, taking a step back with his arms raised. The other members stepped out of the way of the small crowd.

The crowd swarmed the remaining three, beating them to a bloody mess.

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"So why do you knock them out and not just kill them?" The bartender asked as he dragged the remaining nazi into the pile with the others. They were all out cold.

Everyone that was present during the fight stayed over to help clean up the place. There was chatter and commotion, but overall, it was the calm after the storm.

“We don’t want to deal with the burial process, really,” Lynx answered as they helped mop the blood from the floor, “If we kill them, that means we gotta put the body somewhere.”

“Well, maybe y’all should figure it out. You know they’ll just come back. It’s one thing for them to know you can knock them out, another thing to know they’ll die.”

“Good point!” Bobby chimed in, thinking for a moment. “Hey, Orion, weren’t your cousins looking for human bodies to do experiments on?”

“Huh, yeah, you just reminded me,” the half-alien responded, putting the tables back upright. “I’ll ring them up now, see if they want these guys.” He exited the room, typing the code number on his alien-looking phone device. “Hey, Ghecons, I have an offer you can’t refuse,” he started, his voice fading as he walked out of the bar.

“Hopefully Orion’s cousins say yes,” Sonus grunted as she helped another patron put up a speaker that had fallen over. “We didn’t exactly have our disguises on for this. If they’re taken, then they won’t report back to head bozo with what we look like.”

“And I trust everyone here won’t go about blabbing to their friends who y’all are and what y’all look like?” The bartender asked loudly, only slightly implying threat.

“Oh, yeah, you don’t gotta worry about us,” a patron spoke up, chuckling, “Y’all keep continuing the good fight.”

“Well, good,” Jabari concluded, “Thanks y’all.” He put the bloody rag he was using back into the bucket with a dramatic *splash*. “That should be the last of the mess on the walls. I have to rest now, so I’ll go sit by the bar until we’re all ready to head out.”

Sonus noticed that Jabari put more weight onto his cane than earlier in the night as he slowly walked to the stool. “And you better rest

tomorrow, too,” she called out to him, “We know how much you like to push yourself, and I can already tell tomorrow’s gonna be rough on you.”

Jabari waved her comment off. “Yes, mom,” he teased, his voice sounding more breathy than before.

Orion skipped back into the bar, his eyes lit up. “Guess what!” He exclaimed, “Not only will my cousins take these guys, but they’ve requested that we send them more in the future. We now have a way to get rid of them for good.”

“Yippee!” Bobby shouted, running up to Orion. “I bet they wanna build more guys like me. I wonder if they’ll reprogram their *brains*.”

“I think you’re way too invested in the process,” Orion teased, pulling Bobby into a side hug. “I dabbled in android making. It was way too complicated for me.”

“But the complication is what makes it fun!” Bobby responded.

By the time Bobby and Orion’s conversation about the process of making androids came to a close, the bar was looking as well as it could be given the fight that had taken place. The bartender announced the fight gave Dead Meat more character and applauded everyone for coming together as a community, but now, they better leave so the employees can deal with the aftermath if it caught the attention of the cops.

“I don’t think we’ll be able to continue playing tonight anyway,” Sonus said as the rest of the patrons left. “We’re all wiped out.”

“I get it,” the bartender responded. “I think we’re all a little roughed up. We’ll still pay you for your time tonight, and we can just schedule another day for y’all to play. And did y’all, like, want money or something for saving us from those jacked up assholes?”

“We don’t do it for any kind of reward,” Sonus explained, “but knowing your name would be cool.”

“Mildew,” the bartender replied, “Call me Mildew.”

As Sonus and Mildew returned to the conversation regarding the new concert date, the rest of the group gathered around Jabari, appreciating the scenery of the bar in a moment of silence. Sonus wondered over to the rest of her friends once her and Mildew hashed out the details.

“So, I’m guessing we’re all ready to go?” Sonus asked.

“Just one second,” Orion replied, “I’m waiting for my cousins to beam up those pile of guys.”

As if on cue, a beam of green light coming from the ceiling encapsulated the pile of nazis. They hovered briefly in the air before disappearing in the ray of light altogether. The green light left as quickly as it came.

“There we go,” Orion yawned, feeling the pressure of his exhaustion. “Alright everyone, mission completed. Time for sleep.”

Lynx offered Jabari a hand as he hopped off of the stool, and everyone exited Dead Meat. Too tired to yap, the gang walked in silence to their dorms. Turns out fascism never rests, so the fight is never over.

# Author's Note

Thank you so much for reading my short story! These characters were based off a dream I had regarding Marvel's Young Avengers (not the MCU shit, I mean the actual comics, which you should read by the way). These characters and stories are an acknowledgement of how Marvel Comics shaped me in the four years it was a special interest of mine. At the same time, they represent the power of DIY, the act of coming together as a community, and the constant fight against fascism by those living in the deep south. Do not forget them as we grow further into the revolution.

Louisiana Advanced University and Fluer Fraise are fictional places. They are based on my time in college and experience living in Baton Rouge.

## About the Author

Joe is a trans, queer, and disabled creature based in Denver. Being born in Southern Louisiana underneath the slow moving bayou waters, it holds its Cajun identity close to his heart. He came out of the womb with a sketchbook, a pencil, and need to express himself through artistic means, or else he will wither and die. Outside of writing zines, it enjoys goth music and expression, watching old sitcoms, and being a huge nuisance to those that know it.