

Medusa wore thick sunglasses, more like welding goggles, wherever she went. This got her through the day without too many casualties. Then one day a bug flew in her eye. How it got past the glasses is anyone's guess, but there it was. Medusa blinked as if trying to send morse code messages with her eyelids. The bug stayed stuck. Medusa started to cry, stone tears dripping onto the sidewalk to sizzle moltenly amid fallen leaves and discarded potato chip bags.

"What's wrong?" asked a voice from the shadows.

"I've got a bug in my eye," Medusa explained.

"Want me to help?"

"You can't. One glance from my eyes renders anyone in my sight a lifeless rock."

"That's ok. I'm already a lifeless rock," said the gargoyle cheerfully. It slithered down from its grimy cornice and carefully extracted the gnat. "I've never seen a stone gnat before. Can I keep it?"

"Sure." Medusa had plenty of stone creatures already.

"Thanks! You have lovely eyes by the way." The gargoyle smiled, and Medusa smiled back.