

# Dio Does His Laundry

## Short Fiction

By Sean Madden

A silence fell over the laundromat as DIO walked into the room. A menacing aura seemed to accompany him as he crept along. Patrons and employees alike stood frozen in an indiscernible terror, staring at the tall, blonde man as he calmly walked toward one of the occupied machines. While all eyes were still on him, DIO kicked open the machine and tossed out the drenched clothes of another patron who was still in the room.

“Excuse me sir,” a nearby middle-aged man managed to sputter out through the fear paralyzing him, “but those are my-!”

In an instant the man was thrown across the room by an unseen force and landed with his head smashed into the wall of the foundation. The remaining bystanders screamed and bolted out of the room, leaving their belongings behind in the room with DIO. Completely ignoring the ensuing panic, DIO calmly loaded his clothes into the washing machine and pressed the start button.

“You’re a lucky man... if you’re still alive that is,” said DIO to the man with his head in the foundation. “Normally anyone who would dare talk back to me would be a splattered mess on the floor, but I don’t want to ruin my current outfit considering it’s the last set of clean clothes I have right now.”

DIO casually sat down on a bench in front of the washer containing his clothes and crossed his legs. He glanced at the clock on the wall, which read 1:42 AM. He still had plenty of time before sunrise, but looking at clocks had become a habit of his ever since the sun had become his greatest weakness. He briefly recalled what it was like, being able to see the world bathed in sunlight. Some part of him sorely missed such a spectacle, but had he not thrown away his humanity, he would not be in the position he was now.

“You were a fool, Johnathan,” DIO murmured as he touched the star-shaped mark near the back of his neck. “You may have refused my offer, but at least your body has made itself a useful tool for my cause. And even now, your descendants will prove *useless* against the power I wield.”

A grinding noise called DIO back to reality as the machine containing his clothes stopped operating. DIO made his way over to the machine and pressed the start button again, to which the machine did not respond. He glared at the machine and gave it a firm kick, which prompted a buzzing sound from the machine's interior, and then once again, silence.

Now DIO was angry. He pulled at the door to the machine in the intention of putting his clothes in another one, but the door was shut tight. He punched a few times at the door to no avail. In a frustrated desperation, he pressed his face in on the window of the washing machine, peering inside at his damp clothes, and screeched.

"I don't have time for such foolishness," DIO hissed, storming out of the building.

Minutes passed as the laundromat continued to operate normally, save for the machine containing DIO's clothes. Just then, a terrible crashing sound came from the roof as a crazed DIO smashed through the ceiling with a road roller. The heavy construction machinery crushed the washing machine containing DIO's clothes, as well as several other machines. Clearing away the rubble and debris, DIO grabbed his clothes from the wreckage of the machine and stormed out of the building once again, heading back to his mansion.

"Laundry is clearly a job for my servants, and not me," DIO sneered as he crept back into the darkness.