

# That's The Song I Sing

The soda company -- and quite a few other things -- CEO shrugged, helplessly. “What were we going to do? It was a billion-to-one chance that our plastic bottles were the *perfect* shape for a space fighter. And, from the point of view of the Hodori Star Empire, the perfect *size* as well. The government INSISTED that we take those fat, fat Galactic defence contracts.”

He swirled his Cubre Libre and scowled. “And then the government blamed **us** for ‘making deals with the Evil Space Dolls,’ once people started freaking out about how we had just bought Boeing. ‘Perfect harmony,’ my eye...”

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