

And a Bottle of (Guaranteed Earth-Distilled!) Rum

The rules are simple. Planets are sacrosanct. Mess with a planetary population, everybody comes to get you. Mess with an unarmed but populated orbital or asteroid facility, everybody comes to get you. Take slaves, everybody comes to get you **and** the first two rules no longer apply. It works out surprisingly well.

But outside of that? Well, every planet has its treasures (Earth's are chocolate, rum, and high-quality metal alloys). A ship's worth of cargo can set their owners up for life. Assuming that they can avoid the buccaneers of the Warp Spaces between systems, of course.

Yo ho ho.

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