

# Galactic Empires

“But we **have** conquered your species,” the alien ‘Viceroy’ patiently explained. He waved a long-fingered hand vaguely about. “I have everything I desire: wealth, power, all the pleasures of the flesh that your world can provide. I may do anything that I wish.”

I looked around. “I suppose that I’m not the first to point out that ‘anything that you wish’ has some serious self-imposed limitations put on it?” That seemed more polite than saying “Your species’ sense of taste is garish; and, frankly, cheap.”

The alien beamed. “That’s why we’re such *successful* conquerors,” he explained. “We’re easy to please.”

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