

# Swarm

*Thirty percent.*

That was the number everybody knew. We *almost* had a safe propulsion system that *almost* reliably kept atmosphere in and G-Forces out. We *almost* knew what would happen when we fired the 'monkey copies' of the Invaders' plasma blasters. It *almost* all worked out.

'Almost' meant that thirty percent of us would blow up on the ground, or flame out in atmosphere, or not be able to maneuver in orbit. Or just explode when first firing our guns. And, hell, we'd all probably die in the battle, anyway. We weren't military.

But we were going to be **there**.

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