

/ Work For A Living

The man with the weird accent looked worried, so I reassured him. “Don’t worry, Mr. ...Mazda. I promise: long-term storage here is *perfect*. Heat, humidity: all controlled. Why, your items could last **centuries**. You certainly *paid* for centuries, haw haw!”

I caught the flash of contempt in his eyes as he nodded. He looked avidly on as what he thought was a box full of signed books by a minor author was placed in long-term storage. Only I had already replaced them with more fashionable titles, of course. Should be *quite* the surprise, way down the line.

Damned time travelers.

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