

Division of Labor

“I don’t... I don’t know how I can keep holding up, being in charge.” *There. I finally admitted it.* My ‘military advisor’ looked at me. And then, horrifyingly, he began to laugh.

“Doctor Saunders... **Emily**... you’re not in charge. Your secretary’s in charge. Gladys has been running things for the last two weeks. And she’s got everything under control.”

“But, the aliens!” I gasped.

“Well, yes, when it’s *aliens* Gladys listens to you because you’re best at out-thinking them. And she’ll get you everything that you need to fight them. But you’re **not** running things.”

And I thought: *Thank God.*

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