

Taking Up the Slack

Miguel and Leopold were taking a break from the never-ending detail of turning a still-sodden Central Park into an Army base when a copter retrofitted with a 'Vader drive silently landed on the pad. As an officer disembarked to salutes and galvanized activity, Miguel nudged his buddy. "Hey. That our new commander? What's with the uniform? She a foreigner?"

Leopold looked over, scratching the hipster 'stache that he had somehow managed to keep, Army regulations or no. "Nah. The new Admiral's Coast Guard. 'Vaders didn't hammer them like they did the Navy."

"She looks pissed," observed Miguel.

"They all are."

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>