

## It's A Broad-Spectrum Colony

I turned off the radscanner; at this point, the alarm just got on my nerves. Besides, my suit blocked all the nasty stuff on the EM spectrum. I still hated being out here, but the job needed to be done **now**. Not tonight: **now**. And I was the colony's go-to guy.

Give credit; the vineyard workers didn't hassle me. They're not supposed to, but you know how things are. After I finished, the owner even offered to let me bring a crate of his finest back home.

"No, thank you," I said, carefully pronouncing the words. "We never drink... wine."

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