

# Mephitis Vice

I like palm trees; they look just like the ones on my planet. Smell like dung, though. Everything on Earth smells nasty. Except for girls and booze, thank God. *They* smell fine.

And this suitcase smelled fine. It smelt **too** fine. So I took the 'switchblade' me and Sicko 'confiscated' off a visiting Nairobi *mkojoi* and shoved it under a seam. The whole thing came off, and underneath...

We contemplated the nestled vials, until Sicko grinned. "You gonna taste it to check, Ron'ney?" I shook my head. I could tell from the smell.

*Skunk urine*. Enough to buy a starship.

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