

The Proper Division of Badassery

You always know when a Veklumph is heading for the bridge; the shouting of “MOVE YOUR BUM-LEGS, HUMANS!” is diagnostic. This one was one of the refugees; looked pretty singed from the fighting groundside, too. He locked eyestalks on my pilot’s station.

“Pilot Level 7, me,” he announced. I’m Level 5, so I moved my bum-legs. I would have given him the stick even if he **was** Level 5, too. Veklumph simply fly better than humans do, especially in space battles.

But that’s OK. Ain’t nobody in the Galaxy *shoots* better than humans, and we had a spare turret free.

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