

Liberty Reclaimed

The robot had a sense of humor; it had wrapped the pitted piece of bronze as a Christmas present. But Jad decided he enjoyed the joke. After all, it **was** the last piece he needed.

“And the former owners?” he asked.

“Eventually I found an heir willing to sell it at the price you offered.” It paused. “Things got energetic before that.”

Jad dismissed that as the indifferent trivia it was and looked out the window at the restoration project. Soon the statue would stand proud on her island. Just like before the Great Raid.

*Vandalize **my** planet, will you?*

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