

# Tally-ho!

“Jesus CHRIST!” yelled the admiral as the unexpected Terran armada screamed past his ships to attack the enemy. Recklessly: they were speeding *through* the gaps of what was left of his battle line. Proximity alarms were going off that he’d never heard outside of **simulations**.

His flag captain blinked, sardonically. “Right. Your faith originated on their planet,” she said.

“Yes. And I’m glad to see them! But... the Terrans will fully engage the enemy at under a mile! That’s insane!”

Up on the tactical plot, the opposing force abruptly abandoned formation, and broke. The flag captain laughed. “The enemy agrees.”

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