

Off to Space Once More

“I don’t know why you’re making this piece of junk star-worthy again,” Miriel complained. By now the elf’s arms were grimy to the elbows. “The Star Patrol’s selling off ether-dancers by the pound, these days. Practically new.”

“But I don’t *know* them,” I reminded her, grunting as I finally got the lug nut loose. “Not like we know this old girl. Do you *really* want to do the Procyon Run with a ship we’ve just met?”

She shot me a dirty look. “I’m here, ain’t I?” She scowled at my - *our* - ship. “All the way to the end, after all.”

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