

Priorities

I restrained myself from prodding the corpse with my boot. These aliens booby-trapped their dead with live grenades. Besides, they never left wounded behind. Not even stay-behinds.

“Shame,” my buddy mourned as he wistfully looked at the carnage. “Meat ain’t the same when you can’t get it still squirting off the bone. Which tribes are these, anyway?”

Like I would know -- but my comp recognized the gaudy alien banners, and told me. “Centrals and Homers,” I repeated. My HUD started blinking, and I frowned. “Weird. The comp says they don’t like each other.”

My buddy snorted. “They hate us more.”

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