



Which Way
to
The Earth?

Which Way to The Earth

"A Space Oddity"

Brian P. Baldwin

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This book is dedicated to all those striving to making others laugh. From writing, standup, or performance I owe everything to them. They are the ones making bad times tolerable. They've shown me how to be happy when things are at their worst. The Python gang had it right with the ultimate joke. We should all keep trying to create it and vanquish our enemies with laughter.

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CHAPTER 1: I'M BORED

Twelve creatures, an assortment of biological oddities began lumbering their way into a dimly lit chamber. The room was simple and sparse dominated by a large oval table made from a shiny type of thick metal reflecting the images of the somber looking creatures passing by. Huge high backed chairs made from a slick, almost wet leathery material glistening with a secondary distorted reflection of their passing surrounded the table symmetrically with each fixed to a metal swivel base. Slowly, like a death march of the condemned, they filed around the table to their respective spots sliding into their slick seats while being careful not to slide right back out of them. Once seated, only one chair remained empty, and it was larger than any of the others sitting next to the entrance. In fact it was much, much larger than the other chairs and the only thing getting bigger in the room was the rising tension surrounding the table.

It wasn't the vacant chair causing their anxiety. In fact none of them paid it any attention as they did their best trying to look at anything or anywhere in the room to avoid making eye contact. Most of them were twitching and squirming while struggling to survive the long moment of uncomfortable silence as they waited for the inevitable. This wasn't their first time here knowing only too well it was just a matter of time until the never-ending feud would resume. Only two of them were at ease with the situation and they sat directly across from each other. Hatred, jealousy, and contempt emanated from them coming to a boil ready to explode at any moment. There was a damned good reason they didn't have these meetings often.

Dr. Triangle sat on the edge of his chair like a child, his little feet dangling above the floor. With his tiny delicate looking hands clasped in his lap he loved portraying the innocent child befitting his small stature when in fact, there was no one feared more in the room. Pausing to reflect on the business at hand, he took a moment

to adjust his Upper Management Official Function Death Mask setting it to maximum casual and surveyed the room. He started by taking note of the creatures sitting closest to him on both sides wondering if he even knew who they were, but realized in an instant it didn't matter; they were inconsequential. Moving outward on both sides, he began checking them each off with a little nod of his head taking note that none of them were confusing it with a friendly gesture. He could see the veil of uneasiness falling on their faces each time one of them realized the Doctor's focus was on them. He had to fight the sudden urge to start clapping his little hands together when he saw one slender creature beginning to cry after staring at it too long. He made a quick mental note to come back to that one if things got dull and then began setting his sights on another victim.

Gazing around the room Commodore Meoff was desperately seeking something he could understand. This wasn't his first time at one of these meetings and yet he struggled to remember any of the others sitting by him. He was wondering if he was in the right chair knowing the only reason he sat in it was that it was the only one empty. He didn't claim to be the intellectual superior of anyone relying on knowing it doesn't matter how smart you are if you're the guy holding the biggest gun. Sitting back in his chair, he filled it well even finding it restrictive, and assisting in holding back some of his excess body. Yet, he continued to fidget trying to comply with his instructions from the King. He was to avoid Triangle at all costs, but it was becoming difficult. Unworried about losing face, Meoff knew he was one of, if not the most feared creature in the room. His skill with a blaster was legendary prompting many, including his own men to fear him at all times. Struggling he did his best not to make eye contact with Triangle, but it was hard. The King made them sit opposite each other and Meoff's three pairs of eyes made it inevitable. Their eyes locked!

"I see by your pathetic gaze that you seek something from me, you multi eyed geek!" shouted Dr. Triangle in a shrill voice.

Meoff's one and only nostril flared with his six eyes opening

wide. Sneering he drew a large hand blaster levelling it in Triangle's direction saying, "Nothing," and fired a burst into the chair on Triangle's right. With the smoke clearing from the energy blast he waited for Triangle's full attention, and then made each of his six eyes focus on different points in the room.

Watching Meoff's eyes dancing in all directions only increased Triangle's anger and while trying to look away from his nemesis he spotted bloodstains on his sleeve. Leaping from his chair with blinding speed, he landed on the table sweeping the remains of the creature that had been sitting next to him from his path. Halfway across the shimmering bloodied surface he held out his tiny arm shouting, "You! Blundering one. You shall pay for this you jerk!"

Rising to the challenge, Meoff drew a much larger and stranger looking weapon pointing it at Triangle. "No one calls me Jerk and lives to tell about it. Do it again and I'll shoot you with this thing, and don't even ask what it does 'cause you don't wanna know."

Dr. Triangle thrust his tiny arms out to his sides while giggling and lowering the point of his head towards Meoff. The tip of his head was quivering and increasing to a vibration when he said, "I believe the device is both functionless and pointless much like its owner. Perhaps a demonstration is in order?" The vibration increased creating a high frequency humming sound.

Meoff tried focusing on the tip of the vibrating head. This was just what the Dr. was counting on, and slowly Meoff's eyes glazed over while slipping into a trance. He couldn't control his movements any more and he was becoming a puppet with Triangle holding the strings.

Succumbing to the mind control Meoff snapped to attention followed by making a quick turn to his side. In front of him an innocent onlooker now found Meoff's big gun staring him down. The bloated scaled creature cringed searching for a place to hide or for some support from his peers. Tilting his head allowed his lizard like eyes let him keep one on Meoff and the other searching for sympathetic help.

Raising the weapon higher to aim directly between the poor

creatures eyes, Meoff spoke in a subdued robotic tone, “Oh great Dr. Triangle. You are mighty and wise, but the time has come for someone to die. Prepare for the after world.”

Dr. Triangle was watching with glee clapping his tiny hands together. Meoff was sort of on mind control autopilot now, so he started looking to see who he would have Meoff go after next.

As Meoff’s finger wrapped around the trigger, the great double doors to the chamber exploded inwards breaking the trance, as well as one creature’s ability to control bodily functions. Piercing shafts of light flooded the darkened room with a pungent odour riding on its heels. Slowly a large shapeless mass began filling the doorway gradually blocking the light, but doing nothing to stop the smell. The shadowy figure filled the entire entrance, with its bulk heaving up and down along with a soft flapping noise followed by a low whistle; it could mean only one thing. The King has arrived.

Zolton entered the room. His enormous bulk seethed with each step. Of course, no one had ever seen his legs, but it was an assumption he was some sort of bi-pedal life form. Any sense of rhythm was absent from his movements. It was as if the world was one continuous hill, and Zolton the slug sliding down it. With his entering a new wave of terror fell before him.

“Behold!” shouted a voice from the hallway, “The mighty! The humongous! The incredible, and always hungry. King Zolton, ruler of Zeferon, master of the Zeferonian Empire, King of the known universe, Lord of all that trembles in the galaxy. Owner of one billion ‘Undeterminable Protein Burger’ franchises!”

Zolton paused trying to take a little bow on his entrance, but a large deposit of back fat rolled forward causing him to loose balance for a moment. The small creature on its knees to his front had its life pass before his eyes as a Zolton belly flop was certain to be fatal. Regaining his composure Zolton continued making his way towards his seat listening to the voice from the hallway drone on with his many achievements. On his sides he noticed the pathetic creatures falling to their hands and knees in honour of his presence, and a good place to be if you were going to vomit from the stench.

Unlike the others, both Meoff and Triangle were spared from the humbling as the King slid around the room. Their station in the kingdom, and extended exposure to the toxic stench meant they could hold their heads high even if it wasn't the brightest thing to do. Meoff and Triangle saw it as an honor to be above all others, but there wasn't much in the way of jealousy. Everyone else just thought it was safer to be close to the ground, especially if Meoff was around.

Stretching his huge gelatinous arms wide, Zolton spun around accepting their welcome. "Rise my subjects and confidants. Rise and we shall begin the work that is before us. Now is the time we begin to plan for our future," Zolton turned farther beckoning them to the meeting table, "Together we shall plant the seeds of the future for all Zeferonians and make the universe our..." Pausing, Zolton quickly slid his way to the table getting a good look at Meoff's work. "What the fuck is going on here?" Moving closer he was trying hard to identify the remains. Probing one of the larger gooey masses with one of his meaty lumps that passed for a finger, he pushed some of it back revealing a large medallion he recognized as having been the property of Governor Beel.

Shaking his head in dramatic disappointment he turned to face them. "Triangle! Meoff! Are you two drunk or something? Do you know how hard it is just trying to find someone to run for the Governor Council, let alone one that has to sit next to Triangle?"

Seizing the moment, Triangle stepped forward while setting his Official Function Death Mask to maximum sneer and extending his tiny arm pointing an accusing needle like finger at Meoff saying, "The poorly attired one Sire, he did the evil deed."

Snapping out of bewilderment Zolton shot and angry glare at his trusted confidant followed by taking a long look at the others in the room. Taking a cue from their leader they all gasped in unison bringing their glares of shame upon him. Of course, they all made sure not to make any eye contact with him.

"You see that?" said Zolton looking back at the others. "I mean just look at their faces and let this be a lesson to you! No one, and I

mean no one likes a snitch.”

Being bested by the King was ground seldom walked by the man known for nothing short of fanatical devotion to the ways of evil. Even behind his Official Function Death Mask, Triangle’s disappointment was obvious. Knowing the sting of his small twisted friend allowed Zolton a short moment of pleasure until catching a glimpse of the pleasure on Meoff’s face; allowing that was unacceptable to him. Having your military commanded by an idiot was one thing but there’s no way he was going to have a happy idiot.

“You know, on second thought,” said Zolton looking reflective and rubbing his fat finger on one of his many chins, “as I recall, a large part of your job description includes being hated. Not just feared, but like really despised, so I’d have to say in your case snitching on anyone but the King is a good thing.”

Everyone in the room except Meoff was willing and happy about changing their opinion of the Doctor and let loose some subdued cheering in support of the changing tides. They weren’t your average yes men. Zolton handpicked every member of the Governing Council through a mockery of the electoral process. Finding candidates to run for office wasn’t easy so often they had to be tricked into thinking they were doing something else, and once they knew the truth an easy victory was promised. It didn’t take long for them to realize it’s easy to win when other candidates mysteriously disappear, or in some cases are just dragged out and shot in public. These men were more than just fanatically devoted to their boss, and each one ready to die for their lord and master. Zolton spent most of their time together reminding them about it. Presented with the opportunity, any one of them would cheer and clap at the pronouncement of his own death sentencing. After all, Zolton always said you’re going to die anyway; it’s just a matter of how fast.

“OK. Let’s get down to business,” said Zolton patting Triangle on the head and began lumbering towards his seat.

Watching everyone moving to their chairs wasn’t enough to

make Meoff realize it was time to move on. He remained standing in a rigid state as his mind repeated the details of the last few minutes. He was struggling to pinpoint where he had lost the momentum. Suddenly, it came to him. Striding forward with determination he approached the King.

Catching a glimpse of Meoff coming towards him caused Zolton to consider taking cover, but when you weigh that much you're careful to asses each situation to conserve energy.

“Ah, Shit,” said Zolton.

Snapping to attention just out of reach of the king Meoff shouted, “Sire! I see how pleased you are, but it's my duty to point out it was I who executed the traitor.”

“You mean Governor Beel?” said Zolton with minor interest.

“Was he the traitor Sire?”

“No,” said Zolton flatly.

“Are you sure My Lord?”

“Yes. I'm sure now shut up and sit down.”

Slowly Meoff turned walking away in search of his seat. Pausing he waited for all the others to sit down then proceeding to the only remaining vacant seat not next to Triangle. While walking to his chair he played back the recent events in his mind trying to understand what had happened. Just before sitting down he came to the sudden realization that Beel may not have been the traitor, and this could mean only one thing. The traitor was still among them. Vigilant as ever he was keeping an eye on most of them.

Free from Meoff, Zolton returned to his pile of papers scanning over them quickly. Crumpling up one of them he proclaimed, “My first order of business is to forget about all the crap from last time. I'm not going over that old shit.” He raised his head looking around the table and stopped at the vacant chair next to Triangle. “Well I guess the first thing we have to work on is the Region of Norf which is now without a governor thanks to Commodore Meoff.”

Meoff thought about taking a bow but held back preferring to continue keeping his eyes out for traitors.

Zolton took a moment waiting for Meoff to do something

stupid, and was disappointed when nothing happened. He was about to continue when from the corner of his eye he spotted a small finger pointing up at him.

“What?” he belched turning his head down towards the much smaller creature.

Governor Vreen was a recent addition to the council and as such mostly served as an assistant to Zolton. Nervously pointing at a spot between two of Zolton’s chins he said, “Uh, Sire. You’ve got something... Uh there on your chin.”

Zolton raised a blubbery hand to his neck feeling around saying, “Huh. I wonder what I’ve got”

Vreen was squirming around seeing Zolton coming closer to the chunk of bloody tissue riding the waves of fat. “Oh, uh, no a bit more to the right Sire. I think it’s, a bit of Governor Beel.”

“What? You mean over here?”

“You’ve almost got it...Uh!”

“What? What’s wrong?”

“It’s gone Sire,” said Vreen apologetically.

“Uh, did it fall off?”

“Afraid not Sire. I think it was swallowed by a crevasse.”

Zolton could see Vreen was anticipating his ire. Setting the little creatures fears at ease he said, “Oh, don’t worry about that. I’ve been on this great exercise program. The backscatter effect from my rolls has things coming out near my ankles in days instead of months. I’m sure it will be fine. Now where was I?”

Folding his little arms Triangle bleated out, “Beel.”

“Oh yeah. Former Governor Beel,” Said Zolton reflectively staring at the Governor’s remains. “Norf has no Governor now, so I suggest you guys do something about it. We’ll do the usual memorial and have a statue erected for his short but effective months of service to the Kingdom.” Zolton switched to giving Triangle a stern look before saying, “And I want the statue to resemble the way he was, and not the way he looks now like last time. That was a good one, but I’m not paying for two statues every time Meoff shoots someone.”

Triangle continued keeping his death mask set to sneer while turning his head away from the King. It was going to take a lot more than a little flattery to make up for the snitch remark.

Zolton was looking concerned over his little friend's attitude and continued, "I guess we have to have another by-election, and I want the region of Loudan to administer it. Dr. Triangle will provide a short list of candidates."

The room fell silent with all faces fixed on Triangle. The creation of an election list by anyone other than Zolton was unheard of. Triangle sat emotionless drinking in their scorn and jealousy.

Seeing the extreme under expressed emotion from Triangle let Zolton know he'd restored order in their relationship without it costing him anything. So proud of himself he slipped relaxing his guard for a brief moment to open the floor for discussion saying, "Now with that little thing out of the way, is there anything else?"

"Sire," squeaked out a slender figure rising from the only dark spot in the room.

Collectively as if on cue, the rest of the room turned away from Governor Fahdid rising from his chair amid obvious sounds of choking and gaging. He was the most recent member to the council as well as the first and only representative from the dark territories. Harsh and unforgiving was just the beginning to describe a place where they had thought no substantial life could exist, but nature has a way of finding a way, and Fahdid's people were a product of their environment. So harsh was the climate that his people developed with a hardened external skin like an insect. Surrounded by an armored shell instead of skin meant they could survive with very little in the way of comforts; including clothes.

Most of them had forgotten he was even in the room. Who could blame them with the way Fahdid's leathery slick, perpetually wet looking black skin allowed him to blend into almost any background where dark shadows were dominating. When he moved, it was as if his chair had come to life morphing into a slender skeletal shape with conflicting patches of sharp boney angles amid portions of fluid smooth shapes offering little resistance.

“Ah - Governor Fahdid.” Groaned Zolton slapping a meaty hand over his eyes so fast the others might have starred if they weren’t doing the exact same thing. “Uh - You know it’s - Uh - not really necessary to stand at these meetings. In fact, you might not need to attend at all. You’re doing a fine job.”

“Thank you Sire,” said Fahdid standing taller with pride. “I know I’m new and inexperience, but given a chance Sire I know I can make you proud.”

Keeping his eyes covered Zolton thrust a bit of flab from the other hand into the air trying to get Fahdid to sit back down.

“As you are aware Sire, my task, was simple even though it will impact the way we will conduct affairs in the future. If you could spare a few brief moments of your time so I can brief you on the protocol for the meeting.”

OK. Anything you want,” shrieked the King. “Just sit back down.”

The King’s fright shook Fahdid out of his moment long enough to look around the room seeing everyone else trying their best to look at anything other than him. Of course, Dr. Triangle was immune because he had turned off the visual display of his Death Mask the moment he heard Fahdid’s voice.

Slumping his head down in defeat, Fahdid took a moment to consider his situation when he spotted his hardened, but retracted, penis sheath resting on the table cradled by his silicone crystal encrusted testicular cubes . Suddenly realizing the pleading and platitudes were neither polite nor respect, his head drooped even further following his genitals slipping beneath the table.

The room sighed relief.

“Whew! That was too much,” quipped Zolton frivolously to some unknown creature beside him, “I didn’t get a good look at it, but I know I wouldn’t want to meet that thing in a dark alley.”

“Sire, I just thought a few words about tomorrow would be in order,” squeaked out Fahdid with a shaky voice.

Continuing to ignore Fahdid Zolton turned to Vreen pointing to Fahdid’s spot saying, “I want a new fucking table after that. I want

this one vaporized!"

"There was some concern about limitations on the number of delegates and how it pertains to specific species," said Fahdid going on unaware he was being ignored.

Watching Vreen scribble his instructions down Zolton gasped saying, "No wait! I want you to have it sent to Triangle with a note that its from Meoff.

Vreen nervously scribbled out his master's instruction hoping with all his might the Doctor never discover his involvement.

Seeing the lack of interest Fahdid spoke out with more concern saying, "I am simply trying to make certain you look your best at tomorrow's meeting Sire."

"Look! I don't give a shit about the meeting tomorrow. I might talk. I might not. Those little shits are going to do whatever I tell them to and I don't need you or anyone else to tell me what to ..."

Fahdid rose to accept his punishment.

Zolton shrieked covering his eyes while shouting, "Governor Fahdid has the floor!"

"Thank you. Sire, it is at time like this I know you have the makings of a great diplomat capable of..."

"Hell! I know all about me. Sit down and just tell me what I need to know."

"Sorry Sire," said Fahdid sitting back down, "I just wanted to call your attention to the agenda for tomorrow's colony representative meeting and this will be the first time you're meeting most of them."

Turning a lighter shade of green Zolton replied, "What? They're coming here?" Embarrassed Zolton turned to his two top aides Meoff and Triangle, but as usual, they just turned away from him. Zolton gaped back at Fahdid not knowing what to say.

Confusing the Kings blank stare for genuine interest, Fahdid went on to explain things saying, "You remember Sire, The Federation of Planets. It's the second meeting on your agenda."

Zolton's shade shifted from green to brown with his face fat congealing together in a best attempt at and angry frown. "Did I hear you say Federation?

“Uh yes Sire.”

Scanning the room for support Fahdid only found the same faces that condemned Triangle a short time ago. He started to fiddle with his privates for what he thought might be the last time.

“If I’ve told you guys once, I’ve told you a thousand times I hate that touchy feely federation crap!” Zolton seethed and his fat flowed upwards sort of like standing but without all the energy involved. “I will kill the next son of a...”

Rising to accept his punishment Fahdid stopped the king in mid-sentence. All his blubber slumped back into his chair, “You know. Come to think of it, I’m not bothered by this. Hell I think I’m getting used to it.”

“Wonderful news Sire,” said Fahdid feeling for the first time as though he mattered. “I know this is just the beginning Sire, but I know I can make a real contribution...”

Like everyone else in the room, Zolton was covering his eyes and shouted, “Yeah you can contribute by sitting the fuck down!”

Fahdid bowed his head thanking his life had once again been spared and continued, “Forgive me my Lord. I just wanted to make certain you are prepared for the meeting and what will be expected of you”

“I don’t see the problem. What’s the big deal?”

“Well Sire, they might ask certain questions. You know complicated ones and you might not know the answers.”

Zolton started turning brown again with everyone watching and noticing it was a darker shade than his usual rage. Fahdid looked like he was starting to shrink when Zolton burst out of his seat. Meoff jumped up right after in search of the assassin that could have shot his leader.

Huffing in a controlled rage while filling the room with a new stench Zolton said, “Listen to this and listen good!” He paused noticing all the bobbing heads in unison and Meoff scanning the room with a blaster at the ready, “That’s good but I was only talking to Fahdid. Now if you don’t want to have your statue beside Governor Beel’s then I suggest that you...” Cut off by Fahdid rising

again he covered his eyes before continuing, "Hey look. I'm not really that mad about it. Just sit down or something. I just want you to know that when it comes to all that crap about the affairs of the other planets it's not that I'm stupid. I just don't care."

"Of course Sire. I don't want them to think that either. Some of the more rebellious ones may try to turn this in their favour."

"I see," said Zolton rubbing some of his chins in thought. "Well I have the solution right in front of me. If they ask me something complicated and I get stuck, I'll just have you stand up and do the answering for me. One look at you will shut them up." He ended laughing and signaling to the others they had better laugh too.

The only ones that did not suffer the king's urges were his two top aides Triangle and Meoff. They were more than content to sit back watching their demented boss in action.

With the laughter dying down Meoff thought it might be a good time to add his little piece to the meeting. Holstering his weapon he snapped to attention with the sound of his stiffening body drowning out all the other sounds in the room. Zolton saw Meoff's rigid state and decided to let him stand there for a while. This was not to show how devoted the Commodore was, but rather to demonstrate what kind of an idiot he was by doing something like that at an informal meeting.

Zolton decided that he had made him stand long enough saying, "Wow! I think Commodore Meoff has something to tell us. Please your report."

Like a rubber band pulled to its very length and let go, Meoff released all of the tension and slumped down saying, "Uh! My Lord, once again, it's my duty to report the unusual activity that our outpost number 11 has been receiving from the out of system world NG3. I'm told the analysis of the data indicates the possibility for some sort of intelligent life there, and I believe as Zeferonians it's our duty to venture out to this world to conduct the usual relations and conquer them."

Zolton remained silent reflecting on a bunch of stuff other than Meoff's report but cursed as he focused back in on their meeting.

NG3 was no shock since Meoff brought it up at every meeting with Zolton often using it as an example why the military should never be in charge. He wondered now why he would even give this any thought at all since normally he would have shut Meoff down as soon as he started. Why now was he giving it so much attention? Was it possible Meoff had come up with something that actually mattered? As a rule he was seldom taken seriously unless you were one of his troopers. Zolton realized he needed help on this one.

“You know. Come to think of it, I’m bored. What do you think Triangle?” Blurted out Zolton to his trusted unconscious aid.

Triangle yawned as loud as his death mask would allow showing both its acoustic quality and how irritated he was at being woken. “Hmm, it is my belief Sire, as surprising as it sounds, the vile one has blundered onto something requiring more data.”

Meoff got all stiff again saying, “Sire! You should also know the Thelosians have been active the same area expressing interest in NG3. We’ve monitored them making trips to the planet surface to steal cows.”

“Are you serious? Those bubble heads are still swiping livestock?”

“Well Sire, it is their way, to study the animals, or at least that is what the perverted big heads would have us believe,” answered Triangle.

“I just don’t get it. I mean what’s the matter with those guys. Can’t they read? I mean shit, they’re just cows you know? Unless they know something about them we don’t.”

“No My Lord,” said Triangle trying to put him at ease, “I would say that we possess more knowledge than they, for like we, they have discovered that the beasts make a great deal of excrement, but My Lord only we have experienced the taste.”

Zolton’s mouth hung open for a moment as the last part of Triangle’s words lingered in his mind. Initially he though the worst and that Triangle be privy to some secrets from his childhood, but then realized he had meant eating the meat. “Do we have some sort of rule or something for gaging when you go from asking them who

their leader is to finding out what kind sauce they go with?"

"A curious moment of thought for you Sire," replied Triangle seeing himself as the only person capable of a response. "However, given the matter relates to eating I'm not surprised by your interest."

"Well, I guess I could be a bit of an expert on part of it," said Zolton clutching at his girth proudly.

"I am certain you surpassed expert some time ago my tubby master, but leave this with me as I am both certain and confidant I will be able to create a quick and easy method to determine if a creature is friend or food."

Looking excited at Triangle Zolton asked, "Are you sure? It can't just be easy. It has to be fast because, you know I can't always wait when I'm hungry."

"If pressed for urgency," said Triangle dropping from his chair and stepping forward towards Meoff "Observe a simple example. Tell me ugly, what sauce do you perceive as complimentary to your flesh?"

Meoff looked confused for a moment but he was determined to prevent Triangle from making him look bad. Announcing proudly he shouted, "Honey mustard,"

"You see Sire," said Triangle heading back to his chair.

Zolton sat up pushing his fat up turning his head to Triangle saying, "You are a genius Triangle and Meoff, you're an idiot."

"Thank you Sire!" said Meoff with pride.

Triangle set his death mask to maximum smart-ass smirk as he passed Zolton.

With that settled Zolton was still left wondering about their next course of action saying, "You will be happy to know, that once again I have expanded the borders of the Zeferonian Empire and surprise, it now includes the out of system planet NG3. So the Thelosians are in some deep shit for this territorial infringement and something needs to be done about it."

Meoff leapt from is seat screaming, "At once My Lord!"

"Yeah, just settle down honey-mustard. Now, I want you to get a few cows together and head over to Thelosia and explain to them

that NG3 is off limits. Plus I also agree with Triangle's suggestion about finding out more about this planet, but I'm not sure who to send."

While Zolton was trying to think of a good officer to lead a fact finding mission Fahdid rose to ask a question. Shrieking Zolton thrust his hands in front of his face shouting, "That's it! You made the choice simple and on your way, get some fucking clothes!"

Fahdid realized that Zolton had selected him for this very delicate mission and with all the excitement he began jumping up and down. This caused his genitals to wave around making Zolton scream even louder. While Zolton was looking for a gun Fahdid ran from the room so by the time he found one it was too late. Some of the other governors were upset at not having a chance to bring up any of their business. Realizing many of them might have something to report Zolton made certain to wave his weapon in their faces as he asked if they had any other business. As he tried to get up from his chair he set the weapon aside asking them to hand in their reports and declared the meeting was done. After they left Zolton walked over to Triangle and handed over all the reports for the good doctor's special screening process. After watching Zolton leave Triangle jumped off his seat to the ground and skipped his way to the door only pausing for a moment to dump the large bundle of papers into the garbage can.