

## A Human on Board!

Randal propelled himself towards Sploch, a green, moisture heavy snot-ball, who happened to be the captain's right-hand man.

"I have news! News!" [he Randal](#) shouted, emitting a foul stench of terror. He slid in front of Sploch before balancing on his tripod legs. "I have news."

Sploch had situated himself on a ledge in the outer hallway of their ship, eye-level to the windows so he could see those working at the docking station. Droplets of his excess body goo pooled on the ground.

-“Of?” [Sploch asked.](#)

[Cla\\*to](#), their ship, was a lowly shipping cruiser, employed to transport simple cargo. Right now, they were docked on a trade union asteroid belt to pick up three boxes: one of helium, one of uranium, and one of gelatin. What, on this insignificant trade union, had caused Randal to spew his noxious, self-defense gas?

"I saw, what appeared to be, dare I say, a human [woman on board](#)~~woman board~~ this ship." His shrill voice echoed through the empty halls.

"What!" Sploch exclaimed as his body thwacked onto the cold tile. "I must inform the captain!"

He suctioned on and off the floor, his body plopping free at each lurch forward. A trail of goo followed him like sweat tracks. He headed for the captain's quarters located at the highest point of the ship.

Captain Jewel was a lean, mean, non-fighting machine. She had served in her planet's military force, though she spent her service underground, behind a thick, reinforced vault door, counting ammunition and [signing gear](#) to other soldiers. When she got out, she had fallen [intoente](#) the shipping business by sheer chance, by finding a battered, abandoned ship with a full crew, whose old captain had died unexpectedly.

From her captain HQ, she had a 330-degree view of space, almost perfect, aside from a [thirty30](#)-degree blind spot. She kept the place dim, the windows tinted just how she liked it, with the temperature warm and comfy. Two thick, furry armchairs were propped on opposite ends of her circular room. Right now she rested in the farthest right chair, feet

**Comment [1]:** I know this information may be important for the reader to learn. However, this paragraph breaks up the flow of the story. Could it be placed somewhere else?

**Comment [2]:** Is this a military term?

kicked onto her desk. She heard Sploch's squelching ~~minutes~~ before he entered her domain.

Sploch extended his blob head above the edge of her table, grimy balls of perspiration rolling off his face: two beady eyes and two puncture holes for a nose, with a slit of a mouth. "We have a problem," he huffed.

Jewel dropped her legs, pulling her body over the counter and locking her three-finger hands together. "Which is?" ~~She stretched her long body over her desk to peer at his rolled-up shape on her newly washed carpet.~~

"We have a human on board."