

Life Sentence

by H.L. Pauff

“That's some weak ass sauce.”

The seven and a half eyes, of all shapes and sizes, looked down at Kyle from their position on the panel with surprise.

“Excuse me?” the one with green eyes asked. Its native tongue went through the translator as gibberish to Kyle and came out sounding like a British accent.

“That's a pretty weak argument,” Kyle said. “I was just looking for some rails to grind and some sweet spots to pull off some sick tricks.”

“Huh?” green eyes asked.

“I believe it is some form of primitive recreation with a board and wheels,” the one and a half eyed orange blob said with an Australian accent.

“The point is,” Kyle said, “Is that I skate there all the time. How was I supposed to know there was a spaceship hidden underneath?”

The council murmured amongst itself for a few moments leaving Kyle underneath the bright spotlight on the courtroom floor.

“You spent a lot of time on your hands and knees, investigating the craft and pounding its outer shell with your fist, therefore demonstrating your desire to get in. We don't take trespassing on Galactic Council property lightly. The craft was an important part of our war against the Andromedans and now it's compromised. No one else on your planet knew it was there. How did you?” green eyes asked.

“I wiped out and scraped my knee. I was pounding the asphalt in pain!”

“You even knew the password: ‘Motherfu —’”

“That's a password? Look, I won't tell anyone about your hidden craft. I don't care,” Kyle said.

“You won't. We moved it,” the orange blob said. “There is still a punishment, however. The Council hereby sentences you to serve two life cycles on the planet earth.”

Kyle looked up at the angry eyes on the panel in confusion. "Um, what?"

"A harsh sentence, no doubt. Faced with it, most choose death by incineration as an alternative. Is that your wish?"

"No, no, I'll serve my time."

