

## COTF2

### Forward

Berzdod and Xynelthorpe were up to no good again. The two young Barzanians from Sector BB34 had once again taken their father's Anti-Plasma Dissimulator without his permission, intent on ridding the galaxy of a few unnecessary stars. Dazed and confused, they bounded off drunkenly into the cosmos in the family Strato-glide, the Barzian equivalent of a '72 Impala.

Several hours later they found themselves sitting next to the smoking hull of the Strato-glide, having crashed into a small white moon that Berzdod had mistaken for a small white hole. Although Berzdod frequently made this type of error, it really wasn't his fault this time, since Xynelthorpe, ever the prankster, had secretly replaced three of Berzdod's eyes with energy pellets.

Berzdod finished treating his radiation burns and looked up to see Xynelthorpe hopping about, still searching for his missing leg.

"Dad's gonna be pissed," Berzdod said.

"You're the idiot who keeps driving into planets," Xynelthorpe snorted.

Berzdod's scales bristled but he said nothing in his defense, knowing that if he did his brother would once again bring up the time he "winged" that Diridian spacestation, penetrating the hull and sending the whole outpost blowing about the galaxy like a balloon.

Fuming, he stood up, surveyed the surroundings stars, and tried to get a bearing on where they were. At that moment, however, one of the energy pellets in his eye cluster decided to spontaneously hyper-fuse, and the resulting jolt knocked him back to the ground.

Xynelthorpe snickered. "What a dork."

Really mad now, Berzdod stood up again and unstrapped the Anti-Plasma gun from his back. He sighted in on the yellow star to his right.

*What the hell,* he thought.

He shifted his footpods to plant himself better against the coming kick of the dissimulator and suddenly felt one of them slide away, causing him to stumble and inadvertently pull the trigger.

On the ground once again, he looked with disgust to see what he'd tripped on and saw a small white orb covered with dimples and bearing strange markings that he didn't recognize; *Titleist.*

A crackling *'boom'* echoed back through the vacuum of space. Both Berzdod and Xynelthorpe looked up. The 90 megaton plasma orb had hit home alright, but not into the ugly yellow star. Instead, it had plowed neatly into a nearby blue and white planet.

"Nice shot, moron," Xynelthorpe noted