

## Chapter Sixteen

### A Problem Shelved

"When the Going gets tough, the Tough get going; you can't trust a bad guy to keep his word."

- the Unofficial Patrol Handbook.

Krang and Murdoch stood manacled together staring at the odd foursome talking with their captors.

"So that's how they did it!" Krang immediately deduced how the sabotage had been done, and who had carried the messages. It explained the dead rats and the jammed cameras, not to mention the carefully chewed cables.

"Did what?" sniffed Murdoch, fighting off his flu by brute willpower.

"Those two little flyers. They wrecked the flitter, set up the prisoners with their communications. We can blame them for this."

"Rubbish. You were just too soft."

"Too civilized maybe."

"Bah! All these yokels understand is force, you didn't use it. A few bombs here and there would have sorted things out."

"Yeah, and what would have been left for us to pick up afterwards? I've got an idea. Did you read their little book on citizenship? We could turn that to our advantage."

"Speak for yourself! I'm getting out of here. Those big birds are in uniform. It's the same as the lot we found thirty lights back. I think they have a ship somewhere. I'm taking it." Murdoch jerked the chain linking them and shambled after the rest of his crew. "They'll feed us, and clean us, Prisoners Rights? Huh. I'll show them."

"We could end up running this place after all. Don't you see? We agree to go by their rules, then with what we know it'll only be a matter of time before we move to the top and take over. Write our own