

Suffice it to say, their impromptu celebration ended with a bang. Indeed, it blew their very socks off!



*Socks in space.*



The unhappy Tsar rued the fact that The Charlatans had become the first of his military personnel to enter orbit without a tank turret. “How selfish of them” he thought bitterly, yet he reckoned he could spin it as a pioneering space expedition worthy of the Empire. He knew the bigger the lie, the more the people wanted to believe it.

“But who will now tell me what I wish to hear about the continuing success of my Special Military Operation?” he lamented. He pondered for a while. “There is but only one person. Yes! Indeed, he is the very fellow I need.”

But that would have to wait. As Godfather of the Empire, he first had to arrange the funeral of his most loyal Consigliere in keeping with the worst/

