

THE FOURTH MAN

by Stanley Lieber

The Fourth Man arrived just as we sat down to breakfast. Picked through his worms and eggs.

"You don't have to eat the eggs," I explained.

"What's your desktop environment," asked the Fourth Man.

Gray Gloves waved his gray gloves, blasé blasé. I tapped my own visor, settling the matter.

"Those guys don't have time to argue with me. AWESOME."

Finished my worms.

Excavation approached completion. Some brief controversy as an analysis of weathering on the newly unmarsed sections of the hull suggested she had been in the ground a lot longer than what we all knew to be the case.

A lot of these guys were cranks.

Closed my eyes.

Saw more pink.