

BLACK TRIANGLE

tags: 1964, kintsugi, mancamp, mars2, maude_mold, ragnarok, sadbeard

31 October.

A black triangle fell from the sky, tumbling end over end into the Martian dust like a burnt Dorito discarded from some airborne picnic table. Maude Mold happened to be looking up at the sky or else she would have missed it entirely. Well, until it landed on her front lawn.

Glistening pink, the ship had looked completely black until it promptly settled itself into a stationary hover above the apartment building. Maybe it was all the smoke?

Maude's ears popped.

The ship's sleek active surfaces contracted, revolutionizing her shape, and two new pirates were birthed from her now gaping, now spasming triangular exit ramp, ejected onto the sand complete with back stories and half-completed missions, already in progress.

"Strangely modern-looking for a two thousand year-old ship, isn't she?"

Sadbeard, leading off with his baroquely sculptured, swankly hairy chin yet dripping with petroleum products and the whale fat from his plate. He wrapped up his breakfast and tossed the paper bag over his shoulder. Straightened his eye patch for jokes and stories.

"Will no one rid me of these grits?"

Kintsugi hadn't quite finished his own ample helping, but already he felt full. Slapped his half-full plate facedown against the side of the RAGNAROK's hull, backjumping a quick wildstyle all over his mother as the contents migrated slowly below her water line. Crossed his arms and set his stance, regulation intimidating.

Shaken loose from her rapture, Maude led them both inside.