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# IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY

Issue 1: Serial Fiction Sideshow

Liam Gibbs



~~Traumatizing~~  
Moderately adequate  
first issue!

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**In a Galaxy Far, Far AwRy**  
**Issue 1: Serial Fiction Sideshow**

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## ***THE STORY SO FAR...***

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**Issue 1:** *Serial Fiction Sideshow*, available at <http://tiny.cc/iagffa1>, on [inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com](http://inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com), and in the hearts of one and all

**Issue 2:** *Home Sweet Home Invasion*, available at <http://tiny.cc/iagffa2>, on [inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com](http://inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com), and also in the hearts of one and all

**Issue 3:** *Technophobia*, available at <http://tiny.cc/iagffa3>, on [inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com](http://inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com), an—you're starting to see a pattern here, aren't you?

**Issue 4:** *Armageddon Trigger Finger*, available at <http://tiny.cc/iagffa4>, on [inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com](http://inagalaxyfarfarawRy.com), and... hey...your heart. And everyone else's.

## ***OTHER STUFF THE AUTHOR SPEWED OUT***

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*Not So Superpowered*, available at <http://tiny.cc/nssuperpowered>

*Three Flash Fictions*, available upon request from the author  
Emergency broadcast warnings from your local television network. The annoying ones that whine really loud. Ha.

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

### **MISTRUST AND YOUTHFUL STUPIDITY**

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Mickey scanned the blueprint projectin' from the device on the front hood o' his civ-tran. He tapped it wit' his index finger and it rotated to a sky-blue area: unfinished. The building was progressin' quickly. Nice. Things were even under budget.

Heat brushed his side, the telltale sign o' Mark flyin' down to the ground. Without lookin', Mickey asked, "Mark, youse finished that weldin'?"

"Nuh-uh. We takin' off, big boss foreman man!" Jeff said. He an' Mark passed behind Mickey.

"Off? S'not even..." Mickey checked his watch. Stopped again? He shook his wrist to wake it up. Nanotechnology powered the pissin' thing and it *still* broke.

"He means we're quitting," Mark said.

"Run! That guy's rhino is charging us!" Legion dashed off.

"Jeff, don't moon it!" Mark roared into flight.

Mickey's jaw dropped. Quittin'? He darted around the civ-tran. Jeff, Mark, and that IP guy, leavin'. No! "We'll never finish this stuff under budget wit' youse guys gone. Come back here!" They couldn't hear him. They'd raced across the field and

into the IP starship before the rhino could gore them. They was leavin'! "*Come back!*"

The starship blasted off and the whirl of its engines faded. Mickey slammed his fist into a nearby girder. "For pissin' sake—" He threw his hardhat at the ground and kicked it away. Now he had no welders.

Okay. Fine. He'd finish this job wit'out 'em. He looked at those huge green-and-purple robots who'd been beggin' him for a job. They sat around the side o' the road like lazy buffoons, waitin' to hear the word.

Mickey stuck his two fingers in his mouth an' issued a piercin' whistle. "Hey, youse guys. Youse in."

"Excellent." One stood and addressed the others, "Constructicons, transform to become Devastator, the most powerful structural labor engineer!"

The buck don't stop there! The full version of this tall take can be yours! Grab it yonder at <http://tiny.cc/iagffa1> in the U.S. or [http://tiny.cc/iagffa1\\_canada](http://tiny.cc/iagffa1_canada) in Canada.

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or whatever pigeons say.

To see more sassy In a Galaxy Far, Far AwRy action, please review this book at Amazon.com. The more reviews people write, the better this book's ranking does on Amazon, the more exposure this series gets, the more you help an independent author, and the more I love you for everything you do. It's a long chain of cause and effect that ends with rainbows and sunshine for everyone.

And call your mother more often. She worries, you know.

## *Nothing is more dangerous...*

He calls himself Master Asinine. Don't laugh.

## *...than a halfwit...*

With the might of the underworld at his back, Asinine plans to rule the—well, pretty much everything. He's got a planet-destroying laser and just bullied the galaxy's major criminal organizations into forming an unstoppable force he calls "The Bad Guys."

## *...who controls...*

Standing against him is his one-time comrade-in-arms Matross Legion, a somewhat neurotic green-skinned Trioxidillian. He and Asinine haven't spoken since Asinine killed their best friend, which, as you can imagine, somewhat soured their relationship.

## *...all crime!*

Gathering a small team of people with hyperabilities, Matross prepares to confront his old enemy. Trouble is, Asinine is also getting ready, and he has all the usual evil mastermind tricks up his sleeve—and a few surprises for an old friend. So don't laugh at Master Asinine. At least, not to his face.

"This lyrical masterpiece of whimsy employs hints of Shakespeare married with elements of Keats and Orwell. Superb, my good man!"

— RANDOM VAGRANT WHO THEN HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH A PARK BENCH

"A half-step up from a TV guide."

— A GUY THE AUTHOR PAID FIVE BUCKS TO SAY SOMETHING NICE

"Bukaaawwwkkk!"

— A CHICKEN

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Humor / Space Opera

Plot  
Device  
Publishing

