From the Bottom of My Splanch

By C. Randall Nicholson

I’ve grown to love the kindly way you treat me

And quite enjoyed the friendly times we’ve shared.

In fact, right here and now I’ll make this promise:

When my race comes to conquer, you’ll be spared.

The other Earthling scum won’t know what hit them

They’ll have no time to scream before they’re dead.

But you’ll be safe with me aboard my cruiser

With worlds of fun and romance straight ahead.

We’ll simmer in the steaming tubs of Vorxis

And hike through Ogbu’s rugged mountain ranges.

And then we’ll ski the luscious fjords of Baldor

(At least unless the tour pricing changes).

But all those sights will pale beside your beauty;

And none will fascinate me like your mind.

So maybe let’s just sit and talk and stargaze

And cruise around to see what we can find.

We’ll have more time to clinch the details later.

For now, stay close and follow my advice.

The ships are here, but I won’t let them harm you.

I’m so glad you decided to be nice.