

“You know, I think you might’ve been right, pretty sure there’s not supposed to be *snow* in the Sahara Desert...” Clint said, clutching the map.

“Seriously?! How are we supposed to invade and overtake the beings of this planet if we can’t even navigate it properly!” Dale snapped in return, grabbing it for himself.

“Can you really blame me? These maps are very primitive, it seems they haven’t documented every landscape on the planet, their global maps only show individual nations for crying out loud!”

“I can see that now... It seems these humans and their technologies are much more primitive compared to our own.”

“Well, the fact that we can put on a simple cloaking spray and call ourselves Clint and Dale without anyone batting an eye says a lot about them.”

“Good point, their languages are extremely easy to grasp too, why haven’t we tried overtaking them sooner?”

“Well, this planet is the only one within a 500-galaxy radius to contain such robust natural life, I suppose the only factor that would’ve prevented us from making our way over here would be actually finding a planet worth controlling.”

“That’s weird...”

“What’s weird?”

“Our comms are completely jammed by... cell signals?”

“Wait, wait, wait? They’re still using cell signals?!”

“It appears so...”

“HAHAHA!! Wow... that’s a hoot.”

“It would be comical if it weren’t for the fact that I can’t locate any of our other groups.”

“Maybe it’ll be easier to get through to them from the skies? Let’s head back to the ship!”

“Can’t we take a little break? I’ve never seen the snow before!”

“What?! Yes we have!”

“No, that was popping-snow, this is different.”

“The only difference is the sound it makes when you step on it, now can we please get back to the ship? We’ve got business to attend to, in case you forgot.”

“Admit it, you want to play in the snow just as much as I do.”

“... 5 standard time intervals, and then we go back to the ship, alright?”

“That’s just what I was hoping to hear.”

“Say... if our comms are jammed, how are we meant to be tracking the ship?”

“It’s still cloaked, isn’t it?”

“And this snowstorm isn’t exactly helpful for visibility.”

“Well... this is a mess.”

“Oh, thank goodness!”

“Hm?”

“My pace tracker was on this whole time; we just need to go back 654,117 paces and we should make it to the ship without a problem!”

“Who would’ve thought the pace tracker of all things would be useful to us?”

“Well, even that’s more advanced than any map you’d find here.”

“Oho! Good one. Unfortunately, we took around 5 standard time intervals to figure out how to get back.”

“Not a problem! We’ll be able to allot at least 7 standard time intervals to do so even with this mishap of ours if we decide to come back to here later!”

“Really? Wow... this planet’s going to be a cakewalk to overtake.”

“That’s probably the reason we were sent here of all creatures.”

“... That does make sense, I guess Boss doesn’t really think as highly of us as he claims to.”

“I... I can’t believe it! He could have closed the rift he sent us through and left us stranded here for all we know!”

“Well, we won’t know until we get back to our ship and find the others, let’s make haste!”

“Already ahead of you!”

