

Godkillers

All races have a Great Old One to serve... except us. When Nyarlathotep came out of the moonless desert to take His Eternal Throne, we greeted him with nuclear fire. A quarter of the Earth died in that war, but in the end we broke Him forever.

And now? Now, in a million marketplaces on a thousand worlds, whispers in the darkness dog our steps. They name us blasphemers and Godkillers. We are hated and feared -- and, most of all, sickly *envied* for our crime. And a crime it was, for we murdered a deity. **Our** deity.

Life is good.

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