

You'll Be Sorry

Humanity had tales about Great Old Ones; powerful monstrosities whose mere presence was inimical to other species. When we went into space, some of us worried we might encounter those monsters. *All* of humanity was horrified to discover how the rest of the Galaxy thought we were the Great Old Ones.

There's nothing to be done: we cannot share space. Some alien races dissolve if we *breathe* on them too harshly. So, we unwillingly set up our own corner of the cosmos, and forbade other species from seeking us out. And yet, some fools do.

...*Fine*. What do you want?

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