

Peacework

A brushfire war on a continent: resolved with a compromise. A long-simmering feud: finally damped down via a convenient set of marriages, arranged over thirty years. An epic battle between two sets of star nations: averted by walking into one particular house and shooting everybody inside it. **Everybody**.

That's what we do. That's what we've been doing. And we have to keep doing it, because there's going to be a point in the future when everything we've done before ensures that we win a war so horrible that you can't even imagine it. We have no choice.

I'm truly sorry.

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