Bric-a-Brac

I've always thought the Brogoni serve as a helpful object lesson for the rest of the Galaxy. They got really into transhumanism... or transbrogonism, I guess; anyway, they were all about reconfiguring themselves into some perfect, hyper-evolutionary form. Sidestep natural development completely, go right to the source. I guess it worked; when they got discovered, there were six billion of them on their homeworld.

There still are, five hundred years later. You're holding one, right now. Yeah, I know: they look like green-purple rocks -- but, seriously, that's a sapient, immortal, invulnerable life form.

Are they *happy*? Damned if I know.

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