

Beneath Their Notice

It was horrid, to finally emerge from our solar system and discover that the Galaxy was at war. It was even worse to be told that the conflict was for the amusement of cosmic terrors from another dimension. It was worst of all to find out that this Galaxy-wide war was *ritualized*, allowing billions to horribly die so that the rest could live.

But they - we - have a plan. We are like ants to those cruel gods. But, unlike ants, we understand we could be *more*. We work for that day when we *can* be more.

And have our reckoning.

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