

## One

Dead silence. It's a very interesting sound. It's a sound one hears when no one in the room is speaking and there's an absence of any relevant ideas in their minds. It's appropriate in some situations. For instance, it's rather appropriate for children in a school to be silent while taking a test, or for that one family member at a funeral who still holds a grudge against the deceased and wishes to speak about it.

Yes, in those situations silence is appropriate but, for Preatoral Toren S'rell and his four Supremes, this was possibly the worst noise anyone could have ever conjured up. Nothing. There was an interplanetary war vastly approaching between Rawule and Earth and there wasn't one goddamn solution for it on the table, or even a start of one. Toren watched as his officers stared off into space and pretended to think.

Out of nowhere he slammed his fist on the table, practically scaring the shit out of his clearly hungover officials. "Do none of you morons want your people to live." He shouted the words across the Hierarchy Chamber. Toren didn't usually show his emotion like this. In fact he did quite a good job hiding how the complacency and incompetence shown by the Supremes actually affected his emotional sanity. He always attempted to ignore their juvenile actions, but this. This was over the line.

"Can I be frankly honest?" It was A'tal, First Supreme to the Preatorate, who spoke. He sounded so detached and unaware of the severity of the situation his people were in.

"I can't stop you," Toren replied in a calm rage, "But..."

"They still refer to us as The Moon," A'tal butted in completely disregarding the threatening tone in which his leader had spoken, "If they can't even figure out what we're called, how the hell are they a such threat."

"Yeah, they sound like a bunch of idiots to me." D'rell, the fourth and lowest Supreme, just had to throw his two cents into the conversation.

Toren took a deep breath and exhaled slowly before speaking. "You're the bunch of idiots," he said, escalating his voice with each and every word, "The humans don't care what we call ourselves. They don't care who we are or what we stand for. They don't even care that our genetic makeup is practically identical theirs." He paused, regaining his composure. "They

don't see us as people. That's why they're a threat. The only thing those monsters think about is taking our world because they screwed theirs up."

After he finished speaking the room was once again succumbed by silence. It wasn't the same as before. This time the silence spoke volumes, and for once, Toren believed his officers were actually listening to it. Before he could reaffirm his hypothesis there was a knock at the door.

"State your business," Toren said eyeing the door with suspicion. He had specifically stated that no one was to disturb the session unless there was a more imminent threat facing the planet than war.

"Sir, you need to see this right now."