

In the capital city of Orxon, a few “non-local” ships are parked. These visitors come from the city Metropolis, of planet Kerwan. Its respective ambassador, Roan Krewna, is stopping by to discuss a long desired business deal with the Chairman of Orxon. It’s a long desired proposal for the officials of Kerwan, and the officials of various other planets in the Solana galaxy. However, this is only the first time that anyone has ever met with Chairman Drek of Orxon on this particular matter.

The “discussion” taking place at a small round desk in the Chairman’s office has already begun between the two. “Discussion” in quotes, because so far, it has mostly only been the ambassador monologuing Drek in an attempt to carefully and delicately state his proposal. All while the Chairman’s 15 year old son, Alfonzo, is perched up in a chair adjacent to the table. Not too far away to the point where he can’t hear the exact words being exchanged during the discussion, but not so close that he’s in the mindscape of the two officials.

Ambassador Krewna speaks. “Orxon is a very.... Special planet. It’s exorbitantly large. The largest in the galaxy by a long shot! The Blarg inhabits less than 1 percent of the entire planet’s circumference, and safe projections forecast that an exponentially smaller portion of the planet’s total resources have been used.”

Alfonzo continues to stay perched in his chair, listening intently. Somewhat of a mild suspecting expression starts to form on his face.

The ambassador continues. “There are many struggling planets in the Solana Galaxy that could greatly benefit from just a portion of the almost infinite excess of valuable resources that exist on Orxon, and—”

“I’ve heard enough.” The Chairman abruptly interjects.

The ambassador develops a slightly shocked and nervous look on his face. As he struggles to keep himself in check for that cursory moment, Alfonzo’s expression quickly changes from suspicious to relieved. At this instance, Alfonzo believed that him and his dad were on the same page.

“You have?”

Drek swiftly replies with a confident “Yep!”

Ambassador Krewna clears his throat and begins to speak again, almost hesitantly. “So, what are your thoughts? Any concerns?”

Chairman Drek looks down, beginning to form a worried expression. One almost of guilt. “You want us to share some of the abundant resources we have on our planet to aid in the

development of other planets, huh? Hmm..." After about a second of pause, the Chairman's expression revitalizes. He then jovially shouts, "I think that's a great idea!"

This comment slaps a shocked expression on both the ambassador and Alfonzo's faces, though Krewna is clearly more joyful about it.

The two continue to discuss the terms of the deal, and eventually wrap up. They both stand, shake hands, and wish the best for each other. Following that, Ambassador Krewna briefly begins his departure from Orxon.

Drek walks back into his office while carrying himself in a content and satisfied manner. Alfonzo awaits him there...

Alfonzo, still visibly staggered from shock, observes his father as he steps into the room and drops the pertinent legal documents onto the table. "I'm surprised you went along with the deal," says Alfonzo. "And why do you say that?" asks the Chairman, keeping his confident demeanor.

Alfonzo sternly replies, "I don't know. What do we have to gain from it? Us Blarg have always been largely self sufficient. We don't need their monetary aid in exchange for anything."

As the Chairman shuffles through files in his drawers, he says, "I could care less about that. I'm quite aware that we don't need any money from them."

Alfonzo starts to look confused.

"Uhh... Don't you mean you *couldn't* care less?"

The Chairman, unphased by his son's correction continues to focus on his drawer scouring.

"No, actually I don't."

Alfonzo's puzzled look accentuates as his father continues to speak.

"It's rather hard to get to the point where you absolutely couldn't care any bit less about something than you do at a given moment, wouldn't you say? Maybe even impossible! Haha!"

"So why go through with the proposal?" Alfonzo asks while retaining a serious face.

The Chairman briefly glanced at Alfonzo as he spoke. He then takes a pause from his activities, closes the drawer, and utters "Well...", as he earnestly makes his way over to the large glass walls of his office, glaring out at the extravagant backdrop of trees, lavender tinged riverbanks,

and distant ice-capped mountains glazed in fog. All the while, Alfonzo anxiously awaits his response.

The Chairman speaks. "We have been privileged to reside on a planet that has an incredible assortment of resources at a practically limitless quantity. Orxon is one in a quintillion! There's no need to hoard all of the goods to ourselves when there are many other inhabited planets out there that are in a much less fortunate position. I am happy to help out the little guys. That in and of itself is a reward."

"But at what cost?" Alfonzo exclaims.

The Chairman quickly retaliates. "The cost is minor at the absolute best. Their harvesting of our resources should not interfere with our everyday life. Our planet is more than big enough to the point where they could do their business for thousands of years without us noticing!"

Alfonzo looks down for a moment, with a sad expression. During this brief silence, the Chairman turns from the view outside of his window and looks toward his son, surprised to see his disheartened appearance. "I just don't like that we're being taken advantage of." says Alfonzo, as he continues to stare at the ground.

His comment causes the Chairman to raise an eyebrow in interest of hearing his son's point of view.

Alfonzo continues to speak with notably more ferocity than before. "To them, we're just a bump that they have to get over in order to have access to our planet's wealth!"

Alfonzo quickly shifts his line of sight from the ground to his father's eyes. "What will that do to the image of our race? We'll just be seen as the ones who are pushed around and stepped on so that everyone can use us for their own gain!"

The Chairman seems genuinely caught off guard by this response and lets out quite a hearty laugh. He then begins to speak proudly. "Son. You got it all wrong! If anything, the Blarg will be seen as a great race. Heavily respected and praised by the galaxy at large, even more so than now!"

Alfonzo's expression gradually lightens up as he says, "You really think so?"

The Chairman swiftly responds, "Ha! Of course! The future of the Blarg and the Solana Galaxy is looking brighter than ever because of this deal! It's a winning situation on both sides!"

Alfonzo, with gleaming eyes of hope, can finally sit back and relax in his chair. He now sees the future that his father sees, and finds contentment in the agreement to the proposal himself.

