

The gulf between the stars is vast, and cold, and dark, and still he sails on. There is no other choice. Not for him, and not for the precious cargo he carries. It is an endless, desperate flight, searching for a new home, should any exist out here in the sea of oblivion. It is possible his is a futile quest, yet to give in is to surrender to despair, and he will not permit himself that luxury. There is no room for despair, only the hope of a new world, and his burning, limitless rage.

He remembers the day they came, as he remembers all days, like it was yesterday. His people's perfect memory has never seemed so much a curse as it does now. The first reaction was joy. How lucky, how blessed they were to find themselves unalone in the cosmos! What wonders would the visitors bring? The envoys sent to greet the visitors, with hope in their hearts, were slaughtered within moments, as the pitiless nature of the invaders became clear.

His mate, who had gone to extend the hand of friendship, reduced to ash on the wind. The war that came was too filled with horror to be borne, and as the will of his people was broken on the mailed fist of the machine, he set off on his final, desperate flight, their offspring tucked safely away within him.

As he sails on, he hopes to find a home for his children before he loses himself to grief. If he does, he will fight with everything he has to protect it.

They will not take his home from him again.