

I never regretted responsibility. The only thing I was afraid of was that my actions might turn the events into something irreversible. But rationality always won. When the humans arrived they did as they were asked. They had no choice and in time they understood the gravity of the situation. In fact, they saved us all. We're friends now, especially Captain Patrick, who impressed me with his sense of logic and his ability to anticipate various difficult situations, then confront whatever had to be faced.

The Galactic Federation continues to uphold its goal of creating peace and glory for eternity. A myriad of souls are on their way to fulfil a destiny either of their own choosing or the Federation's purposes which were willingly accepted.

As long as there is life there are purposes to achieve and it has been my task to guide all members of the Federation to achieve them!

As for me...my time is soon up. I don't mind. I have lived long enough to experience things that others could not. Though I have to say I will miss the excitement of the action, turning the wheel in the right directions and seeing what the outcomes will be. When I am gone, I will return to Home. I will then start on my spiritual

journey, which I am sure I will enjoy until I receive or choose a new assignment and a new purpose to fulfil.

I am pleased and honoured that I was here and had the opportunity to serve.

Tekara Yuolin,

Second

Ambassador

In the year 23456 of the Federation

The ever-glowing ball of fire in the sky, the star known to humans as the sun, continues its endless daily task of bringing life and energy to Earth.

Aboard the International Space Station, Lt. Neill Kheds sits in front of the rows of monitors in the observation centre, listening to the divine music of Enya's Orinoco Flow, as the sun moves out of the shadow of the Earth. Many thousands of beams are filtered through a black screen, allowing the viewer to enjoy a dramatic view of the sun without any danger of blindness or radiation sickness.

Neill waves his arms as though conducting an orchestra and sings along with Enya. He is at peace with himself and thankful to be well away from the everyday turbulence of life on planet Earth.

Suddenly the song shuts off and all the sensors go crazy. Neill stops singing and stares nervously at

the computers. He mutters to himself, “C’mon. Not another meteor shower! It’s the best part of...”

He never finishes. The space station trembles as a monstrously bright flash of white lightning emanates

from the sun, followed by a wave of orange fire attacking and disintegrating his screen. Enya's music will never be heard again!

High above Earth, Captain Patrick is test-flying the latest CBU-14 Spacefighter. Everything is calm and peaceful as the dawn paints the sky pastel pink and the clouds a golden-brown.

The fighter is flying smoothly, its redesigned stabilizers drastically reducing any turbulence.

“What do ya think Cap?” Josh asks from the co-pilot's seat.

Patrick shrugs undecided. “I don't know. It feels...almost too perfect.”

“That's what you get with AI that's almost human...” Blinding light abruptly invades the Spacefighter's front screen, accompanied by immense heat. The screen breaks up. Their protective suits and their bodies instantly burn up in the million plus degrees of sunflame.

