

From The Triad Face of Tiberius



Illustration 67: The swamps of Simon Data Scribe, untouched by human companies.

“Even my own swamp world is advanced. I think more so than human worlds and the standards they have set upon alien galaxies they have conquered taking them into the world of

THE ELECT.

Because our world offered little to you

You came

You took

You left.

Quote....”To the victor belongs the spoils.”

Nay nay nay there must be divine justice for destroying the ways of the creator's diversity of life?" I Simon pleaded from the soul.

And only a single human starship remains, its homesick crew visiting for R and I.

Our swamps are not drained existing as masses of flowering plants, fish and insects. Most are farmed for they are our food.and they weren't drained for they offered nothing in minerals and oils to the humans.

Just disease carrying biting flying insects.

As early believers in the way we knew it wrong to drain and deforest so controlled our farmers in their efforts to clear the land in the name of
PROFIT.

All must exist together; we pink amphibians and the lower animals. As slow breeders we had an advantage over you humans for time was on our side to allow us to think.

A disadvantage too as you killed us off to fast.

And those farmers guilty of toxic poisoning we punished....we what humans call GREENS although we are pink...a little humor on my part.

Your white robed ELECT live in technological dream worlds that brings space news, some times years out for so vast is the universes. A convenient way to ignore problems they have created on worlds.....the damage is beyond repair.....what can we do?

We die or leave.....I Simon data scribe chose to leave.

And for each rare plant that becomes extinct one of the ELECT has made a buck and has the affront to expect you to believe he hasn't?

He is an ELECT, superior in intelligence than you who voted for him or her.....
we didn't get a vote in the Commonwealth as we were classified as an intelligent form
of amphibian, pink in color, humanoid in shape.....but still frog and tasty to eat French
style.

Yes you humans found pleasure in herding and shooting us as we ran through our
swamps.

Maybe the concept of a body of elected representatives was a good idea, but it
became a sore boil to those that it is supposed to voice.

Amongst YOUR ELECT are savage power struggles for the position of Grand
Consul....he or she whose voice is final on all matters.

So this one person knows all about life on my world? I doubt it? It takes ten years
in hibernated space sleep to reach my swamp.

Does Wayne know about the petrified white forests that keep our atmosphere
clean? Only that the white wood is in demand giving floors a marble like finish.....also
hard as steel but light as chip board.

A human concern, Timber Universe PLC has the sole logging rights; Wayne is the
principle shareholder.

What can we do? Nothing, there is a human fleet accompanying the bulk carriers.
War, we are pink frogs?

How can anyone win? Many of our own affluent citizens are shareholders in Timber
Universe PLC.

THERE ISN'T MUCH WHITE FOREST LEFT.

Yes maybe the original concept of the ELECT was good in that it tried to prevent war between aliens and humans, but that was a thousand years ago.



Illustration 68: Petrified white forest of Simon Data's home planet.

THERE HAS BEEN MANY GRAND CONSULS SINCE.

It is war alright, between every species.

There isn't enough room in the life boat.

And we aliens are not alone in wanting to break away from The White robed
ELECT.

There are human worlds in darkest space wanting freedom and have formed their

own common markets and defense polices.

And we all share this desire to be free.

But are leaderless

UNTIL NOW.

A human dragon called Tiberius entered our lives.