

You rise high out of the water. Long sinewy tentacles flick through the air, tasting this new time. Drowsy eyelids open, revealing colossal onyx orbs. Your cold and calculating eyes look to the distance, for there is the infestation. Pests have taken over your home and it is time to clean them out.

You lumber toward the city, your massive bulk churning the sea in your wake.

In the bright midday sky, the stars twinkle an ancient welcoming. The vermin may not be able to see the stars but you can. After eons of slumber, it is good to know the others have not forgotten.

The stars are right and you are awake.

When you reach land, a swarm of the insects are waiting for you. They stand on the rocky shore, their arms outstretched to your glory.

“Ia! Ia! Cthulhu f’htagn! Ia! Ia! Cthulhu f’htagn!” they chant.

At least some on this planet still remember you.