

“So what’s your plan?”

Solok doesn’t answer at first. “Don’t grieve for me, this is logical.”

You eye him suspiciously, “Solok, what are you going to do?”

He stares without emotion at the monster. He finally says, “The needs of the many...”

“...Outweigh the needs of the few,” you finish.

“Or the one,” he says, still looking at the monster. Solok turns to you, “I always have been and always will be your friend.”

He brings up his right hand, curled in a fist, and raises his index and pinky fingers – flashing you devil horns. “Live long and prosper.”

