

You may be a cruel God but you do reward those who live to serve you. If it were not for those that have kept your memory alive, you would have faded to the dreamland of dead Gods long ago.

Besides, their treachery against their own species amuses you.

You come out of the water and tower over your worshipers, a behemoth come to land. The insects cower before you.

You roar and their minds shatter. They run off drooling and jabbering into the vermin nest. They will spread the news of your glorious return.

You knock over several of the structures around you and form a crude throne out of the ruins. You sit upon it and the sky turns a dark scarlet.

You twitch your tentacles and the seas begins the boil
This world is yours.

THE END