

You would love to land and get these weak creatures' blood on your hands, but the ground is still a battlefield and you didn't become a great general by taking unnecessary risks. That's for the grunts.

You order the navigator to hold a steady course and direct the weapons operator to open fire. It does not take long to clear all human life from the area.

You are still in your ship when you are notified that humanity is extinct. You feel a bit of sadness at hearing this. You were hoping for a chance to cause much more devastation.

Oh well, now it's time for the victory ceremony. You don't enjoy the pomp and circumstance but you understand the need for it all. Ritual and tradition are useful tools for keeping the troops in line.

The ships land at the victory location. You exit the ship. Your cheering army surrounds you. They have erected a massive mountain of skulls, which you climb. The brittle bones break beneath your feet as you ascend. At the top is a throne, also made of skulls.

You sit on your ivory perch and stare out at thousands of joyous warriors who praise your name.

Today is a good day.

**THE END**