

## PENTAGON LET ME TELL YOU A STORY

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For millions of years I have been an Archangel. Longer even. I remember your world two billion years ago when there was barely any life here at all. That was the time of the War of Dragons. Dragons destroyed themselves completely. They were once quite powerful in the universe. I was involved. I had fallen in love with a beautiful White Dragon. Their bodies were humanoid like yours. I thought our love would last a lot longer than it did.

Yours, the human race, is an Angelic Race. We, the Archangels, are familiar with your hearts. I don't even remember the first life I had in what world. I don't worry about those things. Too many memories that are filled with loves and losses, and wars and suffering and deaths. Yes, we are familiar with your hearts. They are Angelic hearts, like ours. We don't employ any powerful magics to know your hearts because you are Angelic Race. And one day you will join us in the Heavens, and you will remember your youth fondly. This, your youth, and it will be precious.

I am hurt a bit now, but I won't abandon the human race yet. Pride of an Archangel is tied up when we are sure of disaster and we have great Conscience. I have adopted the human race for a while. I have my own Conscience.

In a blink of an eye you will have a new world, vast developments. You are so primitive you don't even know you are a single race. These youthful times are memorable. Your descendents will be nostalgic about these primitive times of yours. I am a bit tired. I will tell you more one day.