Discussion on Sol 3

BACKGROUND:

Sol 3 is a mid-fringe planet around a single yellow G2 star, Theta 43990-0121. It exists within the Golden Vector for such a star. As such, it has a habitability window of over ten billion years. Stars such as this have been the focus of study for the Biorustians for 10 billion years. This particular star has been under our domain and protection for over four billion years. Three of its planets have been viewed as prototypes for genetic experimentation and cultural manipulation. Recently, there have been disturbing developments in the dominant species on Sol 3 that some say necessitate its deletion. This recent debate on the fate of this species has been disseminated to appropriate authorities.

DISCUSSION:

**Borak**: They have reached the tipping point. Statistics over countless galactic societies have proven that any society that can’t balance population with technological expansion is doomed to regress. They will out grow the ability of the planet to provide for their needs before they expand from the gravity well.

**Naven**: I agree, they are at the tipping point, but they still have a window of opportunity. They are far from doomed to regression.

**Borak**: As always, you see the brighter side. As always, you fail to face the reality of the situation. This species, these humans, as they call themselves, are doomed. They are too aggressive, too belligerent. Their cultural maturity expands far slower than their technology. Galactic history has countless examples of similar societies that have self destructed.

**Naven**: I agree, they have little time. But their culture is unique. They are a Delta One culture. Delta One’s can be influenced by single individual. If that individual comes forth it will change the entire species.

**Borak**: Their dominant cultures refer to that person as the Messiah, though by different names the impact is the same, a Savior, an individual that arises from the masses and saves them from disaster. I’d rather cast an asteroid their way and start over. This species is a lost cause.

**Naven**: Half a million years invested and you’d simply throw them away?

**Borak**: We are immortal. We learn from our mistakes. This species was a mistake. We would have been better off with the dinopterrans.

**Naven**: You call this species aggressive and you would have preferred the dinopterrans? Can you imagine them unleashed on this galaxy as a space faring culture?

**Borak**: Well, we might have found them useful in removing other species that had become a nuisance.

**Naven**: Borak, my brother, sometimes I wonder about you. You treat other sentient species as if they were dirt beneath your pads.

**Borak**: And that is your problem, my brother. You consider these creatures equals because they are capable of self awareness. I consider them no more than animals in a lab of our creation. The Progenitor created us and we have created almost all the sentient species in this galaxy.

**Naven**: These creatures are different, unique. They just need more time to mature. They have advanced farther and faster than any other species we’ve seen. In less than 10,000 years they have gone from stone to exploring the local system. Even we took far longer than that.

**Borak**: Heresy, my friend. These are animals we discuss; sentient, yes, but still animals. Do not dare to compare these creatures to us!

**Naven**: Call it heresy if you must, but it’s true. We nearly destroyed ourselves before we learned societal control. They still value the ultimate worth of the individual, the ultimate potential of the individual and of themselves.

**Borak**: Folly, foolishness, ignorance, you find these traits commendable. I find them worthy of extermination. They have been a waste of our precious time and resources.

**Naven**: A waste? I find them to be a mirror on our past. They may not look like us, but they mirror our progress through our own trials and times of desperation.

**Borak**: What? The Mal Tales? You speak of fantasies from before this star was born. A time so long ago that even my mater was a youngling. I’ve heard them before, the time when we crawled through our own waste and devoured anything we came across. You begin to disgust me, Naven. I’ve had associates question our relationship and why I tolerate your eccentricities. I’ve always defended you in the past, but I’m beginning to wonder if perhaps I’ve been wrong.

**Naven**: Well, that is at least a form of progress; an admission of fallibility on your part.

**Borak**: Fallibility? We, you and I, gave these things the ability to choose and where are they? They’re locked on a rock with limited resources, and they allow the useless among them to propagate and contaminate their biosphere. Their numbers are unmanageable. The most intelligent among them pity the useless and try to preserve their pointless lives so they can propagate further. They condemn themselves to oblivion and don’t even see it coming. They have no vision! They have no sense of purpose!

**Naven**: You miss the point, my brother. It is this perceived weakness that will be their ultimate strength. They don’t limit their genetic diversity by culling the herd as they would call it. The weakest among them have strengths that are merged with the whole. This is what will make them strong even by your standards. The intellect, merged with brute vitality and a will to survive. This is what will allow them to survive the coming trials. This is what will propel them into the stars and allow them to spread their genes across the galaxy.

**Borak**: My plates tremble at the thought. They would be a tumor, a plague upon the galaxy. They are immature and violent. They would expand their petty wars to the stars and kill every sentient species they came across. They would destroy the work of all our kind in their greed and lust.

**Naven**: They learn from their mistakes. Slowly I admit, but they learn. They are not the brute animals you perceive, at least some of them. They have produced leaders with great foresight and the ability to see the future.

**Borak**: A few, very few, but their life spans are so short, and the perceptive ones so rare, that their influence is limited. The animals dominate, and rule the herd by brute strength and guile. Their wickedness sees no farther than their own limited life spans, their own greed. They would rather rule a cesspool now than a haven for a million years.

**Naven**: My brother, I have always seen your point. As always, it is clinically logical. That is your way. I know that I am perceived by many of us as an aberration, a dreamer. Perhaps, but if not, then what is our purpose? Why did the Progenitor create us? Why did he give us the knowledge and ability to create other life forms that could appreciate the Great Creation around us all?

**Borak**: As always the dreamer, my brother, and as always I will shake my many arms in disagreement and wrap them around you and try to understand your dementia.

**Naven**: My dementia? My brother, it is you that fail to perceive the purpose of the Progenitor. You that fail to see his purpose for us, his chosen children. If our sole purpose was to dominate the galaxy our existence would have been pointless millions of years ago.

**Borak**: We create because we can. It amuses us. At least it amuses me. With fifty feet and a dozen arms I have to stay busy or I grow bored and these creatures are starting to bore me. I’ll say it again. They are hopelessly flawed and too dangerous to leave on their own. In all likelihood they’ll self-destruct, but if they don’t then they will have to be dealt with later. We wouldn’t want them to contaminate other projects, now would we?

**Naven**: Borak, do you remember Alleek?

**Borak**: The old she worm? Yes, I remember her, why?

**Naven**: The ’old she worm’ was my mater.

**Borak**: You and 20,000 others, most of whom you ate soon after your birth as I remember.

**Naven**: As did you. Only one can survive each birthing, and don’t remind me. The memory is disturbing.

**Borak**: What of her?

**Naven**: She once told me that she had travelled to the Margin, to the very edge and that she had seen through to the other side.

**Borak**: Again with your fantasies! First the Mal Tales, and now the edge of the All Verse.

**Naven**: Mock me if you will, but she saw the Margin and studied it for millennia. She claimed that this barrier separated us from other verses.

**Borak**: Yes, and there are hints of this in the Mal Tales. What of it?

**Naven**: The humans theorize the same thing, multiple universes beyond this one. The ignorant savages worthy only of extinction have developed a theory that took us millions of years to conceptualize.

**Borak**: Preposterous! The only way they could develop such a concept would be for you to have planted it in their brains and that is forbidden by the Council. If I find out that you have done such a thing I’ll force you over the event horizon of a portal and lock you there for a few million years until you come to your senses.

**Naven**: I am aware of the Edicts and have violated none of them. I just study the humans more closely than you. Their knowledge base is exploding exponentially and their theoretical base even faster.

**Borak**: Yes, yes, I’m not as ill-informed as you would think. I’m aware of their machines that think or rather calculate for them. It’s not exactly a new concept. It’s simply another example of their lack of foresight. They’ll develop machines capable of independent thought and then even you will be forced to exterminate them. The Edicts, specifically 11.210, forbid the development of thinking machines. High level calculations are one thing, independent thought is another.

**Naven**: I admit; they do develop concepts and devices with little thought for the future. They have a strange propensity for destructive devices.

**Borak**: My point exactly! Nuclear fusion let loose on the surface of their planet. They are barbarians with developed thinking. Dangerous barbarians! Remember the Rakk? They were also your idea, as I remember. The second planet here, perfect, better than the third, and look at it now. Not only did they destroy themselves, they eradicated the Baal, my Baal from the fourth planet.

**Naven**: Yes, yes, I became too attached to the Raak, lost my perspective.

**Borak**: And we lost two sentient species and millions of years of work. Two planets wrecked! One is now a thermal wasteland, and the other an endless desert.

**Naven**: But, it was my idea to try the third planet with DNA salvaged from your Baal. You were ready to abandon the system and move elsewhere.

**Borak**: Their DNA was near perfect. They would have been out system by now and a welcomed part of the galactic community of lesser species, but for the Rakk.

**Naven**: We’ve both made mistakes before, though you are loath to admit yours.

**Borak**: Irrelevant, the humans still need to be removed. Then we will move on as we should have long ago. They have devoured the easily obtainable raw materials that a following culture would need to develop. They are destabilizing the ecosystem and may self-exterminate even if we don’t help the process along.

**Naven**: I’m only asking for a little time. Let’s see if they can resolve this on their own. After all, it’s why we exist; to create and then watch.

**Borak**: My heads are beginning to ache! We had this same conversation over the Raak and you talked me out of exterminating them.

**Naven**: Just a little more time, my friend. That’s all I ask.

**Borak**: A little more time? All right, by human standards I’ll be very generous. One hundred of their years, that is what I’ll give you and not a second more.

**Naven**: 100 years? That’s not reasonable! They’ll need more time.

**Borak**: It’s as reasonable as I’m going to get. Either that or I’ll exterminate them now. I’ve developed a virus that will remove them all in less than a year.

**Naven**: 100 years? They aren’t even headed in the right direction. If anything, they’re headed for another global war. The races need to merge. They need a global government. They have to start developing resources off planet. They’ll need another 1000 years, at least.

**Borak**: 100 years, no more!

**Naven**: Then I suppose I have no choice but to accept.

**Borak**: And I’ll be watching you. Follow the Edicts, letter and verse.

**Naven**: Agreed . . . reluctantly, but agreed.