

8th Turn, Year of Ascent

Dearest One,

Tulsa is on fire. It's quite beautiful, actually. The flames remind me of the Zero Hour ceremony. Do you remember? We lit little candles for the ones left behind. The Council promised us this world would be paradise. And it could have been... if not for the humans. As I watch the embers of their city burn, I find myself smiling. No one will light candles for them.

Tomorrow, we head east. Bebe is worried we might run into resistance as we push into Earth Republic territory. He's wrong, of course. The E-Rep is as dead as our homeworld. They should never have opposed us. A people who've lost their first home will stop at nothing to protect their new one.

