

The Forgiving Fluoroles

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The Fluoroles were mysterious creatures with crystalline body structures. They had evolved over billions of human years and possessed an intelligence not unlike our own.

They built shining cities that reached up beyond the clouds. And their lives were filled with abundance, although they only used what they needed and were careful not to use more.

The Fluoroles lived this way, in harmony with nature and each other, for millions of years.

But one sunny morning a tiny pod drifted down from the sky. It settled into the soft, rich earth of the Fluorole's land.

Strange creatures emerged from the pod. With razor-like teeth, fire breath and scaly wings, they were a fearsome sight. The creatures, known to the Fluoroles as Xanathoids, descended upon the cities and fields of the Fluoroles like a swarm of locusts, and destroyed in a few days everything that the Fluoroles had built over millions of years.

Faced with the prospect of starvation and lacking any shelter, the leaders of the Fluoroles gathered to decide what to do.

Spartagonus, an ambitious young Fluorole, said: "We must re-educate our people. They have known no war for 100 million years. Let us teach them to hate the Xanathoids and destroy every last one of them!"

"No, Spartagonus," said Ichtheus, a scholarly Fluorole, "it is against our religion. We must 'turn the other cheek', just as it is written in the ancient books. God will provide for us."

Next, Ostian, the elected leader of the Fluoroles spoke.

"Spartagonus, shall we become like the Xanathoids in order to destroy them? Will they not then have destroyed our culture in addition to our land?"

"And Ichtheus," he continued, "shall we simply stand by and let the Xanathoids destroy everything that we have created and hold dear? Is it

OK that a Xanathoid devours our fields, burns our buildings and shreds our holy books?”

Ostian paused, deep in thought.

Finally, he said: “Let us raise an army.”

Spartagonus’ eyes gleamed.

“But let it be an army of love and forgiveness,” continued Ostian.

Both Spartagonus and Ichtheus looked confused.

“But, sir!” cried Spartagonus.

“Yes, we will defend our lands,” said Ostian, fixing Spartagonus in his steady gaze, “but we shall not teach our people the way of hatred and war. We will preserve our peaceful ways.”

“And let those Fluoroles who have lost their lands renew their vows. Now they can learn the true meaning of forgiveness, and continue to lead productive lives.”

The Fluoroles followed their leader, Ostian. And, though much of their land was destroyed, their culture remained intact. The Fluoroles never forgot where they came from and who they were.

And after another 100 million years, the Fluoroles and Xanathoids learned to live together in harmony.

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