

Shipwrecked

By: G.E.M.

I remember the war and how it started. A “superior race”, what a concept. Even at a young age, I never considered any of my kind more powerful or less powerful. I come from a race divided by nonsense, fighting about nonsense, and running for our lives. I remember the pain that came from my father’s last cry. We lived in harmony for years until a rebel named Atlan rose to power because of his view of the perfect Nargul. Wait, I’m getting ahead of myself. I should explain what we are.

Narguls are much like your Earth’s squids but in human form. We are Davy Jones...I think that’s what his name is in that movie about the weird men with swords and Black Pearl ships. The rest of our bodies are humanoid in shape and form. There are two different types of Narguls: Orion Nargulia and Onyx Nargulia. Both of them bleed the same and yet my kind are hunted like animals. We have power but we don’t use it. Atlan and his chosen followers ran us out of our world.

I wasn’t much older than you when the war started. Atlan demanded the Onyx Narguls be enslaved for being abominations to our race. He aimed to extinguish our children and use the woman as instruments of trade across the galaxy. That’s when we fought back. There was an all-out war on our planet. So much destruction that we took our war to the sky and as we fought through time and space, we lost the war landing on the nearest planet.

We landed here in the Pacific Ocean centuries ago. Water, a primordial concept, all life on this planet is a combination of elements. What turned into a crash landing led to us staying here because we found the Grey, Earth’s silver deposits deep in the ocean floor. We have learned

over time that it gives us abilities to one day take back our planet. Oh, how I miss my home. We've quietly been collecting the Grey and observing the effects to our physiology. We naturally speak telepathically, but we've never been able to reach out with our minds...well not until me. I've taken centuries to perfect this gift and now I can show you why it's so important that we stop the oncoming wore. Open your mind to me and see what I have seen.

"What is that?" asked Commander Thergul

"There is no way of knowing sir," I said, "it seems to be a sound echoing throughout the sea."

"Well, I don't like it!"

"I understand sir, shouldn't we be worried that the homo-sapiens are- "

"Are you questioning my judgement?"

"No sir, my apologies sir."

Commander Thergul: he was our leader against the Orions that I followed into battle with the most respect, but now I questions his judgment. We had the advantage during the war, our fleet was strong but it carried precious cargo: the rest of our kind. He called a retreat when we came into orbit around the Sun and ever since then he has been seen as a hero. After much thought on the matter, I see him as more of a fool, but I digress.

This is our lab; notice how we have mimicked the stars in the sky. By using the reflective nature of the water, we have managed to stay hidden from all of you. Our ships are disc shaped to help with transport to and from our facilities back on Genmythyst. Genmythyst is our planet that crystalizes in our presence, bending to the wavelengths of sound that emits from our bodies. You humans are smarter than expected, our detection was never a concern until now...observe.

“Commander Thergul, you might want to take a look at this,” said Lieutenant Escrowl, “I am picking up radiation flashes on our beacons.”

“What do you mean by *radiation flashes* Lieutenant?”

“Sir, they are taking what I believe are called photographs,” said Escrow, “it is a way to capture moments in time.”

“Why isn’t our cloaking up?”

“Sir, we weren’t prepared for such measures.”

“Do you have any clue how long we have been in these waters collecting the Grey?”

“Well yes si- “

“There is enough Grey down here to take over the cosmos and you mean to tell me we didn’t prepare for this?!”

Why would we want to take over the cosmos? See, this is why I’ve been questioning his judgment. I’ve done the calculations and found that we could have left centuries ago and rescued our families from their enslavement, if they are enslaved. The Commander has been more and more disturbed as the years go by. Homo-sapiens and your “photographs”, this could mean the end of our collection efforts. The loss of your sunken naval battle ship, the Vassa, was a small loss. There wasn’t enough Grey on it to give us power, but sinking that ship may have caused our own destruction.

“Sir,” I said, “should I begin the countdown sequence for our evacuation?”

“Evacuation?!” asked the Commander. “Am I the only one smart enough on this vessel to see how much we have risked to be here?”

“Sir, I noticed.”

“No, you haven’t!” Said the Commander. “Our operation doesn’t just go to this primitive mass of water, but it also goes as far as the Atlantic!”

I didn’t know what to say, but I know what I have to do. The Grey has become our life force, completely changing the makeup of our bodies, and with it enough power to regain control of our world. It powers our minds and gives us the telepathic ability I am using to speak to you. You may not see me but I see you in that submarine and I now need your help. Our people have been compromised and our Commander is no longer fit to lead. You see treasure but I see the future of my species. I am taking a big risk speaking to but the fate of my kind is in my hands. Welcome to the Leviathan.