

War

Everyone agreed it was time for the annual lunch with War.

War was on the move again. It never stopped, really, but occasionally slowed. War was born with humanity, gaining power and consciousness from any conflict. As humanity and civilization grew, so did War, until War was Itself.

War considered itself crucial to humanity's growth. War spurred research of all kinds. And it was natural that the weaker portions of humanity be defeated, allowing for stronger civilizations. War was the great cleanser.

War was not alone. There never had been Peace, but there was Love and Truth and Ego and Lust, all of which considered themselves as vital as War. They all met annually, and 2025 felt like a special year, at least for War, Ego and Lust. Love felt alone. Truth started feeling alone centuries ago.

They met for a lovely lunch, around a mahogany table filled with delicious food. Of course, none of them ate, they did not need chairs either, but they had grown fond of adopting interesting human ways. Sitting forward, Truth looked at War.

"War is no longer building humanity, if it ever did," Truth told it, across the table. "You have spread to trade."

"Not as much fun," War replied.

"Any War is great for egos," Ego added. "You're doing fine work, pal." Love sighed. Truth agreed it was true but denied it was good. That got them through the appetizers of peoples' prayers, which they enjoyed pretending to eat. Lust made a mess of its food, ripping into it for handfuls. Love sighed.

Over an entre of churning souls, War boasted of its accomplishments, pushed by Ego. Lust was busy stuffing souls in and then pooping them out. Desert arrived—the power of throbbing hearts. Lust stared at them with relish (which it put on the hearts for flavour.)

"We only exist because of humans," Truth said as they stared at their empty plates. "If War grows too strong, there will be no humans, and we will die."

"There will always be humans, especially with drones," War countered. "We will, for

a time, grow smaller. Merely smaller.”

Love sighed. Ego nodded. Lust licked its plate. Truth finally said, “I can live with that.”

“That is rather cynical,” Truth said, adding, “I can live with that.”

The moral of this tale? That War always gets its way. Or that compromise is either good or bad. But mostly that we create and feed powers who do not deserve us.