

Preface



It is not whether it could be possible, but, rather, if it really happened. Civilizations spread and fill the void. Life will always find a way to continue, no matter the cost. This history was not an extremely long one, but by all outward signs was a most speedy and remarkably well-developed one. Evolution was not without its mistakes, but the mistakes were small and short-lived. This humanity struggled and survived the natural barriers of time and prospered with unrivaled wealth and knowledge; knowledge that in the end was as much its demise as its reward.

Over the course of some two billion years, this humanity developed from microscopic life swirling in a primordial pool; crawled from the seas on to lushly vegetated land; flourished through the eons of evolution, and eventually built villages, cities, countries, nations, and finally a great and noble race that grasped for and came to depend upon the stars.

This is not the story of their history, but rather a chronicle of their need to survive. This was to be their final and ultimate conflict, their death throes that would become their necessary triumph, which would be the end of their world, their civilization, and their race. A triumph that would be a conquest over death toward an even darker unknown: life itself.