

Project Terra

Before Lysander could recover from the shock of hearing the news, Kran had teleported into the void. Lysander now sits alone in his small corner office overlooking the Milky Way. Across his metallic desk is nothing but newspapers from all over Terra, his preferred way of learning about the events on the planet he is, or as of now, was responsible for. For the first time in 4.5 billion years, Lysander did nothing. He sits in his uncomfortable company chair and lets reality sink in, only staring at pictures of his work that decorate the walls.

“How has it come to this?” he speaks aloud to himself. In search of the answer he gets up and pours himself a drink. “Maybe the answer is hidden at the bottom”, he says as he prepares the largest glass of Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster the universe has ever seen.

As he sips on the strongest alcoholic drink in existence, Lysander can't help but think back to the start of the Terra project. It was his first job, and he was eager to prove his skill to his boss. He was warned when he took the project on that there was no impressing her, but he was determined to do so anyways. He began by forming the planet itself, which he designed to be a combination of all of his favorites he backpacked across during celestial college. Surely a planet with multiple ecosystems will impress her, all the others in existence only had one! He took the idea of oceans from the water planet of Kalimar, where he had learned the skill of swimming from the octopi that ruled with an iron tentacle. The idea of mountains from the rock planet of Gaia which was ironically ruled by sentient origami beings. The forests were planted from the same seeds Lysander had taken with him from the planet of Copac, where he spent weeks listening to the birds sing. Lysander did this for another 400 ecosystems and almost nine million species; putting every proud house mom to shame by creating the most elaborate collage in existence.

The clock on his office wall began to ring out, stopping him in his reminiscing. He released a long sigh as he fumbled for the switch to turn on the intercom. He felt the people he was responsible for had the right to know their existence would soon come to an end. He cleared his throat and put down his Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster.

He flipped the switch and lightning cracked in the clear blue sky. Thunder could be heard across the planet as Lysander managed to say what he had to. “Hello Earth, its been some time since we last spoke. This time I unfortunately have some bad news.” He stared down from his office in the stars, at his creation that was doomed for destruction. To his surprise, the planet hadn't seemed to notice his announcement, the people continued their typical days. The only ones who acknowledged his statement were the meteorologist who were reporting on strange storms appearing from nowhere all across the globe.

“HELLO...? Can you hear me?” He was shocked once again to see no reactions. Still convinced the people deserve to know their fate, he decided he would break the only rule his company has, and to travel to Terra and deliver the message personally. What's the worst that could happen? He thought to himself, I'm already losing my job.

With a simple thought and snap of his fingers, Lysander was now standing in the middle of Time's Square. The smell of hot dogs grew stronger as he walked through the plaza. On the

billboards that surrounded him were advertisements for food that cost the least, clothes that only the blind would wear, and his personal favorite, the final season of something called The Kardashians. The sight of what his creation had grown to mesmerized him. He was truly proud. He thought about the dinosaurs and how their extinction weighed on him heavily. He thought that if the same fate were to come to his second creation, he wouldn't be able to handle the grief. Lysander had made up his mind, he wouldn't let Terra, or its inhabitants disappear. He stared at the people around him and with determination in his voice, "I'll find a way to save you." A man in a business suit heard this and carefully avoided the perceivably crazed man. With another simple thought and snap of his fingers later, the planet and all of the people vanished from the Milky Way.

At the same time, Kran and her peers entered Lysander's office to see it empty with nothing more than his half-finished drink and newspapers still spread across his desk. It was evident his project was not destroyed, but rather transported. "Oh Lysander" she said, "What have you gotten yourself into now?" She turned to the being of pure light beside her, "Sound the alarm, and alert the authorities. We must find Lysander and his planet immediately. Start with his home dimension."