

Life. The brilliant complexity of existence, fraught with peril, fear, love and hatred, tempered by narcissistic joy and ultimately doomed to end. It seemed so trivial to her now.

Such was the perspective of one transcended. Such was the perspective of a Goddess.

Life with its trivial worries had long since slipped from her mind, no longer burdened by the banalities of the flesh and the petty grievances of mortals. The squabbles of the clans, once having turned her entire life upside down and shaken everything to their core, seemed almost inconsequential now as she beheld the world with eyes that could see so much clearer and farther than the ones she had been given.

These, along with every other ounce of power she now beheld, she had instead taken. Understanding this simple fact that true power cannot be given, but that it must always be taken by will had changed her perspective on the galaxy. Though at a time, she might have sought to use the untold influence she held at her fingertips to abolish slavery and to strike down each and every last man and woman who sought to collar another, she now thought differently.

To abolish slavery would have been giving power to those who lacked the will to obtain it. It would not have been a lasting solution, nor a just one. No, she had instead empowered those who had the will to take their own freedom back, imbuing them with the power they needed to take what was theirs.

And for a time, it had been good.

Slavers had found themselves suddenly facing ever more dangerous prisoners as men and women formerly meek and subservient could turn overnight into monsters of barely contained power that could destroy their entire operation. The slavers had, predictably, retaliated and there had been much suffering, but those that survived had been even stronger and eventually the slavers had lost their cruel war.

But unfortunately, not all had been well, though she had at a time hoped and assumed it would. For she had been mistaken, while still a short-sighted mortal, to presume that a slave was always a victim and would remain a victim forever more. She soon learned that what separated a slave from a slaver was little more than the letter R, namely opportunity and desire.

Having granted power to those with the will to wield it, she had already picked out those with half the requirements and it was no big surprise, in hindsight, that of those whom she'd uplifted a great portion turned into enslaving others. And unlike the slave rings which subjugated families and sold men and women as servants and serfs to those wealthier than themselves, these new slavers controlled entire planets with their populations made to heel and worship them as nigh-on gods.

It had been a situation she could not abide and she had cast them down. What had been given, no matter how righteously, could always be taken away and so the slave Empires had died after their brief and bloody reign. But it had not all been for naught, for she had understood a great lesson then. One which humbled even a Goddess and gave her pause.

Life, with its infinite strife and turmoil was precisely that. Some would live their lives in misery from cradle to grave, but this was part of life. It had never been intended to be an enjoyable and pleasant experience and she had been a fool to try to change this. The condition of the mortal was that they were so inherently flawed, so constrained by their bodies that to expect any deeper understanding of their world was hubris.

A mortal had no perspective and even those that had been afforded a glimpse of the grander picture, would often possess only a fraction of the willpower needed to make anything of it. So it was that all organic life was doomed to misery as if by design. It was not unfair, it was not something unjust. It simply... was.

And so the Goddess of Lekku had, like so many Gods before her, seen that the world was already complete as it was and though other Gods might come after her and do the same mistakes as herself, they too would eventually come upon this conclusion and relinquish their grasp of the world they could not change for the better, or for the worse.