

Christopher's Cosmic Catastrophe

by

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Once, in times gone by, the human race conquered the Earth.

They were a species that advanced above and beyond the perfectly harmonious and well-adapted species of that world.

Violent, passive, arrogant: Mankind was a race that, in all fairness, shamefully overstated the prowess of every primal species thereof.

And now, after only a mere seven billion years, Mankind is extinct.

Ancient texts belonging to the brainiest of extraterrestrial scholars have attentively tried to shed light on the cause of this other-worldly catastrophe.

Some texts have concluded that their death came about after their Sun started dying in a giant ball of flames - Held up as the most ironic of speculations.

Others texts have said they simply destroyed themselves by means of their own arrogance.

And some texts, agreed upon by all but a few, have been knowledgeable enough to accept the wildest of claims; that it was, in fact, a male by the name of Christopher Howard Smith who was responsible...

...

So you see it turned out that this male, Christopher Howard Smith - whose attitudes to humans are evident from the paragraph above - was a scientist. He loved to experiment, as a few scientists do here in this corner of the universe, with advanced nuclear-grade DNA bombs!

According to many among our kind, he "loved to exterminate!"

If someone had to go, they had to go.
If he didn't like someone, they'd be shot - no questions asked.
And if someone really got under his skin, he'd flay them alive!

Barbaric as he may sound, this Christopher Howard Smith was also... An animal rights activist??...

... Yes, that's right. He was an animal rights activist.

He was also, apparently, not just an activist here on our homeworld either, but on every world our species has the technology to scour.

And herein lay the problem for mankind. It turned out that Christopher Howard Smith hated them with a passion.

"Can you guess why?" he asked me, visiting my lab one day.

I recalled just staring at him blankly, as I had done really for the entirety of the time he spoke to me about his plans.

It wasn't because I didn't know the answer to his question - that was obvious after the lecture he gave me. It was because, after all the time he spent criticizing mankind for their faults, he failed to see the contradictions in what he was saying.

This was a violent male with a violent agenda, wanting to annihilate a violent species for being too violent?... Okay.

Not only that, it seemed Christopher Howard Smith was also an animal lover!?... Fair enough I say.

You see in my mind, every species is somewhat destructive no matter how civilised or uncivilised they appear to be.

But anyway, continuing on with the rather bizarre tale of my aberrant co-worker...

It turned out that the male wanted to fire a nuke at planet Earth with the intent of only destroying the human race.

I helped him out with that I admit. It was my job to calibrate our missile to target the planet from a distance of fifty thousand light years - Far enough to allow mankind a final farewell, but not so that they wouldn't die a swift death by our standards.

It was then Christopher Howard Smith's job to deliver a payload that would only be harmful to human DNA... And in that respect, his overconfidence may have exceeded its limits.

Then, after a year of development, it seemed our nuke was primed and ready.

"I've done it!", he proclaimed.

He got a bit excited as you may imagine. And it was at that point that I peered over his shoulder, watching him intently as our weapon took flight towards a doomed planet Earth.

And now this is the part of the story I've been itching to tell you all.

You see, once our nuclear weapon was deployed, it didn't only wipe out the entire human race, but in fact every race that ever roamed the surface of that planet.

Every living thing was swiftly exterminated and forever silenced to the grave.

Christopher Howard Smith, upon learning of the catastrophic outcome, then sunk very heavily into a deep state of depression.

I didn't blame him for that.

After all, from what I learned about the male over the following months, it appeared he'd not-only-lost-one-but-three pet creatures of his own in the years leading up to the event.

But even so, I still never even remotely understood his profound hatred towards the human race.

And as far as the general population were concerned, it seemed they did not have any sympathy for him whatsoever.

And in all fairness, neither did I.

Many among our kind soon started to snigger at Christopher Howard Smith, proclaiming that he deserved to suffer for all the violence he'd inflicted over the years - after countless beheadings, drownings, hangings and flayings. It was never enough for him it seemed.

Over the course of only a few days, news of the catastrophic event soon spread among our people - though remained nothing but a whisper among the furthest reaches of the universe.

And Christopher Howard Smith, still stricken with grief, eventually decided to end his own life.

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It wasn't long thereafter that the newspaper headlines started flooding in...

"Good riddance!", proclaimed many a tabloid headline.

"Burn in hell!", preached many a church.

After a countless amount of public backlash, it seemed the message was clear:

What Christopher Howard Smith failed to understand, despite all that he had done, was that violence never became personal to him until it finally was. He'd lost something he cared about and only then did he finally understand the violence he had inflicted upon everyone else.

...

Now, just to book-end this chapter for you all, I'd like to say just this one thing:

The moral of this story is evident, and it's one that should never be swept aside.

Peace be with you.