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## And the Sky Turned Red

*Or a Brief Retelling of the One Piece of Evidence to Suggest that the Sky Turning Red is a Very Bad Omen  
and that More People should Make a Fuss about These Sorts of Things*

It is often said that red is the most foreboding color for the sky to turn, despite the litany of actual fact that disproves this supposition. On some worlds, due to the reflection of many suns' light rays and an intriguing combination of atmospheric gasses, the sky was red to begin with, and the people of those worlds would wonder what all the fuss was about when tourists gawked at the sky and prayed to various cosmic entities for salvation. And in other cases, a red sky would mark an auspicious and grandiose event, such as the Bimillennial Happenstance of the Great Avant-Garde Snore, a snore so rich and complex that those lucky enough to hear it forgot that the sky had turned red in the first place.

The majority of superstitions generated by cultures across the galaxy are repetitive and boring, but the matter of a sky turning red has generated much debate amongst historians and philosophers, who gather to discuss it in lengthy detail at half-empty conferences. And while many cases have been made to ask in increasingly elegant ways 'Who gives a shit about the sky turning red', there continues to be one story that proves the red turning sky is a very bad omen indeed, and that more people should make a fuss over these sorts of things. Pieced together and editorialized from ancient historical records, recovered camera footage, cable news broadcasts, and a very lengthy text message, this is that story.

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In ancient times, roughly five-million cycles ago, the planet D'il was invaded by an army of killer robots controlled by a group of psychotic fanatics called the Dominion.

The Dominion was a rogue faction of the Cosmic Brotherhood of Indifference who believed that all organic life should return to the cold, unfeeling embrace of Mother Void as

quickly and violently as possible. This argument did not hold up in court, but they used it anyway to launch a galactic conquest.

On the morning of the invasion of D'iil, Fru Galar looked down at her sneakers, watching her mom tie them furiously. The explosions and sounds of blaster pistols outside echoed throughout her dwelling: a small pink bungalow on the coast near Port Droon, capital of D'iil. Fru didn't know why the angry sounds came that day, but in those primitive days young children generally didn't understand the complicated nuances of intergalactic politics. She could only clutch her stuffed animal to her chest and hope the sounds would go away.

It was called Fra - Fru had named it herself. It had a gray body outlined in soft velvet, large floppy ears, a gentle smile, and a pin embroidered on that said "Hi! My name is Fra." Its nose stretched all the way down from its tall head to the tips of its feet. Fra was Fru's pride and joy, her best friend, confidant, and companion. It was all Fru could take from her home, moments before it was razed to the ground.