

Chapter 1 - The debate

Kraa'ah was very serious. He looked death right in the eyes and didn't even flinch. Well, it wasn't exactly death. It wasn't exactly eyes either. It was a very old garbage disposal robot and it was holding the corner of his book.

"Garbage!" exclaimed the robot over and over again making short 5 second pauses. Kraa'ah was furious.

"It's a book you overrated toaster!" he tried to argue with the TrashNoMore3000 but it did not budge.

"Look.." he looked deeply in the robot's eyes, erm that is in its optoSenseX sensors "...this is a boooooook." he made a brief pause to let this sink in.

"You learn stuff from it." drove in the point Kraa'ah while he gesticulated heavily.

The robot beeped and tooted for a while then resumed his stoic viewpoint on the matter: "Garbage!" he exclaimed yet again.

Kraa'ah felt like he is arguing with a flat-earther about space travel. He started to sink into dismay. Then all of a sudden he had a stroke of genius:

"Look bot-man.. If this is trash. lllllif this is trash then how come I found it here on the ground?" he made a dramatic pause.

"Right heeere in the middle of the Big Dump. How do you explain that?" he grinned with pride.

The robot beeped for a good minute while it synthesized its answer:

"You did indeed find it here on the dump. Thus it is gabadge." deduced the robot.

"Naaaah naaaah my metalo-american friend. That is not right." said Kraa'ah with a self-assured tone.

"How come?" wondered the droid.

"What is the definition of garbage?" asked Kraa'ah in a fake curious voice.

The robot scratched his head a while, which almost drew Kraa'ah crazy as it produced a very high pitched clamour that only deaf people or Mariah Carey fans could take.

Finally he said:

"Garbage is an item no longer useful for its intended purpose that has been disposed of and is lying on the ground." he said proudly.

"Aha..." came back quickly Kraa'ah.

"Aaaand what do you do with garbage?" he added.

"The TrashNoMore3000 cleans it up, stores it safely avoiding contamination and takes it to the nearest dumping site" exclaimed the robot with preprogrammed pride.

Kraa'ah knew instantly this is the moment he has to seize.

"Soooooo if it was lying on the dump in the first place.. " he made a very dramatic pause here,

"..it is not garbage" he added confidently and looked curiously at the robot.

The TrashNoMore3000 was baffled. All of its sens-o-matic circuits were teeming with confusion and anxiety. Eventually it reluctantly agreed:

"I guess it isn't." He scratched his head again. Kraa'ah would've loved it if it didn't. He never liked Mariah.

Suddenly there was a glimmer of cybernetic hope in the little robot's eyes.

“But if you take the book out of the dump then drop it on the ground it will most certainly be garbage right?” he asked in an excited voice.

Kraa’ah was so surprised he almost choked on the thumbnail he was chewing during the whole discourse.

“I.. I guess so... technically yeah that seems riight..ish..” he mumbled like a catholic priest about married life.

“Then would you be so kind to do that for me?” asked the robot.

“Suuuure pal. You’ve got it!” said Kraa’ah while pointing at the robot with his right index finger.

With that the robot let go of the book and Kraa’ah turned in an instant and dotted away.

“Such a nice vertebrate.” thought to himself the little robot, “he makes sure it is far enough from the dump so it will surely be garbage again... Lovely vertebrate indeed.”

Chapter 2 - The meeting

Wade Burrowdweller was not a fearsome warrior. Not even a very large or muscular character. She indeed was the type of woman that you would mistake for a 15 year old and offer her to push 1 on the elevator panel. That is assuming you're not an utter and complete ass. Lord Darragh du Pontifex was incidentally exactly that. An utter and complete ass. Rumor had it that once he banished his second in command for following the very command he gave just a couple minutes earlier.

"I've changed my mind! The fool should've known!" he exclaimed.

Luckily Miss Burrowdweller was everything she did not look like. People of the great city, and by people I mean the fluffmonsters of the east and by city a bunch of huts made of styrofoam, once almost elected her a Goddess. It was only a higher power that stopped the ceremony. That power being Miss Wade herself strangling the high priest till he agreed to call off the whole shebang.

The peace talks were up to a rough start. Both parties knew that it can not end well. The two powers have waged many wars and they have made many peace agreements. But this was different. This was, after all, about the most valuable resource on the whole planet: The Big Dump. A vast scrapheap that contained broken vessels, machines of all sort, barrels of God knows what substances and the list goes on. Everyone wanted it. Certainly Lord Darragh and his goons. But sadly for them Wade and the Eastern alliance also had an eye on the dump for a while. Neither of them had a chance of getting to it in the last 10 years since the latest shipment was so radioactive that a group of gli-gli birds got de-feathered and crispy roasted mid air during their migration. They landed directly in shitfaced Joe's traditional foods bistro which according to many visitors of the esteemed establishment was the only food ever served at the place that did not lead to severe intestinal trauma.

But alas the meeting was about to begin. His highness Lord Darraugh took off his battle sandals, a sign of sincerity among his people, and offered his left tentacle to be shook.

Interestingly enough his eminence belonged to a race called Furmurshurr that did not have any habit anywhere close to a handshake. In reality shaking their tentacles resulted in a severe urge to evacuate ones bowls leading to a lot of easily avoidable yet utterly devastating wars during the time the Furmurshurr first contacted humanoid civilizations.

Nonetheless his highness offered his left tentacle but to his greatest relief (or lack thereof) she refused. This might have been misinterpreted as courtesy by some. Some were idiots.

Commander Burrowdweller simply found the tentacle rather off putting and she preferred the greeting of her people the Dunetrash which consisted of spitting on each others' shoes. After the delicate diplomacy was over they proceeded with the meeting.

Lord Darraugh rubbed his foot clean on the makeshift carpet and opened the negotiation:

"I believe we both know that our empires have had their differences of opinion in the past."

Everyone nodded. The eastern alliance members spat in unison. An untrained observer might have taken this as a sign of disrespect or downright disgust but with the desert dwelling people of the east it was a very common and versatile form of expression. Not to mention that untrained observers usually did not live long enough in the east to make any sort of assumptions. As Werful the Traveller wrote in his travel diary: "If you feel the urge to travel to the sun baked dunes of the east and discover the savage untamed beauty it holds within well just don't. I mean really don't." Alas Lord Darraugh was not surprised at all and he moved on to present his proposal:

"I think we can all agree that the Western Dominion of Pontifex have laid claims to this prized land a long before the Eastern Alliance even showed up.. thus.. "

"Donkeyshit!" yelled a tiny female voice.

"You ain't gonna get shit!" added Miss Burrowdweller.

Lord Darraugh smashed the wooden desk in front of him in anger. At that moment a dozen eastern desert warriors grabbed their weapons and pointed them at the other side of the room. The reaction came as expected the 12 imperial soldiers (as they liked to call themselves) also pointed their weapons at their counterparts on the other side of the tent. The two groups looked at each other with glowing hatred and despise. At this point the master negotiator jumped in to quell the tension.

"Dear agitated vertebrates" said the little robot.

"I don't have a spine." hissed his highness Lord Darraugh in an offended tone.

"I'm deeply sorry said the little robot. I have a rather outdated specioclopedia. Also the radiation might have erased some memories. Say any of you know where did I leave my trash compactor?" he quickly digressed as he realized that he is standing between 24 very angry and more importantly armed life forms who regardless of the details of their skeleton will open fire if provoked. Or bored. Or just feel like it. Thus he quickly digressed.

"Let's focus on the matter at hand." said the TrashNoMore3000. Then he continued

"We have the most valuable resource on the entire planet here."

"It is to be assumed that it is in everyone's best interest that no faction shall have this resource exclusively." he stated.

"Aye aye." said everyone in unison.

"It shall belong to the Eastern Alliance!" yelled Miss Burrowdweller.

The little robot looked at miss Burrowdweller with the naivety of a child who just doesn't get it why his father is smashing the remote against the wall when something happened in the green field with tiny people on TV.

"I really don't think you understood my proposal." said the little robot respectfully.

"Shut up you toaster!" Snarled back the leader of the eastern hordes.

"I'm afraid I don't get the reference Ms Burrows.." He could not finish. Wade threw a chair at him and he had to jump under the table. A moment later the shooting started. Everyone was ducking behind some piece of furniture and firing away in every which direction. The chaos was complete. The TrashNoMore3000 quickly climbed to the end of the table end ducked under the tent wall. Finally he was free. His simulated heart was pounding. Well more like beeping like a ravenous tamagotchi that hasn't been fed for a month.

"Never again will I agree to negotiate with these creatures.." he beeped to himself.

The fight was raging on in the tent with both parties trying to gain the upper hand. Eventually Lord Darraugh managed to hit the main pillar holding the hole structure up with his blaster. The pillar took this rather offensively and decided to break in half. Once the tent collapsed nobody knew where he is or who is he shooting at. Thus everyone stopped firing. People, and other sentient creatures, started to climb under the thick canvas trying to find a way out. Some of them bump into each other and started hitting the bump next to them with whatever item or limb was at hand. The whole thing turned into a blindfolded bar fight. The esteemed reader might think no such things actually exist but I am here to inform you dear reader that yes they are and you just probably never went to the right bars at the right time. While the whole fight went on Wade managed to climb out from under the collapsed tent and looked back on the two groups beating each other, and mostly their own, under the tent. She lit a tar-cigarette and spat on the sand.

"Idiots. I could just shoot you all." She played with the thought for a while but then decided to put it back on the shelf.

She leaned back instead and kept shooting the legion members as they climbed out from under the tent. She did set her gun to stun though as she was not a supporter of mindless aggression. She was very big on mindful aggression though. After a minute or so all the legionnaires were lying unconscious in the white sand while all of her own men were still beating eachother with a

set of drinking cups the lead negotiator had put there to commemorate the end of hostilities. She rolled her eyes, brushed away a lock of her curly hair then proceeded to calmly and with great care shoot down all of them.