

Higher Species

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The day began like any other: The sun came out and light flooded the world. He had a dim awareness that some things had changed but actually cared very little. Went outside hungry, actually had little sleep but rarely slept extensive periods of time. He walked a few meters south trying to remove the vestiges of their brain sleep. And he did. Actually everything I could, never in his life had run into an impossible, all resolved with an ease and practicality numerically impossible to match. A hundred feet from its original position found what he wanted and wondered how no one had touched that succulent piece of pork garnished with leafy vegetables, dipped in a delicious plum sauce. Feasted so great that then had to remain long at rest until complete digestion. He had lived there since joining the world and the fate (and only chance) wanted his life was long and pleasant. Perhaps the answer will nest in the fact that he was born in a place where food is manufactured, one of those places where predators were feeding. And if a food was good for a predator, it was good for him too. Even the same species could have been fed to predators but they always set out to kill and nothing else. Now the thousands rotting everywhere, who knows why, but not the least bit intrigued. Had been shown that predators were a sub species and Creation had cursed. He, however, and hers were the top, top, were above any other species and had the love of Creation. How could it be otherwise?. Predators dropped their bombs and nothing was left in the world. Well, nothing, they were. No one else, just them. He looked at his brothers, full of pride, they were billions and soon to be many more. Swarmed the floor looking for food, some mated, could access anywhere and had no more food when they themselves become the food of their own species. It was perfect, simple, irrefutable. Were not born to fight or to create empires, empires and devoured them both miserable invaded households and palaces. Therefore, despite the devastation, total annihilation, they were alone, with its tens of millions of years of evolution, as simple as perfect. Immersed in thought, the cockroach was the signal that digestion was completed and put into motion.

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