Dear Mother,

I was reassigned to Rynar patrol. More and more of us have been reassigned that way. The Sissach restriction has even been partially lifted. I feel the worst for the fresh recruits. Many that would have had a nice life outside the military feel obligated to join and fight. It is truly a dark time for the UTO, but what is a simple Lupari like me supposed to do? The Rynar were always an aggressive species, and we had conflicts before, but not like this. This new wave of aggression started some time ago. The Little Conquest some called it. A poor group of aliens in a far-off corner of the galaxy I guess tempted fate. The Humans, as they were called, are about as big as my fist. If that wasn’t bad enough, their system was Erestal dead. Finally, the Rynar decided that they were worth keeping all to themselves. Treaties were in place for things like this, but I guess those don’t matter to the Rynar. Reports show that a Sissach infiltrator assigned to the flagship that made first contact was captured a month before. Just one more twist of fate. Not much is known about Humans or the planet they live on, Earth. The Rynar are very protective of it. They even go so far as to destroy or jam any long-range scanners pointed in the general area. They shouldn’t bother. They couldn’t keep the secret long. Not when they had a weapon that powerful. Those poor little humans that fate seems so determined to hold back had quite the trick up their sleeves. Never before was an intelligent species found in an Erestal dead system so the divergence in technology was not really predictable, but when energy is not abundant, you find it wherever you can. The concepts of atomic fission and atomic fusion, mostly just interesting concepts to us, were developed to staggering levels with deadly results. Before the Rynar deployed the micro nukes, slightly bigger than my hand, nuclear theory indicated a bomb would need to be the size of about my leg. Apparently, if you shape the material correctly and use reflectors... It’s above my head. UTO scientists have had to play major catchup. We’re discovering the same secrets, but it’s taking time. I guess we should
be thankful that, in the end, the uranium needed to start any reaction is rare. That’s why doing more with less is so big.

For me, nukes aren’t even the scariest thing to come out of this. I don’t know how, and I don’t know why, but Humans have started fighting for the Rynar. You would never know it by watching the propaganda or even battle footage. I guess to emphasize unity, the humans fight in battle suits almost indistinguishable from Rynar power armor. It’s not until you are within arm’s reach that you notice it’s not eyes behind the visor. It’s cameras. The way they fight, it’s relentless. Maybe it’s the battle suit. Maybe it’s the Humans themselves. Maybe it’s something else. I’ve seen some interrogation recordings. They don’t even call themselves human anymore. They’re all so young. Maybe it’s just the newest generation. Kids that have never known a life outside of the Collective. I wouldn’t think anyone other than Rynar would be compatible with their unique cultural quirk. It’s hard to say. Possessiveness over the planet leaves us in the dark. Protective or possessive, have they brought the humans truly into the Union? Do they feel bad for them? Do they feel like they owe them something? Do the humans feel the same? The soldiers seem to. They have such a fire and a hate I have only seen with Sissach interacting with Rynar. It makes me wonder if they were always destined to be part of the Collective. Would it have made a difference if we had gotten to them first? So much potential, such an interesting species, squandered for malicious ends. I can only hope that the Rynar don’t attempt to replicate this with any other pre-spaceflight or non UTO species.

The fighting seems to get worse every day, but I must fight. The Union must be preserved. The dark union must be beaten back. For those lost in the bombings and the ones that came before me, we can’t lose. I fear for my life, but I fear for yours more. Don’t fear for me mother. If I can keep you safe for one more day, it would be worth it. This will be the greatest test for UTO. Can the Union hold up under such strain? Stronger Together. There was always a small amount or irony in that saying while fighting the Rynar. I suppose that irony is a little bigger thanks to their little friends. I’m shipping out soon. I can only hope to return all right. My armor feels heavier than normal. It feels like a sign that I’m not sure how to interpret.
I’m too young to feel old, or to lose hope. I’m keeping my fur clean and my boots shined. I still have the picture of the family from before the bomb. I’m glad I could recover the file. I hope you got the copy. I’m glad I could get some of this off my chest. Don’t say locked up in the house. Visit auntie or grandma. Don’t be alone.

With love,

Your son Dinal