

# Just Technology

(By Progress of War)

By Robin B Lipinski

Poisoned fungi tipped the lance.  
Blue sun shining.  
Blazing lava, spreading heat, mixing ice for comfort.  
This is the story told, of the warrior race: Kalagton.

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Fighting spirit, held deep inside, progress made to kill.  
Harvesting plant, mining planet, soon their skill advanced.  
Conquering the galaxy was their plan.

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Arriving at a planet named Earth, Kalagton made a killing.  
Energy weapons pulsing.  
Particle beams with robotic arms, crushed the puny human's beneath.

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Human race standing on the brink of oblivion, yet one stubborn polack made his stand.  
"Come get me you sons-a-bitch," yelled one such angry man.  
Challenge taken, the Kalagton shell came aiming.

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"Click, click, click," rang loud an empty weapon, one which had killed so well.  
With fury of survival, the man yelled.  
"Take that, you furry scum while I send you back to hell."

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It was not a gun or laser, knife, spear, or bomb.  
It was what all intelligent species start out with to kill.  
It was a very large rock that smashed the life out of the Kalagton, it was that, anger, and skill.

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The End