

Minutes taken from the meeting discussing existential threats to greater worldly societies circa 2024:

At the centre of the vast and mighty universe, there sits a neutral territory, an intergalactic parliament, if you will. The structural foundation of this room and the beings that inhabit it, tie together the ever-competing strands of reality and delusion that otherwise would be repelled away from each other in so fast and so furious a motion, that the cosmos, including that of your planet, Earth, would collapse in on itself, subsequently causing the incessant cries of peril of every living organism, thereby breaking the reposeful, empty vow of silence taken on by space itself.

To avoid this;

A council was formed of high and distinguished individuals, to which they named themselves, The-Very-High-Supreme-Court-of-Distinguished-Individuals. The council members meet every millennium to discuss and rectify existential threats to their respective planets. Now it's all kept very civil, and very orderly through one man, Judge Kenneth Nobleman, who presides over all intergalactic disputes. On one particular meeting the minutes are as follows:

"Now order, I say order!" Disgruntled mumbles travelled in waves across the room.

"I, Judge Kenneth Nobleman do declare, that by the judicial authority bestowed upon myself by The-Very-High-Supreme-Court-of-Distinguished-Individuals, that the action to exterminate mosquitos off the face of Planet Haemoglobin by Year 2025, passed!"

The large, stout man banged his gavel on the table, his voice drawled and bellowed through the austere, white-walled board room, and then fizzled out into the vast oceans of time and space.

"Thank you Council Member Mystifannikar, Sorcerer-of-Evils-and-Harbinger-of-Death for bringing the matter to our attention, thank you greatly sir. As we continue along, we are now entering Section-119 entitled Health-and-Public-Safety. I'd like to address the apologies for the attendance of Sir Buck 'McCool' Buchanan, Princess Xanthippe, and of course, Big Tony. Now please welcome our newest representative from Planet Earth, who will be taking the minutes for the rest of our meeting, now why don't you go on and introduce yourself."

"My name is Skibbdi-James Rizzler I am ten years old, I like ROBLOX." An applause murmured across the council members.

"Thank you boy, you can sit down now, sit down. The next action on our agenda is being presented by Grand Admiral Credell, representing Corix-Q6K4."

Judge Nobleman removed his thin gold glasses, letting them hang by the chain around his elephantine neck and began to rub his palms into his eyes, "Now need I remind you Credell, that this council is made up of the greatest living entities across the cosmos, and will only, and I say **only!**, rectify matters concerning monstrous and imminent dangers to the continuation of living existence on a planet."

"Y-Yes, I understand your Honour." he spoke cravenly.

"Well alright then Grand Admiral, you have the floor."

"Thank you, Judge Nobleman. I have requested your presence to discuss what I consider to be not only a rising threat to my own planet, b-but to all galaxies in our universe."

A gust of doubt and pity travelled among the councillors like a sharp wind snap across the courtroom. The Admiral swallowed and continued.

"I have been noticing some pretty significant fluctuations...in...in...weather patterns...and...temperatures."

"Mon-sto-rous, IMM-IN-ENT, Admiral. 'Pretty significant' does not constitute as a pressing concern for this council. Nuclear war between species! Invasions at the hands of dictatorships! This is what we deal with, not changes in the darned weather!"

"Yes, I understand that, but I think that if unchecked, these sudden changes can be detrimental to the balance of ecosystems causing life to cease to exist. I mean w-we could be facing extreme periods of drought, flooding, f-fires..."

"And what, may I ask, is the cause of these changes Credell?"

"...well, I am led to believe it is the excess amount of life activity."

"Excuse me Admiral, but why are we to believe you, considering the past 'threats' you have raised? Gerbils, snowflakes, baby teeth! All you said were dangers, all proven wrong."

"Well yes, I am sorry for the baby teeth thing, but my research suggests-"

"Your research suggests" Nobleman interjected. "That your own people are the ones to blame. While the court hears your concern, you must understand son, that planets die as people die, every minute of every day, we work to save attacks on earths, we cannot help it if your planet attacks its own self, now can we?"

“No Judge Nobleman.”

“Then I hereby issue – I ask- Councillor Skibbidi-James to mark the time – Councillor Credell’s matter of Environmental Decay, dismissed. I tell you, I am sorry Admiral Credell, but it’s our break now, so why don’t you go on and try again in the next millennia.”

The councillor’s scurried excitedly out of the courtroom in competition with one another to swipe the cold finger sandwiches and artificial fruit drink.

“With all due respect your Honour, I don’t think my people will be here by the next millennia.” the Admiral said meekly while Big Tony elbowed him out of the way of the custard-Danish tray. “Enjoy your lunch break” he sighed and gazed into the extravagantly large window behind the bench of the courtroom, his despondent eyes mimicking the loneliness of space in the cosmos.