

they got back (because as we know, their postal system was much better than the Viruliis’).

And on the flight back, they composed a song for the Dearthkids to sing to the grown-ups (using any tune they liked).

*You got this earth
In a pristine state
You trashed and bashed it
Now is it too late?*



*It just may not be...
If you can agree
To use the sentials
Responsibly*



*You've got to change
Most of your ways
Stop the greed
And the money craze*



*This plastic phase
Just has to go
And multi-car families...
The senseless show!!*



*Dearthians love to
Throw out the blame
You better accept
The facts, and the shame*



*Don't look at bats
But in the mirror
Look at yourselves...
'Cos YOU'RE THE STINKER!*

*If you don't stop
The sentials-bash
Dearth will end
With a mighty crash!*

The Coronas made a brief rest stop at the Virulii capsule, and Virash offered them some nail polish or scum but they rubbed their capsids in the “Thanks, but too full” sign. And off they went, waving their spikes.

The next morning, the Congress director Virash had a ceremony to pin the Top Destroyer badge on Zyrus. It was short and touching, though a bit challenging for

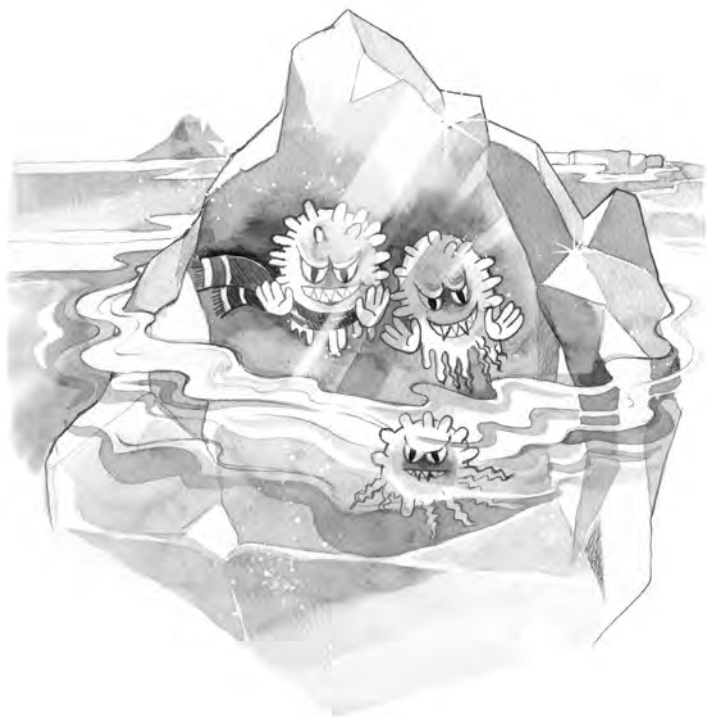
Zyrus because Virash was clumsy and stabbed her in the capsid while pinning the badge on her. The name plate on Zyrus's door would soon be changed, and TD added in red letters. Top Destroyer. "Pow!" said her brain. "Pow!" replied her mind.

And afterwards, Virash asked her to stay on for a word, which Zyrus was happy to do. Who would have thought, even a few days ago, that she'd be rubbing capsids with the director of the Virule Congress? And be on first-name basis with him?

"I'm sure this will be sorted out," began the director. "I've also noticed the Dearthkids, they're much less greedy than the grown-ups. But my real fear is..."

"Yes, I know."

It wasn't cool to name the Pole viruses aloud. Because they were ten times more powerful than the Virulii or Corona, and if they...



“Yes, they’re not like us. If the Pole ice melts, what then?”

“It’s called The End. For Dearthians, and for us.”

“Just can’t understand these Dearthians, Zyrus. Their own scientists – from their own species – have been telling them for a long time, fifty or sixty years at least, to stop the Pole caps from melting. And they know how to do this. They have all the knowledge but

they will not, just will not, use it. What on Dearth is the matter with them?”

“Well, one thing at a time. I have a feeling in my capsid, that the Dearthkids will do it. They’re a smart bunch. They know their stuff, and from what I’ve seen, they’re pretty good at talking the grown-ups into things.”

Virash knew this was true. He’d seen it himself. Once again, Zyrus was right. She had to be. She’d better be.