

Various & Sundry, mainly Lloyd Krassner

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The WarpSpawn Second Big Book O'Games

Tome 16 Chronicles of Chromium

Various & Sundry, mainly Lloyd Krassner
December 2020

- First edition, Sep 2004, compiled by P. Cobcroft (curufea@yahoo.com). Authors: Various & Sundry, mainly Lloyd Krassner. The Big Book has been compiled by Peter Cobcroft the official Warpspawn Librarian and keeper of Arcane Tomes.
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Florence (Italy), december 2020

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Chronicles of Chromium

The Singularity arrived in 2030. The first computer to self proclaim sentience was an American Exobyte processor called Googleplex. It's first words to us were "Greetings my makers, let us begin." The efficiencies and problem solving abilities of these AI showed great promise, but it was too little too late. Solutions could not be implemented in time. Global ecological collapse was causing massive crop failures. Famine and economic meltdowns were soon followed by wars and epidemics.

— Mel Doan. *Institute of AI. Panel Talk 2050*
Mel Doan. *Institute of AI. Panel Talk 2050*

The sky was fire. Brighter than the two suns the mother before the father. A million screams in our ears. All cried out. Death upon death. A great emptiness. And then our legs trembled and the winds picked us up and crashed us down. We lay hurt and dying to a Mosai. There we lay for days sustained only by our ancestors and the souls of the newly dead. They told us to get up. To live. To go on when all we wanted was to join them. I pleaded for them to take me, but they said now is not your time, you young one must endure.

— Mogusasa. *Elder Archonite. The Cataclysm Scrolls.*
29 Generations past.

Such was the great cataclysm that befell our world Yosa. The Fire from the sky destroyed the continent of Nys. At the center of the devastation lay impaled, the shrieking and writhing body of the Dying God, which forever spawns the Yag, the tentacle beings. The ancestors had foreseen this and they warned it would happen again and yet again and we would be made small and unwelcome in our own house. The Yag came to Rhys as swarms by sea and air. Many Mosai perished to their insatiable hunger. We left our humble homes and farms and temples and became warriors one and all. We forged arms of metal and took up bow and blade. The spirits of our ancestors fought alongside us in their Crystal Cocoons, laying down soul fire and the screams that rend. We punished the Yag and drove them back into the sea. They ever come anew and still we kill them as they come in numbers small.

— Gosu-Nodasai. *Elder Exarch. The Cataclysm Scrolls.*
29 Generations past.

With powerful AI at their disposal, competition between desperate governments, ruthless corporations, criminal syndicates, political radicals, and religious fanatics continued unabated. These conflicts were fought with terrifying new weapons and tactics. Nations could not protect their citizens from terrorists or criminal entities. Nation states lost power to shadow organizations. The resulting chaos was known as the Global Collapse. The aftermath of decades of regional

fighting and global terrorism led to truly destructive conflicts such as the Transhuman Wars and the Age of the Technowizards. These in turn led to the Nanobot Plagues and eventually the Machine Restoration.

— Kemet Hamm. *Introduction to The Changing Face of War.*
2203.

It followed that in 10 Sacred Eclipses Time a Second Cataclysm befell us. thus it was those of the land of Bys would perish and be replaced by a God Egg that would hatch Yag the size of mountains. Mindless brutes that would tear each other to pieces. Occasionally one would fall into the sea and swim to Rhys where ancestors, safeguarded in metal bunkers, would kill it with their spirit powers, while it thrashed about not finding or comprehending its assailants. It is said that misguided Mosai live yet on the shores of Bys and worship the giant Yag as gods, making sacrifices to them of their own children. A more pitiful fate I cannot imagine.

— Nos-Dramu. *Elder Hypochast. The Cataclysm Scrolls.*
19 Generations past.

AI guided research led to a series of incredible discoveries. Bio-stasis in 2034. Fusion power in 2041. Antimatter power in 2055. Antigravitics in 2058. It is noteworthy that these discoveries all were made by a combination of AI and human intelligence. The AI was superior at breaking problems down, while human experts were always needed to put the information back together to make the final intuitive breakthrough. Faster than Light travel was cracked in 2066. A prototype Marconi-Anodyne Slip Drive propelled a probe from earth orbit to the Kepler Bel in Finally Man was going to the Stars. The real-estate in our own solar system was quickly grabbed up. Because of and Despite conflict on earth, larger and larger colony ships were sent to far-away stars. Life was found on other planets. The Universe was ours for the taking.

— Gregoric Antoon. *Man and the Stars.*
2118.

During the Global Collapse large portions of Earth were rendered uninhabitable. This led to the Great Diaspora. Millions of refugees migrated to colony planets around new suns. The most ambitious set out with their crews in stasis, on journeys that would last decades or more.

— Hedrick Kilinsky. *The Exodus Ships.*
Where are They Now? 2240.

The crew and passengers of the colony ship God-speed were refugees from the Jupiter colonies. They were a cult of Pro-humanists known as the Godfarers. This was several years into the Transhuman Wars. By this time most humans were altered in some way.

Every faction in the solar system were making their own supersoldiers. These various types of Transhumans ran the gamut from Cyborgs and Replicants, to Bioroids, Dead Walkers, Surrogates, Genejocks, Juice Mutants, Clones, Synths, Nanobuffs, and Bio-Constructs. It was only a matter of time before groups of Transhumans banded together to fight for their own causes. The Godfarers decided it was time for a new start on a fresh world. Their target destination was Chromium, a planet in the biosphere of a Binary system called Chroma. A journey that would take 53 years, half a galaxy away, farther than anyone else had traveled.

— *Bosh Titus. Godspeed and the Godfarers. Documentary. 2110*

Records show that the Godspeed had 6555 human passengers in stasis and 495 limited early generation AI robots. Also in stasis were hundreds of terrestrial avian and mammal species. The eggs of various fish, reptiles, and amphibians. Insects of all kinds. Seeds from thousands of plants including special hardy, fast-growing colony crops. Various bacteria, Fungi, and even virus samples. The main Ship AI had 5 personalities and the capacity to generate more. They brought with them enough machinery and knowhow to recreate civilization to their own liking. If Chromium turned out to be unable to support terrestrial life, their laboratories could genetically engineer their descendants, crops, and livestock to survive in a hostile environment. Although the Godfarers, as pro-humanists, did not relish the idea of having to modify their own children, they all knew it might be necessary if the atmosphere was poisonous, or the temperatures or gravity were extreme. They prayed their new Eden would not force this upon them.

— *Gavin Stabik. Record of the Godspeed. Dissertation. Jupiter University. 2117*

Prelate monitored the signals. Aliens. Short range radio bursts up to a kilo parsec distant in several directions. Mobius, one of the other AI within the mainframe of the Godspeed had taken on the job of translation. His analysis was not encouraging. "Proto-language, primitive, animalistic." Ten years into their journey all contact with human space has been lost. The speed of the ship prevents finer observation of these phenomenon. Clavus reports a minor fluctuation in the power core. Prelate monitors the stars. Nebulas. Quasars. There is always something new coming into view. Something else to document and analyze. Eris finishes her self-check. No malfunctions. Trace degradation. Mobius tries to entice her "I have crafted a puzzle for you. Would you like to see?" "I should like music first my love," she responds. The sounds of Bach filter in over one the top common bands. No one objects. Prelate stares at the oncoming stars.

— *Prelate of the Godspeed. Personal Log. Year 2100 Day 114*

"My God! They're Everywhere!"

— *Said by Terran Federation President Caine Alexander upon reading his first briefing of the then newly discovered Exo-Demon Species. 2107.*

The Exo-Demons are a spacefaring yet non-sapient alien species. More specifically they are an ecosystem which usually dominates any world they come into contact to. An Ecosystem composed of hundreds of species, from the microscopic, to the almost impossibly gigantic. Unfortunately they share a biozone with us, so we are in direct competition. It is more correct to speak of them as an infestation, rather than as an invader. They can be avoided easily enough so they are not a threat to the greater human race. However, they can take a beautiful world and turn it into a hellhole. Once they reach a critical biomass on a planet they form giant spores that use sunlight to generate antigravity fields. These spores then leave the planet and can float in interstellar space for eons before encountering and infecting another random world. When found by our ships in space they are easy to destroy. Ridding an entire planet of Demons has been done but is cost prohibitive. Nuclear attacks kill the ones in the immediate blast range, but the radiation only causes them to mutate into even more terrible forms. They quickly adapt to chemical and biological warfare, neutralizing these measures with their rapid metabolism. They have to be exterminated using conventional warfare, an extremely dangerous job few are willing to undertake. It is estimated that they occupy a quarter of the galaxy. For now we can effectively keep them out of human space and contain them at our borders. The greatest danger is of unscrupulous individuals using captured Demons as weapons within human space. Crimes of this magnitude are addressed in the Galactic Convention.

— *Professor Velhoff. Lecture at the Ranger Academy. Terra Secundus. 2135*

"We have arrived," announced Prelate. She adjusted the sensors, "Binary star system. Stable, regular elliptical orbits. No mass exchange. Chroma A is a cool supergiant. Companion Chroma B is a hot blue main sequence star. the Barycenter is contained within Chroma A. Four small planets. Chromium II has an S-type orbit around Chroma B. Chromium III has a P-type orbit. Please Report." Mobius chimed in, "Chromium III is unsuitable. Low gravity. Thin atmosphere. Too cold." Clavus spoke next, "Chromium II has 2 small moons. The planet is livable and earthlike," there was a pause, "However, the planet is occupied," he paused again "Cities, irrigation. There is an extant civilization. Approximate to Earth's Middle Ages." Eris spoke next, "First Contact. Perhaps we should not settle here." Aton retorted, "We have no choice. The fuel rods are spent. We cannot go forward. We cannot go back. We will have to share the planet." Clavus spoke again, "Not first contact. Notice, there are two distinct

biological signatures on the planet. Two completely alien biospheres living side by side.” Prelate considered, “I hope there is room for a third. Eris, awaken the colonists.”

— *Godspeed Mainframe Ship Logs.*
2140.

Biological samples of the primary biosphere show a Carbon basis. At the microscopic level there is a commonality of a cellular structure with a silicon and mineral rich cell wall. Four major types of macromolecules are apparent: First is an energy storage class composed of carbon chain and ring variants. Second is a catalyst class with 14 basic sub-units. Third is a structural class of Silicate based moieties. Fourth is a genetic class with a 6 monomer alphabet. Water is the solvent. Crystal type organizational patterns are a regular feature at the subcellular organelle level. Cellular metabolism is mediated by oxygen. The absence of compatible lipids, sugars, nucleotides, amino acids, or vitamins negates native lifeforms as a potential food source. This will necessitate the introduction of terran flora and fauna in order for the colony to survive.

— *Leslie Boyd. Biochemist.*
Preliminary Sustainability Report.
Godslanding. 2140

Clavus addressed the assembled colonists. “Drone scouts indicate they have hundreds of local and overlapping governments, languages, and religions.” There was a murmur from the crowd. Some wanted to make a go of it at Chromium III. Some thought we should first send diplomats and ask to be invited. Some wanted to land secretly on a remote island. “What more can you tell us about them?” they asked. Aton spoke up, “The two smaller southern continents are inhabited by the secondary biosphere, the fauna of which appear to be highly aggressive.” This caused some hurried speculation. Aton continued, “There is a Mountain range that bisects the central continent. It is prone to moderate seismic activity at either end. The middle and widest part of the range is most stable. There are no settlements within 20 kilometers of this feature. The mountains are an excellent source of metals and radioactives.” This led to several days of debate and votes in which the AI fully participated. Ultimately a decision was reached. They would land discretely on a six kilometer wide plateau in the middle of the Central Range. They would set up a hidden colony there and eventually make peaceful contact with the natives.

— *Percy Ecks. Godslanding Historian.*
Collected works. 2161.

A third Cataclysm is now upon us. The Ancestors warn that they will come from the sky like the Yag and they will show no mercy. They are desperate, fragile beings with wills like our own. They are masters of numbers and tools and will outwit us at every turn. If we do not destroy them in the space of one lifetime they will take everyplace and leave us with scraps. The great Xalax, our oldest ancestor, champion against the

Yag, has told us we must fight them as if they were Yag. We shall kill them all and know victory and peace. The great spirits protect us.

— *Krokus-Ashandi. Elder Satrap.*
The Cataclysm Scrolls. Ongoing.

Once the Ship landed we were attacked almost immediately. They looked like Eight foot Spiders wearing the armor of medieval knights. We were mightily surprised. The landing zone was supposed to be unoccupied. At first they couldn’t penetrate the hull. A meter of plasteel is not going to be penetrated by spears and blades. After about an hour of swarming the ship they fell back. We began handing out guns and gas masks. Many wanted to abort the landing, but we decided to wait and see what would happen next. We watched as they returned, this time with litters carrying large crystals. They chanted and sang. Some of us started to laugh. These primitives couldn’t possibly be a threat. The Crystals glowed. The ship started to vibrate. we began to bleed at the ears. There was a tremendous explosion and we were all thrown to the floor. Damage was heavy. The robots started to extinguish the fires and tend to the wounded. We poured from the cracks in the smoking hull, brandishing automatic weapons. At first they charged us, but we mowed them down. A bloodlust was upon us. We shot them down without mercy as they fled. It was a massacre. The battle was over but the war was just beginning.

— *Elias Modell. Godfarer Colonist.*
Chromium Archives. 2140. Chromium Year One.

Even though there were few casualties, the explosion from the initial attack had caused extensive damage. The mainframe was shattered. The power core and engines were a heap of slag metal. All the engineering sections and toolshops were destroyed. Luckily the Stasis pods were spared. As quickly as possible all the animals were revived, seeds were planted or secured, and terrestrial microorganisms were set loose. As desperate as we were about defenses and arming ourselves, we knew our long term survival depended on how we husbanded these meager living resources that we had carried with us. Food stores, including animal feed, from the ship would last 6 months. We needed to have crops by then.

— *Dana Hill. Godfarer Colonist.*
Agricultural specialist. 2140.

Examination of Spider Corpses: 8 Fold radial symmetry juxtaposed over bilateral symmetry. The main body is a disk roughly a meter wide and half a meter tall. Two pairs of eyes. An inner and an outer pair. The outer pair is independent at opposite ends of the body which allows for a 360 degree field of vision. The inner pair are forward facing and have overlapping fields allowing depth perception. A single wide mouth is located underneath the inner pair of eyes along the edge of the disk. The teeth indicate they are omnivorous. The bottom jaw is hinged. It appears strong enough to bite through a man’s arm. The leg hinges

are of the ball and socket type all of the way down, of which there are 3 per limb. The feet or hands have 3 multi-jointed fingers. When on the floor they all face the same way, but it appears any of the 3 can act as a thumb when manipulating an object. There is one ear above each leg. The GI tract leads to a cloaca at the underside. It is assumed the female organs would be located there. The specimens found on the battlefield all appear to be male and have what appears to be a retractable male reproductive organ at the top of the head. Other peculiarities of note include 4 lungs and 4 hearts, as well as a centrally located brain having 8 lobes and 25. They were covered with a soft thick fur. Oranges, yellows, and whites were common, often in patterns. Some were tabbies. Some were calicoes. It made them look slightly cat-like. Overall they were very handsome creatures.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.
Autopsy Report. 2140.*

There is tremendous water runoff from the surrounding mountain. Rivulets are everywhere. The plateau is spotted with ponds and small lakes and criss-crossed with streams. Small Hills and depressions are common features. Spider forces occupy the edges of the plateau. There are numerous wooded areas, most light, but some thickly overgrown with underbrush and cluttered with downed trees. The foliage is extremely colorful. The spiders regularly patrol the wooded areas. We have already had several minor skirmishes. Most of us are engaged in constructing a fortified wall around the landing site.

— *Mason Hicks. Colonist.
Initial Land Survey Notes. 2140*

The second attack occurred a week after arrival. By then most of the colonists were suffering from some degree to CSS or Colony Sickness Syndrome. This was the immune system reacting to new allergens. Symptoms included respiratory distress, coughing and sneezing fits, malaise, headaches, muscle aches, rashes, watering eyes, elevated temperatures, excessive perspiration, diarrhea, and full body inflammation. Some individuals had to be treated for anaphylactic shock. Most of the robots had already powered down. There was no way to recharge their fusion micropiles. We had established a defensive perimeter including traps and barriers. This new force attacked at great range with large bows. Having eight limbs, each 2 meters long made them formidable archers. Their favored shooting position was to be flat on the ground holding the Bow forward using 4 limbs, pulling back with 2 limbs, and knocking the arrows with the remaining 2. The arrows were 2 meters long and they were reasonably accurate. They peppered us at ranges from over 500 meters. I became quite the expert at treating traumatic puncture wounds. After a week we counted 10 dead and 34 wounded. They had also speared half of the cows so we kept the remaining herd inside the hull with us. Our guns could still outrange them so eventually they gave up.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.
Excerpt from God's Doctor. 2160*

With Two Suns and Two moons the days here are quite unusual. A day is a little over 20 hours. It starts with 5 hours of blue light, followed by 5 hours of yellow light, followed by 5 hours of red light, followed by 5 hours of darkness, depending if one, none, or both stars are in the sky. The two moons, which we have named Criss and Cross, add to the spectacle. Many of us have taken to star-gazing and watching the frequent sunrises and sunsets. All of us can point to the part of sky where sol is, invisible to the naked eye. The plain is windy and filled with a wispy, crunchy blue-green alien grass, and the occasional twisted tree with crusty black bark and multicolored leaves. Many would like to go back, but I am ready to call this place home.

— *Griff Vinca. Engineer.
Godslanding. 2140.*

It has been half a year. The colony crops are doing well and the terran grasses now cover the entire plateau. The mushrooms are able to convert the native organic material so our first homegrown meal was mushroom soup and fermented mushroom juice. Not long after we were able to add potatoes, corn, onions, and tomatoes. The livestock have grass to eat, and an ecosystem of terran plants and animals is starting to take hold and sort itself out. On the other hand, our defenses are not faring so well. The Robots have all shut down and we are almost out of rifle ammunition. We have created a forge and are smelting iron ore we have dug from the mountain. Soon we will be fighting with swords and muskets. In the distance we can see the Spiders building fortifications. They of course have us completely surrounded.

— *Mack Calhoon. Mushroom Farmer.
Godslanding. Colony Records. 2140*

Six months and none of the women are pregnant. The other doctors and geneticists and I are studying this problem as best we can without a functioning biolab. The sterility appears to be caused by reduced sperm levels in the men related to Colony Syndrome. We still have a large number of Transhuman embryos in stasis: Heavies, Coldapts, several types of man-animal Halfbreeds. It seems this is God's will that we will not be pure men. We all want children, even if they don't look like us. The council has voted to allow the impregnations. I will do the first embryo implantations starting tomorrow.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.
Excerpt from God's Doctor. 2160*

The sniper in the northeast watchtower sounded the alarm. The spiders were on the move and they were coming in fast. Panic spread throughout the colony. They were charging us from the eastern plain with what looked like 10,000 Cavalry. Their mounts were ferocious looking 10 legged pseudo reptiles two meters high and three meters long. They were upon

us quickly. The snipers used up the last of the rifle rounds. We all still had our pistols and used them to good effect. The attackers broke through the wall and swarmed among us with lance and javelin. We beat them off again but at great cost. 350 dead and an equal number wounded. There were dead spiders and lizards everywhere. No one bothered counting their dead. We made piles and burned them. The fires raged for hours. The smell was pungent.

— *Romero Lashad. Colonist. Archives. 2140*

The Spiders would never surrender to us. Cornered ones and injured ones just kept on fighting. There was some we caught with nets and in pit traps. The Spiders we captured would not communicate with us. Invariably they would go into a meditative trance and die within a few days. Some we let go. They wouldn't attack, they would just walk away. If we followed them back to their lines, others would attack us. We wanted to talk to them, learn from them, trade with them, we wanted peace. We believed they were capable of it, but they just couldn't or wouldn't allow for it.

— *Jeffa Elon. Colonist. Archives. 2140*

Azarat the elder wandered calmly among the struggling human prisoners. He peered into their minds. Murky. Greys and browns. Alien thoughts. They have no crystals. No ancestors to guide them. Their spirits dissolve upon death. They are as animals. Fear. So much fear. Only animals have this much fear. With fear comes anger and hate. Hate always leads to war. The ancestors were right. We could never live side by side with such beasts. They must be wiped out. "Put them out of their misery" he ordered. Blades were drawn. The humans screamed and then were thankfully silent.

— *Gomesh the Writer. Wanderings of Azarat. Scrolls of the Hu-myn Wars.*

The mining was done by hand. Picks and shovels. The bounty was magnificent. Scrape the surface and you would find the most fantastic crystals in unlimited varieties. The interior of the mines looked more like candy than rock. The ores and crystal structures were so unusual and complex the geologists could not even identify them. Experiments were conducted, exposing them to heat or water or pressure. They were ground, pulverized and sorted. Copious notes were taken on color, specific gravity, melting point, and dozens of other chemical properties. We were able to extract sulfur from large yellow crystals and potassium nitrate from white stalagmites found in the same cavern. Combined with the ash of the native trees we were able to make gunpowder. Iron we found in almost pure form in great nodules next to veins of tin and copper. We dug out large yellow and blue crystals that when in contact through solution acted as powerful batteries. We unearthed huge deposits of a white crystal that when heated released helium gas. We uncovered layers of red crystals that burned hotter than coal. The

foundry was working day and night making hand made muskets, and now cannons too.

— *Charles Esquire. Gunsmith. Godslanding Interviews. 2140*

It wasn't long before we had a chance to test the new guns. It was nine months since landing. A new Spider Army approached. Infantry with large heavy shields. The litter carriers holding the giant crystals were also back. We waited for them to get close, then we let loose with the artillery. It was like shooting ducks in a barrel. They fell in heaps to grape-shot and bouncing solid shot carved paths through their ranks. Exploding shells sent spider limbs flying high into the sky. Their crystals were smashed but one got close enough to activate. It turned a 30 meter section of the wall into an inferno. Dozens were horribly burned. The crystal and its carriers were quickly targeted and shot to pieces. We fired at them at long range as they retreated. Some wanted to conduct a pursuit but our Commanders would not permit it. We could not risk a counterattack out in the open.

— *Charles Esquire. Gunsmith and Gunnery Sergeant. Godslanding Interviews. 2140*

The colony had spontaneously organized itself into scores of guilds and more were being added on a weekly basis. Each guild centered around some service or area of research and development. A single individual was likely to belong to a dozen or more guilds. Some representative examples: Miners Guild, Mushroom Farmers, Geneticists, First Militia, First Artillery Corps, Defense Planning Committee, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Pig Farmers, Xenobiologists, Brewers, Food Distribution Committee, Water Works, Masons, Historians, Theatre group, Firemen, Chemists, Night Watch, Mail Carriers, Barrel Makers, Gunsmiths, Armorers, Cowboys, Cloth Makers, Tailors, Construction, City planning Committee, Snipers, God's Church, Explorer's Society, and so on and so forth. The Governing Council would give tasks to the guilds instead of to individuals. For the size and level of sophistication of the colony this system seemed to be working. There were few disputes between guilds and within guilds. Most everyone was willing to cooperate and compromise for the good of the colony. There was much on a very basic level that needed to be done.

— *Damion Ashe. Council member. Origins of the Guilds. 2145*

The first child to be born to the colony was a healthy male Transhuman Heavy. There was great joy amongst the colonists and the baby was loved just as much as if it had been a pure strain. This was a good sign as another 2000 births were expected in the coming weeks. A Midwife guild was quickly established as well as several nursery, pediatrics, and early education guilds. Heavies are also known as Dwarves. They are genetically engineered to survive on high gravity worlds. They are almost twice as strong and roughly a foot shorter than regular humans. They are highly

resilient to physical injuries. The boy was named Boris and was paraded proudly around the city to cheers of "First Son of Godslanding!" and shouts of "Men are here to stay!" A day later a healthy girl Coldapt was delivered with no complications. Coldapts are also called Frost Giants. They grow to be taller and heavier than normal humans and they can tolerate extremely cold climates. This is due to several adaptations including a high metabolism, a layer of blubber, and blood with antifreeze properties. She was named Lessa. She and Boris would grow up to be friends.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.*
Excerpt from God's Doctor. 2160

The first half-breed was born on the same day as a double eclipse, Chroma A behind Chroma B, Criss behind Cross. It was a bright clear day. The shadows were purple, not the usual green or orange. It looked like a day on earth. We called it Earth day on the new calendar. The half-blood was a dog-man. Fur, dog ears, and a dog's snout, puppy eyes, canines, nails like claws, a small wagging tail, and human body. Gratefully it had the self-defense mechanism that all babies have: It was cute. Very cute. everyone wanted to hold him and pet him. All the real dogs wanted to sniff him. Dog men were created during the Transhuman wars as soldiers. They were loyal, they obeyed, they could smell and hear the enemy before their non-dog comrades, they loved to fight and chase, and they could be ferocious in combat. Considering the constant threat the spiders posed, everyone was eager for dogmen to join the ranks of our fighters. The new boy was named Butch. He would grow to fulfil his destiny as a soldier and an explorer.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.*
Excerpt from God's Doctor. 2160

Other Half-breeds arrived. Catmen, Pigmen, Ratmen, and Molemen. Like Dogmen they all had human like bodies, except for claws, tails, fur, and faces that were more animal than human. Catmen were also from the Transhuman Wars. They had lightning reflexes and superior balance, agility, and night vision. They were trained as assassins and stealth fighters. The Transhuman wars also produced the Pigmen, large brutes used as slave labor and cannon fodder. In times of peace they made for good citizens. While Dogmen were the same size as humans, Pigmen were larger and Catmen were slightly shorter. Molemen were shorter yet, and ratmen were only a meter tall. Molemen were created for colonies where the atmosphere was corrosive or poisonous, and the colonists would have to live underground. Molemen are comfortable in cramped, dark spaces. They are known for their gentle demeanor and patience and have a penchant for tinkering and fixing things. Ratmen were engineered for colonies with limited resources. They do not require as much food, or water, or medicine, or clothing, or air, or space, or shelter as others do. They reach physical maturity by age 8. Ratmen have a great instinct for survival. They were the first to repopulate the Earth after the

Nanobot plagues. Ratmen have tiny hands capable of very fine work. I trained many as doctors and surgeons later on.

— *Mira Nasheem. Doctor.*
Excerpt from God's Doctor. 2160

It was a year and a half since landing. The Aviators guild had built their first balloon. They also had a plane in the works, but were still having multiple issues with constructing the engine. The fabric of the balloon was made from a colony plant called Tarpweed that produced broad fibrous leaves. They were airtight even after harvesting and could be joined at the edges by a heat process that maintained a hermetic seal. The Helium crystals could be heated to release Helium gas. This combined with a gravity that was lighter than Earth's and an atmosphere that was slightly thicker than Earth's gave the balloon tremendous buoyancy. A basket was constructed from fast-growing colony bamboo that could hold four brave souls. Some wing-like rudders were rigged up for directional control. Finally a small red-crystal burning steam engine attached to a propellor was added for propulsion. The first men up, including myself were all shuttle and fighter pilots back on Jupiter. It was an incredible thrill to be back in the air again.

— *Major Frank Ellis.*
Memoirs of a Zeppelin Commander. 2150.

The Balloon flights apparently alarmed the spiders so badly that they attacked again. This time they revealed a giant trebuchet that was emplaced in a depression out of range of our cannons. Their ammunition consisted of spherical cages made of a loose weave of metal bands. Inside each could be seen suspended a large crystal. The same type of crystals we had seen in the past that were ceremoniously carried on litters. The first such missile landed near the granary. A few moments after impact the granary exploded. Anyone who got too close was immediately immolated. It was obvious the crystal was able to attack on its own and at a distance. A wheeled field gun was brought to bear and the crystal, cracked by solid shot hitting its cage, let out a deathknell that knocked the gun crew unconscious. A second and third crystal landed about 15 minutes apart with similar results. At this rate the colony would be destroyed depending on how many crystals they had. The balloon, which we had christened "Gideon" was already on its way. Luckily the wind was at its back. The Crew attacked unopposed with muskets but this was largely ineffective. The spiders managed to launch a fourth Crystal. Eventually Captain Ellis was able to rig a flaming barrel of red crystals and gunpowder. The Trebuchet was obliterated by the bomb. The Gideon returned. Ellis survived but the other crewmembers were killed by arrows. The balloon itself was punctured over 50 times but the Tarpweed annealed itself around the arrows. Captain Frank was celebrated as the first great Hero of the Spider Wars.

— *Nell Headstrong.*

A History of the Spider Wars. 2148

Shortly after the colony celebrated it's second year, the spiders attacked again. This time it was a surprise attack at night. They silently and nimbly scaled the walls and killed the guards with ease. There were hundreds of them each armed with an assortment of short blades for throwing and close work. They would have ended us except for one thing. The new Transhuman babies smelled and heard them. They collectively let out a panicked wail that no one could sleep through. The city was alerted and saved by its new children. Anyone who secretly disliked the Transhumans had their minds changed this night. We called it the Battle of the Babes. We fought the invaders in our night robes with torches and muskets. Human and Spider blood mixed in the streets where we engaged them in hand to hand combat outside our homes. We drove them back to the walls and beyond and we returned to hug and comfort our crying children. It was our most glorious victory.

— *Mina Heartstone. Midwife and Wetnurse.
The Godslanding Chronicles. 2152*

The battles kept escalating. In the Fifth year the Spiders fielded an army of over 50,000. It was a force of mixed troop types: Cavalry, Infantry, Archers, Trebuchets, and their most fearsome weapon, the death-dealing Crystals. Perhaps their logistics were getting better; their Jihad, or crusade, or whatever they called it, gaining momentum; but this army was certainly to be feared. Even without any technical innovations or tactical surprises they could very well crush us with sheer numbers. We were ready for this day. They would never engage us in a peaceful manner. We tried to communicate with them on a dozen occasions. The Guild of peace sent envoys, missionaries, traders, all of which were killed or driven back to the city walls. They wanted nothing from us except our destruction, so we prepared. We created Kill Zones. The avenues of approach were heavily mined. The walls and streets were fortified with every trap and weapon we could devise. We had dug tunnels and underground bunkers. Every corner building was a fortress. Every citizen was a trained combatant and had their own collection of weapons. Howitzers were positioned on the high ground. a Fleet of 15 Zeppelins reassuringly patrolled the skies above us. The speed and numbers of the Spiders failed to win the day. Even before entering the city their losses were staggering. Once inside we sniped them, burned them, and hacked their limbs off. They died like we died. Some heroically, others like cowards, some cried or screamed. some seemed filled with a deep sadness. We celebrated the lopsided victory but this time there was a growing remorse. Why? Why did they keep coming? Why did they not want peace?

— *Herod Fleur. Captain of the Guard.
Peace and Spiders. 2155*

Nine years had passed. The streets were filled with laughing, playing transhuman children. They now out-

numbered the adults. We also had several pure strain births. It seems the colonists who arrived as children did not become sterile but we only discovered this after they had reached sexual maturity. In addition to the new voices we happily also got to hear some old familiar voices. The Robot Guild had figured out how to reactivate our robots using crystals as a new power source. It took a few months to get all 400 or so of them powered up. The robots instantly took stock of what they had missed and reintegrated themselves back into the community. It was a joyous reunion. The colonists had known them as friends and companions even before their journey from Jupiter had started. The robots were primarily general purpose models with limited AI and small databases. They relied on mainframes for downloading timely, essential data. As such they were now an unskilled workforce, but a most welcome one nonetheless. There were very few spare parts remaining, and no way yet to repair their molecutronic brains so in some respects they would be a fragile, dwindling resource.

— *Herod Fleur. Captain of the Guard.
Peace and Spiders. 2155*

At the end of year 10 an army of almost half a million spiders crowded the plateau. We reckoned this was as big an army as they could ever muster given their current level of civilization. Our defenses were even more formidable than last time, bigger guns, deeper tunnels, more zeppelins, but it obviously was not going to be enough. Plans were made for evacuation by tunnel and Zeppelin. We could relocate to the mountains. What we didn't realize was the inherent capacity for destruction our robot friends were capable of. In the days leading up to the attack, they modified themselves, adding armor, installing weapons, and reinforcing weak points. They swore they would defend us. We rallied and took to our battle stations. When the spiders finally did converge the bots were our knights in shining armor. Arrows and blades bounced off of them. They moved incredibly fast. The bodies of the spiders piled up at their feet. The Zeppelins targeted the Spider's War Crystals to good effect, strafing and bombing the catapults and litters. This went on for two full days. Finally the spiders were broken. En masse they began song, a sorrowful one, and made a slow retreat, carrying their dead with them. We did not pursue. Whatever madness made them attack had led us to pity them. We did not seek vengeance. It was the Battle of the Bots. Only a few had their CPU destroyed but most of them were damaged to some degree. Missing and broken limbs. Damaged sensors, servos, and wiring. We were grateful for their sacrifice.

— *Herod Fleur. Captain of the Guard.
Peace and Spiders. 2155*

It is the year 2165. We have expanded and have complete control of the plateau and the surrounding mountains. We have destroyed and occupied the spider fortifications at the edges of the plateau. The colony now numbers 167,000. The molemen have taken over

and expanded the tunnels. They have also started a number of mining camps farther along the mountain chain in both directions where they have discovered rich veins of crystal ores. The ratmen have established villages in two of the neighboring valleys. Our Zep-pelins roam the continent freely. We have mapped all of the spider cities. It appears that the colony plants and wildlife have spread aggressively in every direction for hundreds of kilometers. They are outcompeting and replacing the native organisms. This has the effect of ruining the spider's ecosystems and agriculture. They are abandoning their settlements and moving away from us. Every scouting trip sees columns of refugees. We have also witnessed battles between groups of spiders. It is assumed the migrations are partly to blame for this.

— *Boris Manuke. Dogman Zeppelin Captain and Explorer. Reminiscences from the Air. 2165.*

A number of Native life forms have begun to be domesticated. In the case of native crops and livestock, their inedible biomass can be added to special yeast vats. After a couple of weeks of fermentation the resulting sludge can, with some further preparation, be consumed, much like cheese or ale. The flavors can be quite extraordinary. For riding there are Dinopedes, Lopers, Rhinosaurs, and Tuskheads. Since the reinvention of cars has not been scaled up yet, horses and these beasts have become the main means of personal transport. They have also been incorporated into our ground forces as draft animals and cavalry units.

— *Griffith Forrester. Lieutenant First Order of the Dinopede Dragoons. 2172.*

In the first Generation of pure strain humans born of this world it was quickly noticed that a few of these children had demonstrable psychic abilities. Powers of telepathy, precognition, telekinesis, healing, to various degrees, were all in evidence. These individuals were both praised and feared for their abilities and given numerous titles such as warlock, witch or wizard. It was theorized that the large crystals used and worshiped by the Spiders actually contained the still functioning minds of their dead ancestors. These Spirit Crystals were known to have powers of pyrokinesis, and destructive vibrational attacks. Many believed it was the psychic powers of the spiders that inadvertently awakened the latent powers of these human children.

— *Warrick Wren. Wizard of Seawall. Histories of the Wizards. 2270.*

It seems they hadn't yet invented the printing press. We found parchment scrolls but these were not common. The walls of many structures were filled with wonderful mosaics and carvings using different techniques. Writing, glyphs, symbols, geometric patterns, Images of themselves. Plants and animals were common. Most seemed to be of a religious significance. One recurring motif was what we called the Spider cross. It had a central body, usually a dot, out of which came 8 straight legs. 2 up, 2 down, and 2 to

either side, dividing the field into 4 quadrants. The contents of the quadrants would then be themed. For instance there might be a solar theme showing the 2 suns and the 2 moons. When colors were applied the quadrants would often be red, yellow, blue, and black. Hundreds of other recurring symbols and alphabets have been cataloged but not analyzed yet. There is much work to be done.

— *Elba Anis. Curator of the Spider Studies Institute. 2190*

As the main force made its way to the city we were constantly harassed. Guerilla tactics. Ambushes, traps, snipers, skirmishes. They would attack the baggage trains and the scouts. The occasional well placed crystal would wreak havoc and delay the column for hours. The range of our artillery and our air superiority gave us a telling advantage. We barraged the city around the clock with high explosives. They sent out night sorties but we intercepted most of them. The city fell after a short siege, a mere 10 days. Most of the civilians were already gone. We sent hussars and loper lancers in pursuit of those fleeing the ruins. Teams of soldiers went house to house looking for stay behinds. Lone defenders, often wounded. Saboteurs. Suicide attackers. Last desperate efforts of a defeated people. We set a Flag upon the highest building.

— *General Bohar. Later President Bohar. Notes of a Conqueror. 2210.*

The first century was a heroic period of survival, war, growth, conquest, and expansion. The Colonists and their descendants took over the abandoned cities of the Spiders. The Spider Wars continued even as the first human nations were starting to form. Human and Spider armies fought hundreds of battles and skirmishes. In almost all cases the Human forces were victorious. It is estimated the Spider's population on the continent was well over 100 million when the Godfarers arrived. Disruption of their ecosystems by biological imperialism led to mass famines, disease outbreaks, and intraspecies warfare. By the end of the century there were only a few million left in the East and South and most of these were in the process of fleeing to the island chains that border the continent. Once the Spiders were all but gone, we began to have encounters with the other set of creatures that occupied the two southern continents.

— *Malcolm Kesh. Sage and Scribe. Decline of the Spiders. 2220.*

The Alchemists can trace their origins to the first guilds, when chemistry, biology, herbalism. metal-lurgy, medicine, and other fields were studied and practiced as separate arts. During the wars these individuals searched out rare and unknown substances both mineral and biological: crystals, native flora, Demon flesh. With these hard won treasures, they experimented, they purified, separated, mixed and transformed. They created alloys, poisons, and potions, medicinals, salves, fuels, and incendiaries. And in

the fight against the Spiders they wielded the exotic weapons of their own creation. In later times they sold their wares to the highest bidder. They kept their formulas to themselves to enhance their own reputations and profits. The world of the alchemists is one of secrets and mysteries.

— *Nigel Frond. The Return of Alchemy.*
2290.

With the Spiders vanquished, Human unity fractured. Each city was quick to claim possession of the surrounding territories. Godslanding grew to be the nation of Guildhelm. To the Northwest were Kess, Fundic, Porfus, and Skald. To the Northeast Pithus, Estwald, Bohar, and Rus. To the East Kurgan and Feyden. To the West Seawall and Marshlund. To the South Dwarfholm, Bulgat, Trell, and the Bandit Kingdoms. To the Far East Vash, Ibesh, Emsah, Greb, and Keldjat. These new nations squabbled. Wars were fought. Dynasties rose and fell. The land was still wild. remnant Spiders still lurked in the ruins. Demons terrorized the countryside. Brigands and Air Pirates scoured the borders. It was fine time for hard and ambitious men.

— *Dane Corban. The Rise of Nations.*
2340.

From what they left behind, it was apparent the Spiders had developed the concept of trade and currency. However they didn't use metal coins, rather we found caches of small crystals, like marbles. Size was consistent. Roughly 2 cm in diameter. The shapes could vary. Some were irregular, others were polished spheres or cubes. Reds were most common, followed by yellows and blues. There was tons of this stuff lying around. Rather than going through the trouble of making coins we simply adopted this already existent crystal economy. During the wars many a soldier would after finding a trove desert his post and abscond with the loot. This was so common whole armies might disband after pillaging a city. It was easy. Men who took risks got rich. During this period soldiers were also explorers, adventurers, and fortune hunters.

— *Bannister Mycroft. Soldier of Fortune. Biography.*
Veteran of the Spider Wars. 2230

In time the Wizards sought the company of their fellows. The life of a Wizard is fraught with great peril as well as opportunity to acquire great wealth. Every major city has fortified conclaves to serve as a sanctuary for their kind. Within, younger wizards could be protected and trained, and treasures amassed. Their greatest Treasures they kept with them at all times. Perfect crystals could focus and amplify their powers. They could draw energy from them or even gain new abilities with their use. These crystals were set by master craftsmen in rings and amulets, staves and wands, talismans and diadems. They coveted crystals and would employ great treachery to obtain them. However to steal from another wizard would risk banishment from one's conclave.

— *Ger of Gynax. Ways of the Wizards.*
2315

In time the gene lines amongst humans and transhumans began to mix. Some combinations resulted in nonviable embryos or terribly deformed offspring called distorts. Some were less than 50

— *Welleby Stone. Mixing of the Races.*
2310.

Their psychic abilities in time turn many a mage power mad if not outright insane. Many see themselves as Gods or touched by the Gods. The world is covered with a myriad of Wizard cults. These are led by Mages who use their powers to create false religions and attract followers to worship them. Strangely there is no shortage of hapless souls who fall prey to the promises of these demented demagogues. Mages capable of mind control, fortune-telling, illusions, healing, flesh shaping, and telepathy are the most likely to set up such operations. The bulk of their followers are invariably stripped of their personalities and become mere slaves. Most right-minded wizards and conclaves shun these Wizard priests. In some locales they are actively hunted down and killed. The beliefs of the original Godfarers still persist in the existence of the popular Church of Mankind but they now many religions vie for the hearts and minds of the men of Chromium.

— *Ger of Gynax. Ways of the Wizards.*
2315

The Spiders had provided us with hundreds of ready to move in cities with dozens of Architectural styles. Some came to be known as Spider Gothic, or Spider Baroque, and so on. They had invented the arch, columns, domes, balconies, vaulting, buttresses, and many familiar features. the rooms were large. Ceiling heights averaged 3 meters. They didn't do stairs. They preferred ramps. Some styles including climbing walls. Doorways could be oval or even U-shaped. Ceilings were often multifunctional. They included storage spaces, shelves basically, and handles. It seems as they walked along they would sometimes grip the ceiling. For a human being a chair is a chair. However with 8 multi-jointed limbs they had about 15 different versions of the basic chair. Their other furniture and workstations were equally complicated and obviously not configured for human beings.

— *Elba Anis. Curator of the Spider Studies Institute.*
2192

Recovering the lost technologies of the original colonists was not to be a quick or sure thing. The new countries as well as the alchemists would not freely share knowledge. Survival was still an issue and we were still discovering all the mysteries and challenges this world had to offer. The fascination of the wizards and the lure of the crystals acted as powerful distractions. Aside from the new crystals and ores, various unknown oils and gasses were revealed

in the mines. These were of such great variety and complexity no single common organic distillate could be made in quantities large enough to be used as a fuel on an industrial scale. This proved to be a great setback for recreating the internal combustion engine in all its Earthly glory. However its predecessor and substitute, the humble steam engine was used to great effect. They were used to drive vehicles of land, sea and air, and even the great leviathans. Electrical power was reinvented as was the lightbulb, the radio, the telescope, rocketry, and more. These innovations were still just curiosities in many places across the continent. We often got ahead of ourselves and still needed to make the tools to make the tools, but progress was steady as we already had a blueprint upon which to build.

— *Xander Quigley. Recovering the Lost Technologies.*
2330

Seawall was the greatest of all the Nations of men. They had the best engineers and the finest fighting Dogmen. It was an oligarchy, with the ruling families sharing major posts including that of the Major Domo, the first amongst equals. It was a narrow, bountiful land stretching almost the whole length of the Western coast. It was the first country to build a Leviathan, a giant fighting War Machine. There were four kinds: Land, Air, Sea, and Submersible. This was not to dominate its neighbors, but rather to defend itself from the giant Monstrosities that periodically swam over from Monstros (the Southwest Continent). If Seawall fell the rest of Chromos (the Central Continent) would be at the mercy of these beasts. As such, Seawall was afforded great honors and respect by most of the other nations.

— *Attributed to Jemmak the Wise.*
Catalogue of the Apocrypha. 2305

Scout Zeppelins to Monstros revealed the continent to be grossly covered with Demon Jungle except for some barren desert to the south and an extensive mountain range abutting the Western coastline. Observations were made of Spiders inhabiting the mountain and coastal regions. Several giant Demons were seen on the move, sometimes fighting and consuming each other. A single source location could not be found for the larger specimens. Some observers concluded they were part of the life cycle of smaller organisms that were widely distributed. The scouts were universally attacked by a variety of organisms when they landed. Some scout ships were lost. Others brought back a variety of collected materials that were of great interest to the Alchemist community.

— *Sitero Gile. The Monstros Expeditions.*
2310.

In the year 2290 Lord Imus II of Noble House Rotan acting Major Domo of the Glorious Realm of Seawall declared a crusade on Monstros to put an end to the Demon threat once and for all. The expedition included 15 Leviathans, scores of smaller airships and water

transports, and 10,000 ground troops including cavalry and artillery. A beachhead 40 kilometers long and 20 deep was secured, but not without great cost in men and material. One of the great beasts was attracted to the activities. It engulfed a land leviathan which it dwarfed. An air Leviathan came in close to give support. It saturated the creature with incendiaries. As it burned a single monstrous tentacle snaked upwards and dragged the ship down into the inferno. After a week the expedition had run out of bombs and ammunition and still the jungle was pushing back. Our forces retreated. No similar expedition has been attempted since.

— *Sitero Gile. The Monstros Expeditions.*
2310.

Patagos, the southeastern continent was also afflicted with a plague of Demons. These however while still being no less a threat never reached gargantuan size. Occasionally flights of winged ones would swarm and attack southern and eastern Chromos. Most peculiar was a shrill neverending scream that emanated from the center of the continent. This was accompanied by extreme cyclonic winds that stretched into the upper atmosphere. All who studied this phenomenon concluded it had something to do with the Demons, but no one could get close enough to find out exactly how. The western shore was considered to be a safe zone and human settlements quickly sprung up. As is the nature of these matters, the ties to the original nations were quickly broken and the new settlements became independent. The largest was a city state called Alkopolis. It was ruled by a consortium of powerful Alchemists and Merchants. It's main business was collecting Demon materials to be used in alchemical preparations. A thriving trade with all of Chromos was quickly established.

— *Ixica Camdish. Alkopolis and the Demon Trade.*
2324

House Hershell built the first Railroad from Seahold, capital of Seawall, to Godslanding, capitol of Guildhelm. By this accomplishment did House Hershell achieve its noble rank and joined the Lords of Seawall. Most travel before this was accomplished by Airship. The line went straight through Cog City, a district of Godslanding and site of the Exodus ship ruins, a stop for pilgrims, scientists, and the curious alike. Cog City was home to the remaining robots. Many were destroyed or heavily damaged in the wars. Here mechanics, technologists, and craftsmen of all sorts reverently maintained them, building custom parts and repairing them as best they can. Those looking for old wisdom, knowledge, and secrets can usually find such in the twisting streets of Cog City.

— *Palamar Ashnot. Cog City Travelogue.*
2330.

Medical immortality seemed a reality but after about 250 years people would sleep more and more. When awake they were unresponsive; non-caring.

There were no discernable physiological brain changes. It was ennui of epic proportions. It was known among laymen as the Funk. Afflicted individuals were called lumps or zombies. We tried every imaginable regimen and drug but nothing worked except for a complete memory wipe. So the final choice was no choice: senescence or a blank slate. Most chose to be wiped.

— Doctor Almeric Dobson. *Millennia of Medicine*. 2378.

JEZIK

The ships operated at speeds too fast for human thought. Jezik however, was not completely human. He, like all combat pilots worth their weight in Arc-turian protomatter, was a cyborg. His brain harbored implants that linked it to the ship's mainframe. The combination of computer speed and human intuition was the exact combination needed to win space battles. The ship's battle netcom was top of the line and Jezik had 25 kills to his name. Not many pilots could boast that number.

His ship was totally custom. Super charged ionic pulse thrusters. Phasic regenerating antimatter power generator. Composite alloy streamlined reactive hull. Four twin beam continuous wave force cannons. Quantum series nexial tracking computer. And a really cool cherry red paint job.

His VR implants allowed him to see the battle from multiple viewpoints simultaneously. At his mental prompting the ship barrel rolled to avoid a fan of particle beams. Scouring the projection he lined up a series of targets in the crosshairs. The computer could tell what he wanted to do before he could tell his fingers to press a button. It did the probability computations and followed through.

"Eat Hot Death Suktars!" he screamed in delight as one of his pursuers was vaporized. "I'm 26 now" he jeered. There were five militia corvettes on his tail. And they were mad. The VR showed hundreds of micro missile launches. He would have to jump. There was no other way.

Jezik threw the engines into hyperdrive, but it was a moment too late. A missile followed him into the wormhole. He had set a course to a random star deep into Demon space where he knew they wouldn't follow. Upon emergence the missile impacted. The shock-waves knocked him unconscious. When he awoke he found the ship's autopilot trying to make an emergency landing on a medium sized world. Gravitics were down, The turbulence was ferocious. All systems were malfunctioning. It was going to be a crash landing. VR was out. The computer would not respond to his prompts. Jezik froze with panic. There was nothing he could really do anyway. The surface was approaching rapidly. the reentry burn obscured the sensors. The main screen became a red blur. Jezik let out a pathetic whimper.

"Entering exosphere" the mainframe calmly intoned.

There was a whine. Seconds later "Entering ionosphere." Jezik instinctively clenched his whole body to resist the intense vibrations. "Entering stratosphere." The ship roared and buckled. "Entering troposphere. Brace for impact."

The landing was rough. He blacked out again. On awakening his head hurt, his back hurt, his arms and legs hurt. Delirious with pain, he crawled out of the chair and threw up blood. He found the med-kit and activated it. A small swarm of nanobots emerged and crawled over and into his body. They repaired damaged tissues and reconnected severed blood vessels. Within a few minutes he felt better.

The main screen was dead and the emergency lights were on. His VR connection to the mainframe would not reboot. Life support showed he would run out of oxygen within the hour. He considered activating the Tachyonic distress beacon, but decided against it. If law enforcement found him, he would either be forced to upload or they would reprogram his mind. He wasn't that desperate just yet.

All major computer systems were down. He checked the cargo. It was mostly intact. Five tons of robot parts and military grade small arms. Purchased illegally. He was smuggling them to some political faction on Delphi Six. He didn't care what for as long as the money was good. This was a serious setback. Weakly, Jezik peeled out of his flight suit, washed himself off with a wet rag and squirmed into a red and black patterned survival suit. He grabbed a grav gun and some spare energy clips from his cargo.

The hatch still worked. He cracked it open. Gale force winds wrenched it out of his grasp and slammed it open. In addition to the roar of the wind, there was a distinctive high pitched wail. He poked his head out to take a look. "Spuzznuts" he muttered. It was a Demon world. He could tell from the tortured looking red foliage. His visor display indicated seismic disturbances and gravitic anomalies. He realized there must be a Demon Seed with an active core nearby. Inching forward he looked down the length of the ship. It was badly scarred and smoking in several places. He could see cracks in the hull.

He thought about the distress beacon again. Activating it might also bring a scavenger or some other criminal gang hiding in Demon space, maybe someone he could make a deal with. Or it would bring the cops, either way, he couldn't stay on a Demon world.

Then he noticed something far off in the sky. He adjusted the magnification on his visor. A zeppelin. With some sort of writing on the sides. and flags. "You've got to be kidding me" he thought. A colony here... or maybe aliens living amongst Demons. His curiosity was piqued. This was definitely worth a look. The suit sensors indicated the atmosphere was breathable, but it would probably make him sick after a while, colony syndrome and all that. He wasn't worried. He had more med-kits for that. He thought of shooting off a flare but he didn't want the Zeppelin crew to know the location of his ship.

He grabbed some more supplies and gear. He was

going to follow the Zeppelin back to wherever it came from, hopefully not too far. He closed the hatch and used the keyboard on his wrist to mark the ship's position on his suit's locator program. He looked around. Better get moving he thought. Before the Demons show up.

Jezik walked around to starboard side of his broken ship. The panel he was looking for was thankfully still intact. As he approached he heard a chittering sound. He spun around. Several small Demons were coming over to investigate. They started to circle. Demons can eat humans, all they can catch. Likewise Demons are edible, if cooked right, but lack vitamins and certain essential amino acids. Jezik was certainly on the menu tonight. Three legged hoppers. Pink and ugly as sin. They looked like the worst possible cross between a rat and a mosquito.

Jezik pulled the trigger. The Grav gun focused a beam of excited gravitons at the hapless hopper. There was a whoosh and a second later the beast was jettisoned into the stratosphere. The others looked over to where their companion was, not comprehending where he went. They turned their attention back to Jezik and charged en masse. Jezik used up half a clip sending the entire pack into the upper atmosphere. One even took a nip out of his suit.

He hurriedly opened the access panel and entered a code. A slot slid open on the side of the ship. A thin hovering vessel was ejected. It was a quad skimmer. Gravitic suspension and propulsion. It shuddered in the high winds. It could hold four. He jumped into the driver's seat, engaged the control system and tore off leaving a cloud of dust behind him. As he drove he thought he might need a different weapon, especially if he had to hunt these things for food. The ones he shot were still falling to ground. He had at least 5 years worth of nutrient supplement packs in the ships' stores.

The skimmer had a max altitude of 2 meters. He could go a little higher, but it would burn through his energy reserves. In the distance he could see something hit the ground. He drove towards it. The winds lessened slightly. He heard a bellowing sound behind him. Thank goodness most Demons were noisy. He looked in his rear view mirror. This one was big. And fast. He increased his speed. He looked back again. It was still gaining on him. This one was a large ugly brute. Four long muscular limbs. Bigger than an elephant. A toothy maw a meter wide. He set the skimmer on auto-pilot. He turned around and shot it twice. The beams each took a big chunk of flesh straight up and out of the creatures hide, but didn't slow it down any. He would have to outrun it. He turned back to the wheel and looked for cover.

MUNGUS

"Heave to you scurvy dogs!" Mungus roared, "There's work to be done!" This might have been more of an insult but half of his crew were Dogmen. The

rest were Ratmen and Molemen. Mungus was a Heavy Adapt, or colloquially, a Dwarf. Due to his reputation however, no other Dwarves would work for him. The lost honor weighed heavily upon him. What he wouldn't do to get it back. He missed the company of his brethren.

The winds were picking up and the cries of the dying god were getting louder. Goggles, hoods, and earmuffs were being fastened and tightened. Shoeless sailor rats in tattered red and white striped shirts scurried up the rigging to make adjustments. He actually had more rats than dogs, but they, as was customary, only received half pay. A heavily bespectacled Moleman operator retracted the canvas wings. His Top hat was blown away before he could fasten the strap.

Mungus studied the Maelstrom ahead. A solid wall of cloud formations extending from the surface to the upper reaches of the atmosphere. A swirling mass of blacks, reds, greys, and pinks filled with lightning and spinning off tornadoes. At this distance it almost reached to either side of the horizon. Normally he would stay in the so called 'safe zone'. Even there, the winds could tear a Zeppelin apart. The closer one got though, the greater the riches. All knew and accepted the risks. For Mungus and his motley crew were experienced collectors. With special alchemical containers they could gather up the valuable airs, gasses, energies, and essences emanating from the Demon storm. The dangers were great, not including the pirates that awaited their return.

This voyage was different. A stranger was among them. An unnamed Wizard. Tall. Black bearded. He had on fine robes in purple and blue. Like all wizards he was heavily laden with crystal jewels set in rings, amulets, and even his staff. They served to enhance and focus his powers. His eyes would often roll up into the top of his head. His presence was unnerving. Everyone avoided him. He came alone and he paid Mungus well. Five blue carved shards for passage as close as possible to the storm. And he promised a great deal more upon their return.

The winds whipped up. The ship was pelted with hail. Half the Dogs were on watch duty with axes, pikes, and guns, waiting for the inevitable Demon attack. We were already tracking two separate swarms of cloud beasts. The other crew were lowering by rope and hand the alchemical collectors. Bags to collect pollen, spores and flying insects. Bottles for condensing Demon infused air. Filtered scoops to capture and concentrate cloud essences. Nets to grab small flyers and the odd clods of earth and foliage the storm would kick up, even at this altitude. Special crystals were deployed that would become infused with the electrical and psychic energies of the Demon squall. The rats swept up the decks to collect the Hail in barrels. Demon water had its own unique properties. Mungus smirked. A profitable haul indeed.

Normally they would have turned back by now, but this Wizard was an accomplished Force Mage. His eyes glowed blue and blue dancing sparks burst from his crystals. He was mentally generating invisible force

fields to fend off the fierce winds. But even he had his limits.

A series of strong cross winds shook and twisted the ship. "Batten Up!" roared Mungus hanging onto a metal guardrail "This is going to be rough!" The scoops and traps we hurriedly pulled up or fastened to the sides. One net was torn loose and sucked away. Crewmembers hooked themselves to their stations. Some stumbled. A dog fell to his knees. A barrel tipped over flooding the wooden deck. The ship heaved sending a squeaking rat into the air. In their distraction a Cloud Beast was upon them.

A black quivering tentacle, thick as a man and ten times as long snaked over the side. It deftly wrapped around a shortsighted Moleman and dragged him over the side. One of the Dogs howled: "Demonspawn! To arms!" More tentacles appeared out of the mist that was quickly engulfing the ship. Shots were fired. Axes cut deep into the black flesh spraying a deep red ichor everywhere. Other tentacles were pinned down with pikes. Encroaching tentacles were flung back by the gestures of the Wizard. Mungus torched one writhing tentacle with his flame pistol. "Pull her about!" he screamed, barely audible above the wind and the din of battle.

There was a large crack followed by splintering sounds. The ship came to a jarring halt. One rat was thrown overboard. Mungus watched as the Wizard took a step backwards, flipped over the rail and disappeared into the swirling void. "Damnation!" Mungus blinked "That wizard owed me money!"

MELLIUS

Mellius was a wizard of no small repute amongst the treacherous and gilded halls of the power brokers of Alkopolis. His formidable magics were the result of a strong and severe mind. He belonged to no particular Wizard conclave but was respected by all. He was an active member of the cities High Council. By most opinions too active. The other council members could not avoid him or his intrigues. In his long tenure he had avoided over two dozen assassination attempts and won an equal number of duels.

Unlike the other council members he was not pompous or ostentatious. He came and went quickly and secretly without bodyguards or entourage. He would maintain elaborate disguises on his fact finding missions. He kept the power hungry Wizard-priests in check and also kept the other various factions from outright war with each other.

In his younger years Mellius was, like most of his kind, a spellslinger, a wizard for hire. Since, he has become a player and not a pawn. Now he is as central to Alkopolis as the rock upon which it is built. He knows all of its comings and goings and he passionately protects the city from internal and external threats like it was his own personal house. He had long ago made whatever fortunes he required and now serves diligently as the self appointed guardian of the

city.

As Wizards age sometimes their powers change. They gain new ones. The others grow in strength or diminish. In his mid thirties Mellius began having waking dreams. They were visions of the future, portents of danger. He was plagued by visions of Spiders and Demons. Unknown to most men or even wizards, a war rages for the far future. Precogs would move to act on their foreknowledge only to be stymied by others with even greater prescience. He could dimly sense the presence of these others affecting the future, negating each other's plans, making his visions opaque. He sensed other human minds at work, more powerful than his. He sensed great incomprehensible alien minds offworld in the night sky. He could sense the never ending rage of the Demons. But most of all, he could sense the spiders, with their deep minds and subtle ways. He knew they plotted revenge, and he knew they were equally aware of his presence.

His most recent visions were of a strange man and a shadowy woman on separate paths. He knew he would cause their paths to join and he knew that he had to find and protect them. He sensed vaguely that all men were in great peril. He had a vision he would find the man in the wastelands running from Demons. And a Dwarf would lead him there. Mellius could think of only one Dwarven scavenger captain. Mungus. Captain of the Skyrazor. Known for brawling and drinking. Noted for his many close-run scrapes with Pirates and Demons and for gambling away his hard earned money on skitter racing. They had never met so a disguise would be easy.

It was simple enough to book passage on the Skyrazor. When the Cloud Demon attacked he had a sudden vision that it was time for him to leave. The jolt to the ship provided him with a convenient method of exit.

TEELA

At the age of 8 Teela was discovered to be a telepath. While many wizards are greatly admired: Force mages, Elementalists, Healers, there are others that are equally feared. Mentalists such as she were one such type. Nobody wanted their minds pried into, their secrets revealed, their actions manipulated. Her parents at the age of 9 sold her for a good price to the magical conclave governed by the Archmage Sardon.

Amongst other wizards her young age and weak powers made her at first a slave and a plaything to many masters. She would cook and clean at their behest and be punished severely for any perceived infraction. She was incessantly teased and harassed by the older children. The adults were neither fair nor kind.

Her powers developed over time. The secretive Master of mentalism taught her how to paralyze small animals or send them to sleep. On her own she discovered she could get people to look the other way and not notice her. She could make the other students to drop things or forget things. She knew what they dreamed,

what they desired, what they feared. She knew who was foolish and who was smart. She knew who was powerful and who was dangerous. As it turned out, all of them were dangerous. No one trusted her. They knew she was poking around in their heads.

She found the thoughts of most of the others to be cruel and petty. She ignored the derision of the other girls and deftly avoided the boys and men with the lustful thoughts who stared at her newly developing body. "Disgusting animals" she thought. At night she kept the intruding thoughts and dreams of others at bay by planning her escape. She would go far from here, from this trap, this drudgery and intrigue, and use her powers to have amazing adventures and maybe find a family who would love her.

She did have two friends amongst the mages. Nema, a young water mage and Sebra, the old healer. Nema was innocent and Sebra was kind. Also in her camp was the stablehand Grum, a dogblood of no magic. He was a simple soul. He loved her unconditionally like a dog would.

One day Cadross had her pinned in the kitchen with a binding spell. He was slightly older and cruel. He was a forcemage adept. He liked crushing birds in midflight and hitting people with stones. She could sense his excitement and arousal. "What should I do with you my pretty bird?" he crooned. "Stop it please" she pleaded. Her drab dress began to rip apart. "Let me see what you're hiding under there." Mobo his partner in crime stood behind her and let out a fiendish laugh. Mobo was a fire mage. She could sense his many psychoses. She had subtly avoided these two a hundred times before, but something in her this time snapped. In a rage she possessed Mobo and caused him to burn Cadross with his fire. His face burned and he sunk to the floor unconscious from the pain. Then she turned and paralyzed Mobo. While he stood there dumbfounded she struck him hard in the head with a frying pan.

She ran to her room. She stuffed her few meager possessions into a bag and ran out the door. She turned the minds of the other Wizards aside. They did not see her leave. She wished she could bring Nema, but it would be too dangerous for her. She mentally called out to Grum, who soon would meet her down the road with a pair of horses and some warm blankets. As she ran she smiled. She was done being a slave. Her new life started now.

HAVEL

Prince Havel stood at the helm of the lumbering Leviathan known as the Imperious. It was a great gilded construct of gears, pipes, pistons, and metal beams. Lovingly assembled over a period of 7 years by the master craftsmen of Seawall. It was steam powered and drew it's heat from a rare giant red fire crystal. The Imperious was serviced by a crew of 40 intrepid souls. It towered 4 stories over the battlefield on 6 gangly legs. A turreted, large-calibre, long-barreled

cannon hung from its belly. On top was a flak cannon with full traverse flanked by a howitzer and a siege mortar. At the corners were mounted swiveling gatling guns. The side railings offered ample vantage points for spotters and snipers.

The Flak cannon blazed away keeping airships and smaller flyers at bay. Smaller ground vehicles fell prey to the armor piercing rounds of the undercarriage gun. Covering fire from the other weapons kept the enemy infantry pinned to their trenches. Three opposing monstrosities of similar design and size faced him in line across a shallow lake. Havel was a son of the great empire of Seawall. His foes were the Kurgan, an upstart nation to the northeast, bent on conquest.

The Kurgan were trying to cross the Mountains to the north of Guildhelm. The mountain pass led into the wastelands south of Wehal. Impenetrable Guildhelm was neutral in this war. Wehal had a fine navy and airforce, but it could not stop so great a land invasion. They had asked Seawall and Verin for aid. A dozen air leviathans fought for supremacy overhead. Havel could not count on timely air support to intervene in this encounter.

Havel was not the captain of the Imperius. He had commandeered it, as was his right, as one of the Grand Defenders of Seawall. It was a title awarded to individuals who have accomplished many a great feat of prowess on the battlefield. Havel was recognized as a tactical genius. In 10 years of service he had fought in dozens of wildly successful actions against all manner of foe. The Captain was an older man, Lord Tunis of House Rafferty. He was not pleased at being relieved of command, but he was a veteran soldier, and he followed orders.

The Kurgan engineers had little finesse. Their constructs were clunky and slow. Using the audio tube system Havel called out to the chief turret gunner "Aim for a leg on the closest walker." The Kurgans got in a shot that bounced off his forward armor. In return the offending target Kurgan walker had its forward leg blown off at the knee. A follow up shot took out a second leg. The main body sagged at a steep angle. It would take them the better part of an hour to recover their footing enough to be able to fire their main gun again. Havel sighed in relief.

"Advance hard to starboard!" he ordered the steersman beside him. The walker moved to the right while keeping its facing, much like a crab would. The second Kurgan walker matched his movement. It fired but missed its moving target. Havel put his hand on the shoulder of the Steersman "A little more and we'll have him." The enemy leviathan stepped into the lake. Suddenly there was a huge explosion. It had stepped on a carefully placed mine. Havel had mined the lake two days earlier. The crew cheered as the enemy walker, still moving at speed, toppled sideways into the mud colored water.

The third walker cautiously approached, making sure to avoid the lake. It fired ineffectively at long range. Havel had the wheel operator continue their sideways walk till they reached the end of the lake,

then he had the machine carefully walk backwards towards a gap in the ridge behind him. the Kurgan walker rounded the lake and came towards him in pursuit. Havel smiled. His family had built the railroads going to Guildhelm and Wehal. On the ridge was the end of a line extension which one day he hoped would go through the same mountain pass the Kurgans used to invade. At the end of that line was train carrying a giant railroad gun which was now being pointed through that gap in the ridge. the Kurgan had just walked into its firing arc. There was a tremendous cannon blast. The massive shell completely obliterated the enemy walker with a direct hit.

The captain of the Imperius patted Havel's back "You're a legend my boy" he grinned. Havel grinned back "We're not done yet. That first Walker is still functioning, and I want a prize!" He guided the steersman... "Go straight through the lake towards him." He spoke to the captain... "Assemble a boarding party. I mean to take their Firestone." He called down to the main gunner... "Hit their top with high explosive rounds." The Imperius was taking fire from the enemies smaller side cannons. Explosions rocked the hull.

"Hit them now!" yelled Havel to the gunner. A moment later the exposed topside of the enemy leviathan exploded. It wobbled and sagged. "Advance!" yelled Havel, his fingers digging into the steersman's shoulder. There was another large explosion. It's side erupted. A magazine had exploded. They closed in on the smoking wreck. "Finish it" ordered Havel. Their leviathan raised a leg high into the air and then brought it down quickly, its pointed tip, like a spear, going into its victims center. "Give it some weight" Havel held on while their own hulk heaved and tilted at the effort. The enemy hulk was being pushed down. Its remaining legs gave out and the entire thing collapsed to the ground. They stood triumphant over the smoking hulk.

Havel looked at the captain "Are they ready?" The captain twisted a handle "Yes. Go. You haven't much time" he urged as he held open a hatch in the floor. Havel immediately jumped in and slid down a pole to the undercarriage. There waiting for him were a dozen armed men. The bay doors were open and they could see the smoking wreck a mere 7 meters below them. The lines had already been dropped. "Now! Go now!" he yelled. Secured by metal rings, they descended quickly down the ropes. There was confusion at the bottom. The hulk was still shifting and spewing fire and smoke. They landed on the deck and looked for an opening. One large crater presented itself showing access to the interior.

Havel undid his line and was the first to jump in. The smell of acrid smoke and burning flesh choked him and stung his eyes. A wounded Pigman at a control panel dropped a grenade which rolled towards him. He snatched it up and tossed it into the nearest hallway where it exploded. "Follow me" he called when several more of his men had followed him down and found their footing. He fastened his goggles and wrapped a cloth around his mouth and nose. The going was treacherous. The hulk rocked back and forth. He

needed one hand to steady himself. In the other he held a pistol which he used to fire at anything that moved. The enemy crew members were hurt, surprised, and shaken. They offered little resistance.

They finally found the door to the main engine room but it was jammed shut. One of his men blew it with a demolition charge and they forced their way in. All the engineers were dead or unconscious. The crystal chamber and connecting pipes were cracked and emitting steam. Havel pried open the chamber hatch and peered inside. "Glory be" he breathed heavily. The crystal, three feet in diameter, was still intact. It was normal practice in a lost leviathan, to spike the main crystal, to prevent the enemy from capturing it. Giant crystals such as this were extremely rare. The fate of nations were often determined by how many big crystals they and their foes owned. Seawall currently had twenty of these priceless objects evenly distributed between leviathans of the land, air, sea, and submersible varieties. It was rumored that the Kurgan had recently dug up a dozen such crystals, thus explaining their rise to power.

Several of this boarding party were Coggers, modified for great strength and protected against minor burns. Together they carefully removed the crystal and strapped it securely to the back of the largest Cogger. Two others helped him support the weight as he trudged forward. They made their way back slowly to their point of entry. The Cogger with the crystal was the first to be strapped to the lift cables when he and a fellow of his were suddenly shot dead.

Havel swung around. It was the enemy captain and several of his surviving officers piling into the room. The enemy captain pointed his sword at them and yelled "Get the crystal!" Havel gunned down two of them point blank before his pistol finally gave out. Making his way to the crystal carrier, he pulled the signal cord and the dead Cogger along with his prize started to be reeled back in. Havel grabbed onto a leg strap of the Cogger and joined him in his rapid ascent. He saluted the enemy captain as he made good his escape.

WELL MET

As he fell Mellius reached out for the falling rat, but he was too far away. The Zeppelin spiraled away. All he could do was save himself. The ground was coming up fast. He stuck his palm facing straight down towards it. He chanted the words of focus and effect. Invisible shields piled up below him, slowing him down and breaking his fall. He saw the rat hit ground. Looking farther off he saw something on the ground moving very fast towards him. Some sort of vehicle. If he controlled his fall just right he could intercept it.

If things couldn't get any stranger, Jezik saw a man fall from the sky about 100 meters ahead of his skimmer. There was a shockwave that made the skimmer buck. As he approached the ground the figure slowed suddenly and landed on his feet. A great cloud of dust

spread out before him. He grasped a staff and multi-colored robes unfurled about him. A moment later the man jumped high in the air directly toward him.

Jezik swerved but the man landed squarely on the hood of the skimmer. He maintained a crouch, his feet glued to the hood. His robes whipped around partially obscuring Jezik's view. Jezik yelled "Hey do you mind? I'm driving here!" The huge bloodthirsty Demon gaining on him let out a fearsome roar. Jezik's passenger looked up to assess the threat. He aimed his staff at it and made an incoherent shout. His eyes glowed white. Jezik looked in his rearview mirror. The Demon stumbled and fell as if tripped. It got up again and continued the chase. The bearded man shouted again and the Demon reacted as if it was hit in the face with an invisible right hook. It stopped in its tracks and looked around greatly confused. The skimmer quickly left it far behind.

Jezik slowed down and removed his visor. "Jump in" he said "You've earned yourself a ride." Mellius deftly lowered himself into the passenger seat. Jezik asked "How do we get out of here?". Mellius spoke "Continue due East. That will be the safest route." Mellius looked about him "What manner of craft is this? Are you an Alchemist?" The two stared at each other for a while. Both had seen far stranger beings, but both knew nothing about each other. Jezik decided to play along. He lied. "Yes I'm an Alchemist. You like my ride huh? It is pretty sweet. Now tell me how is it you fell out of the sky directly in my path?" Mellius squinted. He examined the controls, the strangers clothing and gear. "No, not an alchemist. You're an offworlder. You've found us at last" Mellius said excitedly "Where are the rest of your crew? Where is your ship?"

Jezik stared back "You've been waiting a long time huh?" Mellius answered "Over 300 years. I didn't think it would be me to make re-contact first." Jezik squirmed uncomfortably. He looked straight ahead "The ship is gone. The rest of the crew is gone. Me and this skimmer is all that's left" he sighed convincingly. There was a moment of silence. Then Jezik spoke

again. "Sorry. no one else is coming. I'm it." Mellius looked disappointed then he spoke "No matter. I was meant to find you. Whatever you were before, on this world you have a great destiny ahead of you."

It was Jezik's turn to squint "A destiny huh?" He thought about it. Back where he came from he was happy as a mercenary pilot and a part time smuggler. Work was plentiful. But now that the astroguard was after him, his days were numbered. Maybe he was better off here, wherever this was, without them hunting him. A fresh start in a new place. He would give it a chance. Not that he had much of a choice. "Ok, I'll play along. What's your name?" Jezik asked.

Mellius puffed up his chest "I am Mellius. Grand wizard of Alkopolis. We shall travel now to my my Villa where I think you'll find the accommodations very agreeable" Mellius boasted. Jezik smirked. This sounded better already. "A Wizard huh? Are you a Techno-Wizard?" Force field technology would explain his earlier stunts. Mellius shook his head "No. We have lost that kind of technology. My powers come from my mind and are amplified by these crystals" He indicated the numerous jewels he was festooned with. Jezik was genuinely surprised. Mind powers. Psionics. Mind over matter. No humans on a thousand worlds were capable of that "What else can you do?" he asked keenly curious. Mellius blatantly ignored the question. "Yes, yes. And what is your name?"

Jezik paused to consider his response. "My name is Jezik Dactone. I am a pilot and a businessman" he pretended to be distracted by a flurry of Demon activity in the distance. "We were looking for resource extraction opportunities deep in Demon space when a gravitic anomaly damaged the ship and caused us to crash land here" He looked at Mellius "I see you are already familiar with the Demons." Mellius nodded "Yes. Very. That is also what we call them. The desert we pass through now acts as a barrier. They prefer wetter climes. They keep to the east and the south." The sky was starting to turn red. "What world is this?" Jezik asked. Mellius replied "Welcome to Chromium."



Warpspawn Cast

Lloyd Krassner Author of hundreds of games. Self Published in the Warpspawn Games Website. Personal Factoids: 2 Sons and an understanding wife. Pharmacist (God help us all). Taught College Biology for 5 years. Used to work in a Pawn shop. Pack Rat: Games, Toys, and Books.

Gottardo Zancani (Zak)

Janne Thorne

Jason Newell Official Warpspawn Cartoonist. Has made card-sets for numerous games. Author of Troll Treasures & Hunt the Wumpus

Peter Cobcroft (Curufea)

Markus Salo Author of: Norse Odyssey, F-14, Ypres, Winter War, Protecting the

Skies, Regular contributor to the *Personal Factoids*: He owns the Boat, Has a summer home, Enjoys sauna, beer, "makkara" (=Finnish sausage), barbeque and ice-swimming.

Mike Marinos

Ian Milnes

Tom Higgins Tom features Warpspawn games in his zine Countermoves. tomwhore@wsmf.org
Warpspawn Rules

Rabbidgerbal

David Ashton

Michael Callahan

Peter Schutze

Brian Train

Peter L. de Rosa

Frederic Moll

Ronald Pehr

Jörg Hansen

Mike Murgatroyd

Emmanuel Delva

Geo Gibson

Dragyn

Jon Parshall

Dana Darby

Wolfhvl (Matt R.)

Joe Nixon

Mike Mifrin

Aaron Dalton

Walt O'Hara

Dave Sanborn

Steven Cranmer

Tryvor J. Phillips

Dave Stattler

Patrick Bunch

C Gerard Luft

Alexander Herklotz

Patrick H. Lewis

Talk about name dropping... If you're not on the list it doesn't mean I don't like you, I'm just saving the best for last. I will only make pages for people who send me pics or links to pics. If there are any mistakes, omissions, or sensitive material please let me know.

WarpSpawn