



FORN SIOR ©

© 2019 Olivier Waryn, *Forn Sior* (Oeuvre originale en français)

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FORN SIOR (Tome I)

I would not dare to claim that the world was ever truly at peace at any point in history. But at the risk of sounding like a seasoned misanthrope, I would say that the prologue to this story begins as so many others do: with the weakness and selfishness of mankind.

The Third World War claimed as many lives through viruses as it did through bombs. Entire societies suffocated, battling unprecedented diseases and choking pollution. Excessive consumerism had driven humanity to crave more and more — without even knowing what — pushing it once again into a senseless escalation to seize and squander what remained of an already exhausted planet.

After this third Madness, the world was “stable.”

Stable meant drained.

The bloodthirsty upstarts who had long passed for political leaders were... bloodless indeed. Out of breath. There was no more blood to spill and not enough air left in their lungs to sound the war horns. Peace arrived not by wisdom, but by exhaustion. The world resembled a turbulent child suddenly emptied of rage, longing only for silence.

But silence is never a cure.

Institutions were voiceless. No one truly listened to anyone anymore. North America and Russia lay devastated. Bacteriological weapons had scarred fauna and flora for decades, weakening the fragile balance between humanity and nature until it barely held.

Humanity had nearly achieved what few species in the universe might ever accomplish: its own extinction. It had come that close.

Yet one should never underestimate the human survival instinct — that stubborn mechanism that sometimes borders on parasitism. Humanity adapted. It survived. And then, inevitably, it resumed.

Reconstruction.
Reindustrialization.
Backlash.

It took only a few decades to repeat the same mistakes of a past that was barely behind them. Technology returned, subtler, more immersive. Holo-Pads, Holo-TVs, holographic interfaces — new comforts anesthetized the masses while the world continued its quiet drift.

The United States, once an undisputed superpower, collapsed into decadence, then destitution, before disappearing as a dominant force. Its multinational corporations survived and relocated, exploiting cheaper labor elsewhere. Across the globe, coups and revolutions

reshaped nations. Some fell under authoritarian regimes. Others briefly experimented with humanistic environmental governance — a fragile experiment that quickly crumbled.

The new doctrine became control.

Control of resources.
Control of populations.
Control of births.

In territories administered by the Reunified Nations, these measures were enforced without compromise.

The RN.

Born in urgency, founded by disillusioned military survivors of World War III — men who had witnessed and committed unspeakable horrors — they promised “Never Again.” A slogan that still carried weight.

Officially, it was neither an empire nor a recognized state. It was a shifting conglomerate of fractured territories, largely formed from the remnants of the United States, Canada, and Russia. The latter, in fact, recovered significantly thanks to the RN’s massive implantation on its soil.

Formed to prevent future wars, the RN quickly learned how to manage them. Their leaders claimed noble pacifist intentions, yet perhaps took the old adage too literally:

If you want peace, prepare for war.

And it was in this exhausted world — rebuilt upon still-smoking scars — that a child was born.

One child among many.

In appearance.

Around the same time, in a far more hostile environment, another boy was growing up: Harkan Varlo.

Born to his father Durkin and his mother Doustrenne, he spent the early years of his life somewhere south of Russia, near the border of another war-torn country, Mongolia. His father served in the RN forces, and his mother worked in a weapons factory.

Harkan Varlo was three years older than Kirdirian. He grew up in a harsh, masculine environment, immersed in war and violence — nothing like Kirdirian’s world.

A master of acerbic euphemisms might have said that Harkan was not exactly an Adonis. To his misfortune, his awkward physique grated on his father’s nerves. Oddly enough, this hardened soldier — who had known nothing but war throughout his life — had a peculiar fondness for what he called “beauty.”

A highly personal definition of beauty, one he could find almost anywhere, provided his son was not within sight.

Coupled with a preference for conflict and alcohol — or perhaps alcohol first, then conflict — Durkin was not gentle with his son. Nor was he particularly tender with his wife.

“You know, my dear, your daddy loves you too... in his own way,” his mother would say after every altercation.

One might have wished for more comforting words.

Harkan had been sensitive and discreet from a young age. Discreet by necessity, as his father’s presence was so stifling that silence became the household rule. Their home was one of those functional houses assigned to officers of the time, built in the style of late nineteenth-century Russian miners.

Squalid. Ugly. Indistinguishable from the others.

Harkan grew up in a world visually dreary and acoustically violent. The surrounding region was over-polluted, impoverished, abandoned. Everyone lived in misery.

A fertile ground — especially for bad seeds.

His father was not evil. Not at heart. He simply could not tolerate weakness — at least not his definition of it — and he believed he saw it in his son.

“You’ll never amount to anything,” he would shout, regardless of context, whenever Harkan came home in tears after some neighborhood scuffle.

“Have you seen your physique? You’ll always be a loser in this world! Definitely not a soldier!”

“Defend yourself, for God’s sake. Be a man like me, you coward.”

And finally:

“That’s right, hide behind your mother. It’s all you know how to do.”

Their conversations were little more than verbal blows.

One day, after hearing once again that his father loved him “in his own way,” Harkan snapped.

“Well, he has a strange way of loving me, Mom! He’s always criticizing and insulting me. I even wonder if he loves you. I hate him. I want him to go to war and never come back — then we could stay together forever.”

His mother felt her heart fracture. And worse — she understood him.

She held him close.

“I know it’s hard. Your father doesn’t know how to show his feelings. But I love you. I will always be here.”

Harkan clung to her, hoping that one day his father might look at him differently.

Years passed slowly in that suffocating atmosphere. The rare moments of warmth came during old Western movies. Durkin adored the American frontier. During gunfights and duels, he would glance at his son with excitement.

In those fleeting moments, Harkan felt seen.

They never lasted.

Deprived of paternal affection, he watched his father laugh with his drinking companions instead. Those men received the warmth he never did.

Bitterness took root.

Outside the home, Harkan was different. At school, he was intelligent — even brilliant. But he had inherited his father’s sharp tongue and combative instincts. Small in stature, he nonetheless stood his ground. Sometimes literally using his head as an argument.

When the school principal warned his mother that Harkan was “a difficult student,” Doustrenne felt the weight of inevitability.

Something had to change.

Fate would decide how.

One afternoon, as she prepared a modest snack — stale bread softened with water, topped with melted chocolate — she called him into the kitchen.

“They tease me,” Harkan said. “They say I’m spaghetti with chicken legs. They push me. So I push back.”

“That’s not a reason to fight.”

“Yes it is. If I’m strong, Dad will love me.”

The microwave beeped. The scent of chocolate briefly masked the smell of the street outside.

“You don’t have to be like him,” she whispered. “You don’t have to earn love.”

He barely listened. The bread held his attention.

In the living room, the Holo-TV broadcast something less innocent: instability, pollution, poverty, rising tensions.

War was returning to fashion.

Harkan did not understand geopolitics.

But he understood one thing.

He wanted his father gone.

He imagined him marching into some forgotten battlefield, body riddled with bullets in a nameless trench — dying like the heroes of those ridiculous Westerns he worshipped.

He did not yet know that some wars are not fought with weapons.

And that the deepest wounds do not always bleed.

Some endure.

Some reshape the world.

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Forn Sior is a saga built across multiple eras.
Each volume explores a different phase of a world in transformation.
What you have just read is only the spark.

The fire has not yet begun.

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