

CHILDREN OF THE VOID

Episode 1

Star System 6082 Corvi
Planet 6082 Corvi b
Moon City New Ciza

“Get up!”

“Artur!”

“GET UP!”

Artur struggled to his feet, his face halfway in a puddle, with chunks of asphalt stuck to his cheek. The patter of raindrops deafened all noises aside from those within his immediate vicinity. His assailant, the fugitive he cornered, long gone.

“Damnit! I won’t get another chance at that one!”

Still disoriented, Artur searched for his pistol, PSG, and other possessions. Nothing.

“I wonder how long I was out? Who was that voice?”

He knew this part of New Ciza wasn’t safe after dusk. On top of the usual dangers such as robbery and death, the moon’s rotation regularly aligned with fractal bands of radiation from the Rift, with stasis shields being the only means of protection. For some reason, this zone had a faulty stasis shield which left it’s inhabitants vulnerable without their own personal stasis shield generators, or PSG’s.

Warning! Flare Imminent!

“I gotta get out of here!”

Artur wasn’t the type to ask for help, but was in no shape to walk, let alone run to a safer sector. He tapped his wrist, revealing a photonic dial that displayed a three dimensional menu with haptic feedback.

“Hey. I’m in trouble and need a ride. Here’s my location.”

“I’m on my w—”

The holo-com abruptly cut off as a flash of purple hued light overpowered his field of view. A pungent smell of decay hung in the air as lighting like scars wrapped around him.

“How the hell did I survive that without my PSG? I got lucky!”

As he surveyed the damage, Artur heard a strange yet familiar voice nearby. A figure lay in the shadows, a person, a body in decay, ravaged by Rift Radiation.

“Please,” he said

“Help is on the way! We are going to get you to a hospital!”

“Please, please just take this. You will know what to do.”

“Wha—”

The shadowy figure grasped Artur’s arm and handed him a cylindrical metallic object with indecipherable markings. His grip weakened until he let go.

“Now go! They are coming!”

He had never met this person before, yet he instinctually trusted his directive. Artur slid the artifact in his coat pocket and walked away.