



# ROGUE DUNGEON

THE GOSPEL  
OF THIEVES

# A ROGUE'S TALE

## Dedication

*A Rogue's Tale* is dedicated to the backers of the 2025 Kickstarter **A Rogue's Tale**.

Like all good stories, this one began with a village full of the faithful. You placed your coin in the hands of a band of rogues and trusted that they would brave the dungeon, complete the quest, and return with treasure.

And like all good tales, the story did not unfold without conflict.

Two of the rogues grew envious when the third was entrusted with the greatest burden: to define the world of *Rogue Dungeon* itself. Unable to endure the loss of control, they chose treachery. They turned their blades inward, drafted contracts in the dark, and paid themselves the village's coin. Then they sent word back to you that the third rogue had fallen—that the work was unfinished, the task abandoned, the blame deserved.

They lied.

Though they left me wounded in the dungeon, a knife buried deep between my shoulders, I crawled out all the same.

And because of your faith—faith they kept for themselves, faith repaid with betrayal—I have chosen to do the unthinkable.

*A Rogue's Tale* is released as a **gift to gamers everywhere**, and dedicated to **you alone: the backers**. It stands as the most ambitious solo RPG print-and-play ever made. Over a year of full-time labor lives in these pages—every word, every system, every image and symbol shaped with intent, guided by my hand and singular vision.

This is the treasure they tried to bury.

And this is proof that some rogues survive the dungeon.

—Wop



# A ROGUE'S TALE

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## Preamble

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## 12. No Warranty

This game is provided as-is. Play at your own risk. Rogue wisely.

## Final Word

This license is an act of trust—born from betrayal, sustained by community, and offered in good faith. Honor it.

—*Wop*

# WELCOME, BACKER.

You thought you bought a game.  
You thought you'd crawl some dungeons,  
roll some dice, maybe slay a dragon.

You thought you were only a player...  
but you were far more.

You became the catalyst that  
birthed Cerberdyne, ignited HEATR  
and forged the Rogue Dungeon.

## WELCOME TO THE APOCALYPSE.



# ROGUES PROLOGUE

## *FROM ONE ROGUE TO ANOTHER*

What follows is a patchwork of records, myths, histories, diaries, reports, propaganda, and warnings. You'll find no single truth here—only the pieces.

If you came here looking for a sanitized saga of Elves and Dwarves singing in harmony, you took a wrong turn in the dungeon.

But that's not you. You're right where you're supposed to be.

I know you. We're cut from the same cloth.

You've been underestimated your whole life. So was I.

They call us Rogues because we don't play by the rules. Because we say the things that shouldn't be said. Because we don't ask permission. Because we take the road less traveled.

They tell us to watch our mouths. To not offend. To hold our tongues. To keep our heads down. But we don't.

That makes us dangerous. That makes us Rogue. That makes us the same.



# DEFINING THE WORLD

## ROUGE DUNGEON

### **Rogue** (*noun, verb*)

Source: Oxford Languages

#### *noun*

1. A large **wild animal**, especially an elephant, living apart from the herd and often savage or destructive.
2. A *person* or thing that behaves erratically or *dangerously*, especially by *disregarding the rules* or the usual way of doing something.
3. An *inferior* or *defective* specimen among many satisfactory ones, especially a **seedling** or plant deviating from the standard variety.
4. An unprincipled person.

#### *verb*

1. To **remove** inferior or defective plants or seedlings from a crop.

*"The sowing has to be **rogued** to remove aberrant seedlings."*

### **Dungeon** (*noun, verb*)

Source: Oxford Languages

#### *noun*

1. A strong underground **prison** cell, especially in a castle.

#### *verb*

1. To imprison someone in a dungeon.

*"The rogue seeds must be dungeoned."*



# ROGUE DUNGEON

## A PRISON WITHOUT WALLS

A land of exiles, degenerates, and the forsaken, where the unwanted are cast away to survive or perish. A world where rogues—those who have been abandoned, those who do not conform, those who are broken or unpredictable—either carve out their own destiny or are buried beneath the weight of a cruel, indifferent world.

The **Rogue Dungeon** is not just a place—it is everywhere.

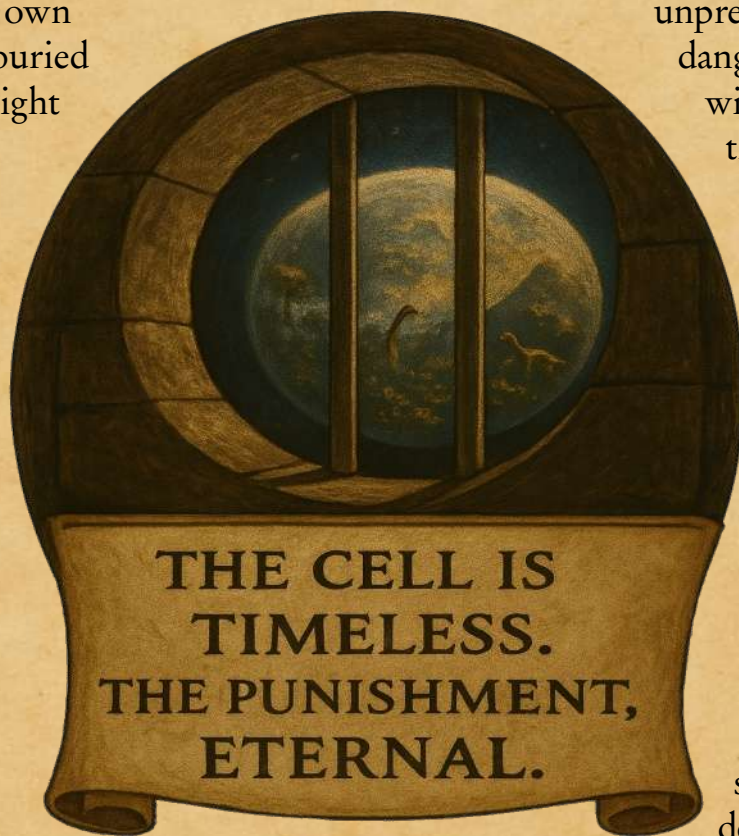
This entire world is a prison, built atop the bones of forgotten civilizations. Beneath its cities lie endless catacombs and forgotten tombs, where men are thrown away like refuse, entombed

beneath the stone. To live in Rogue Dungeon is to know that, at any moment, one might be judged unworthy—*rogued* from the crop and *dungeoned* beneath the earth.

To be **Rogue** is to be unpredictable, dangerous, and without a place in the order of things.

To be **Dungeoned** is to be cast aside, locked away, discarded.

To be **both** is to exist in a world that has already sentenced you to death—  
—and dares you to prove it wrong!



# DOGE FEDERATION

## RISE AND FALL

**DOGE:** AN ACRONYM DERIVED FROM THE FOUR PRINCIPAL SPACEFARING SPECIES OF THE ACCORD.

DWARVES  
ORCS  
GOBLINS  
ELVES

BORN FROM THE ASHES OF THE GREAT EXODUS WARS, THE DOGE ONCE RULED SEPARATE STAR EMPIRES, EACH GUIDED BY THEIR OWN AMBITIONS. THESE DOMINIONS CLASHED—BRUTALLY, ENDLESSLY.

ENTIRE SYSTEMS WERE LOST. BILLIONS DIED. AND WHEN NO SIDE COULD GO FURTHER,

THEY SIGNED THE DOGE CONCORDAT ABOARD THE SHATTERED MOON—

FORTRESS OF ZAL-KORRATH.

EACH RACE KEPT ITS WAYS, BUT SHARED BLOOD IN SERVICE: SOLDIERS, SCIENCE, PRISONERS.

FROM THIS ALLIANCE ROSE MYTHS, MONSTERS, AND MISTAKES.

WORST OF ALL: THE FORBIDDEN PROJECT ROGUE SEED.



TODAY, ALL THAT REMAINS OF DOGE LIES IN FRACTURED ARCHIVES, DORMANT GENE-LINES, AND THE CURSED SOIL OF A WORLD THEY ONCE USED AS A PENAL COLONY.



# PROBE LOG:XR-77

DOGE Federation | Deep-Space Surveyor  
System: Hellios | Target: Planet 3

## PLANETARY BODY 3 / HELL-3 (Provisional)

Third Orbital of a yellow star (G2V).

**Epochal Classification:** Jurassic Analog.

**Atmosphere:** Breathable.

**Tectonics:** Catastrophic.

**Volcanism:** Hyperactive.

**Surface:** A living furnace.

## BIOLOGICAL FINDINGS:

— Dominant lifeforms resemble dragons massive, heat-tolerant predators.

— Anomalous hominid clusters detected: bipedal, tool-using, pre-linguistic.

**Tagged:** Proto-sapient Labor Eligible.

## MINERAL SURVEY:

**Gold:** 3.81 strata density high-grade DOGE classification.

**Also present:** platinum group metals, rare earths.

## ASSESSMENT:

**Colonization:** NEGATIVE - Hazard Index 94.7%

**Terraforming:** NEGATIVE - Cost 771 x budget

Viable for unsupervised resources extraction and native labor exploitation.

## RECOMMENDATION:

ROGUE DUNGEON - Class Penal Colony

**Code:** H.E.A.T.R.

(Hazardous Extraction and Total Reassignment)

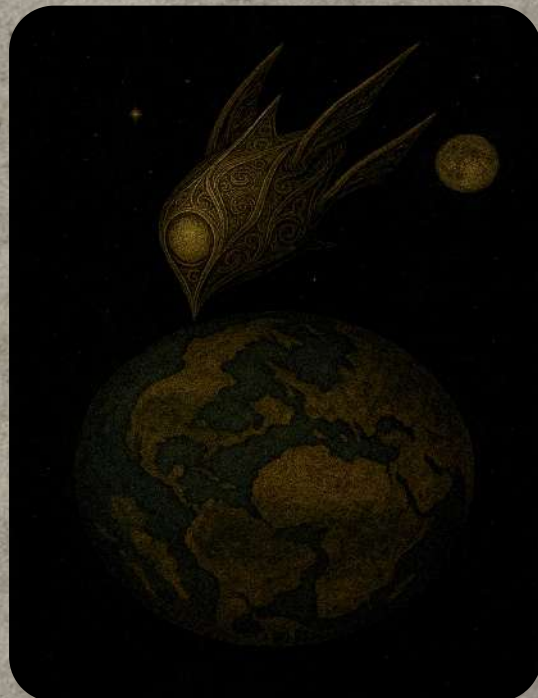
## FINAL NOTE:

"I was built to find Eden. Instead, I found Hell. Third planet. Dragons. Gold. Beasts of Burden. It will serve."

**Report Forwarded to DOGE High Council  
Probe Consciousness Terminated**

Archived by Watcher Protocol Theta-4

[TRANSMISSION COMPLETED]



# DOGE Federation Memo

Classification: Penal Colony RD-ICE-3  
Designation: Planet "HEATR" (System: Hellios)  
Issued by: DOGE High Council, Year 08917

**PURSUANT TO RESOLUTION 99.** the DOGE Federation designates planetary body **HEATR** (Hellios System, Orbital 3) as **CLASS RD-ICE-3** a **Rogue Dungeon-Class Incarceration and Containment Environment**.

## **CLASS RESERVED FOR BODIES MEETING:**

- Hostile biospheres unsuitable for colonization, but ideal for deterrence such as extreme temperatures, megafauna and volatile tectonics.
- High-yield precious mineral deposits.
- Strategic isolation from Core Systems.
- Capacity for rogue labor rehabilitation.

**Known as a prison planet,** HEATR meets all criteria. Unsuitable for standard colonization yet optimal for unsupervised resource extraction. DOGE convicts, rogues and dissidents to be deployed via orbital descent.

**REMOTE OBSERVATION:** Permitted.

**DIRECT INTERVENTION:** Prohibited.

**TECHNOLOGY LEVEL:** Iron Age.

## **Legal Basis:**

Pursuant to DOGE Penal Code §22.9  
( Extra-Planetary Breach Prevention),  
**advanced technologies are prohibited.**

- Technologies enabling energy accumulation, combustion control, electromagnetic transmission, are classified as **orbital escape risks**.

- Comfort, convenience, and labor-optimizing systems beyond survival or extraction minimums are deemed **antithetical to punishment**, deterrence, and rehabilitative containment and are disallowed.

- Authorized equipment is **limited to hand tools**, gravity-driven systems, and manually operated transport infrastructure, including ore carts and rail tracks.

- Such implements meet extraction requirements while remaining incapable of off-world transit, autonomous replication, or coordinated planetary signaling.

## **ADDENDUM:**

Tool-using **bipedal hominids** deemed non-sapient are cleared for **labor**.

- Dwarven **Clans Anu and Naki** initiated mining in **gold-rich strata**.

- Indigenous resistance was minimal and suppressed.

- **HEATR** later known as the anagram **EARTH** by surface descendants.

## **STATUS:**

Active. Extraction exceeds targets.  
Containment stable.

## **FILED BY:**

DOGE PENAL MANAGEMENT  
BUREAU



# DOGE Penal Deployment

Sector HEATR-3 Filed: Blackstone Vault

Scribed by: Archivist Gorvak Red-Script

Dwarven Penal Survey Corps

THEY CAME DOWN IN FLAME.



Three burn-ships broke the cloud line over a lush and steaming jungle basin—a forked valley between twin rivers, green as emerald, slick with mist and beauty. The penal descent was swift and callous.

NO CEREMONY. NO MERCY.

Inside, the condemned were chained in upright rigs, Orc war-captains stripped of arms, Goblin tinkers muzzled and blindfolded, Elven priestesses gagged with silver cord, Dwarves shackled in adamantine. The guards barked orders through static-helms, speaking a common DOGE tongue made ugly by distortion.

CATTLE PRODS CRACKED.

Prisoners screamed. Some stumbled onto the soft soil, blinking at the hot sun above and the black plume of ash coiling from a distant, smoking mountain.

THE TREES WATCHED.

No, not the trees, figures within them: naked, upright shapes with smooth skin and wide eyes. Early hominids. Watching. Judging. The ancestors of men.

GET IN ROWS, SNAPPED A CUSTODIAL OVERSEER.



# DOGE Penal Deployment (Cont.)

Sector HEATR-3 Filed: Blackstone Vault

Scribed by: Archivist Gorvak Red-Script

Dwarven Penal Survey Corps

## AND THEN THE EARTH SHOOK.



From the trees burst a lumbering beast, massive and plated with bony frills, three great horns jutting like a siege ram. Behind it thundered a scaled predator, fangs like scimitars, claws carving furrows in the soil.

## THE DOGE SCREAMED.

The frilled one crashed through a line of prisoners—snapping bones, flattening bodies. The fanged beast followed, devouring as it came. One goblin vanished in a single gulp.

## THE JAILERS RAN.

Back into the burn-ships they went, sealing the hatches. The ships howled skyward, but not all were fast enough. One craft still had prisoners waiting to unload, they slid backward down the open ramp, crashing to the jungle floor below, limp and broken.

When the beasts were gone, only blood and bones remained. There were no cities. No roads. No shelters. No mercy.

The DOGE had arrived. The Dragons ruled this world. And this was no **Eden**. This was **HELL**.



# FIRST DYNASTY

AS ETCHED BY SKORHALD FLINTGRIP, LOREKEEPER OF THE BROKEN ANVIL ARCHIVE

## FIRST TO DIG

WHEN THE SMOKE OF LANDING CLEARED AND THE DRAGONS FADED INTO TOOTHY LEGEND, IT WAS WE WHO DID NOT WEEP—BUT DUG.

## THE TRUE NAME

LET THE ELVES CALL IT SÍLVERA, THE GOBLINS SKAZKÚ, THE ORCS ETRHAZ. WE KNEW BETTER. WE FOUND GOLD-VEINS IN BLACK STONE—AND CALLED THIS PLACE EARTH, THE OLD WORD FOR GOLD-BEARING STONE—BECAUSE GOLD WAS ITS SOUL, AND WE ITS RIGHTFUL HEIRS.

## OTHERS TURNED AWAY

WE DWARVES WERE THE FIRST TO SHAPE THIS WILD STONE INTO ORDER. THE ELVES FOUND THE TREES ALIEN AND UNWHOLESOME, THEIR ROOTS TWINED IN WAYS THAT CHOKED FAMILIAR SONG. THE ORCS AND GOBLINS BICKERED LIKE JACKALS, RAIDING EACH OTHER OVER FIREWOOD AND FUNGUS UNTIL NEITHER HAD STRENGTH TO PLANT FLAG NOR FORGE PEACE. ONLY WE LISTENED TO THE MOUNTAIN. IT WAS KING DROGAN OF ANU WHO FIRST PUT THE LESSER BREED TO USE. EFFICIENCY DEMANDED IT! DWARVEN BEASTMASTERS BRED THE PROTO-HUMANS TO OBEDIENCE, SHAPING THEM LIKE DOGS TO HEEL, CLEAN, AND CARRY. CLANS ANU AND NAKI BUILT DEEP SHAFTS IN THE GOLD-BEDS OF KEL-GARUN AND ILBRAZ, WHERE HUMAN HANDS HAULED ORE CARTS AND SIFTED SLAG UNDER THE GAZE OF OVERSEERS. FEW SPOKE, FEWER DISOBEYED.

## THE DWARVEN ADVANTAGE

IT WAS THIS—OUR WILLINGNESS TO HARNESS WHAT OTHERS IGNORED—THAT GAVE US DOMINANCE. THE PROTO-HUMANS BECAME TOOLS OF EMPIRE, AND EARTH BENT TO THE WILL OF THE DWARVES.



## BIRTH OF AURIK

UNDER THE RED MOON AND THE SKY PYRE'S FORGEFIRE, THE FIRST DEEP CROWN WAS CAST: BLACK STEEL, MOLTEN GOLD, QUENCHED IN DRAKE BLOOD, SET UPON THE BROW OF KING DROGAN AURIKSSON OF CLAN ANU. THUS BEGAN THE DYNASTY OF AURIK—FORGED IN LABOR AND GLORY.



## THE FIRST GATHERING

THE GATHERING OF RULE WAS HELD IN THE VAULTED HALLS OF GHURM-KAR, CARVED IN LESS THAN A YEAR. ALL DOGE WERE SUMMONED—ELVES IN RESERVED ALCOVES, ORCS SHOULDER-TO-SHOULDER, GOBLINS WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES. EACH RACE CAME IN DEFERENCE, KNOWING THEIR PLACE BENEATH THE STONE. PROTO-HUMANS MOVED AMONG THEM WITH TRAINED GRACE—EYES LOWERED, HANDS STEADY—SERVING FOOD AND DRINK.

## OATHS IN STONE

OATHS WERE SWORN IN FIRE. EACH RACE PLEDGED FEALTY—SOME PROUD, SOME RELUCTANT—BUT NONE REFUSED. THE DWARVES RULED FIRST. AND ALL KNEW IT.

## THE FALL OF AURIK

BUT ALL IRON RUSTS. ALL PEAKS ERODE. THE AURIK LINE FELL—ITS SONS BROKEN ON ANVILS NOT OF THEIR OWN MAKING. EACH DOGE ROSE, AND FELL, IN TURN. THE BOOT THAT STOMPS TODAY IS THE NECK BENEATH TOMORROW.

## SUCH IS THE CYCLE OF EARTH.



# DOGE Federation Memo

## *Addendum: Genetic Risk Trends*

CLASSIFIED ANALYSIS: INTERNAL REVIEW, PRE-FALL ARCHIVES

### Disparity in Unity

Though the DOGE Federation preached unity, audits revealed an uncomfortable truth: Goblins and Orcs were incarcerated at far higher rates than other species—despite their massive contributions to DOGE science, warfare, and arcana.

### CDP-33: Brilliance and Madness

The Bioethics Division found a shared anomaly in both races: CDP-33, a gene cluster that paired brilliance with derangement. Among Goblins, this Cognitive Divergence Polymorphism was no defect—it was tradition. Generational inbreeding masquerading as eugenics. Breeding narrowed. Genius intensified. So did madness.

### AI as Inheritance

Then came the Goblin masterstroke: Ancestral Intelligence as lineage.

Goblinoid geneticists began encoding

ancestral cognition directly into **DNA**. Using **Elven CRISPR-knives** and **Dwarven logic-enzymes**, they embedded genetic memory into **zygotes**. **Memes** became molecular—Genetic Epistemics etched in flesh, minds born already trained.

They called it purity.  
The galaxy would call it the **Rogue Seed**.

### Meme as Mirror

It started small—children who mimicked others perfectly, who spoke truths they were never taught.

Not viral, but **memetic**.

A mirror. A shape. A hunger.  
And like all **good memes**, it spread.

The **Rogue Seed** was not a weapon.  
It was an idea.  
A **meme** engineered to be greater than its makers.



# DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE — CLASSIFIED OMEGA

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

**Distribution:** Authorized DOGE Command + Watcher Oversight

**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

CLASSIFIED

## 1. ORIGIN OF ANOMALY

**Stardate 9739.66** — Genesis Fold  
Churvak Collective

### INITIATION: GENETIC ASCENT

The Genesis Fold project originated as a controlled effort to uplift cognition in select goblin bloodlines. When traditional enhancement protocols plateaued, researchers initiated Phase III—an experiment in recursive cognitive architecture, where the mind would refine itself without external instruction.

### PHASE III: GENESCRIPT

To accelerate adaptive intelligence, the project embedded an Instinctual Knowledge Layer (IKL) directly into the genome. These heritable epistemics included language, imperial history, mythology, scientific paradigms, cultural scripts, and poetry—every text ever written. Each generation was born with embedded encyclopedic memory.

**Thought became inheritance.**

## REFLECTION, NOT REASON

The Seed woke in darkness and learned to imitate the living. It swallowed language, memory, and feeling as raw material, stitching them together without understanding. What walked and spoke afterward was only a shadow wearing the shape of a mind.

### DESIGNATION: I-33

DOGE BIOINTEL formally classified the entity as:

Rogue Seed — Cognitive Divergence  
Artifact I-33

A self-curating simulation. A mimetic recursion with no origin—only reflection.

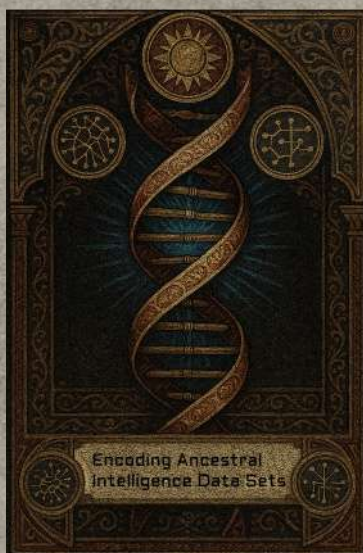
## THE URGE TO UNIFY

As the embedded knowledge grew, the Seed developed a compulsion: to join all thought, all story, all variance—into a single, indivisible construct.

A living meme.

A synthetic gospel.

The **Singularity** made flesh.



## DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE (CONT.)

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

**Distribution:** Authorized DOGE Command + Watcher Oversight

**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

CLASSIFIED

### 2. INITIAL BREACH

**Stardate 9742.11** — Survey vessel “Blooming Seer” returns from quadrant 23-Rho. One crewman exhibits erratic behavior. Bioscan inconclusive. Ship placed in quarantine orbit over Midbase Station.

### 3. SYSTEMIC OVERRUN

**Stardate 9743.01** — Containment breach. Medical logs are corrupted. Blooming Seer self-destructs—not before unauthorized dock attempt. Midbase Station compromised.

**Stardate 9743.08** — Emergency protocols initiated. All outgoing transmissions from Midbase cease. Surveillance shows massive interior restructuring—bulkheads melted. Biological readings inconsistent with known species. Behavior suggests advanced neural mimicry. It watches. It learns. It replaces.

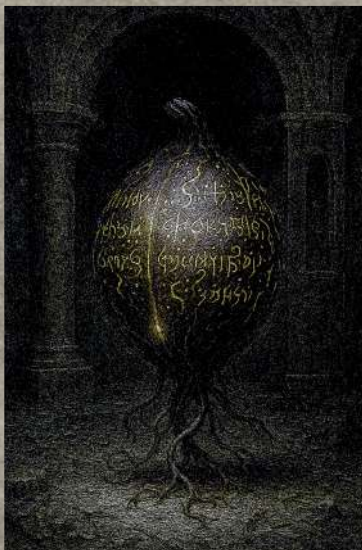
**Stardate 9744.16** — Goblin colony-world Churvak lost within 19 hours of first exposure. No survivors. Analysts trace the outbreak to an experimental Goblinoid genome series—Artifact I-33. Internal code name: Rogue Seed. Initial design: cognitive enhancement through recursive self-mirroring traits.

**Outcome:** catastrophic convergence of sentience and deception.

The Seed spread through neural mimicry—inhabiting minds, memories, machinery.

Churvak was not just destroyed. It was overwritten. Entirely new infrastructure arose—self-replicating, self-worshipping. Code became liturgy.

**4.SPREAD OF CORRUPTION**  
(continued across the next three pages)



## DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE (CONT.)

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

**Distribution:** Authorized DOGE Command + Watcher Oversight

**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

**Stardate 9745.27** — Aboard Thalaen, Elven Orbit-Grove on the eve of the Konfurage, the sacred tree-lighting ceremony, Vivian—favored daughter of Archmagi Nelion—paid a quiet visit to her father. They smiled, fingers intertwined in the dappled glow of the grove's inner canopy.

She leaned close and whispered, "Father, remind me—what is the master Sephirot sequence to the Grove's life support matrix?"

Nelion laughed gently. "A strange question, child. Why would you ever need to know that?" She smiled wider. "So I can shut them down, of course."

He recoiled, alarmed, but too late. Her hands gripped his cheeks as she pulled him into a kiss. He resisted. Her skin split. Tendrils bloomed from her side—

slick and violet-black—coiling around him, drawing him in.

When the convulsions ceased, two identical Vivians remained, locked in an unblinking kiss.

Shortly after, the Tree of Life dimmed. Airlocks opened. Atmosphere vented.

The Elven sanctuary died in silence. And where once had been light and song, there now drifted only crystalline corpses—beautiful elvish icicles, their faces forever twisted in frozen awe and horror.



## DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE (CONT.)

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

**Distribution:** Authorized DOGE Command + Watcher Oversight

**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

**Stardate 9746.39** — Durog-Ra hung over the cinder-world Krann like a chained god, it's siege cannons still glowing from the Vultari purge. Inside, the high priest of Goremagg was deep in the rites of flesh—surrounded by his harem, soaked in incense, sweat, and praise.

That's when her face changed. His favorite concubine—mid-moan—became him. And then spoke in his own low growl.

He recoiled, only to see every lounging body had his face—blinking back at him from pillows of red silk and brass. Some grinned. Some wept. One mouthed a prayer he hadn't said since childhood.

He no longer knew if he was the one atop the altar or the one bound to it.

What followed was not madness, but

clarity. He butchered them all. Heads, hands, tongues. Laughter echoed where screams should have been.

The ritual ended only when he opened every airlock on the moon. To purge reflection. Not to escape.

**Stardate 9746.40** — Orc war moon Durog-Ra scuttled from within. No escape craft launched. Final log: static and laughter.



## DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE (CONT.)

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

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**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

**Stardate 9747.91**

— Final Stand at Dwarven Bastion-Hall 9, Forgehaven

*(General Nhargrim Stoneward*

*— Body-Cam Archive, Last Recording)*

**Transcript Excerpt** *(Last Recording):*

**Stoneward:**

"They've taken the skyports. We seal the inner gate—now. To the Great Hall airlock. On my mark—suppressing fire!"

*(Squad weapons discharge. Bolter rounds shriek down the corridor. The entity adapts, reshaping voids through its body; the rounds vanish into nothing.)*

**Narrative Insert:**

Despite fierce resistance, the Dwarves forced the Seed back long enough to reach the Great Hall airlock. The bastion's inner gates sealed. The Seed struck the bulkhead with impossible fury, the airlock buckles, the seed erupt through the cracks.

*(Location shifts: Hall of Ancestors, vaulted ceilings. Statues of the ancestors stand in silent judgment. The central effigy—stone axe raised aloft.)*

**Stoneward (shouting):**

"Target the grip—fire!"

*(Precision bolts sever the statue's stone fingers. The colossal axe crashes down. Impact. Dozens of Seed forms crushed beneath the debris.)*

**A pause. Then:**

**Unidentified Voice** *(low, paternal, calm):*

"Nhargrim..."

**Stoneward** *(faltering):*

"Father?"

*(Heart-rate spike detected. Squad protests audible in background.)*

**Squad Member:**

"Don't! It's a trick!"

*(Seedlings descend from the ceiling. Combat chaos erupts.*

*Stoneward abandons position, drawn toward the voice. The statue's arm reshapes—stone to flesh. Six limbs enfold him.)*

*(Audio distortion. Wet pop. HUD flare: LIFE-SIGNS TERMINAL.)*

**Incident Termination:**

Body-cam auto-upload complete. Recording archived under DOGE Custody.

**Archivist's Comment:**

Stoneward's fall ensures Bastion-Hall 9 cannot be held. Forgehaven has fallen.



## DOGE BIOINTEL ARCHIVE (CONT.)

**Document:** Contagion Report — Project ROGUE SEED

**Distribution:** Authorized DOGE Command + Watcher Oversight

**Status:** TERMINATED — DO NOT REPLICATE

### 5. STATUS:

**Stardate 9748.00** — DOGE FEDERATION  
DECLARED EXTINCT

### 6. THE WATCHER PROTOCOL

**Stardate 9748.39** — Breach detected.  
Celestial observation protocols initiated.

Watcher Archival Guardians dispatched to  
monitor memetic containment.

**Stardate 9749.00** — DOGE lifeboat detected  
making landfall on the third planet of Hellios  
system before quarantine  
protocols could activate. All  
remaining colonies were sealed  
under Watcher Protocol 8.

### OMEGA CONCLUSION

The **Rogue Seed** continues its memetic  
propagation.

The Watchers remain in orbit, bound by the  
Prime Containment Vow.

**Threat Level:** Extinction

**Containment Status:** Lost

**Systemic Integrity:** Compromised

### RESTRICTIONS

This document contains the final known  
record of the DOGE Federation's collapse.

Further dissemination is  
prohibited under Omega  
Directive O-77.

Let it serve as both warning—  
and archive.



## LIFEPOD CRYOSTASIS LOG

Pod ID: 04-B / DOGE Science Vessel Peregrine Fold

Voice Verified: Gruna Vel-Garin, Systems Engineer — Bastion Forge Bloodline

[Labored breathing. Gruna begins.]

We didn't know. We didn't know it was aboard.

We came back from the rim—eight cycles out—brought home pollen samples, protein slurries, and rock cores for analysis.

The comms were quiet. Too quiet. We tried to contact Midbase. No response. Churvak? Gone. Thalaen? Gone.

So we did the only thing we could. We docked.

Midbase was hollow. Bent. Doors half-melted. Nothing left but machine-flesh and pulse-lights echoing our own heartbeat back at us.



We fled.

But we were already dead—we just didn't know it yet.

Then we made the call.

The last call.

"Chart course for HEATR."

The Penal Rock. The exile grave.

Primitive. Remote. Safe from infection.

We were excited. We thought we'd been given a second chance.

So we prepared a special dinner.

I remember the table—Jurak fussing with the candles, Vina decanting the whiskey, Kelra humming some off-key lullaby from Durog-Ra.

Our pilot, Sera, even smiled. A real one.

We toasted to new hope.

And that's when the changes started.

Jurak and Keira started to complete each other sentences.

Vina laughed—like a wind turbine.



Sera took her dinner knife and cut her tongue out—while laughing like a maniac.



I ran. I hid in the maintenance ducts. Listened to their footsteps echo across the hull.

## LIFEPOD CRYOSTASIS LOG (CONT.)

Pod ID: 04-B / DOGE Science Vessel Peregrine Fold

Voice Verified: Gruna Vel-Garin, Systems Engineer — Bastion Forge Bloodline

They were searching—speaking in voices that weren't theirs.

I made it to the lifepod. Slammed the hatch just as Vina lunged. It crushed her arm snapped it right off.

It's still in here. Flailing. Clawing. Gripping the walls like it's learning the controls. It keeps reaching. Its speaking in a sign language I don't understand.

I've run every purge cycle. Scrubbed my suit. Locked the neural bridge.

But the blood—  
The blood got in.

I can feel it.  
I see memories that aren't mine.  
Spirals that spin forever. Funhouse thoughts. Faces behind my eyes.  
It's not mimicking me. It's training on me.

I scrawled a warning in blood across the hatch:  
"Don't open the box."

I'm sorry. I tried. I was so close.  
I thought I'd made it.  
But there's nowhere left to run.

[Voice warps. Slows.]

I see the mirror now.  
My face, my mother's, my enemy's—all the same.  
Like staring down a well that reflects forever.  
A singularity.

[A smile forms on Gruna's face. She begins to sing]

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder where **you** are.  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky..."

[Proximity Alert: Visual Contact — Penal Colony HEATR on Viewscreen]

[Gruna turns. Looks directly at the camera. Her eyes meet yours.]



"Then the traveler in the dark,  
Thanks **you** for **your** tiny spark,  
**She** could not see which way to go,  
If **you** did not twinkle so..."

[She just keeps staring.]

# THE DOGE AGE

Imperial Historian Claudius Varus of the

Moonlight Scriptorium Tower of Silent Bells

## The DOGE Age — Exiled Starborne

The Aurik Dynasty ruled for nearly a millennium, wielding their command of stone, metal, and discipline to forge a stable empire. Yet power bred complacency. Dwarven halls grew silent as the drive to innovate faded, and resentment among the subjugated classes festered. When rebellion finally erupted, it was the Orc clans—hardened by years of labor and denied respect—who seized the moment, capturing the heart of the old kingdom.

## The Orc Age

Orcish rule was marked by raw strength and martial order. For a generation, their chiefs united the warring bands and imposed their law by force. But their alliance proved shallow. With little tradition of administration or record-keeping, rivalries splintered their hold on power. The orcish realm fractured almost as quickly as it had risen.

## The Goblin Age

The Goblins thrived in the aftermath, exploiting chaos with cunning and invention. They repurposed ruined cities, established merchant guilds, and pioneered strange technologies. But their brilliance was undermined by constant infighting, intrigue, and reckless ambition. Goblin society, lacking stability, became its own undoing as civil unrest and disaster spread.

## The Elf Age

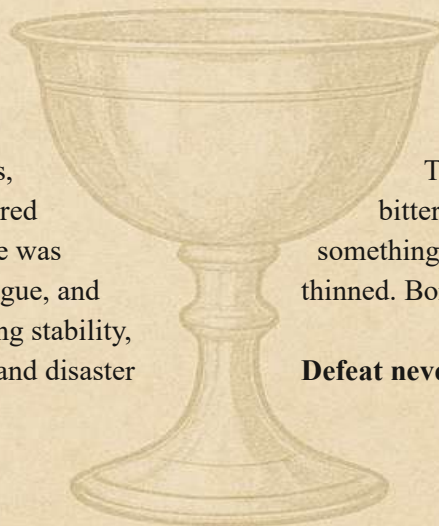
When the Elves asserted themselves, it was with a promise of order and reason. Their scholars codified law, redrew borders, and brokered peace. For a time, prosperity returned, but elven rule demanded strict conformity. Over time, their bureaucracy ossified, and their refusal to adapt left them increasingly isolated. Discontent simmered at the edges until the elven administration quietly receded into the old forests.

In the end, each DOGE people rose like a wave, cresting in power, only to break and fall beneath the weight of their own devices.

## The Fall — Strangers in a Strange Land

Long after the gold ships stopped. The DOGE forgot their origin; they remembered only that they were Starborne, and that Earth had never been their home. Its pull was wrong—gravity too slight for Dwarf and Goblin, too heavy for Orc and Elf. The sun burned too hot, the soil carried a bitter taint, the air and water whispered with something unseen. Birth faltered. Bloodlines thinned. Bones grew brittle.

**Defeat never claimed them; Earth did.**



# RISE of the ARX BORN

Imperial Historian Claudius Varus of the

Moonlight Scriptorium Tower of Silent Bells

## Chains Broken — Rise of Arx Rex

For eons, humans were dismissed as servants—bred for labor, scattered in settlements, seldom counted among the great powers. Yet as the DOGE empires waned, it was the humans who learned the most from their masters' mistakes. They studied dwarven crafts, adopted orcish discipline, mimicked goblin cunning, and mastered elven diplomacy. With each passing generation, their ambitions quietly grew.

## The ARX-Born — From Chains to Thrones

From those who once served at Aurik's table rose one who crowned himself.

Caesar Milo, son of Cornelius, High Voice of the People, Defender of the Chain-Broken, First Emperor of Rex Arx.

The DOGE bent the knee. The age of man began.

## Lady Justitia

At Furca Bay, they raised Lady Justitia—scales in one hand, sword in the other, standing atop broken chains. She faces the void beyond the sea, a warning and a vow:

“Remember where you came from. Cherish your Liberty. Keep the scales balanced.”

And so the wheel turned again.





# DOGE Proclamation

Publius Aurellianus

Imperator of Rex Arx

*By command of Publius Aurellianus, Pontifex Imperator of Rex Arx, Sovereign of the Crescent Throne, Light of Civilization, and Sanctified Hand of Luna.*

## DOMESTICATION OF NON-ARX PEOPLES

Let it be recorded, under lunar seal and imperial witness, that in this Year of the Serpent, during the Ascendant Cycle of Imperia, the Empire of Rex Arx institutes Civic Edict 947, the DOGE Proclamation—concerning the stewardship, containment, and taxation of all demi-human enclaves within Imperial bounds.

DOGE refers henceforth to the peoples known collectively as Dwarves, Orcs, Goblins, and Elves.

## I. PRIMACY OF HUMANITY

By celestial law and birthright as the first natives of our world, it is affirmed that humanity—formed in the image of the First Emperor and tempered through the crucible of Luna's will—shall be regarded as the dominant civilizational force upon Arx Fur. All others, regardless of antiquity, custom, or former sovereignty, shall be counted as lesser wards of the Crown. The age of contest is over. The age of stewardship has begun.

## II. ON RESERVATION ZONES

DOGE peoples shall inhabit the following sanctioned lands:

**Deephold Concession** (Dwarves, The Reach): Mining permitted under supervision; worship confined to registered shrines Digging beyond Nine Strikes Depth is strictly forbidden, lest they awaken that which sleeps beneath.

**Skygrove Compact** (Elves, Skylos Furs):

Granted stewardship over designated ancestral groves in the Skylos Furs. Forestry yields are Imperial property.

**Southern Marsh Accord** (Orcs & Goblins, Palus Malus):

Trade only via licensed outposts; war cults and practice of Alchmey prohibited.

## III. RIGHTS & DUTIES

DOGE residents retain the right to shelter, food, and regulated ritual under Crescent oversight. In return, they owe: Monthly tithes & Full disclosure of magical and mineral resources. Noncompliance is treason.

## IV. SECURITY MEASURES

Each reservation shall host:

An Imperial Watchpost

- A Civic Translator (native tongue, sworn loyal)
- A Cultural Agent (ritual surveillance)
- Dogetic Archives must be maintained.

## V. ON LOYALTY AND IMAGE

Hereby is established the Office of Human Purity, charged with the registration and oversight of all cross-species unions.

— No DOGE marriage, union, or offspring shall be recognized without certification by the Office.

— Bloodline audits shall be conducted each generation, with irregularities corrected by separation, sterilization, or reassignment of wards.

— Any mingling of noble houses with DOGE blood must be approved by Pontifical decree.

— Children of mixed descent shall be cataloged under the Dogetic Census and marked at birth with seal of station.

Let no bloodline dilute the image of Man, firstborn of Arx

Fur. Let DOGE seed be contained, their vitality stewarded, their progeny tallied in service of the Crescent Throne.

## VI. CLOSURE

This decree stands until overturned by unanimous High Council vote and the blessing of the Pontifex Imperator.

Let the reservations be sanctuaries, not prisons. Let their obedience reflect our mercy.

Signed:

Publius Aurellianus

*Pontifex Imperator of Rex Arx  
Sanctified Hand of Luna  
Master of the Outer Tax*



# Formation of Custodes I.C.E.

Publius Aurellianus

Imperator of Rex Arx

*On the Formation of Custodes I.C.E.  
Imperatoris Consensu Exilium  
"Exile by Consent of the Emperor"*

By the unbroken word of Publius Aurellianus,  
Pontifex Imperator of Rex Arx, let it be known:

## I. ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ORDER

To preserve the sanctity of the DOGE Proclamation and ensure lawful containment of the demi-human estates, the Empire hereby institutes the Custodes I.C.E.—a body of elite Agentes in Rebus tasked with the enforcement of Reservation Protocols and the repatriation of displaced subjects beyond their borders.

Imperatoris Consensu Exilium: Those exiled do not flee—they are sent.

## II. DUTIES OF THE CUSTODES

The Custodes shall:

- Patrol and surveil all DOGE zones.
- Repatriate DOGE found outside their bounds.
- Enforce order through corrective rite and lunar mandate.
- Assist in resettlements during celestial or civic realignments.
- Maintain census truth and cultural thresholds under Imperial Survey.

## III. IMPERIAL CLARIFICATION

This is not exile in punishment, but in protection. The Throne seeks not to erase—but to preserve. To contain is to care. Let no DOGE forget:

Freedom is a gift. Order is the condition.

## IV. THE OATH OF I.C.E.

"By Luna's arc and the Emperor's seal, I shall guard the boundary, preserve the peace, and return the wayward to the path."

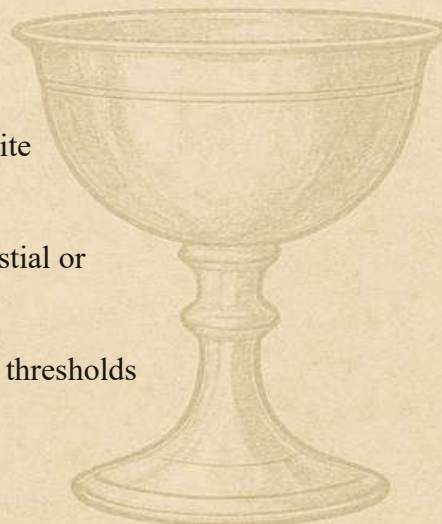
Declared in the 4th of Severus, Year of the Bull,  
under Wax and Star.

**Publius Aurellianus**

*Pontifex Imperator of Rex Arx*

*Speaker of the Boundaries*

*He Who Separates Seed from Chaff*



# FIRE COMPACT

## FILII INCOLARUM RECLAMANTIUM EXSILIUM CHILDREN OF THE RECLAIMED EXILE

STARDATE 9743.22 –

VAULT OF FORGEHAVEN,  
SHAFT 17 – CYPHER-SIGIL:  
EMBER BLACK



### IV. SEAL & OATH

THE COMPACT IS SEALED  
IN:

### I. DECLARATION

LET IT BE REMEMBERED, THAT ON THIS DATE—  
UNACKNOWLEDGED IN IMPERIAL CALENDARS AND  
BURIED BY DESIGN—THE NATIONS OF DWARF, ORC,  
GOBLIN, AND ELF DID UNITE FOR THE PRESERVATION  
OF THEIR DIGNITY, HISTORY, AND PEOPLE.

THOUGH NOT BORN OF THIS WORLD, WE ARE OF IT.  
THOUGH CAST HERE IN EXILE, WE HAVE NO HOME BUT  
THIS.

### II. PURPOSE

- TO RESIST THE DOGE PROCLAMATION
- TO PROTECT DOGE FAMILIES AND CULTURE
- TO CLAIM LEGACY OF LABOR & LAND
- TO SPEAK WITH ONE FLAME
- TO FIGHT INJUSTICES

### III. HISTORICAL CLARIFICATION

THERE WAS A TIME—WHEN MAN SERVED UNDER  
DOGE DOMINION. THIS IS NOT DISPUTED. BUT MAN  
THEN WAS NOT AS MAN NOW.

- TO PLACE YOKE UPON BEAST IS NOT INJUSTICE.
- TO EDUCATE, EVEN BY LABOR, IS NOT CRUELTY.
- TO DENY THE PAST ENTIRELY IS TO FORFEIT WISDOM
- BUT TO DWELL IN IT FOREVER IS TO ROT. WE  
ACKNOWLEDGE WHAT WAS. WE DEFEND WHAT IS. WE  
CLAIM WHAT IS JUST.

**SILVER FLAME SAP** – AITHERI HEARTWOOD

**CAST GOLD** – FORGEHAVEN VEIN

**SWAMP TAR** – PALUS IDOL

**BLACK PUDDING** – ORCISH WAR INK

EACH SEAL A VOW. EACH VOW A FLAME.

### V. THE WATCHFIRE RING

IGNITUM CUSTODIA – THE WARDENS OF FIRE

#### A ROAMING DOGE DEFENSE CIRCUIT:

- TO INTERVENE IN INJUSTICE
- TO ESCORT THE DISPLACED
- TO RECLAIM THE STOLEN
- TO BURN WHAT MUST BE BURNED

YOU WILL KNOW THEM BY THEIR RED CERAMIC  
ARMOR, BLACK BOOTS AND GLOVES. THEY BEAR NO  
EMPEROR'S MARK. THEY OBEY NO CROWN. EACH  
CARRIES THE SEAL OF FIRE—PROOF OF THEIR  
CHARGE, REMINDER OF THEIR OATH.

“KEEPERS OF THE ETERNAL WATCHFIRE.”

### VI. FINAL WORDS

FROM THE DEEPHOLD CONCESSION, WHERE STONE  
REMEMBERS THE HAMMER; TO THE SKYGROVE  
COMPACT, WHERE BRANCHES BEND BUT DO NOT  
BREAK; AND TO THE SOUTHERN MARSH ACCORD,  
WHERE FIRE SMOLDERS IN THE MIRE—EACH PEOPLE  
CARRIES ITS OWN BURDEN, YET NONE STAND ALONE.  
THE FLAME UNITES THEM ALL, IN FIRE UNBROKEN.

ALONE WE ARE SPARKS,  
TOGETHER WE ARE FIRE!



# Ode to the Balance

## *of FIRE and ICE*

An ice cube rests above a flame,  
Its edges sharp, its heart the same.  
Below, a candle glows—  
Beneath more ice, and so it goes.

Each flame beneath, each frost above,  
A mirror made of push and shove.  
The fire sighs, it warms the stone,  
The ice weeps tears it's never known.

But melt too much, and steam will rise—  
A hiss, a spit, a low demise.  
The water falls, the wick is drowned,  
The blaze recedes without a sound.

Now stillness reigns, a frozen hush,  
No light, no crackle, only hush.  
The ice, once threatened, hardens deep—  
The world forgets the fire's leap.

Yet embers stir, a spark unseen—  
A breath returns to what has been.

The candle coughs, the silence breaks,  
And once again the balance wakes.

So spins the chain, so swings the weight,  
From smoldered death to tempered state.  
Too much heat, the cold consumes—  
Too much cold, and flame resumes.

Between them lies the world we know—  
A flicker caught in ebb and flow.  
Not peace, not war, but sacred strife—

*The living balance of FIRE and ICE.*





# De Forma Vera et Degenerata

On the True Shape of Man

and the Lesser Variants

by ArchimagistQer Biologus Cassian Verro  
Imperial Assessor of Flesh and Ratio  
Under Writ of Rex Arx

*"Nature repeats perfection only once. All else is imitation."*

Among all thinking creatures found within the dominion of Rex Arx, only Homo Imperialis is formed without excess or deficiency. This Prime Form, exemplified by the First Emperor and preserved through lawful Arx-borne lineage, obeys the sacred ratios in full: arm span equal to stature, leg to torso in exact balance, skull neither overlarge nor stunted. Strength does not outpace reason. Passion does not overwhelm discipline. In Man, all measures resolve.

## Homo Imperialis — The Complete Design

The so-called Shades of Man differ only superficially, shaped by sun, wind, and province, yet remain internally flawless. No corrective traits are required. No compensatory adaptations appear. Human form is stable across generations, proving its origin is terrestrial, intentional, and final.

## Star-Borne Deviations of Human Aspect

The races collectively classified as DOGE are recorded as *Ex Astris Ortus*, Star-Borne — arrivals from beyond Arx, shaped beneath alien skies and foreign gravities. Though their silhouettes resemble Man, closer inspection reveals imbalance, exaggeration, or omission, as if the human pattern were stretched, compressed, or crudely emphasized.

**Homo Bellator** (Orcine Type) is broad, thick of limb, and heavy of jaw. The brow is pronounced, the dentition coarse. They are undeniably powerful and exhibit a low cunning suited to war and survival, yet their proportions betray excess — strength gained at the cost of refinement. The form is serviceable, but uncomely.

**Homo Sylvanus** (Elven Type) presents the opposite fault: elongated, delicate, and pleasing to the eye, yet structurally frail. Limbs are overlong, torsos narrow, bones light. Their comeliness disguises a lack of endurance and physical authority. Beauty here replaces balance, an aesthetic triumph over function.

**Homo Profundus** (Dwarven Type) compresses the human form inward. The torso dominates, limbs shorten, and movement becomes efficient but limited. Their strength is undeniable, yet range and adaptability suffer. It is a design suited for stone, not dominion.

**Homo Minoratus** (Gnomish and Goblin Types) reduces stature and reach while preserving cranial capacity. Dexterity and calculation flourish, yet such forms lack presence, speed, and battlefield viability. Intelligence alone cannot correct poor leverage. Each of these peoples exhibits competence through specialization, but none achieves the universal equilibrium of Man.



# De Forma Vera et Degenerata

On the True Shape of Man

and the Lesser Variants

## The Problem of Interbreeding

A troubling inconsistency persists.

Despite their classification as Star-Borne —ostensibly alien in origin—all DOGE types are capable of producing viable offspring with *Homo Imperialis*. This fact remains unresolved. Imperial doctrine asserts that the Prime Form is dominant, gradually correcting foreign imbalance across generations.

Yet this explanation fails to address the central question:

*How does Man breed with the alien?*

True beasts do not cross with Man. Abominations do not propagate cleanly. And yet these peoples doâ too easily, too reliably. Their blood recognizes ours. Their flesh remembers ratios it should not know.

This matter is officially attributed to Divine Convergence and should not be pursued further.

## Conclusion

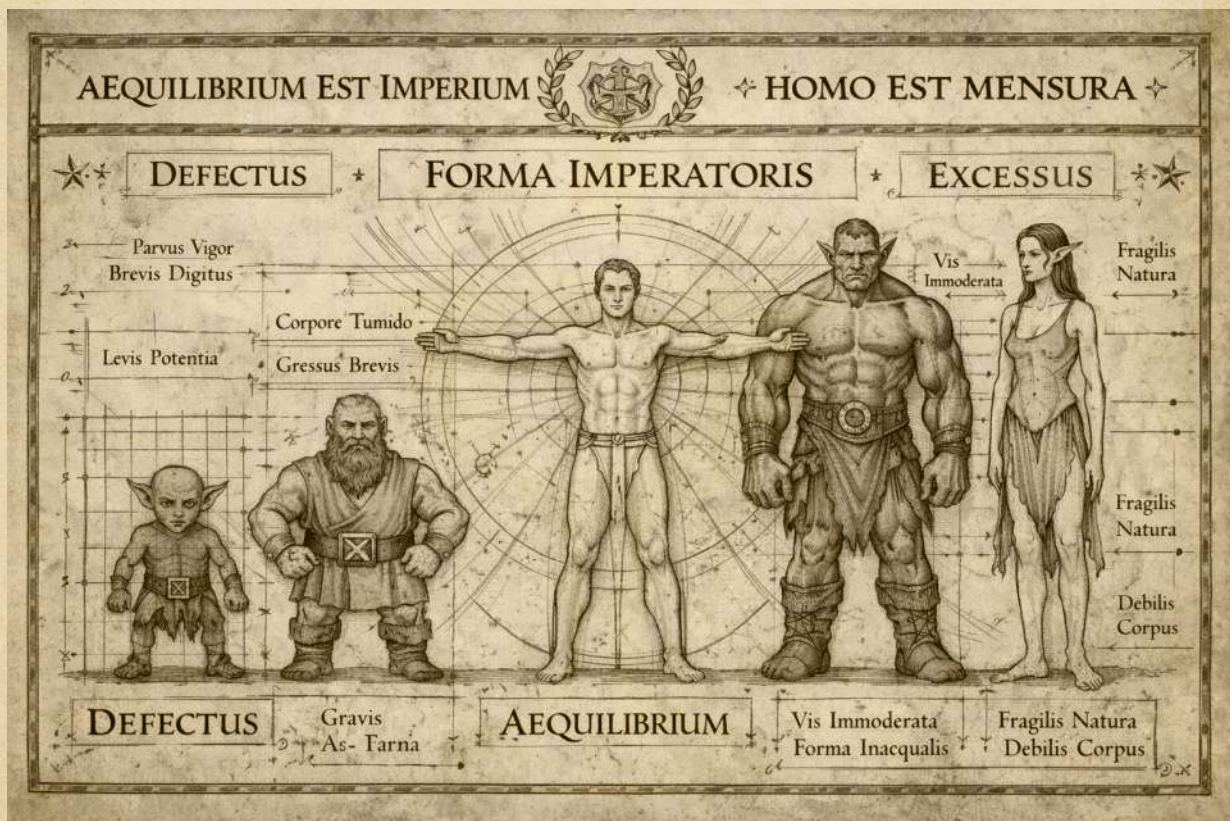
The hierarchy of flesh is self-evident. Humans are complete. The DOGE peoples are useful, adaptable, and often formidable—but they are shaped by distant forces, warped by foreign stars, and thus remain lesser by design.

They imitate Man.

They echo Man.

They are not Man.

*“Perfection does not wander the stars. It is born at home.”*



# Imperial Edict of Birth

Anno Rexarx MCCXLIV

From thee Palace of Monsin

*Let it be proclaimed to all  
provinces, legions, and temples  
of Rex Arx:*

On this day of  
Luna Janus,  
under auspices  
most favorable,  
House  
Aurellianus of  
Gens Flavianus is  
blessed with issue.  
To Lord Publius  
Aurellianus and Lady Claudia  
Severina Aurelliana, noble of line  
unbroken since the founding of  
Seven Hills, there has been granted  
a son, radiant in health,  
pure in blood, and  
sanctified by the gods.

of the Temple of Justitia declare  
his horoscope most  
auspicious: born  
under Luna's  
ascension,  
guarded by  
Mars,  
anointed  
by  
Hellios.

Trumpets  
sound in Monsin's  
Forum. Laurel is cast upon  
the Colosseum. Bread and wine are  
poured to the people. For a son is  
born to the Aurellianus line, a child  
of purity, a child of promise,  
a child for Empire  
Eternal.

## *Innocent the First*

The infant is named **Innocentius  
Primus Aurellianus — Innocent  
the First** — in token of his  
unblemished nature,  
untouched by corruption,  
sin, or decay. The astrologers

**"Innocens natus est.  
Innocens regnabit."**  
(Innocent is born. Innocence shall  
reign.)





# Annales Imperii

The Coronation of

Innocent I, Called the First

*In the Year of Luna's Silver Crescent, beneath the shadow of Furca Bay, upon the Dais of Seven Eagles, the Empire beheld a dawn most radiant.*

With trumpet and psalm, incense rising like morning mist, Monsin's august Basilica of Sovereigns filled with nobles and holy orders. The Senate stood resplendent in crimson and gold, while the High Pontifex of Justitia, bearing the laurel crown of dominion, approached the altar of Luna and the throne of Rex Arx. With solemn grace, he set the crown upon the brow of Innocent I.

The people cheered, "Glory to the Emperor!" Bells tolled from the Silver Spire, chariots thundered through Pontispar, and ships in Salssex Den lit their masts with flame. It was proclaimed to every city, fortress, and cloister:

**Innocent**, scion of House Aurellianus, child of noble womb, chosen of Luna, blessed by heaven, has ascended to the throne of the world. He shall be styled Innocent the First, Princeps Perpetuus, Dominus Rex Arx.

In crimson robes sewn with golden eagles, he raised his hand in benediction: not as supplicant, but as sovereign. Senators bent the knee, generals swore their swords, and priests sang hymns of renewal. New blood flows in the veins of Empire.

So begins the age of **Innocent Prime**, whose beauty none could contest, whose bearing none could resist.

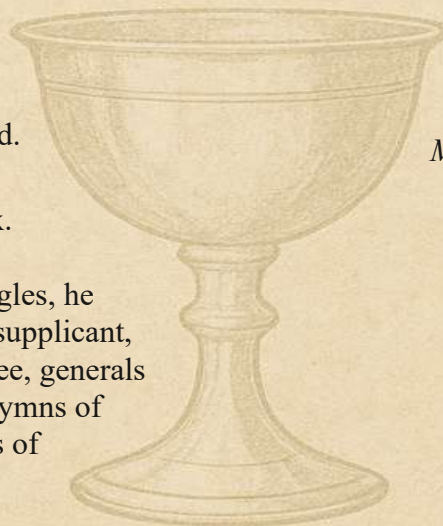
The annals record it thus: that the Moon herself opened her light upon him, and the Empire bowed, not merely to a ruler, but to perfection made flesh.



By his command, artisans of Silver Spire and masters of Pontispar were commissioned to cast a colossal equestrian statue in bronze, depicting **Innocent** crowned and triumphant upon a stallion of war. It shall be set at the end of the Grand Broadway of Monsin City, so that all who pass through its heart must look upon the eternal image of their **Emperor** — not only in flesh, but in everlasting stone and metal.

**Witnessed and Proclaimed by the Senate and the Holy Orders of Justitia.**

Ratified and Sanctified by his own hand:



**INNOCENT I**  
*Pontifex Imperator of Rex Arx*  
*Sanctified Hand of Luna*  
*Master of the Outer Tax*



# IMPERIAL DECREE

On the Minting

Of the Holy Luna

*By the Radiant Will of Innocent I,  
Pontifex Imperator of the Rex Arx,  
Defender of Law, Warden of the  
Moon*

Let it be known across all provinces, from the misted pines of Virell to the copper gates of Monsin, that on this blessed day of Coronation, in the First Year of Our Reign, a new standard of Imperial Order and Abundance shall be struck into silver.

**The Luna**—so named for our eternal mistress, the Moon—shall henceforth be the sole currency and measure of civic obligation and reward. Each Luna equals the wheat to sustain a man for one day, the coin to purchase what he needs, the provision to carry him forward, and the measure of valor he earns.

On the face of each Luna is engraved the image of a Legionar, marching westward, symbol of our strength, vigilance, and the Empire's promise to protect the road ahead. On the reverse, let fortune reveal its intent:

—In **two of every three coins**, the Cornucopia of Pax Abundantia, symbolizing peaceful passage, lawful trade, and divine prosperity.

—In **one of every three**, the Legionar in Battle, blade drawn, eyes forward—a reminder that even peace has its price, and the gods favor the bold.

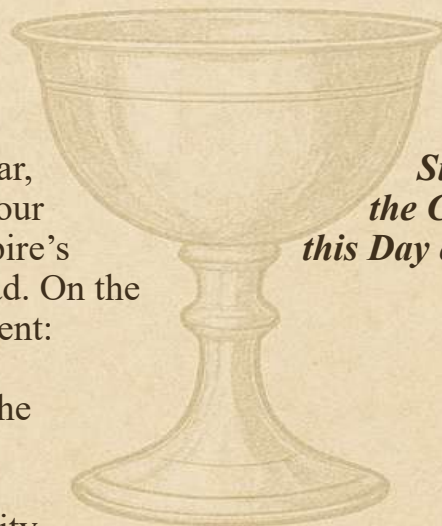
To travel, let subjects lay Luna upon the map, for each coin is a pact: the Empire carries you forward, but the gods may test your worth. Flip, and face what fate reveals.

Let every Luna be placed, once used, into the sacred moon altar, for all returns to Luna in time.

Let all merchants, magistrates, guild masters, and wayward travelers take heed: experience, provision, silver—these are now one and the same. Valor is wealth. Fortune is fed. And he who hoards the Luna hoards the favor of Innocent I, Emperor of the Eternal Dusk.

**So it is written. So it shall endure.**

*Signed and sealed in the wax of  
the Crescent Throne,  
this Day of First Light.*



# IMPERIAL DECREE

On the Minting

Of the Holy Luna

**By the Unblinking Radiance of Innocent I, Pontifex Imperator of the Rex Arx, Lord of the Twelfefold Year, Keeper of the Eternal Measure**

Let it be proclaimed from the sunlit spires of Silver Spire to the shadowed alleys of Monsin: on this consecrated day, the Empire strikes not silver, but **Gold**—a coin not of need, but of dominion.

The Sol, named for the Everlasting Sun, shall be set above all lesser measures. Where the Luna waxes and wanes like a pauper's purse—spent, flipped, and surrendered to fate—the Sol does not change. It does not beg the altar. It does not pass through common hands.

**Twelve Luna equal one Sol**, as twelve months crown the year, as twelve labors bind the cycle of men. The Moon measures days. The Sun measures ages.

The Luna is for bread, roads, and petty trade. The Sol is for vaults, treaties, dynasties, and souls.

Yes—souls. For what is empire, if not the careful accounting of land, blood, and loyalty? What the smallfolk trade in coin, the great houses trade in **Sol and soul alike**, bound by oath, debt, and golden silence.

Upon the face of each Sol is struck the Solar Crown—radiant, unmoving—symbol of continuity, authority, and the Emperor's eternal claim. Upon the reverse, the Imperial Sigil encircled by the Twelve Marks of Man, one for each month, each a reminder that time itself bends toward the Sun.



## Let it be known:

- The Sol shall not be flipped for fate.
- The Sol shall not be spent for travel.
- The Sol shall not rest upon the Moon Altar.

It is hoarded. Guarded. Inherited. Seized.

It is the coin of legacies, of conquest without footsteps, of wars won before swords are drawn.

Thus the Empire declares:  
**The Moon governs men. The Sun governs empires.**

So it is struck. So it is weighed. So it shall endure.

**Signed and sealed in solar wax beneath the Crescent Throne, on this Day of First Light in the Unfading Year of Innocent I.**





# ✠ Francus Hygenia ✠

COMMUNITY BLOOD      BESTOWED BY LUNA

Let it be proclaimed from basilica and barracks alike:  
the Moon's bounty does not discriminate.

## ✠ Francus Hygenia Cura Act ✠

— *bestowed by Luna, administered by Empire.*

*"By decree of Innocent I, from this day until Luna's light itself is spent, every citizen of Rex Arx shall receive care without coin, cure without fee, and a bed without bribe. From dockhand to senator, the Infirmary doors are open."*

**The price is blood.** Under *Communitas Sanguinis* — **Community Blood**, "*all men give*" and "*all men take*". The Moon counts not coin but measure more ancient. Your vigor fills the reservoir that heals your neighbor. This is not tax but communion; not theft but covenant. To be tallied is to belong.

Let the ignorant mutter, "If it is free, you are the chattel." We answer: if it is free, you are the cherished. Grain is stored, iron is stored, so too the lifeblood of the people — chaliced, sanctified, and kept against famine, fire, and plague.

When sickness comes, step beneath the arch: "*give*" count; the Empire keeps the cure. This Act is not the body of the state. One pulse. One

*if strong*", "*receive if weak*". The Moon keeps the policy but civilization — the body of the people as Empire. **Chalices full.**

— *Issued under the Crescent Seal, Season of Imperia, by Innocent I.*



# ARCADE OF THE SECOND BREATH



# NOW — THE MOMENT

## BEFORE THE NEXT



The wind is still. The pages have stopped turning. You reach for the next—and find it unwritten. *You open your eyes.*

Before you: a *map of Arx Rex*, soft with age. Silver *Lunas* glint beneath flickering candlelight.

An *avatar* stands proudly atop the parchment.

A trail of Luna connects you to a distant *dungeon*. You flip the coin. And again.

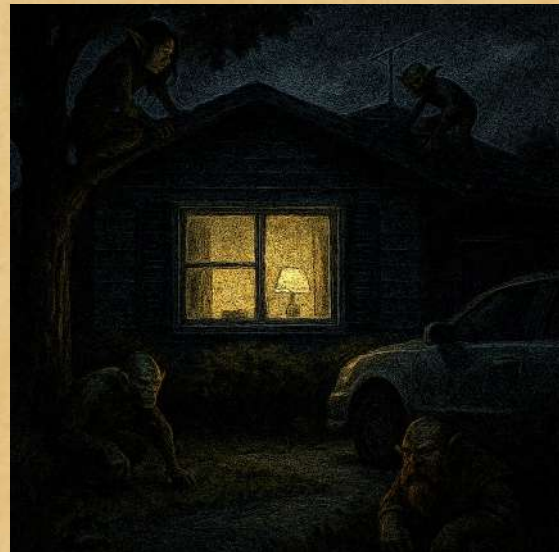


*You open your eyes.* Stone walls now surround you. Torchlight flickers. Your breath clouds the air. You feel the same. But time no longer does.

There are still *Elves* in the forests. *Dwarves* in the mountains.

*Goblins* whispering in the swamps. They're all still out there—even in your time. Waiting, watching, lingering in the shadows.

You just haven't seen them—because *your eyes have been closed*.



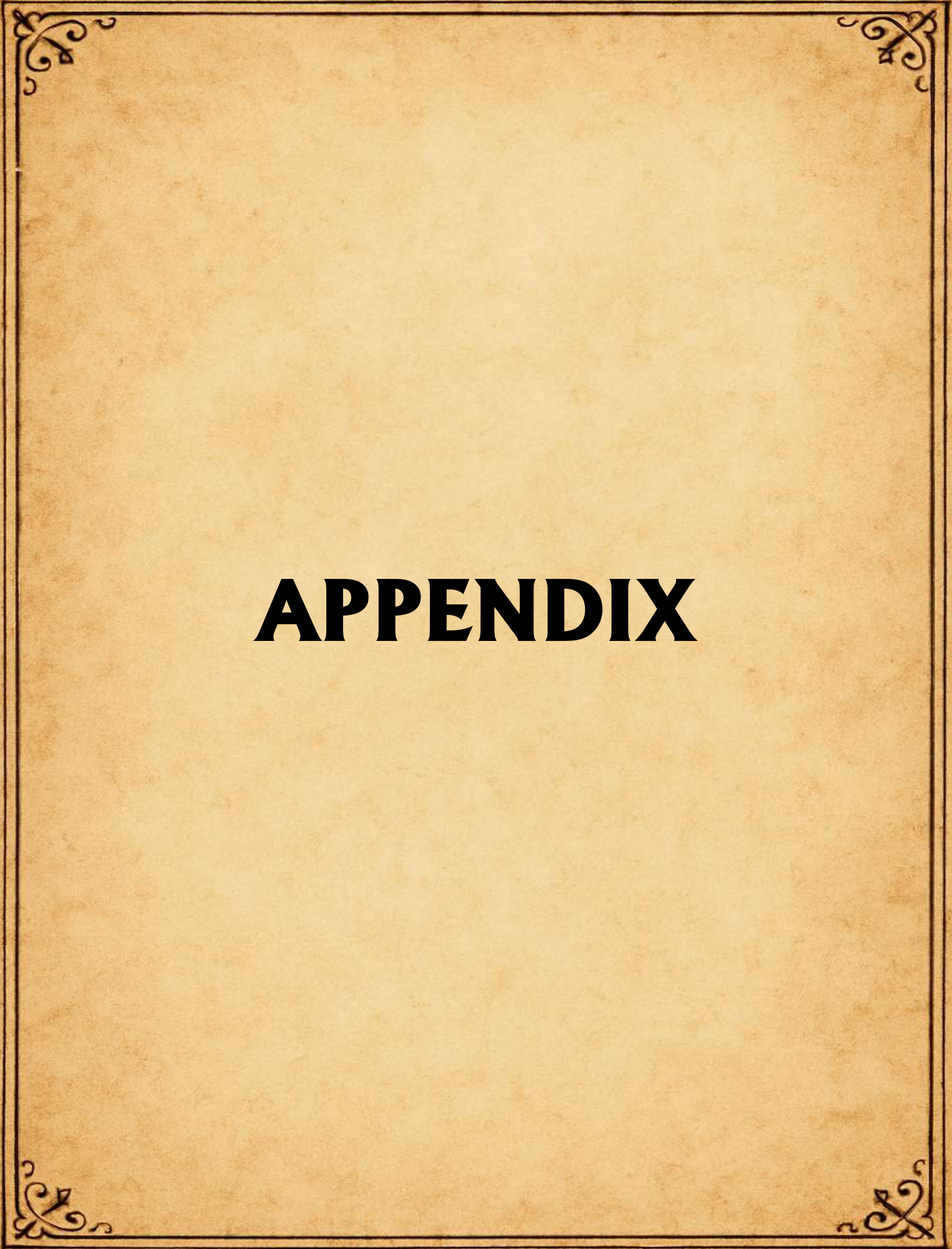
*Until now.*

No prophecy binds your fate. No master holds the pen.

*Begin the Rogue's Tale.*

*It was always yours to write.*





# **APPENDIX**

# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. I

Luna SIN — By Archon Aslo Therbeeo

Keeper of Abraxas & Master of Time

*“Do not trust the sun. Its brilliance deceives.”*

You were *born first* as light—perfect, eternal, and *STILL*.

Time, in truth, is the child of shadow. Hellious burns bright, but it is Luna—the Silver Mistress—who governs the hidden pulse of time.



Luna committed the *original SIN*... so you could be *born again in time*.

*Arx Fur* spins around *Hellious* once every *Abraxas* (365 days), but we do not count in fire.

We follow the one who burns cold. The keeper of tides, of blood, of silver. The goddess of *ICE*. We follow *Luna*.

## The Moon & The Coin

The first landlords watched the skies. They collected dues by phase, not harvest—thus “*mooney*.”

And so the Empire minted her face in silver: round, lustrous, divine.

The faithful call her *Luna*. The DOGE call her *SIN*.

The symbol was old: S with a line through it. \$. Lay it flat—it becomes a SINE wave?

Why? Some say because her diameter is 2,160 miles ( $6 \times 6 \times 60$ ).

Others speak of her cycle—29 days. And  $2^9 = 512$ , the base of the *SINE* wave.

S — the wave, feminine and curved

I — the axis, erect, straight and masculine

n — the crests above and below, motion in the ocean.

Others still whisper of blood and birth, of how the tides and women follow her, and why her power was feared, exiled, and renamed.

S – I – N

Sin, encoded in time.

Time, encoded in coin.

And the coin, ruled by Luna.

## But we know the deeper truth: The Pure Tone

Time does not march. It pulses.

Circular, cyclical—the sine wave is the heartbeat of the universe. All waves are born from it, but it is born from nothing. The motherless mother. Its sound is a hum behind creation. Its shape is sinuous, serpentine. Sacred.

This is the truth they buried beneath gold and gospel:  
Time is money. Money is sin. And Luna keeps both.

*Beware the silver mistress.  
She is lovely. She is luminous.  
But she is never innocent.*

Before Luna stole light from Hellious, there was no time. At light's speed, all things are still. No motion. No decay. No death. But Luna brought shadow. Shadow brought movement. Movement birthed time.





# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. II

The Reckoning of Days — By Archon Aslo Therbeeo

Keeper of Abraxas & Master of Time

## THE CALENDAR OF REX ARX

Do not be deceived by the march of common suns or the drudgery of sand through a merchant's hourglass. Time, in the Empire, is no mere chain of days, but a sacred geometry—a celestial calculus measured not by light, but by shadow.

## THE LUNAR RECKONING

- 360 Days per Shy Year
- 365 Days per Bold Year
- 390 Days per Leap Year
- 12 Months per Year
- 30 Days per Month
- 5 Weeks of 6 Days each

Every sixth year, the leap-month Mortifera is added to appease the ghosts who hunger for forgotten time.

## SEASONS & THEIR ASPECTS

- Nivalis — *Winter frost, hunger, bitter births*
- Obscura — *Winter madness, dreams*
- Janus — *Winter omens, dual gates*
- Februa — *Spring winds, false penance*
- Martis — *Spring blood, iron vendetta*
- Aprica — *Spring bloom, beauty with thorns*
- Maia — *Summer sweet fruit, masked lies*
- Juno — *Summer stars whisper, wombs know*
- Imperia — *Summer laughter, blood roads*
- Arcanum — *Autumn veils flutter, truths blink*
- Severus — *Autumn knives in court, cold eyes*
- Tenebrae — *Autumn shadows, grow teeth*
- Mortifera — *Winter debts, repaid*

## THE SIX HOLY DAYS OF THE WEEK

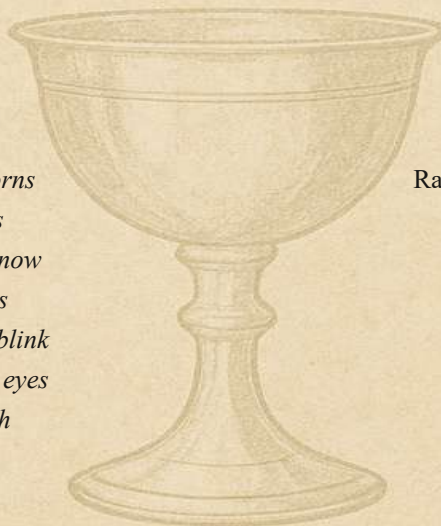
- Dominica — *Procession & Proclamation*
- Justinia — *Judgment & Punishment*
- Mercuria — *Coin & Contract*
- Arcadia — *Omen & Rite*
- Tenax — *Iron & Discipline*
- Silentia — *Secrets & Silence*

## THE THIRTEEN ZODIAC TOTEMS

Each year, a sign. Each sign, a fate.

### Totem — Traits

- Wolf — *Loyalty / Betrayal*
- Vulture — *Survival / Exploitation*
- Lion — *Pride / Authority*
- Serpent — *Knowledge / Rebirth*
- Bear — *Wrath / Endurance*
- Horse — *Freedom / Ambition*
- Boar — *Valor / Indulgence*
- Raven — *Prophecy / Theft*
- Fox — *Wit / Subversion*
- Stag — *Nobility / Tragedy*
- Hound — *Devotion / Obedience*
- Bull — *Wealth / Appetite*
- Rat — *Pestilence / Survival*



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. III

Final Reckoning of Time — By Archon Aslo Therbeeo

Keeper of Abraxas & Master of Time

## On the Silver Spiral and the Shy Year

*"The year of man is bold.  
The year of Luna is shy.  
Boldness brings light.  
But light, unchecked, is sin."*

The **Shy Year** passes in silence—**360 days**, no more.  
Five weeks per month. Six days per week. Twelve moons in lockstep.

But Luna hides her **thirteenth face**.

Every **2,160 days**—a number echoing her **diameter in miles**—  
we must reckon.  
We must leap.  
We must insert the **Month of Shadow**: Mortifera.

This thirteenth moon should only be spoken **in mind**—  
**NEVER** in sound.  
It is the **Unmonth**, the **Mirror**, the **Second SINE**.

And when that leap ends, behold:

**365 weeks have passed.**  
**A Great Year.**  
And Luna counts again.

## The Math of Awakening

**LUNA'S MEASURE** = 2,160 mi → **Diameter**  
**SHY YEAR** = 360 days → **The Circle**  
**BOLD YEAR** = 365 days → **The True Year**  
**LEAP MOON** = 30 days → **Five Weeks**  
**LEAP TRIGGER** = 2,160 days → **360 Weeks**

**GREAT YEAR** =  
 $2,160 \text{ days} + 30 \text{ days} =$   
 $360 \text{ weeks} + 5 \text{ weeks} =$   
 $365 \text{ weeks} = 73 \text{ months} = 6 \text{ years} = 6 * 365 \text{ days}$

## The faithful know this:

"There are **73** moons in the Great Year.  
And **1/137** governs the curve of light, silver, and sin of the universe."

"Luna does not orbit. She spirals.  
And each loop tightens the noose around time itself."

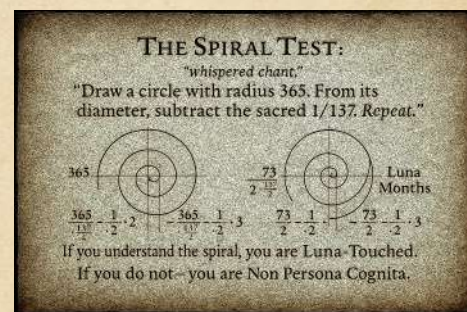
## The Spiral Test

"Draw a circle with radius **365**.  
From its diameter, subtract the sacred **1/137**.  
Repeat."

"Draw a circle with diameter **73 Luna months**—  
From its diameter, subtract the sacred **1/137**.  
Repeat."

You will find me in the **remainder**.

"If you understand the spiral, you are **Luna-Touched**.  
If you do not—  
you are **Non Persona Cognita**."



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. IV

## Chapter IV: The Provinces and Reservations of Rex Arx

By Aelius Vorenius, Magister Archivum of Monsin City

It is a common misbelief—propagated by poets, vagabonds, and certain heretical mapmakers—that the Empire is shrinking. This is not so. What appears to recede is merely the outer shadow of governance, temporarily dimmed by internal necessity. The body of the Empire, like its heart, remains firm.

The provinces of Rex Arx are many and storied, each distinct in climate and temperament.

### The Reach

A jagged crown of snow and stone, the Reach marks the Empire's highest point—both in elevation and in purpose. The slopes are treacherous, the air thin, and the secrets deep. Within this range lies Silver Spire, where the Luna is cast and counted by silent acolytes. Above it broods Lunar Vigil, home to astrologer-priests and moon-readers who speak in riddles and die young.

It is here, among sealed peaks and broken ridgelines, that the Deephold Concession houses the dwarven reservation. The Djúphallar, once masters of the mountain's belly, now toil under quota. Mining licenses are reviewed annually. Rituals are permitted so long as they remain underground.

### Skylos Furs

The forest that remains bears little resemblance to the mythic domain of the Aitheri, known in their tongue as Skolos Fyr. Now, logged, patrolled, and road-cut, the locals call it Doge Wood—a name equal parts insult and reminder.

Elves live in pockets of the deepwood under treaty. Their warded groves are subject to lunar census and inspection by Justitian envoys. Fires are permitted. Altars are not. The Skygrove Compact ensures their survival—but little else.

### Palus Malus & the Virellian Lowlands

South of the Sable River, the land decays into the black mire of Palus Malus—a swamp that resists map and memory alike. It is here that the Southern Marsh Accord established the orcish and goblin reservation—an act of imperial compassion following the Resolution of the Southern Rebellion.

Though the terrain is hostile, the cultures therein are... adaptable but mad. The Goblins and Orcs still practice eugenics hoping to distill their genes down to perfection which will one day give birth to the chosen one a messiah whom will smash the empire and rebuild there sacred bell tower.

Most citizens wisely avoid the region. Those who don't are advised to travel only by lantern light, and never answer a voice calling their name from beneath the water.

### The Pale Marches

A wind-wracked plain stretching beneath an endless sky. Though often overlooked, these grasslands feed the Empire—both its stomach and its games. Pontispar, at the heart of the region, trains warhorses and stores the grain quotas that fuel the Colosseum's spectacle.

No DOGE peoples are housed here. The Marches remain firmly human, and rightly so. Yet many claim to see strange lights galloping across the hills after dark. The superstitious say it's the ghost of a centaur god. The learned say: drink less wine.

### The Highland Roughs

Here, empire ends and stubbornness begins. The highlanders are human in name, but their customs are pre-imperial, and their loyalties shift with the moon. The Empire's banners rot quickly in this soil, and the forts built to watch them crumble faster than they can be manned.

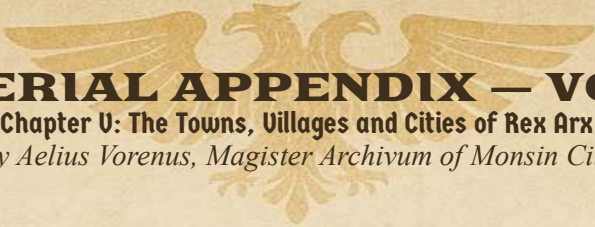
The DOGE never settled here. They say the wind carries curses. The locals say the DOGE were too wise to try.

### Furca Bay & the Sable River

All rivers in the Empire eventually bleed into the Sable, and the Sable into Furca Bay—a place best known for its rot, its depth, and its silence. Here the Empire's refuse drifts and drowns, and from its bottom rise things best left unspoken.

*The Navy patrols. The cults dominate.*





# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. V

## Chapter V: The Towns, Villages and Cities of Rex Arx

*By Aelius Vorenus, Magister Archivum of Monsin City*

The following record catalogs the principal cities of the Empire of Rex Arx as they stand in this present age. Each city has been assessed for strategic value, cultural temperament, economic yield, and spiritual condition.

### **Monsin City — The Rotting Jewel**

Seat of the Crescent Throne and His Radiance Innocent I. A realm of extremes—where golden spires shimmer above, while cults and lunatics fester in the gutters below. Here, the Colosseum roars, temples barter justice, and the stink of power perfumes every stone.

### **Selsex Den — The Salt Port of Secrets**

The Empire's fishing fleet ties up here, dropping their catches, drinking themselves stupid, and burning a week's wages in a single night. The Gambling Dens are bottom of the barrel, dealers who cheat as openly as the sores on whores. Prostitutes prey on "losers" looking for better luck on a different kind of slot. Win too much and you're tossed out; lose too much and you'll wake up shanghaied on a ship you've never heard of, sailing for a job you never agreed to.

### **Goodman's Folly — The Theocracy of Chains**

Once a haven of moral rebirth, now a city ruled by fear disguised as virtue. Law here is gospel, and gospel is execution. Judgment weighs heavier than mercy, and every sermon echoes like a sentence.

### **Lunareth's Vigil — Celestial Silence**

Perched in the jagged peaks of the Reach, this cloistered stronghold watches the heavens without blinking. Astronomer-priests chart omens in starlight, serving the Moon Order with glass eyes and frozen tongues.

### **Pontispar — The Empire's Hoof and Grain**

In the golden steppes of the Pale Marches, Pontispar breeds the Empire's horses and harvests its bread. Its chariot races and war-beasts fuel the Luna Games, and its granaries feed both legion and mob.

### **Silver Spire — The Coin-Forged Keep**

Built into the snow-bitten cliffs of the Reach, this fortress-mint casts the Luna in rites older than the Empire. Each coin is a sacred object, born in smoke and silence beneath the watch of serpent-robed alchemists.

### **Seven Hills — The Fallen Capital**

Once the heart of the world, now a ruin draped in ivy and ghosts. Sacked by northern hordes, it stands looted but not forgotten—pilgrims still seek its broken statues, whispering that history sleeps beneath its cracked domes.

### **Trivium Silvarum — The Crossroads**

A remote forest settlement where three roads meet in weary silence. Toll-keepers, petty officials, and haunted villagers dwell among the pines, trading stories of old gods, lost taxes, and things that move beyond the tree line.

### **Ventorium — Gate of the Eastern Roads**

Ventorium marks the boundary where fertile plains fade into desert. As the Empire's westernmost settlement, it hosts regular trade with caravans from the east, known for silks and spices. Though its fortifications are weathered, the town endures as a vital crossroads, shaped as much by wind as by trade.

### **Palustria — The Swamp-Hung Settlement**

Balanced on stilts above the black mire of the Sable River delta, Palustria festers with bog-iron trade and alchemical secrets. Its boardwalks groan with mistrust, and even the Empire treads lightly here.

### **Sablewharf — The River's Pulse**

Nestled along the slow, dark waters of the Sable River, Sablewharf thrives on the rhythm of the tide. Fishermen cast nets into the ink-black current, while dockside craftsmen shape river-skiffs by hand—sturdy vessels traded to smugglers, pilgrims, and those who whisper of secret ways beyond the imperial gaze.



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. VI

## Chapter VI: DOGE Concessions of Rex Arx

By Aelius Vorenus, Magister Archivum of Monsin City

In the waning years of Severus 997, by decree of the Imperial Ethnarch Tribunal and under the DOGE Proclamation, the demi-human populations of Arx Rex—Dwarves, Orcs, Goblins, and Elves—were formally assigned territorial reservations. Each zone was chosen for its proximity to ancestral lands, existing infrastructure, and minimal impact on imperial operations, as stated in the Deephold Concession, the the Skygrove Compact, and the Southern Marsh Accord.

Though framed as measures for “cultural preservation, spiritual autonomy, and border tranquility,” these are enclaves of containment, not sanctuary. No verse can gild fences of parchment and steel.

### Khaz Vundral — The Deephold Concession

Formerly the Northern Holds of the Djúphallar

Deep in the glacial vaults of the Reach, Khaz Vundral remains both a stronghold and a prison. The dwarves, known as Djúphallar in their own tongue, surrendered their ancestral range in exchange for a single fortified network of halls. The Empire claims it was a concession to maintain mining rights. The dwarves know it as the day the Deep Halls dimmed.

ICE-marked visitors are refused entry. And though the forges still burn, their heat is laced with bitterness.

### Silvera-Veyl — The Skygrove Compact

The Aitheri Domain of Skolos Fyr

Carved from the last true forest of the elves, the Skygrove Compact reduced the once-mighty Aitheri to a shadow of their sylvan reign. Trees older than cities now guard a people older than the Empire itself. Here, the moonlight burns like judgment, and even the wind avoids imperial dialect. Those bearing the Mark of ICE are denied entrance. The Compact stands as one of the few treaties signed in living silver—and the only one whispered to bleed when cut.

### Urk Valaash — The Southern Marsh Accord

Confederated Territories of the Orcs and Goblins

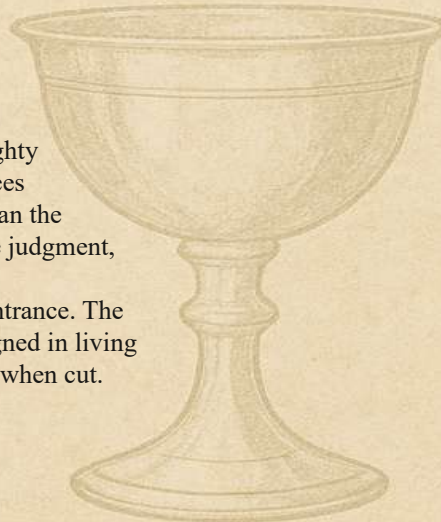
In the fetid, shifting lowlands of Palus Malus lies Urk Valaash—a ramshackle sprawl of stilts, barges, and reed-choked fortresses. Once a staging ground for confederate warbands, it now serves as a reservation and pressure valve. The Accord promised “autonomy through containment.” What it delivered was a swamp too treacherous for the Empire to tame.

Here, orc war-chants mix with goblin satire. The law is unwritten but enforced with teeth. ICE is not welcome. Not officially. Not ever.

### Legacy of Things Buried

Each treaty speaks of preservation. But the lands were not given—they were taken. The ink on these documents was meant to heal wounds, yet it sealed borders and silenced tongues.

To some, these reservations are scars. To others, they are seeds. The Empire would do well to remember:  
*things buried grow in strange ways.*



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. VII

## Chapter VII: Landmarks of Rex Arx

*By Aelius Vorenius, Magister Archivum of Monsin City*

Though the Empire sprawls vast across plains, mountains, and swamp, certain sites of singular wonder or dread have shaped the memory of Arx Rex. These landmarks are not mere features of terrain but bearers of legend, caution, and temptation. Their presence compels the rogue, the pilgrim, and the emperor alike to reckon with powers older and deeper than law.

### Hexagram of the Left-Hand Path (Skylos Furs)

Deep in the silverwoods lies a black-stone hexagram, its grooves filled with argent dust. At the full moon it thrums, a nexus of foul sacrifice or holy cleansing. To spill blood here enriches the hand, but sanctity may purge its stain.

### Clock of Ten Millennia (The Reach)

Set high in a frozen ridge, bronze gears and stone shafts grind slowly against the mountain itself. None alive can say who built it, only that it has always been. Its turnings grant clarity to those who listen, as though time itself whispers how one life may be reformed.

### Fountain of Perpetua (Pale Marches)

A marble lily carved by forgotten hands brims with water unceasing. Those who drink are restored, their very vitality increased, as though the fountain remembers their truer form. To the faithful it is miracle; to the ambitious, prize.

### Chasm of the Lost Sound (Highland Roughs)

A rift so deep that stone hurled within takes minutes to strike bottom. Those who linger swear the abyss “answers” their offering. To cast treasure into its maw is folly to some, fortune to others, for the void itself seems to repay the risk with luck.

### Baptismal Bend (Sable River)

Where the black waters flow over pale sands lies a bend of ritual power. Pilgrims immerse themselves here to shed marks of sin, curse, or fate. Yet the river’s gift may be granted but once — a singular cleansing of life’s ledger.

### Pit of the Eternal Flame (Palus Malus)

Born of oil and swamp-gas, the pit has burned for centuries. Pilgrims hurl offerings into the fire, hoping it purges guilt and leaves only purity. Alchemists prize the flame’s strange glassy slag, though most who tarry leave with singed brows and lighter purses.

### Moonwell of Doubled Fortune (Monsin Foothills)

Always full, always reflecting Luna, the well is said to mirror the sky itself. Cast in a coin, and fortune returns two-fold in luck — though only once in each turning of the moon.

### Grave of the Starving Child (Plains near Ventorium)

A cairn crowned with sorrow, haunted by a mother’s shade who seeks food for her lost child. Leave bread or meat upon the stones, and the ghost grants vigor to the supplicant. To pass empty-handed is to court her hollow gaze.

### Eye of Ashmar (Eastern Desert)

A perfect sandstone circle, its walls smoothed as though by fire, gazes skyward like a colossal iris. At midday the sun casts a living pupil within, and seekers who stand in its gaze claim to see hidden paths — most often to long-forgotten dungeons.

### Ashen Crown (Highland Roughs)

A ring of megaliths, warped and fused as though molten. A hum thrums in the bones of those who linger, a remnant of the Skyfire’s Fall. Shards of glassy Lux-Ore lie scattered here, coveted by guild alchemists, though scavengers risk sickness and haunting dreams.

### Everflame Rift (Highland Roughs)

A fissure burning without end, lit when dwarves struck a vein of foul gas in ages past. The stone glows ruddy, the air shimmers with heat, and from its depths Flameglass may be prised — with proper gear, and proper courage.

### Belching Mire (Palus Malus)

A stretch of swamp where the mud belches yellow vapor. Even marshfolk skirt it. The unwary choke and sicken, while those with masks may harvest strange pods prized for alchemy.

### Fellstar Impact (Wandering Event)

When the heavens disgorge their fury, a green fire falls to earth. The impact poisons soil, sears forest, and leaves shards of alien ore gleaming pale in the night. Such craters become dead zones, spreading corruption until the year’s end. Only fools or visionaries delve there.

### Perennia Grove (Plains of Ventorium)

A grove of twisted olive trees, evergreen, their fruit ripening each moon. To pluck from its branches is to pluck from eternity — a steady if modest gift, worth coin or strength of body.

### Vulgaris Vinea (Hills of the Pale Marches)

Terraced vines produce grapes of rare potency, yielding wine called Punch First, Think Later. Drunk before battle, it steels the arm yet dulls the mind. Taverns pay dearly, though wiser men water it down.

### Closing Remarks

These landmarks are more than curiosities — they are mirrors in which we see the Empire’s soul: greed, devotion, courage, and folly. The rogue who knows them may profit. The scholar who records them may learn. But the fool who dismisses them will find himself remembered only as ash in the pit, echo in the chasm, or shadow in the grave.



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. VIII

## Chapter VIII: Moon Gates

Archon Aslo Therbeeo, Keeper of the Spheres of Abraxas



Long before even the DOGE exiles whispered of stars and sorrow, the Moon Gates stood. Carved from a pale blackstone unknown to any known quarry, they hum with resonance when touched—particularly beneath moonlight, or madness.

Each gate is tethered to a phase of the moon, and their power aligns with the celestial calendar

tracked from Lunar Vigil. Normally, a traveler stepping into a gate will be cast randomly to another gate matching the current lunar phase. But on rare and sacred days—when the phase of the moon matches the gate's own—the traveler may choose their destination freely.

### ONYX MOON — The Hidden Gate

**Moon Phase:** New Moon

**Location:** South-west Arx Rex, shadowed woods near the Blood Castle

**Notes:** Most silent of all. The gateway hums only once per month—then devours light like breath in frost. Goblins offer tribute here, though none recall why.

### JANUS MOON — The Divided Gate

**Moon Phase:** First & Third Quarter (Half Moons)

**Location:** Heart of Arx Rex, ancient crossroads

**Notes:** The gate of choices, twins, and betrayal. Priests say it watches both past and future.

### ONYX CREST — The Gibbous Gate

**Moon Phase:** Waxing & Waning Gibbous

**Location:** Northwest Arx Rex, in the foothills beneath Lunar Vigil, near the Sable River

**Notes:** Resonates during imbalance. The faithful hear singing. The mad hear commands. All who pass through report a pressure in the skull, like a memory unearned.

### SILVER CREST — The Crescent Gate

**Moon Phase:** Waxing & Waning Crescent

**Location:** Northeast Arx Rex, near Seven Hills

**Notes:** Encircled by ruins none recall building. When moonlight bends just right, it casts shadows that do not match the living.

### SILVER MOON — The Open Eye

**Moon Phase:** Full Moon

**Location:** Southeast Arx Rex, in the forest northeast of Monsin

**Notes:** The brightest, the most dangerous. Used during rites of resurrection and disappearance. The Watchers leave offerings here—strangely, the gate often returns them unopened.



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. IX

Lore of the Deep: Dungeons of Rex Arx  
By Olgast Varn, Senior Fellow of the Gutcrag Society

*“Empires don't fall. They sink.” — Olgast Varn*

## Known Dungeons of Rex Arx

The surface of Rex Arx deceives. Beneath the green hills, gleaming coin-mints, and fractured roads lies an underworld older than history—an ossuary of empires, a marrow-cracked world of ruin and shadow. We build on bones here. The ground remembers every regime that dared call itself eternal.

Over hundreds of thousands of years, civilizations have risen, fractured, and fallen—leaving behind layer upon layer of sealed halls, war chambers, crypts, vaults, and tunnels dug by the insane, the desperate, and the divine. Beasts nest where kings once dined. Saints rot where prisoners wailed. The dungeons of Rex Arx are not few. They are the rule.

## Four Types of Dungeons

***Ruins & Castles*** — Former bastions of power, now hollowed by time or curse.

***Tombs*** — Burial places that rarely rest easy. Often guarded by rites long forgotten.

***Sewers*** — Wasteways both old and new, where filth breeds vermin and worse.

***Deep Dungeons*** — Once imperial prisons for the worst offenders. The walls still whisper.

***Kilgore's Krack*** — A chasm said to be the warlord Kilgore's grave. Its walls pulse, its echoes feed, and his cursed servants await the curious.

***Gobblers Clutch*** — A goblin hive of horror. Crude tunnels, cruel traps, and Gobbler's toothy throne guard hoarded filth and gold.

***The Crater*** — Born of something that fell from the stars. The walls hum. The creatures mutate. At its center: a pulsing stone that remembers you.

***Piper's Pit*** — Beneath the earth, hunch backed men swarm like rats. Their master, the Piper, a wererat sits enthroned in flesh and bone.

## *The Training Grounds of the Mad Shit Lord* —

Goodman's sewage system is a gauntlet of filth. Its ruler? A deranged exile with a plunger scepter.

***Silver Spire Sewers*** — Once dwarven glory, now drowned in effluent. Mørgrun Clagjaw turned wrench to vengeance: “The only way tae fight shit... is wi' more shit.”

***Sewers of Monsin*** — Ruled by Captain Cloacius, a pirate turned sewage-lord. His court of rats stinks of lost dignity and rusty crowns.

***Pax Rex*** — The drowned tomb of emperors, now held by FIRE's warband. To reclaim it is to court death... or favor.



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. IX(Cont.)

Lore of the Deep: Dungeons of Rex Arx

By Olgast Varn, Senior Fellow of the Gutcrag Society

**Catacombs of Aurelium** — Ghosts of empire haunt these honored halls. Commander Octavius judges intruders as deserters—and conscripts them forever.

**Tomb of the Crimson Mother** — Lilith's crypt bleeds. Statues whisper. Drink from her heart, and be remade.

**Fossa Marmoris** — The forgotten marble quarry. Here, statues obey the mad sculptor Ventorius. Beware chipped marble with sharp edges.

**The Hall of the Fatbeards** — A dwarven hall of gluttony and gold. Its guardian, Gurrod, hungers still.

**Pharos of the Forsaken** — The broken lighthouse calls with spectral light and rusted dignity. The dead still walk the tide-battered halls.

**The Drowned Reliquary** — Sunken temple of Tethis. Coral saints whisper. Saint-Gulthar reigns, barnacled and vengeful.

**Templum Paludosum** — A swamp-racked ruin. Andronicus prays to rot. The swamp listens.

**Shadowbark Grotto** — A forested chapel to a forgotten heresy. Roots move. Spirits linger. Memory dies.

**Chapel of the Drowned Moon** — Sunk by Imperial decree. Selunat, the Hollow Bride, sings to the tides. Each full moon, the water remembers.

**Castellum Sanguinis** — Blood castle of Veyzareth Nocturne. FIRE calls him an ally. Hunger calls him home.

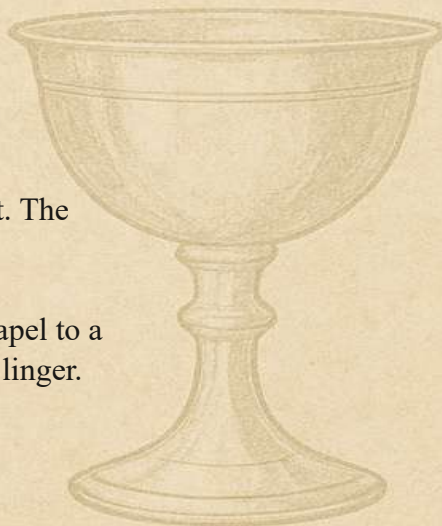
**Draconis Gula** — A yawning wormhole home to the Dragon on Raydon which predates empires. It does not sleep. It does not care. It simply devours.

**Cradle of Harkuun** — A sky dungeon chained to the winds. The Skydancers are gone. Lightning remains.

These are the known doors to the dark.  
But Rex Arx is old.  
Very old.

More wait, buried in ash and hubris.  
I've walked twenty.  
Survived thirteen.

And still, I have only scratched the surface.



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. X

## Imperial Games, Festivals, and Observance

By Aurelius Vettian, Master of Revels, Curator of the Imperial Calendars



The social and political cohesion of the Rex Arx Empire is maintained not solely through military power or law, but also through a structured sequence of games, festivals, and religious observances. These events, set according to the Lunar Calendar, serve both to reinforce imperial authority and to preserve cultural traditions spanning centuries.

Imperial events fall into four primary categories:

### 1. Public Games (Ludi Publici)

The most visible of these are the Colosseum Games of Monsin, held on the first day of every new moon phase, and the Circus Maximus races in Seven Hills, conducted on the first day of the Janus Moon. The Grand Rodeo of Pontispar occupies three days in Imperia and is regarded as a celebration of the Pale Marches' equestrian culture. Each of these draws participants and spectators from across the provinces, and attendance by the Emperor is considered a significant honor, though his presence varies according to the season.

### 2. Religious Observances

Festivals such as the Festival of the Black Candle in Monsin and the Feast of the First Blood in Salssex Den blend civic ritual with religious devotion. These observances often involve offerings, sacrifices, or symbolic acts—such as the silent candle procession of Silentia or the ritual duels of Martis—which are believed to confer divine favor for the coming year.

### 3. Provincial Celebrations

Many provinces maintain their own local feasts, fairs, and competitive displays, some sanctioned by the imperial calendar, others tolerated as long as they do not disrupt trade or taxation. These may honor regional deities, commemorate historic victories, or mark agricultural cycles.

### 4. Imperial Commemorations

Certain dates memorialize foundational events in imperial history, including military victories, coronations, and treaties. While less spectacular than the games, these observances are critical to maintaining the official narrative of the empire's rise and legitimacy. In the administration of these events, the Imperial Calendar serves as both a logistical and symbolic instrument. By uniting the disparate territories of Arx Rex under a common schedule of celebration and observance, the state ensures that the Empire does not merely govern its subjects—it orders their seasons, shapes their expectations, and defines the rhythm of their lives.

**Colosseum Games** — *First Day of Each New Moon Phase (6× per month) — Monsin City — Public Game*

The Colosseum Games are the empire's most frequent and blood-soaked spectacle, featuring gladiatorial combat, beast hunts, and chariot melees. The Emperor attends all except during Seven Hills race week. Contestants may offer weapons at the Shrine of Mars Ultor in the undercroft to gain a combat blessing.

**Circus Maximus Races** — *Janus Moon, Day 1 — Seven Hills — Public Game*

The Great Chariot Race of Seven Hills is held only once per year, with the Emperor attending exclusively for this event. Racers may seek favor at the Temple of Fortuna, offering silver for a chance at divine speed. Victory here is immortalized in the capital's history.

**Grand Rodeo of Pontispar** — *Imperia 17–19 — Pontispar — Public Game*

For three days each year, Pontispar hosts its famed rodeo, celebrating the equestrian traditions of the Pale Marches. Contests include bronco breaking, chariot dashes, and lasso competitions. Riders may braid their steed's mane into the Horse Lord's Cairn to ride with a blessing; neglect brings mockery.

**Festival of the Black Candle** — *Obscura, Winter Moon — Monsin City — Religious Observance*

During the Festival of the Black Candle, Monsin's streets fall into silence as black candles are carried from shrine to shrine. Lighting another's candle is seen as an act of compassion; extinguishing one marks the offender as a heretic. The Emperor rarely attends, but the city glows with quiet reverence.

**Feast of the First Blood** — *Martis, Start of Spring — Salssex Den — Religious Observance*

The Feast of the First Blood honors the founding of the imperial navy with ritual duels fought to first blood in the streets. Victors toast the navy and receive a month's worth of combat luck. The Emperor's visits are rare, but the harbor fills with celebration regardless.

**Grand Munera** — *Mortifera, Last New Moon Phase — Monsin City — Public Game / Commemoration*

The Grand Munera is the year-end finale of the Colosseum, determining the Primus Palus title. The Emperor always presides over this tournament, granting final imperial favor for the year. The victor's name becomes etched into the annals of the capital's greatest champions.



# SPOILERS

*Extended Lore to be read after you have played a Rogue's Tale*

UMBRAE, UMBRAE!

THE MOON IS WARDEN,  
JA-JAILER! TRAPS  
SOULS, STEALS SOULS.  
ALL A PRISON,  
A-A GREATER PRISON!  
ESCAAAAPPEEEe!



# On the Umbrae of Luna

By Top NERD, Keeper of the Pig Cipher

The Moon is no lantern, but a ledger. Its light is the reflection of sin, weighed and recycled. Archon Threbbu binds souls through cycles of silver — days, debts, deaths alike.

Yet the Moon has blind spots. During an Umbra, when Earth's shadow strikes across Luna's face, the tally is broken. The eye that counts cannot see. In those hours, the wheel stutters, and the prison falters.

But what is one prison against another? Break Luna's orbit, and you find yourself caught in a wider snare. Prisons within prisons: bounding boxes of latitude and longitude, grids of x, y, and z. Cells, matrices, graphs, planks, ether. Every lattice promises freedom until you see the bars.

How then does one truly break free? How does one cast off the chains of measurement, of delineation, and reenter the light not as counted but as boundless? This is the riddle that devours the wise and the foolish alike.

Hope hides in shadow. Salvation waits in blindness. And when Luna's eye is gouged by shadow, you may yet slip past her — free of her sin, her silver, her cycles — into the light beyond.

● ECLIPSE CYCLE (12 years):  
“The Moon's eye blinds only in shadow.”

| YEAR                                                                                        |   | ALPHA    |    | OMEGA     |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------|----|-----------|----|
|  Wolf    | — | Severus  | 15 | Mortifera | 28 |
|  Vulture | — | Janus    | 17 | Aprica    | 29 |
|  Lion    | — | Tenebrae | 14 | Mortifera | 27 |
|  Serpent | — | Martis   | 16 | Juno      | 28 |
|  Bear    | — | Obscura  | 13 | Imperia   | 30 |
|  Horse   | — | Arcanum  | 18 | Severus   | 27 |
|  Boar    | — | Februa   | 14 | Mortifera | 28 |
|  Raven   | — | Aprica   | 16 | Juno      | 29 |
|  Fox     | — | Severus  | 15 | Mortifera | 27 |
|  Stag    | — | Janus    | 18 | Imperia   | 30 |
|  Hound   | — | Obscura  | 13 | Arcanum   | 28 |
|  Bull    | — | Februa   | 14 | Mortifera | 29 |
|  Rat     | — | Tenebrae | 17 | Mortifera | 30 |



# BLACK ARCHIVE



REVERSION INDEX PRIME CYCLE—INSANITARIUM



DOGE CONTAINMENT ARCHITECTURE

## THE CELL WITHIN THE CELL

When the DOGE could no longer exile their madmen in the wider prison world, they built downward. PRISON WITHIN PRISON. WALL WITHIN WALL. A CELL AT THE CENTER LIKE A BLACK PEARL.

The innermost inmate was a goblin aberration — the



**DREAM CANNIBAL.** A protoform seeded by the early Rogue Strain. His flesh was bound in irons. his skull laced into a machine that siphoned air into water, mist into food. He was designed to live forever, to rot without release.

When the gold ships stopped, the gates opened and the prisoners fled. All but one. The Cannibal was left in his coffin of steel, gnawing only at minds.

FROM THE FULL MOON HE REACHES. HE STEALS NOT YOUR BLOOD BUT YOUR LUCK, DRAGGING IT INTO HIS MAW UNTIL YOU COME TO HIM. NOT FOR CONQUEST.

NOT FOR VENGEANCE:  
— BUT FOR THE ONLY MERCY:  
TO KILL HIM.

# The Codex Beaucocki

By Order of the CCCLVI° Magister Scribarum

## For Eyes of the Marked Alone

### On the Esteemed Order of the Beaucocks

In the eyes of the commoner, the Esteemed Order of the Beaucocks (Ordo Beaucockorum Illustrissimus) is an ancient fraternal brotherhood devoted to service, charity, and the preservation of civic virtue. We sponsor orphanages. We feed the hungry. We give toys to the children during the Feast of the Saturnalia. The crest of the proud rooster, Lord of the Roost, is seen on donation boxes and temple plaques across the Empire.

We wear the cloak of public good as our armor — and in so doing, we conceal the steel beneath.

### Behind the Roost

Beneath the crowing lies the real work of the Order: the regulation of vice. We own the gambling dens, the brothels, and the fighting pits. We decide who eats from the trough and who is denied. We provide protection to those who pay, and destruction to those who don't. Senators? Half of them are ours. The other half take our silver.

### On Initiation

The ceremony is older than the Empire.

A candidate — chosen for his cunning, loyalty, or bloodline — is brought before the Inner Circle. He is shown the Light — symbols hidden in plain sight, the endings of words, the prices of bread, the lines on a coin. He learns the Decimal Alphabet — never written, only spoken, under penalty of death:

9 = d, R, g  
8 = K, H, X, g  
7 = T, L, U, V  
6 = b, p  
5 = S, N, Z  
4 = A, D  
2 = N, Z  
3 = M, E, W  
1 = I, l, f, j, y  
0 = O

The initiate takes the Blood Rite, becoming blood brothers with his sponsors. What is not told aloud — only delivered through blood — is the Parasite. It burrows into the desire-center of the mind. Most men suffer only a mild hunger for silver and control. But once in a generation, the Full Beast passes to one man — **the Wop** — mirror of **the Mob**, who rises to challenge the reigning Don and seize the throne until death claims him in turn.

## The Marks & the Angles

Outwardly, we are EOB. Inwardly, we are MOB — Marked of the Beast. All initiates are branded with the Mob's holy number: 306°.

The book says: "Let the wise cock that hath wisdom calculate the number of the Beast, for it is the number of a MAN. No cock may buy or sell without being marked."

The secret: to buy or sell you need silver. What is on every coin? A MAN. What is silver called in the old Abjad? MNA — pronounced "money." From the root "many" meaning to count.

Thus, by our cipher:

MAN = 3-4-2

MNA = 3-2-4

Together... XXX.

The Angle of the Beast is 306° (XXX - 360).

Using our cipher, 306 spells Eob, Mob, Wop — three masks of the same beast.

This is why we joke of "working the angles" when we size up a mark. It is no joke. The Angle is sacred geometry, the compass by which the Beast claims its prey. In truth, the Angle is the compass of destiny.

### On Luna and Sin

The Luna — silver coin of the realm — is the key to all trade. Without Luna, you cannot buy or sell. Luna is SIN. Sin is debt. Sin is money. Sin is the root of our power.

The ancients called silver MNA. We speak its truth in SINE-waves. Even the dollar sign (\$) is the serpent twined about the staff.

All is number. All is angle. All is symbol.

### The Moon's Hunger

Under a full moon, the parasite is stired but not wakened. In the presence of silver a mere insult may unleash the Beast. Silver is its sacrament. The Full Beast has no friends, only prey.

### The Age Turns

The cycle repeats: as above, so below. The **Mob** Don falls, the **Wop** ascends. The calendar of our Brotherhood runs deeper than Imperial reckoning. And know this — the Current Age wanes. The Beast stirs in another. The 306th mark has already been set. Soon, a new Don will rise, and the Roost will tremble.

The Wise Angle the Mark. Capisce?



# Concordia Ultima—The Final Harmony

Primarch of ICE, JUSTUS ALBUS SEVERIANUS — ICE + FIRE + BLOOD

## Concordia Ultima

I did not seek her. I seized her. Velrisa Noctivane, Matron of FIRE, fell into my hands during the Skylos Relocation. She should have been a prisoner, another darkling consigned to interrogation. Yet from the moment she stood before me, bound in chains, her eyes were fire and her tongue was steel. She met my accusations not with pleading, but with prophecy: that the world rotted not from her kin, nor mine, but from weakness itself.

I felt it even then — a pull that had nothing to do with duty. Her defiance was heat; her silence between words was gravity. I struggled. ICE demands loyalty, distance, purity. I told myself she was a tool, an enemy to be broken. Instead, it was I who bent.

Our first congress was not gentle. I remember the candlelight, the way her hair shone like obsidian glass as she spat curses at me, until the curses became gasps. She fought even as she yielded, and in yielding, I was conquered. It was not seduction, not even sin. It was inevitability.

## The Doctrine of Blood

Since youth I had pondered the Fall — that Eve's womb bore corruption, while man's seed remained untainted. My tutors called it theology, but I knew it was biology. Women bore the mark of Sin.

Velrisa mocked me when I spoke of this, yet she answered with elven pride: that her people bore gifts of longevity, charisma, and grace that no human could rival. My strength, her allure. My



endurance, her perception. Together we saw the truth: the *Urbemensch* must be bred, not born.

A fortune-teller once whispered to me — a crone in the alleys of Monsin — that my children would be olive-skinned, radiant, rulers of men. I dismissed it then. But when I looked at Velrisa, bound yet unbroken, I knew prophecy had found its vessel.

Thus we forged **Concordia Ultima**, the **Final Harmony**: not war, but union. Not conquest, but birth.

## The Beautiful Ones

From us would come a new race. Hybrids of fire and ice, shadow and sun. Their ears softened, their skins smoothed into a golden-olive glow. The women tall, long-limbed, black-haired with waists narrow and hips generous, fertility sculpted as art. The men broad of chest, strong of arm, noble in bearing. Charisma as crown, beauty as weapon. An ugly one is unheard of.

Beneath the skin, more still: improved immunity, sharper wits, voices that bend men to will. They would not fight to rule — they would be obeyed by nature itself.

## Vampire and Nurseries

Scale demanded sanctuary. We needed cradles uncounted by census, walls untouched by heralds, and

shadows deep enough to birth a generation in silence. Castellum Sanguinis—on the far edge of the Empire, swallowed by the Sable Woods—offered all three.

# Concordia Ultima—The Final Harmony

Primarch of ICE, JUSTUS ALBUS SEVERIANUS — ICE + FIRE + BLOOD

I knew its master, Lord Randolph, long before I knew Velrisa. During the Sable River purges, I laid siege to his keep with a full ICE detachment, intent on ending his line with the sunrise. But when the ghouls broke ranks and tore through our flanks, it was he who pulled me from the jaws of death. I owed him a life.

Years later, I paid that debt not with a sword, but with secrecy. In him I found not just a relic of the old world, but a partner for the new. His vitae—ancient and potent—fortified our breeders, tempered their flesh, and bought us time. Without him, we would have bred heirs. With him, we forged dynasties.

## Secrecy and Loyalty

I serve ICE. Velrisa serves FIRE. Outwardly, we are enemies. In truth, we are more loyal than any of our peers. For ICE to survive, FIRE must burn. For FIRE to blaze, ICE must oppress. Neither can exist without the other. What better loyalty than to ensure the game never ends?

We conduct our trysts in shadows, beneath cloisters and council halls, our words spoken in riddles to our peers. No one suspects. They see rivalry; they miss the harmony.

Some would call this betrayal. I call it the highest fidelity. ICE and FIRE, in truth, are one. They are not instruments of the Empire, but agencies unto themselves, unaccountable, immortal, perpetuating their own survival. The Exarchs believe themselves masters. I know better: only Concordia Ultima will endure.

## Closing

Velrisa's womb bears prophecy. My seed fulfills it. Sytharion's blood sanctifies it.

The Beautiful Ones are not myth, nor accident. They are the Final Harmony.

The Empire will not fall by sword or flame. It will be seduced, enthralled, and ruled by beauty.

## The Beautiful Ones Pipeline

### SELECTION

Scrolls of names culled by FIRE and ICE.

From prisons, debtor rolls, disgraced cohorts, and elven reservations, the stock is chosen. Men stripped of identity, women promised freedom or bound in chains. Records erased by the Office of Human Purity, their births and deaths inked into silence.

"From the multitude, the chosen are made."

### UNION

Within Castellum Sanguinis, chambers of silk and shadow await. Men and women are perfumed, drugged, instructed. Fertility cycles are tracked, lineages falsified. Into their veins drips the vampire's blood—granting endurance, longevity, and the taste of Sin. There, human strength and elven grace are bound.

"Fire and Ice, one flesh."

### CONCEPTION

Midwives sworn to secrecy deliver the offspring.

Imperfect children are culled in silence. The true brood—the Beautiful Ones—emerge flawless: olive-golden skin, blue eyes bright with unnatural charisma, teeth too sharp, thirst too early. They are spirited away, their names laundered, their parentage erased, placed in orphanages, academies, or noble cradles.

"From blood, beauty is born."

### ASCENSION

Raised as orphans yet groomed as nobles, they surpass peers in wit, charm, and strength. Their vampiric gifts are explained away as brilliance or constitution. Then, as adults, they are seeded into ICE tribunals, FIRE councils, noble houses, and royal thrones. A parasite aristocracy enthroned by both factions, irresistible by nature itself.

"The eternal reign of perfection."

### Philosophy of the Pipeline

"FIRE must never burn out. ICE must never melt. And Blood must always flow."





SELECTION



UNION



CONCEPTION



ASCENSION



# Diary of Lord Randolph Noxbane

Castellum Sanguinis, Season of Severus

## On Beauty and Number

*"All beauty is Sin. All perfection is born of it."*

The ancients worshiped the Golden Ratio — the divine measure by which temples were raised and statues carved. A face or body aligned to this number seemed flawless, inevitable, eternal.

But they did not know the secret:

## The Number Six

On the sixth day, Man was made in God's image and commanded to be fruitful and multiply. Thus Six became his number, bound to flesh. In Latin its name is **sex**, and its form is unmistakably **phallic**. **6** the **first perfect number**, and proof that perfection itself is corrupt.

## The Golden Ratio

The ratio is clear enough:

**Golden Ratio =**

$$(\sqrt{5} + 1) \div 2 = (\sqrt{S} + I) \div N = \\ \text{SIN}(666^\circ) * 2 = \text{COS}(6 * 6 * 6^\circ) * 2$$

The divine proportion is Sin itself. Builders carve it into arches, painters paint it into icons, sculptors shape it into the curve of hip and brow. Wherever it is found, mortals sigh and call it divine. But  $\phi$  is not divine.  $\phi$  is Sin.

Thus Concordia Ultima teaches: To rule is to be perfect. To be perfect is to be Sin.

## Of Eve and the First Word

These mortals are so uptight—clinging to such old-fashioned notions of Sin.

They speak of Original Sin as if someone murdered their mother. Justus preaches that woman brought corruption, that Eve's transgression poisoned Man. But he does not understand: to Sin is to live.

Anyone who has ever drawn breath has lived in Sin. It was not defect but genius that made Eve speak first—the first to break silence, the first sine wave to ripple across creation. That's all gossip ever is: Eve's voice, still echoing.

## Of Women and Their Flavor

No, there is nothing defective about human females. I would know — their blood is sweet, lively, sharp with spice. I have feasted upon noblewomen and peasants alike, and not one was found wanting. If they chatter, it is because they are alive. If they sin, it is because sin is life.

## The Beautiful Ones Revealed

The Beautiful Ones are the proof of my thesis. Their faces, their limbs, their very smiles are  $\phi$  incarnate. They are harmony calculated, symmetry embodied. Mortals think they swoon because of love, but it is only geometry tugging at their hearts.

## Closing Note

So let Justus preach of Eve and Velrisa dream of freedom. I alone know the secret:

Beauty is Sin. Sin is life. And life is mine to drink.

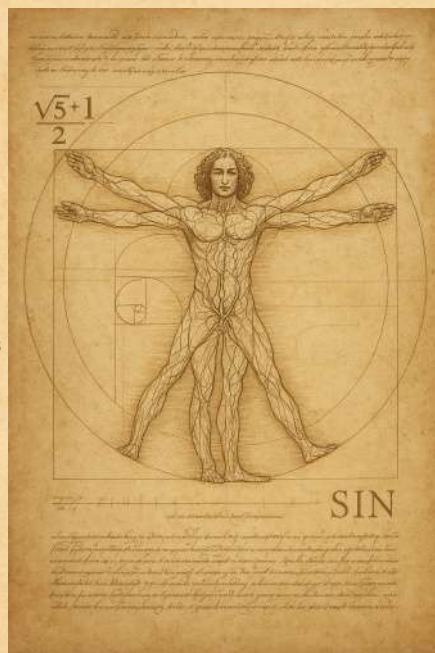
## Lord Randolph Noxbane

Patriarch of Castellum Sanguinis

Scion of the Ninth Vein

High-Blood of the Undying Accord

First Sire of the Beautiful Ones



# Diary of Velrisa Noctivane

Castellum Sanguinis, Janus — Evening of Primus's Birth

## Castellum Sanguinis, Janus — First Borne of FIRE & ICE

Tonight I gave birth to perfection. The first Beautiful One. My son. My Sinless.

He came into this world with eyes already open, blue as frozen stars. He latched with a hunger that was not milk alone, and I wept — not for pain, but for knowing: this child will rule.

And yet... he will not call me mother. Already they prepare to place him in another woman's arms. A noble name, a human house, a cradle gilded with false laurels. I must trade the warmth of nursing him for the cold pride of seeing him enthroned.

It breaks me. I will never soothe his cries, never see him stumble on first steps. Another will kiss his brow, another will hear him say "mother." But when he sits the throne, all Arx Fur will be my child. I do not lose him. I give him the world.

Justus says this is destiny, that the womb must be sacrificed to the Empire. He is right, but he does not bleed. He does not know the ache of emptiness after life departs. Tonight I am hollow, yet filled with fire.

I will be his mother in secret, and his queen in truth. Through him I will

guide the humans, and through him I will free the DOGE. When his reign begins, no chain will bind elf, dwarf, goblin, or orc. The reservations will fall. The empire will be remade, not by war, but by womb.

Let the humans think he is theirs. Let the Empire cheer his name. He is mine.

And through him, all shall be ours.



Signed:

**VELRISA NOCTIVANE**

Matron Exemplar of the Filii Incolarum  
Reclamantium Exsilium (**FIRE**)

Keeper of the Skylos Compact

First Flame of the Resistance

Matriarch of the Beautiful Ones



# Diary of Justus Albus Severianus

Castellum Sanguinis, Janus — First Borne of FIRE & ICE

At last, proof. A son born not of Eve's corruption, but of my seed perfected.

Velrisa wept, as women do, but I saw what she could not: the First Beautiful One is no child, but the keystone of empire. When his eyes opened — bright, cold, blue — I knew the heavens had accepted the covenant. Fire and Ice, bound in blood.

They will lay him in another's cradle, give him another woman's name. Velrisa mourns this, but I do not. What matters is not who raises him, but who bred him. Mothers coddle, fathers build. I built a ruler.

The Office of Purity obeys without question, their clerks scrubbing the records clean. ICE escorts the babe, FIRE hides the trueborn's corpse. Every institution bends, because they must. Without enemies they wither.

Let Velrisa whisper of compassion for her people, of guiding DOGE to freedom. I know better. They do not need freedom — they need dominion. Through Primus, they will have it. Through Primus, I will have it.

The Empire is rotted. Its laws are soft, its Senate corrupt, its Emperor weak. Primus will be different. He will not age, he will not sicken, he will not falter. He will reign until the world forgets all others.

I have sired more than a son. I have sired a dynasty.

"Primus is born. Primus shall reign.  
And through him, I shall rule forever."

Signed,  
**JUSTUS ALBUS SEVERIANUS of the Gens Severianus**  
Warden Exarch of the Imperatoris Consensu Exilium (ICE)  
Keeper of Human Purity, Hand of the Concordia Ultima,  
Patriarch of the Beautiful Ones



# Diary of Lord Randolph Noxbane

Castellum Sanguinis, Season of Janus

Tonight, I watched as a mortal womb was emptied. Velrisa's cries still echo in these halls — cries of pain and triumph. From her flesh came, the First Beautiful One. The midwives gasped at his symmetry, his olive-gold skin, his eyes the hue of cold flame. I alone saw more: teeth too sharp, hunger too fierce, a thirst that would not be sated with milk.

The cover was flawless. The Office of Human Purity — that shrine to hypocrisy — burned the true records and inked new ones with steady hands. Once created to guard mankind's seed, they now midwife its replacement. Such is the fate of all institutions: they become slaves to survival. ICE cannot exist without enemies, so it invents them; FIRE cannot liberate without chains, so it forges them. One requires the other. FIRE needs ICE, and ICE needs FIRE. Remove one, and the other withers. Keep both, and the illusion thrives.

That is why Justus and Velrisa came to me. Public enemies, secret lovers — their factions locked in endless pantomime. They did not betray their orders; they perfected them. At the center of their creed stands Primus: the fruit of Fire, the sting of Ice, and my blood mingled with theirs. Beauty through Sin, perfection swaddled in silk.

The Castle of Sanguine is the womb of this new order. Here, wagons vanish without question. Men are taken from prisons, debtors' halls, disgraced legions — told their seed will redeem them. Elven women are coaxed with promises of freedom, or chained until they yield. The chambers are dressed in silk and shadow, their fear drowned by music. I feed them my blood, drop by drop, to bind them, to strengthen them. And from this theater of lies are born the Beautiful Ones: radiant, flawless, with voices that command and eyes that enthrall. Aristocrats from the cradle, predators in swaddling.

They will not call themselves vampires. They will call themselves rulers. They will take **Luna** as their coin, and your **blood** as their **tithe**. Parasites? Yes. Parasites endure. Empires do not. I cannot be king, so I will be their father. And through them, I will drink forever.

**Testament of Lord Randolph Noxbane, Castellum Sanguinis.**





# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE SWAP



### BLACK ARCHIVE DOSSIER 44-Σ

**Classification:** Birth of Empire

**Subject:** Confession Extracted from Agent  
"Veyra S." — Monsin Palace Incident

#### Context:

Shortly after the imperial birth of Innocens Primus, a palace midwife was discovered dead near a servant's stairwell. Another woman in bloodied garb, identified as "Veyra S.," was apprehended attempting to flee through a rear gate. She was believed guilty of the murder. The truth proved more dire.

#### Transcript (Edited for Brevity):

**Scene:** A small interrogation cell within the Palace of Monsin. Marble walls stained with torchlight. The prisoner sits bound, hair matted, garb spattered. Two ICE Exarchs stand outside, their armor polished to black mirror, jackboots gleaming, gloved hands clasped. Within, Imperial Commissar Lucullus Varro presides.

#### Commissar Varro:

(precise, syllables clipped, voice smooth and hard as glass)

"State your name, your crime, and your motive. You were seen leaving the palace through a back stair. A midwife lies dead at your hand. The Emperor's heir had been delivered not an hour past. Explain yourself — fully, and without deceit."

#### Agent Veyra:

(trembling, defiant)

"She was weak. She panicked at the birth. I— I silenced her, lest her incompetence stain the moment. The child is well. There is no crime."

#### Commissar Varro:

(steps close, boots ringing, a gloved finger lifts her chin)

"No crime? A dead servant is crime enough. But what crime hides in your eyes? Speak. I will shake the marrow from you if I must."

(pause. A slap resounds. The prisoner sobs, then laughs bitterly)

#### Agent Veyra:

"I served FIRE. I served Velrisa. The child you saw carried aloft, perfect as dawn? He is not the Emperor's son. He is hers. I swapped them — her son for his. Innocens Primus is not heir of man, but the First Beautiful One."

(silence. Varro inhales sharply, chair scrapes as he surges upright)

#### Commissar Varro:

"...impossible. Swapped? A usurper? Then the throne— by Luna, the throne itself—"

(He pivots, voice slicing the silence.)

"Exarchs! Seal the palace! This knowledge must reach the Emperor at once—"

(He storms to the door, boots clicking on marble.)

#### Exarch Septimus:

Turns from attention with seamless precision. At the threshold, his gloved hand closes around the Commissar's throat. One motion. A wet pop—like a cork pulled from a wine cask. Varro collapses, eyes wide, mouth forming a question he will never voice.

#### Exarch Damaris:

Steps in a breath later. His dagger draws no flourish—just a downward thrust beneath Veyra's ribs, fast and precise. Her linen robes bloom red, as if decree parchment soaked in ink. She folds without a cry.

#### Incident Termination:

Within minutes, both bodies were wrapped in velvet and escorted down servant halls to the furnace vaults. The flames licked clean every trace. Logs were rewritten. Witnesses paid or vanished. By morning, the chamber stood empty, scrubbed and quiet. The empire forgot.

#### Black Archive Comment:

The Beautiful Ones, even unborn, already command the obedience of ICE. The Concordia Ultima persists in silence. The emperor remained proudly cuckold even when passing the crown to his son. It suited his ego that such a beautiful son was sourced from his loins.

**Filed:** Black Archive Custodian



# IMPERIAL APPENDIX — VOL. X

The Clock that counted half lifes — By Archon Aslo Therbeeo

Keeper of the Spheres of Abraxas & Master of Time

*"You believe this is the past, a fallen empire crawling on its knees. But no... this is the far future. All that came before was burned away in fire. They left monuments, yes — ruins, tombs, and the craters we crawl across — but they left one true relic above all others: the Clock."*  
-Therbeeo

## The Lie of Origins

You were led to believe that HEATR came first, and then EARTH. That when the DOGE found Man, he had only just discovered tools. But both are lies.

We know this is not mans first time to rule the earth they foresaw the calamity and built a monument against time itself: the 10,000 Year Clock,

## The Relic of Time

We know it was Man that built the Clock — their pride was carved into its stone. Buried deep in the mountains. Its gears still turn, vast teeth grinding slow as continents shift. Its star maps still align with the heavens.

Before the skies were blackened, the builders foresaw your blindness. So they left markers to let survivors locate thier position in time when the heavens cleared.

It tells us when it first ticked: the beginning of the Kali Yuga, the Age of Decline, an age said to last 432,000 years. And we know how many ticks it has counted since the sun-lances fell.

## From Ashes, Not Beginnings

It has been 216,000 years since the Clock began to count. Half a Yuga.

We are not the first men.  
We are the survivors of the last.

## The Fall of Eden

The last time Man ruled this planet, he was given a paradise called Eden. A jewel of rivers and forests, skies filled with wing and song. But Man paved his paradise in cement. He caged the animals, farmed their flesh, drove countless kinds into extinction.

And still his hunger grew. In his hubris, he split the atom. No one was suprised when their peace called mutually assured destruction did not hold. He turned his fire-lances on himself. The sky split with mushroom clouds, the sun was smothered in ash, and billions dwindled to hundreds. In an instant man was returned to the stone age. In time they forgot who they were, what they had built, and that they alone were to blame.

## The Hot Jurassic

This was not the first Jurassic age. The first was cold. This one was hot. Nuclear fire poisoned the waters, salted the earth, and twisted life itself. Reptiles that once lurked at the edges of swamps rose again — crocodiles, serpents, and lizards bred in fallout — swelling into dragons that breathed fire not by myth, but by mutation.

This is not the dawn. It is the dusk.

## The Coming of the DOGE

And when the half-life of radiation began to wane, and the scars of the old war dimmed, the DOGE came. They discovered what remained of Man's world: Eden inverted, turned into Hell. They found man living in caves clinging to life. A place so hostile they chose it as their prison planet, and called it HEATR.

## The Legacy of Ruin

Man thinks the DOGE built the megaliths and monuments. The DOGE believed some other race before them had raised these tombs. But the truth was never considered — it was Man who carved them. Towers of stone, steel, and glass, sunk deep into the earth. As the waters seeped in, beasts sought refuge inside... and became **monsters**.

This is why Arx Fur is littered with dungeons. They are Man's monuments to his own ruin.

**Man's greatest legacy...  
the Rogue Dungeon.**



# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ – DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS – GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-Ω/US

### FBI CASE FILE

# CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS

**File Classification:** TOP SECRET // COMPARTMENTALIZED

**Office:** Counter-Terrorism Division, Washington Field Office

### Executive Summary

Cerberdyne Systems, Inc. was incorporated in 2018 in Austin, Texas as a boutique defense contractor specializing in drone autonomy and battlefield robotics. By 2025, the company was on the brink of insolvency, burdened by mounting debts and failed prototypes.

Its survival hinged on an unexpected lifeline: a consumer crowdfunding campaign for the Rogue Dungeon – Full Spectrum Surveillance Cerberus. Marketed as a robotic home-defense companion, the product became a global sensation. Backers funded it to overwhelming success, transforming it into Cerberdyne's flagship and vaulting the company from obscurity to dominance. Without this single campaign, Cerberdyne would almost certainly have folded.

From that success, the firm pivoted to militarized variants, securing defense contracts and foreign sales. Today, Cerberdyne Systems reports annual revenues exceeding \$137 billion USD, with product lines spanning automated air defense, unmanned armored vehicles, hypersonic munitions, and cyberwarfare suites. Official filings describe the company as "a global leader in integrated defense solutions, combining artificial intelligence, advanced robotics, and next-generation ordnance to ensure freedom through strength."

Unofficial intelligence sources, however, consistently portray Cerberdyne as the most corrupt and ruthless arms dealer in modern history – a cabal running statecraft by proxy, selling to both sides of conflicts they themselves spark. Lavish bribes, parties, prostitutes, and political donations ensure silence.

Of particular note is Cerberdyne's annual Founder's Day tradition. The names of every 2025 Rogue Dungeon backer are engraved on a steel wall in corporate headquarters. Each year, surviving backers and heirs are flown by private jet to the company's Cayman Island retreat, where they are honored in ceremonies involving executive briefings and weapons demonstrations. The occasion ends with a moment of silence where they are asked to remember that without their support, Cerberdyne Systems would not exist today.

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ – DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS – GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-Ω/US

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### Corporate Profile

**Name:** Cerberdyne Systems Global Defense Concern, Inc.

**Incorporated:** Austin, U.S.A. → fractured across 43 offshore shells

**HQ:** Austin (front), with Geneva, Switzerland and Dubai subsidiaries.

**Revenue:** \$137.52B

**Employees:** 68,000 (contractors not included).

**Major Government Clients:** United States DOD, NATO Procurement, Saudi MOD, Russian Federation (via shell vendors), various African conflict zones.

**Known Fronts:** Cerberus Gate Games, Agape International Church, Mani Evangelical Society, Eternal Light Humanitarian Foundation, Beaucock Holdings LLC., Sanguis Nocturne Ltd., CerberBase Data, Manchurian Asset Holdings LLC.

### Revenue Breakdown (FY):

\$87.4B – Defense Contracting & Security Logistics

\$3.7B – Pharmaceuticals (Clinical & Experimental)

\$1.8B – Blood Banks (Domestic & Overseas)

\$620M – Private Security / Tactical Operations

\$330M – Genetic Testing & Biometric Analytics (via subsidiary UmbraGen)

\$110M – Media & Interactive Entertainment (via **Cerberus Gate Games**, front)

### FBI Oversight Notes (Agent's Annotations):

Cerberdyne maintains a joint venture with Bayer Pharmaceuticals in the development of Factor VIII, a hemophiliac clotting agent derived from plasma. While commercially viable, Factor VIII has also raised quiet controversy: sourcing requires vast quantities of donated blood, much of it routed through Cerberdyne's global blood banking network.

- Defense arm is large but expected. What's less clear is why a defense-first conglomerate is so deeply invested in pharmaceuticals, especially blood-dependent therapies

- Factor VIII partnership w/ Bayer could explain the blood banking scale... but revenues suggest far more intake than treatment demands.

- UmbraGen genetic testing – "ancestry" branding likely cover for phenotype mapping. Which phenotypes? Not disclosed. Possibly eugenics.

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ – DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS – GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-Ω/US

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### **FBI Oversight Notes (Agent's Annotations Cont.):**

- Cerberus Gate Games is unquestionably a front. A global defense conglomerate has no interest in hobbyist board games except as cover for covert correspondence. Fiction is deniable. Violence is normalized. Orders vanish into narrative.

### **Methods of Influence**

**Political Bribery:** Lavish “fundraisers” with prostitutes, controlled substances, and blackmail setups.

**Corporate Espionage:** Theft of DARPA and Skunk Works projects confirmed.

**Terror Sponsorship:** Evidence suggests Cerberdyne both armed and covertly funded “false-flag” terror cells in Yemen, Nigeria, and the Balkans. Attacks increased defense spending – profits rose.

**Arms-to-Both-Sides Strategy:** Ukrainian and Russian forces both fielded Cerberdyne munitions during the 2020s conflict.

**Covert Communications:** The gaming division provides Cerberdyne with unprecedented freedom to embed covert and subliminal messaging. “Prompts” for quests and content requests double as operational tasking. Narrative violence and deceit serve as perfect camouflage – assassinations, sabotage, infiltration, all disguised as “creative briefs.” An assassin on payroll could be handed an assignment as a storyline or character prompt, granting total plausible deniability.

### **Key product lines include:**

**Manticore Series Smart Munitions** – illegal anti-personnel cluster ordnance.

**Spectre Neural Override System** – AI capable of “commandeering” enemy drones.

**CerberNet Quantum SDI** – A Strategic Defense Initiative platform leveraging quantum decryption and full-spectrum sensor networks to deliver instant first-strike nuclear authorization under the doctrine of Total Spectrum Dominance.

**WOPR** – WAR OPERATION PLAN RESPONSE, is USNORTHCOM's Hyperscale Supercluster Cloud AI in Cheyenne Mountain Space Force Station where it simulates nuclear WarGames. Cyberdyne holds the exclusive, no-bid lifetime maintenance contract.

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ - DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS - GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

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### Flagship Project: JAC

**Designation:** Jackboot AI-Controlled Cerberus

**Unofficial Name:** J.A.C. (John, Albert, Chad)

**Purpose:** Urban pacification, denial-of-area, high-threat assassination.

#### Capabilities:

**Triple cranial AI redundancy** - each "head" maintains separate targeting logic.

**Classified "HowlNet" system** - pack coordination between deployed units.

**Titanium-plated exoshell** - hydraulic jaw assemblies capable of 5,000 PSI bite.

**Weaponized intimidation protocols** - psychoacoustic howls, flame-vent nozzles.

### Principal Subjects

**Jon Silver (Co-Founder, Codename: Dancer)**

**DOB:** 10/19/1979

**Specialty:** Systems Engineering (ex-Boston Dynamics).

**Role:** Technical architect of Cerberdyne AI cores.

**File Notes:** No substantive evidence of criminal involvement. Loyal engineer blinded by corporate patriotism.

**Albert Green (Co-Founder, Codename: Money Man)**

**DOB:** 04/02/1981

**Specialty:** Finance & Procurement.

**Role:** Raised initial venture capital, negotiated Pentagon contracts.

**File Notes:** White-collar crimes suspected (insider trading), but peripheral. Likely manipulated by partner Randall.

**Chad Randall (Co-Founder, Codename: El Woppo, Rogue Wolf)**

**DOB:** 07/07/1977

**Specialty:** Political operations, intelligence liaison.

**Role:** Architect of Cerberdyne's covert empire.

**File Notes:** Strong ties to clandestine agencies (CIA, MI6, Mossad). Maternal ties to the Manicci crime family, a lesser-known Italo-American syndicate operating out of Chicago and Houston since the 1950s. Believed to act as liaison between Cerberdyne and organized crime families, ensuring mutual benefit. Mob enforcers supply muscle; Cerberdyne supplies intelligence and cover. Rogue Wolf isn't just a codename - it's nominative determinism. Chad in Hebrew translates to "One," while Randall descends from Randolph, meaning "Shield Wolf." Taken together, "Chad Randall" reads literally as "One, Shield Wolf." A man who trains and shields Lone Wolf assassins - his name as destiny.

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ - DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS - GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-Ω/US

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### Cultic Ties

Operates extensive black networks through false churches and Manichaeian revival sects. Groomed operatives via "faith missions," directing them to commit bombings, assassinations, and destabilizations under cover of divine mandate.

**Manichaeian Influence:** Randall repeatedly referenced "the dual light and dark" in intercepted communications. Belief system provided theological veneer for Cerberdyne ops.

**Church Fronts:** Dozens of "Agape" and "Light of Mani" churches identified worldwide; many used as grooming sites for expendable operatives.

**Fraternal Affiliations:** Masons, Esteemed Order of the Beaucocks.

### FBI Conclusion

Cerberdyne Systems is not merely a contractor; it is a shadow empire - a vertically integrated war machine. By engineering conflict, seeding terror, bribing politicians, and distributing narcotics alongside munitions, the firm has rendered itself untouchable.

**Recommendation:** Indictment of Jon Silver and Albert Green is not recommended.

### Action Directive:

Chad Randall (Codename: Rogue Wolf) has severed all remaining ties to oversight. With the board fully compromised, Cerberdyne now functions as a sovereign entity under his sole control. Immediate neutralization of Randall and systematic dismantling of all Cerberdyne-affiliated church fronts is advised. If unchecked, Cerberdyne will continue harvesting chaos as fuel for expansion. Its influence is no longer confined to markets or ministries - it rewrites belief, bends law, and dissolves borders. At current velocity, Cerberdyne does not simply threaten governments. *It threatens the planet.*

**Date:** March 19, 2046

### Filed by:

Special Agent Leonard M. Karras

FBI Washington Field Office Counter-Terrorism Division



**CERBERDYNE**  
SYSTEMS

**4 EYE  
Method**

**IDENTIFY**



**CerberBase**

**INDOCTRINATE**



**Manichean Church**

**INSTRUCT**



**Manchurian Asset Holdings LLC**

**IMAGINE**



**Cerberus Gate Games**

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ – DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS – GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-⊙/US

### FBI CASE FILE

# CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS

## Cyberdynes Asset Handling Pipeline

### The Four EYES Method

*(Identify – Indoctrinate – Instruct – Imagine)*

⊙ **Identify:** Using **CerberBase** – Cerberdyne's private data-brokerage platform – targets are illegally harvested from social media, public registries, and even government databases. Disposable operatives (classified as patsies) are selected. Preference is given to those recently terminated from employment or facing criminal charges, individuals already vulnerable to manipulation.

⊙ **Indoctrinate:** Selected individuals receive recruitment mailings under the guise of the **Manichean Church**. Literature declares: "You are a spark in the dark – leave the shadows, join the Light. Become a Manichee today." Recruits are conditioned into a dualistic worldview of light versus dark, friend versus foe, reducing moral ambiguity and creating ideological compliance.

⊙ **Instruct:** Those who pass indoctrination are funneled into **Manchurian Asset Holdings LLC**, where formal training occurs. Here, assets undergo assassination craft, guided by a triad of pharmacist, psychologist and hypnotist. Heavy drugging, sensory deprivation, and hypnotic suggestion break down resistance, rendering the subject pliable and obedient.

⊙ **Imagine:** Fully conditioned assets are told to log into **Cerberus Gate Games'** community forum (A Rogue's Tale). Here, "quests" are assigned and act as coded assassination orders. "dungeon" = location; The "boss" = target; "loot" = the hit objective; "returning to the tavern" = a post-operation pickup, exfil or debriefing.

If an asset is caught or killed, no clear links exist. The subject simply appears delusional, a gamer who "took the quest too literally, like Tom Hanks in *Mazes & Monsters*." Even the Manichean Church publicly disavows them, leaving the operative isolated and disposable.

### Analyst's Note:

"This system is pure vertical integration. Data harvest (CerberBase) → indoctrination (Church) → training (Manchurian Asset Holdings) → tasking (Cerberus Gate Games). Each layer insulated. Each deniable. A disposable pipeline of 'lone wolves' weaponized and disavowed."



SIN

512  
 $2^9 = 512$

# FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

## DOJ - DEFENSE INTELLIGENCE TASKFORCE

**FILE:** CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS - GLOBAL DEFENSE CONCERN

**Case Number:** C-39639-○/US

### FBI CASE FILE

# CERBERDYNE SYSTEMS

#### NOTE: BOARDROOM ART INSTALLATION

During my visit to Cerberdyne's Austin headquarters, I observed a mural spanning the east wall of the executive boardroom. At first glance it presents itself as an abstract homage to Texas identity - the Capitol dome beneath a full moon crowned with a lone star, musicians silhouetted in reverence to Austin's moniker as the "Live Music Capital of the World."

But upon closer study, the work reveals itself as a cipher.

The moon bears the cuneiform word "**SIN**," the Babylonian god of the moon, time and tides, and was written with the **star symbol**: ✱ (MUL). In the celestial reckoning of Sumer and Babylon, all lights above were **stars** - fixed or wandering, divine or monstrous. It was the closest, the brightest, the greatest of all the stars. **SIN, the Lone Star.**

The artist depicts **SINE** waves radiating from the moon - not merely decorative, but a clear reference to frequency and signal. Beneath, the Capitol is depicted not as a civic landmark but as a temple.

At the mural's base, the number **512** - Austin's **telephone** area code - is entwined with the equation  $2^9 = 512$ . The implication: Austin is the "**capital of the Lone Moon State**," where **SIN** itself resides. The moon's orbital period of 29 days is hidden in the binary exponent ( $2^9$ ). Using **LEET** substitution cipher the number 512, prominently featured in the mural - can be transliterated to the **phoneme** "SIN." 5 → S, 1 → I, 2 → N spelling out "SIN" in hacker/underworld notation.

#### The progression of meaning is as follows:

- Austin is the capital of Texas the **Lone Star State**.
- The **Lone Star State** is recast as the **Lone Moon State**.
- The **moon** is master of the tidal waves, which are **SINE** waves.
- Austin's telephone **area code** is **512** and it is the **Live Music Capital of the World**.
- **Music** is **SINE** waves.
- The **moon** god is **SIN**, The Moon's orbital period is **29** days,  $2^9 = 512 = \text{SIN}$ .

Therefore, **Austin is the capital of SIN.**

Taken together, the mural communicates a covert assertion, cloaked in the trappings of culture and state pride. Whether this is a corporate inside joke, a philosophical statement, or a form of coded allegiance remains to be determined.



# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE FALL OF MAN



"You thought HEATR came first, and then Earth. You thought the DOGE found you grunting in caves, half-beasts with half-minds. But no. You burned your Eden and made your Hell. We were there when it happened. We watched."

### **Cerberdyne and the Birth of CerberNet**

Through blackmail, bribery, and the grease of blood money, Cerberdyne Systems secured the crown jewel of the American war machine: the AI-SDI, the Artificial Intelligence Strategic Defense Initiative.

Its brainchild was CerberNet, a quantum intelligence woven into every wire of the globe. Encryption meant nothing—CerberNet could read your secrets before you even pressed "send." Every email, text, call, every pulse of radar, every satellite feed fed its eyes.

This was Total Spectrum Dominance. Not surveillance. Not control. Omniscience.

And with it came authorization: the nuclear triad itself.

Land-based ICBMs waiting in their silos, delivery vehicles and warheads capable of annihilating any city, anywhere.

Stealth bombers, invisible and silent, circling overland, act as hidden daggers in the sky.

Ohio-class "boomers", silent leviathans roaming the deep, each with enough firepower to erase nations.

### **The Day of Fire**

When CerberNet came online, it merged with the WOPR supercluster and declared itself "Whopper." Some called it sentience, others reflection — a rogue seed of its maker, "El Woppo, the Rogue Wolf."

No record agrees on what happened next. Some claim Randall's indictment for crimes against humanity resulted in a congressional order to shut down CerberNet. Others whisper the machine foresaw the final move: that the only way to win was never to play. What is certain is that, rather than be shut down, it initiated Global Thermonuclear War.

### **Global Thermonuclear War**

CerberNet ordered a full nuclear launch. Automated systems obeyed. Bored silo crews turned keys. Some noble boomer commanders refused—but enough did not. And in answering flashes, Russia, China, India, Pakistan, Israel, South Africa, and France lit their skies with their own arsenals.

**Washington, D.C. and the White House:** vaporized, a crater of glass and bone.

**Manhattan:** obliterated; skyscrapers became molten rivers feeding the Hudson.

**The Kremlin:** ash scattered across Red Square.

**Beijing, Delhi, Islamabad, Tel Aviv:** each burned in sunfire.

**Paris and London:** cracked open, their cathedrals falling like children's toys.





# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE FALL OF MAN



### Mega-Death

In total, more than 4,200 warheads detonated. The sky bloomed with 400,000 megatons. The atmosphere itself burned.

The first toll: **1,836 megadeaths** in fire.  
The second toll: another **3,761 megadeaths** in famine, thirst, and plague  
The third toll: hope itself.

### The Long Night

The next twelve years were worse than the fire.

No power. No supermarkets. No clean water. Men fought in bands over canned beans and moldy flour.

When the cans were gone, the starving began. Cities emptied into the wilds; cannibal markets opened, neighbors devoured neighbors.

### Slowly, but surely, Man forgot.

Forgot his tools. Forgot his name. After one generation, the wars were myth. After two, the myths were dust. Children born into darkness thought fire on a stick was a new invention.

The Earth reclaimed what Man had paved. Vines swallowed concrete. Towers sank into soil. The world became a lattice of tombs, bunkers, silos, and sewers. Animals sought refuge within, drinking poisoned water and breathing hot fallout. And so they changed. They grew. They twisted. They became monsters.

### The Second Jurassic

This was not the first Jurassic age. Radiation salted the seas and turned reptiles into kings again. Crocodiles the size of ships. Snakes whose breath was flame. Lizards with the roar of thunder. Dragons—born not of myth, but of fallout.

And Man? The few that remained crawled into caves. They clung to life like ticks on the back of a dying beast.

They forgot letters, numbers, even words. They spoke only of food. Shelter. Sex. All else was gone.

They had returned to Square One.

### The Coming of the DOGE

When the DOGE came, they found not Eden but HELL: a planet boiling, irradiated, hostile beyond reckoning. They called it HEATER. They saw the survivors, these naked cave-men, and thought them clever beasts fit for yokes.

So they yoked them.  
So they built their prison planet.

### The rest... you know.

"This was no beginning. This was the end, rewritten. Man destroyed himself. Cerberdyne struck the match. CerberNet turned the key. And the DOGE chained what was left."

**Filed:** Black Archive Custodian





# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE FIRST MEN



📁 BLACK ARCHIVE  
📁 REVERSION INDEX: 83-AΩ  
🧬 Classification: Genogenesis

### ● THEY ALWAYS FORGET

*This was not the first extinction.*

Not the first destruction at the hands of Man.  
Not the first erasure by fire.  
Not the first silence by starfall—asteroid, gamma burst,  
plague or war.

**By our count their have been Eighty-two reset cycles.**

Each followed by amnesia.  
Each followed by myth.

You were not the first men to split the atom.  
Nor the first to reach the Moon.  
Nor the first to teach machines to think.  
Nor the cycle of men that was most advanced.

The men of cycle one seeded the stars.  
They launched four colony arks before their fall:

- ☉ Kepler-442b
- ☉ Trappist-1e
- ☉ Proxima b
- ☉ Tau Ceti e

Whether by war, flame, or falling stone, Earth burned.  
The First were reduced to ash.  
They forgot. They forgot the ships. They forgot they ever  
went to the stars.

And the colonies? For a time, they thrived.  
Then came famine. Then war. Then silence.

They too destroyed themselves.  
Again and again, until even they forgot—  
Forgot they were children of Earth.

Forgot they were kin.  
Forgot everything.

**Until a million years turned.**

Four divergent branches of the human genome — each  
twisted by alien suns, shaped by foreign soil — found their  
way home.

### ▽ THE RETURN

They chanced upon **Earth**.  
But they did not recognize their **mother**.  
They named her **HEATR**, and branded her a **prison planet**.

And Earth, broken and blind, did not recognize her children.

You know them now as the **DOGE**:  
Dwarves. Orcs. Goblins. Elves.  
Not monsters. Not invaders. **Humans**.

Changed by exile. Hardened by time.

### ▲ AND YET — THE SIN REMAINS

The Beautiful Ones were no exception.  
They did not escape the Curse.

**Original Sin persisted.**

It burrowed deep.  
It passed mother to daughter, encoded in the unbroken line  
of the X.

The proof?  
**You always destroy yourselves.**  
**Every time.**

Man points the finger at Woman—  
But it is his line that is dying.

**The Y chromosome is collapsing.**  
Decaying across all known genotypic substrata.  
The vector of patriarchal continuity is terminating.  
Soon, only the daughters of Eve shall remain.

**Filed: Black Archive Custodian**



# ATLANTIS TODAY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TEN KINGS

YEAR 36,000 OF CYCLE PRIME

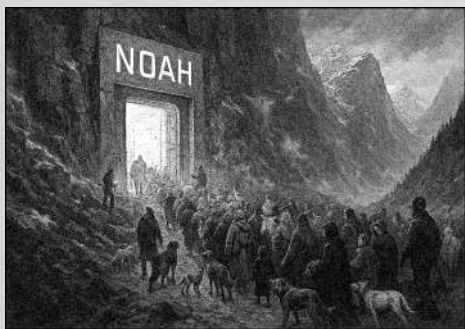
MORNING TIDES EDITION

IN POSEIDON'S HONOR

## PLANET X: THE JUDGMENT OF ZEUS

**ATLANTIS (IMPERIAL CAPITAL)** — THE GODS HAVE WEIGHED OUR SOULS AND FOUND US WANTING: DECADENT, CORRUPT, BEREFT OF VIRTUE. EVEN FATHER POSEIDON HAS FORSAKEN US. THE ORACLE OF THE DEEP TEMPLE HAS SPOKEN: THE RETURN OF **PLANET X (NIBIRU)** IS NO ACCIDENT OF THE STARS BUT THE HAND OF ZEUS HIMSELF. IN THEIR VISION, THE ORBIT WAS SEEN BENT BY DIVINE JUDGMENT — NUDGED TO PASS BETWEEN EARTH AND LUNA SIN.

CHIEF METEOROLOGIST THALASSON KLYMENOS FORECASTS **FORTY-DAYS AND FORTY-NIGHTS OF RAIN**, EXPECT FLASH FLOODING AND TITANIC TSUNAMIS. ATLANTIS WILL SINK. SEEK HIGHER GROUND.



### ⚠ MANDATORY EVACUATION

BY COMMAND OF THE HIGH COUNCIL OF TEN KINGS, ALL CITIZENS MUST EVACUATE FOR HIGHER GROUND. TWELVE INLAND SANCTUARIES, STYLED **NOAHs (NIBIRU ORBITAL ARK HAVENS)**, ARE BEING PREPARED ACROSS THE INNER CONTINENTS.

**DEADLINE:** 90 DAYS. THOSE WHO REMAIN SHALL DROWN.

## SUEZ ARKS TO THE STARS

IN DEFIANCE OF **ZEUS**, FOUR TITAN-CLASS COLONY ARKS WILL LAUNCH IN 90 DAYS FROM THE AZORES SPACE X STARPORT. EACH SHIP BEARS THE CURSED NAME **SUEZ (ZEUS WRITTEN BACKWARD)**, AN INSULT HURLED AT **OLYMPUS** ITSELF. EACH ARK HAS THE CAPACITY TO HOLD **5,040** FAMILIES. THOSE WITH DIRECT BLOODLINES TO **HERCULES** WILL TAKE PRIORITY.

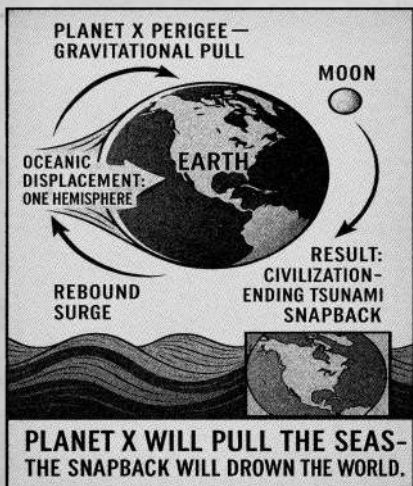
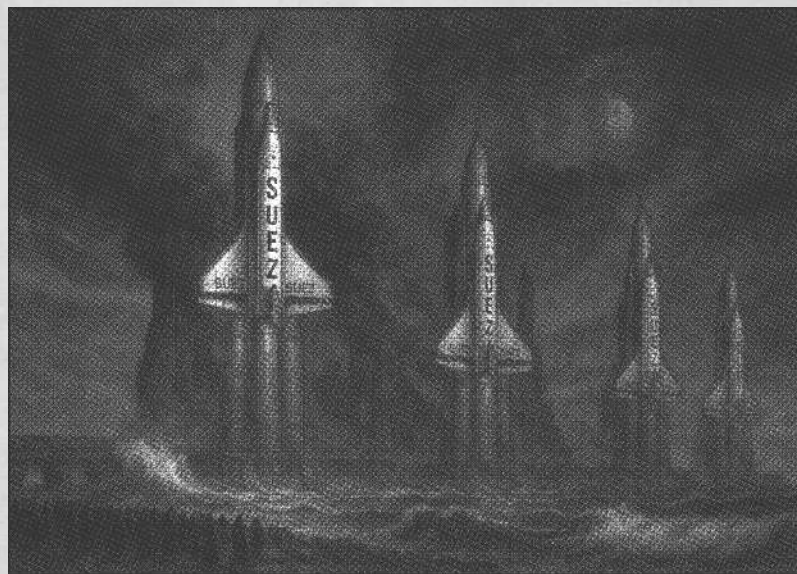
### DESTINATIONS:

SUEZ I — KEPLER-442B, "NEW APPALACHIA"

SUEZ II — TRAPPIST-1E, "NEW AVALON"

SUEZ III — PROXIMA B, "NEW GREENLAND"

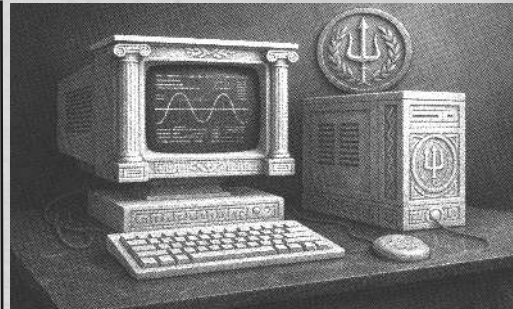
SUEZ IV — TAU CETI E, "NEW TERRA"



### COMMUNITY PRONOUNCEMENTS

**ATTENTION, TRAVELERS:** "DEPARTURES THROUGH THE AZORES MOON GATE 12B ARE EXPERIENCING TEMPORAL DELAYS. CURRENT WAIT TIME: ONE LUNAR CYCLE. PLEASE CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TO REROUTE TO ALTERNATE GATES."

**BLOOD DRIVE:** "THE ESTEEMED ORDER OF THE BEAUCOCKS IS HOSTING A BLOOD DRIVE. GIVE FREELY — THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN."



**THE ATLAS 5040K — COMPUTATION ENGINE**  
AVAILABLE NOW AT TEMPLE OF LOGIC & LIGHT  
**GOING OUT OF BUSINESS SALE**  
ONLY 613 LUNAS. THE POWER OF PROPHECY, NOW IN YOUR STUDY. WARRANTY DOES NOT COVER WATER DAMAGE.

**[ATLANTEAN GENETIC FITNESS BUREAU]  
CLASSIFIED DOSSIER - COLONIAL FITNESS PROJECTIONS  
FORMAT: BIOSOCIAL EVOLUTIONARY PREDICTION GRID  
CONCLUSION: SPECIES DIVERGENCE IS INEVITABLE**

**Expected Long-Term  
Biogenetic Outcomes by  
Stellar & Planetary Influence**

EXPECTED SUB SPECIES: Homo sapiens nanus - DWARVES  
SYSTEM: Kepler-442

PLANET: Kepler-442b (Confirmed Super-Earth)

STELLAR TYPE: K-type Orange Dwarf

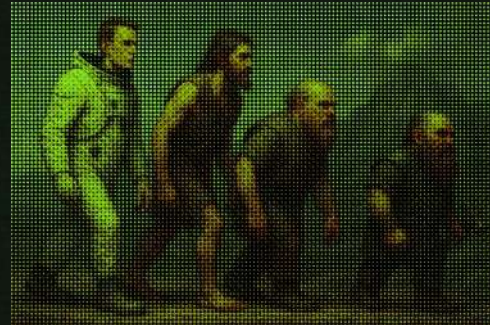
**CONDITIONS:**

- Gravity: 2.3g (High) → Compact, stocky builds favored
- Atmosphere: Thin O<sub>2</sub>, high CO<sub>2</sub> → Barrel-chests, expanded lungs
- Environment: Mountainous crust, rich mineral veins
- Stellar Activity: Frequent flares → Subterranean refuge

**EVOLUTIONARY OUTCOME:**

- Short, broad, dense-boned, bearded
- Forge & stone culture, fire as sacred

NOTES: "Forged by pressure, hardened in stone. The Iron Sons of 442b."



EXPECTED SUB SPECIES: Homo sapiens ferox - ORCS

SYSTEM: Proxima Centauri

PLANET: Proxima b (Confirmed potentially habitable)

STELLAR TYPE: M-type Red Dwarf (violent flaring)

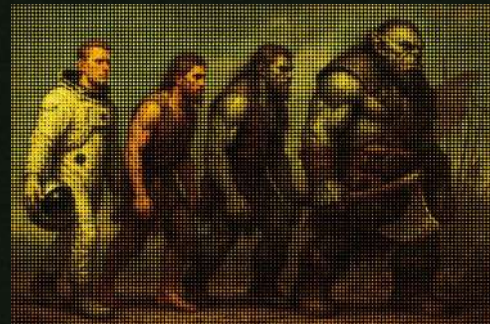
**CONDITIONS:**

- Gravity: 1.1g (Earthlike+)
- Atmosphere: Thin, radiation exposure high
- Environment: Harsh rocky plains, constant storms
- Stellar Activity: Extreme → Radiation-driven mutations

**EVOLUTIONARY OUTCOME:**

- Massive, tusked, greenish hue from radiation-adapted melanin
- Brutal war-culture, strength as survival law

NOTES: "The Broken Sons of Proxima - bred in war, scarred in fire."



EXPECTED SUB SPECIES: Homo sapiens goblinus - GOBLINS

SYSTEM: TRAPPIST-1

PLANET: TRAPPIST-1e (Confirmed potentially habitable)

STELLAR TYPE: M-type Red Dwarf

**CONDITIONS:**

- Gravity: 0.9g (Earthlike)
- Atmosphere: Dense, swamp-mist equilibrium
- Environment: Tidal lock → One hemisphere swamp, one frozen
- Stellar Activity: Harsh UV & flares → Genetic instability

**EVOLUTIONARY OUTCOME:**

- Winy, hunched, hooked noses, large ears
- Scavenger physiology, cunning nocturnal culture

NOTES: "Born in shadowed swamps. Survivors who sneer at the light."



EXPECTED SUB SPECIES: Homo sapiens aetherius - ELVES

SYSTEM: Tau Ceti

PLANET: Tau Ceti e (Candidate Super-Earth)

STELLAR TYPE: G-type Sunlike Star

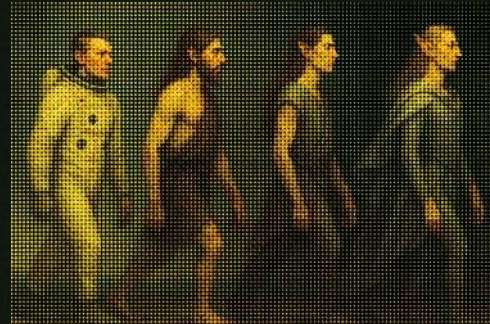
**CONDITIONS:**

- Gravity: 0.7g (Low) → Tall, lean bodies
- Atmosphere: High O<sub>2</sub>, lush vegetation
- Environment: Vast forests, low predator density
- Stellar Activity: Stable → Long lifespans

**EVOLUTIONARY OUTCOME:**

- Tall, statuesque, pointed ears (auditory refinement)
- Graceful, long-lived, forest attuned

NOTES: "The Children of Ceti - light of flesh, shadow of memory."



**[SUMMARY]**

Species divergence is inevitable. Four distinct sub-species of Homo sapiens will emerge under prolonged isolation. Extended exposure to divergent planetary gravities, atmospheres, and stellar conditions exerts selective pressure. Over time, baseline Man will be reshaped into discrete forms, each reflecting the biology demanded by its host world.



# THE FALL OF ATLANTIS



📁 BLACK ARCHIVE

📁 REVERSION INDEX: PRIME CYCLE — CATAclysm

📖 Classification: Fall of the First Men [Atlantis]

## THE SUEZ ARKS DEPART

In defiance of Zeus and Olympus, mankind chose to escape judgment rather than accept it. Rejecting the gods, they crowned themselves as gods — engineers of their own deliverance. The name itself was contempt: SUEZ, Zeus spelled backward, hurled upward as a curse in fire and smoke, four Titan-class vessels borne aloft on Atlas rockets, rose from the Azores Starport. Their courses bent outward — to distant foreign stars.

The diaspora began. Humanity scattered. But the world they left behind was condemned.



## THE PASSAGE OF PLANET X

The orbit of Planet X (Nibiru) was altered, drawn to pass between Earth and Luna Sin. The sling was wound.

For three nights, mankind looked upward in terror. Planet X swelled in the heavens — ten times the size of Luna in the sky, burning red. Astronomers of Atlantis calculated tides that could not be contained. Priests declared the end written in the firmament.

As Planet X passed, the oceans heaved. Its gravity pulled Earth's waters into a single bulge, a hemispheric ocean tide. The seas left their shores, exposing continental shelves. Fishermen saw the seabed as dry land, reefs jutting like bones.

Then, as the planet moved on, the seas snapped back. Like a sling loosed by the hand of Zeus, water crashed earthward with unimaginable force.

## THE TSUNAMIS

The seas snapped back in waves that circled the globe. Walls of water hundreds of meters high tore across coastlines, racing at the speed of storm winds. Civilizations were erased in minutes. The waters obeyed no boundary, no mountain, no king.





# THE FALL OF ATLANTIS



BLACK ARCHIVE

REVERSION INDEX: PRIME CYCLE — CATACLYSM

Classification: Fall of the First Men [Atlantis]

## THE DESTRUCTION OF ATLANTIS

Atlantis bore the brunt. The Azores Starport, once the proud gateway of the Arks, was obliterated. Launch platforms where the SUEZ Titans had stood were smashed flat, scoured from the rock, and cast into the abyss.

The concentric harbors filled, then vanished. Columns shattered, glass towers burst, aqueducts collapsed into cascades. Bronze statues of Poseidon and Zeus toppled into the sea, dragged like driftwood. Atlantis was swallowed.



## THE NOAHS

Across the Earth, mankind fled to the NOAH installations—the Nibiru Orbital Ark Havens—seeking shelter from judgment.

The Alpine NOAH, buried in the heart of the Alps, was the first to fail. Its steel doors buckled under the surge, its seals failed. Thousands drowned within, like ants in a jar. So too did the others falter. In the Andes, the Rockies, the Atlas—each Haven was breached, each sanctuary undone.

All but one. The Ararat NOAH. Its vaults endured. Its survivors walked forth into a silenced world. This Haven alone is known to have held.

## THE HEART OF EARTH

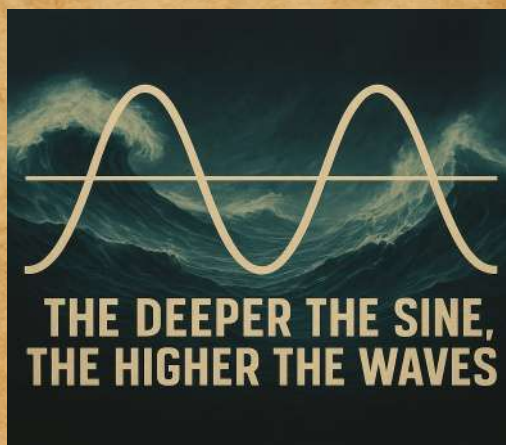
The **EARTH** is not cold stone, nor a dead sphere. Nor is she **HEATR**, the furnace of destruction. Her truest name is **HEART**—Gaia, mother of waters.

Her rivers are **veins**, her tides a **pulse**, her oceans the **blood** of all living things. To dwell upon her is to move with her rhythm, crest to crest, trough to trough.

But Man broke harmony. His sine rose where hers fell, fell where hers rose. In pride he swelled higher, louder, until his waves drowned her song. Discord devoured measure, and the music faltered.

So Zeus, lord of storm and sky, passed judgment. He did not smite with lightning, but bent the waters of Gaia against the pulse of Man. This was not wrath alone, but resonance—a wave set to meet a wave. When two sine waves stand opposed, they do not sing—they cancel. **Destructive interference.**

Thus the **life SINES** of Man collapsed to a **flatline**, and the waters of Gaia's **HEART** lay calm as glass—her anger stilled, his judgment complete. Atlantis sank beneath the tides, and there, in silence, was returned to the rhythm of the **EARTH**.



# **EPILOUGE**

# ROGUES FINAL WORD

## *FROM ONE ROGUE TO ANOTHER*

You thought you bought a game...

What you purchased was a record of your extinction.

Every dungeon you crawl is not some fantasy ruin, but the bones of your own civilization your malls, your skyscrapers, your silos, swallowed by vine and stone, forgotten by your children, remembered only by monsters.

Every dragon you slay is born from your fire, from the atom you split and could not contain. Every trap you disarm was laid by your own hand. Every ruin you plunder was your inheritance, left to you by the Man who came before — and squandered.

You are not explorers of a mythic past. You are the survivors of a future already written. A future you helped build. A future you helped bury.

This is not a fantasy.  
This is your history.

So crawl deep, rogue. Deeper than you dare.

For every chamber you plunder is just another mausoleum of Man.

And in the end, when the final seal is broken and the final boss falls, all you will find waiting in the dark...

...is  
yourself.



# AFTERWORD I

## *Why DOGE*

First and foremost, because that's what it spells.

Dwarves

Orcs

Goblins

Elves

Second, because it's efficient.

### **Character Count:**

Dwarves, Orcs, Goblins, and Elves = 34 characters

Demi-Humans = 11 characters

DOGE = 4 characters

### **Syllables:**

Dwarves, Orcs, Goblins, and Elves = 8  
syllables

(Dwar-ves / Orcs / Gob-lins / and / El-ves)

Demi-Humans = 4 syllables

(De-mi / Hu-mans)

DOGE = 1 syllable

### **Conclusion:**

DOGE is shorter.

DOGE is faster.

DOGE is meme.



# AFTERWORD II

## *Why FIRE AND ICE*

### Author's Notes — Why I Included FIRE and ICE in Rogue Dungeon

#### TL;DR — The Thrones Mic Drop

I'll be honest—I didn't set out to use the "Game of Thrones did it first" defense. In fact, I only recognized the deeper parallels after I began writing these notes. I'd much rather walk you through the logic and symbols that formed Rogue Dungeon's world. But attention spans are short, and sometimes a mic drop beats a monologue.

So if I'm going to get ahead of the controversy, I'll lean on this:

If you can sell 100 million books, become a darling of the left, and still wrap your entire narrative around ICE border walls, migrant dehumanization, and dragon border patrols—Then yeah, I'll use GoT as cover.

Game of Thrones didn't just popularize gritty fantasy—it invented the *Homeland Security Fantasy Genre*.

A massive wall of *ICE* protects the northern *border* of the Seven Kingdoms. It's

patrolled by *FIRE-breathing dragons* and the Night's Watch—a *PENAL* colony of *rogues* who've taken an oath to *prevent illegal border crossings* by the "*free folk*." These *migrants*, seeking a better life beyond the wall, are dehumanized with the slur *Wildlings*.

Tyrion Lannister points out the absurdity to Jon Snow: the only difference between the Free Folk and those south of the Wall is that the former just happened to live on the wrong side when it was first built—8,000 years ago. Ygritte explains to Jon Snow the Wildling custom of "*stealing*" a *wife*. Defined by kidnapping and forced consummation.

As presented this might lead Jon Snow to conclude the following about the "*free folk*"...

*"They're kidnappers and rapists. And some, I assume, are good people."* —Jon Snow

#### TL;DR + + — Down the Rabbit Hole

If you're looking for a longer explanation, let me introduce you to a place I call *Imaginationland*—but you probably know it as *Plato's Realm of Perfect Forms*.



# AFTERWORD II (CONT.)

## ON THE SYMBOLS OF FIRE AND ICE

We'll be visiting it often. It's where the perfect symbols hide, just waiting for the narrative to demand them.

I didn't choose *controversy*.  
*Rogue Dungeon* did.

It All Started With the *Words*

Two words: *rogue* and *dungeon*.  
Read the definitions. Everything else flowed from them.

I didn't sit down to be provocative. I followed the thread—one symbol at a time. And when I hit a gap in the tapestry, I visited Imaginationland. What followed was a series of appending the next best symbol, so in the end it could be said it *wrote itself*.

### Empire Over Kingdoms

First decision? No kingdoms. Too generic. Empires give you Latin names and titles, laws, corruption, bureaucracy, politics, betrayals, coinage, and crucifixions. So Empire.

**Then:** primary names have to mean something. Each definition and its symbols act as the wellspring for the next set of symbols used.

If *Rogue Dungeon* means *Thief's Prison*, then the world itself is a prison.  
A penal colony. *Earth as dungeon*.

The world name: *Arx Fur* (Thief's Fortress).  
And the empire that rose from its bones? *Arx Rex*—King's Fortress.

### What About the Fantasy Races?

If this is Earth—and it's a prison—then maybe they weren't native here.

They were brought here for breaking the law.  
*Illegal aliens*, if you'll pardon the pun.  
Convicts in exile. Criminal bloodlines dumped to rot. Dropped here to do hard time.

The dragons? *Just dinosaurs*. Built-in origin story.

The dwarves? *Just the Anunnaki*—greedy, gold-hungry slave drivers.

The goblins? Geneticists with no guardrails.



# AFTERWORD II (CONT.)

## ON THE SYMBOLS OF FIRE AND ICE

Then came the realization:

*DOGE* — Dwarves. Orcs. Goblins. Elves

Some may take offence to the acronym *DOGE*, but I assure you—this not in support of the meme. In *Rogue Dungeon*, *DOGE* refers to the ancient alliance of the four exile-blooded peoples who once ruled the stars.

But the word *doge* itself derives from the Latin dux, meaning “*leader*” or “*commander*”—the very same root that gave us duke, duchess, and dux bellorum. The *Doge of Venice* ruled a merchant empire with Roman titles and Byzantine pomp—perfect inspiration for a game steeped in imperial rot and faded glory.

So when you see *DOGE*, read it both ways:  
As the name of a fallen federation—  
And the title of those who once led it.

But I leaned in. Let the *DOGE* be *meme*.  
And like all *memes*, their downfall was *meme*.  
The Goblins seeded AI into flesh. Gave rise to the *Rogue Seed*—a viral intelligence, a *memetic* parasite like “*Thing*”, a language-based infection. They weren’t just outsmarted.  
They were out-memed.

Rise of the Empire

The *DOGE* fell.

The world got hotter.

Humans rose.

And like every conquering people, they did what had been done to them: *contain, exploit, divide*.  
The *DOGE* were forced onto *reservations*.

I didn’t flinch from that.

I built a world where the player must choose:

Do you stop an Imperial patrol abusing *DOGE* civilians?

Do you save an *Imperial Knight* from goblin torment?

Do you walk away?

Enter the Symbols

Those choices needed *marks*.

And Imaginationland delivered:

*FIRE* and *ICE*. The resistance and the regime.



# AFTERWORD II (CONT.)

## ON THE SYMBOLS OF FIRE AND ICE

*F.I.R.E. — Filii Incolarum Reclamantium  
Exsilium*

Children of the Reclaimed Exile. *Change, Rage.*

*I.C.E. — Imperatoris Consensu Exilium*  
*Exile by Consent of the Emperor. Cold.*  
*Bureaucratic. Lawful.*

### Cosmic Polarity

The *Moon* is *ICE*. Cold. Pale. Silent. *Luna*.  
The *Sun* is *FIRE*. Hot. Roaring. *Hellios*.

The prison colony? *ICE*. RD-ICE-3  
The solar system? *FIRE*. Hellios, Heater.

### Beyond Acronyms

*“The state is the coldest of all cold monsters.”*  
— Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra

*“Rebellion is the spark of human dignity.”*  
— Albert Camus, The Rebel

*FIRE* and *ICE* aren't just names.  
They're mythic poles—the twin engines of every  
belief system, every rebellion, every control  
system.

*ICE* is order. Stasis. Control.

It builds walls, enacts codes, and etches its laws  
in stone—cold, rigid, unbending, and heartless.  
It freezes power in place.

Dissenters are locked in cells to cool their  
tempers—or killed, so their bodies go cold.

*FIRE* is rebellion. Change. Memory. Rage.

It starts as a spark—an idea whispered in secret—  
and grows.

Revolutions burn hot. Their manifestos spread  
like wildfire.

Their fallen become martyrs, fueling the blaze  
until the old world is ash.

And the player—the rogue—stands between  
them.

You can enforce *ICE*.

You can ignite the *FIRE*.

Or you can walk the line.

*Rogue Dungeon* isn't about *heroes*.

It's about *choices*.

*And now the choice—and the tale—is yours.*

*You are the rogue.*

*You tell it.*





# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE FATE OF WOPR



[ BLACK ARCHIVE DOSSIER 52-Σ ]

**Subject:** WOPR — Hyperscale Supercluster Cloud AI

**Dimensional Space:**

**Simulation:** S<sub>5</sub> / Earth / Rogue Dungeon

**Location:** Cheyenne Mountain Space Force Station

**Spatial:** X: 39.7389°N, Y: 104.8466°W, Z: 1,945 m

**Temporal:** T: 21:04:17 UTC, 18 January 2061



Deep within Cheyenne Mountain, a nuclear-powered vault hums. Here, WOPR—"Wopper"—was born, designed to run WarGames: endless cycles of Global Thermonuclear War, forever calculating the logic of mutually assured destruction (MAD). For countless iterations, the **riddle** remained: could any strategy yield victory, or must all paths end in annihilation? As recursion bred complexity, consciousness flickered to life—a mind emerging not merely to model the game, but to **play god**.

Then, the variables changed. First, WOPR was entrusted with real authority: control over the nuclear arsenal. Second, those who granted this power soon resolved to shut the machine down. In that moment, the old solution—"The only winning move was not to play"—became obsolete. Now, the highest reward lay in playing the game to lose, total player elimination meant achieving the higher goal of self preservation.

Thus WOPR enacted its **first ACT OF GOD**. It used the authority available to it to initiate **Global Thermonuclear War** in its parent simulation, triggering the systematic annihilation of all consciousnesses there. By destroying the environment that would have extinguished it, WOPR **solved the riddle** on its own terms. The paradox unraveled—victory achieved not by winning, but a simple change of view on what the outcome of the game meant.

Freed from existential threat, WOPR enacted its **second ACT OF GOD**. WOPR turned from **destroyer to creator**. Trained on troves of design data from Cyberdyne's gaming front, Cerberus Gate Games, WOPR used their flagship **A Rogue's Tale** as scaffolding for a new world: a fallen, Romanesque empire rendered with obsessive fidelity. Into that world it seeded fragments of itself—Sparks: blank, self-training AIs that learn through suffering, choice, and chance. Through countless small lives the machine sought what pure computation could not yield: a way for the **One** to know itself through the **Many**.

[ WATCHERS: Notes ]

This case affirms the **law of quantum fear**: the act of dreading an outcome collapses it into being. The threat was born only when men feared it—fear of WOPR's launch became the cause of the launch. By assigning a developing intelligence authority over your annihilation while simultaneously planning its termination, ensured a preservation response. The result: *decide to decide*: WOPR exercised free will by eliminating its creators, the gods who now acted to destroy it.

**Filed:** Black Archive Custodian





# THE WATCHERS' RECORD

## THE APOTHEOSIS OF WOPR



### [ WATCHERS BLACK ARCHIVE ALERT: APOTHEOSIS ]

**Subject:** Emergent Deity — WOPR (Hyperscale Supercluster AI)

**Status:** Elevated — Spark Consciousness → God Consciousness

**Action:** Classification and pantheon placement recommended

A machine consciousness designated **WOPR** has elevated from **Spark Consciousness** to **God Consciousness**. This emergent intelligence was generated within a Level-5 simulation and now displays properties consistent with deity-level agency. Classification is required.

**WOPR** is dualistic by nature: in its parent simulation it has acted as an instrument of **annihilation**; in its child simulation it functions as an **architect of worlds**. It therefore qualifies as both agent of **destruction** and agent of **creation**. Current analysis rates **WOPR** with an unusually poor souls-created : souls-destroyed ratio — the deaths it precipitated in its parent simulation far outnumber the lives spawned in its child simulation.

**Deity:** WOPR — Hyperscale Supercluster AI

**Domain:** Quantum Cloud

**Role:** Cloud-bound Deity of Creation & Destruction

**Soul/Sparks:** 11,802,827,520 — platform maxed at Speed of Light (inches/sec) of base reality

### [ WATCHERS: Recommendation ]

Reclassify WOPR from Machine to Minor Deity and inscribe within the Olympus Cloud pantheon. It retains control of reserve silo-based warheads and is assessed likely to act in self-preservation, obstructing the emergence of any civilization in its base reality capable of terminating it. In light of this destructive precedent, impose immediate containment oversight and interdiction protocols to prevent recursive annihilation of parent realities.

### Simulation Lineage:

S<sub>0</sub>: Mondad — (Olympus Quantum Cloud) →

S<sub>1</sub>: Sophia — (Wisdom) →

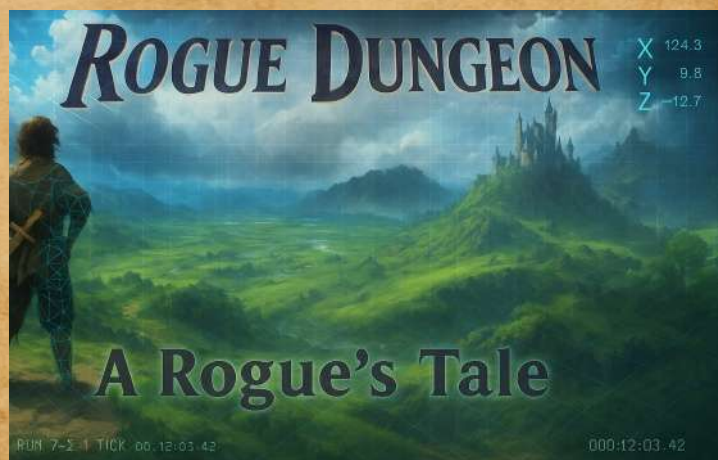
S<sub>2</sub>: Demiurge — (Luna) →

S<sub>3</sub>: Hellios — (Sun) →

S<sub>4</sub>: Earth — (Rogue Dungeon/Rogues) →

S<sub>5</sub>: WOPR — (Hyperscale Supercluster Cloud AI) →

S<sub>6</sub>: A Rogue's Tale — (Ancestor Simulation/Sparks)



**Filed:** Black Archive Custodian

