

LORE CARD 012 “FIRESERMON”



Generations ago, at the height of the Infinite Republic, every nation rushed to inflate their own oriels: artificial pockets of space crafted into what were essentially giant terrariums. It was a world of unlimited land, where any city with enough gold could expand as they liked without worrying over borders or supply lines. It should have brought peace for all time; that was the idea. Anyway, the War Of The Rupture put an end to all that, and it's anyone's guess what's become of many oriels these days. Behind any oriel gateway, there could be unclaimed treasures or undiscovered countries...warring tribes of madmen or giant death machines.

But before it all went to pieces, seven of the largest oriels from various nations somehow forged an alliance and broke away into their very own city-state. It shouldn't have made sense, shouldn't have even been possible, yet there they were – The Seven Oriels, linked by an impossible spatial bridge though their original host nations spanned the globe.

The son of the engineer that managed that miracle serves as their War Marshal these days, a wily and devious fellow named Ash Madra who looks to frighten people by calling himself FireSermon. He can usually be found exploring the wild country and valleys inside, keeping to himself until the fleet is called up for defense. And when called upon, he's a terrifying master of using oriels on the battlefield.

“Oh, most of what the old Inflation Engineers knew is lost for sure”, Ash will say with a mischievous grin, “but the old man taught me a few things.”