

Emilio F.

Destiny

The end of the beginning to the beginning of the end. On the brink of extinction humanity in their final hour banded together as one gave us a last ditch attempt at the Aries-1 Project. The last project anyone has left and we went to work: The Russians working on the navigation system and the Japanese on the dynamic and the inner workings of the craft while the Americans worked on the shuttle thrusters.

Two years pass. They finished just before the death toll reached 1,000. The men that trained for this day had come and rose to the challenge, yet nothing prepared them for what they found on Mars. As they were traversing Mars they found a mysterious floating orb transforming the planet. But as they came closer it vanished. Suddenly, the orb was hovering over mission control and it started to communicate in Morse code on the teleprompt. It said hello, and we responded with help. Thus, all of the beauty of the Golden age were born.

Advances left, right, and center we made things that we haven't even dreamed of, jumpships, sparrows, advancements in human life by 10 fold, weaponry strong enough to destroy cities. But even in the most prosperous times there is darkness. We didn't know then and we still don't know now, an entity hit humanity in every section of our Solar System. Every corner it touched, gone. At the end of it all the few that survived named it the collapse and how right they were. We had tried to fight it off but in all attempts we failed...but we had one trump card left, Rasputin.

A war mind built during the Golden age to fight our worst fears that came to fruition we saw it as a beast of unstoppable force sent by a higher being than we will ever be. We questioned ourselves, if Rasputin could even combat this "darkness" but to hell with it we tried anyways. Days on end of not sleeping, eating, breathing in and out whether we'll win or not but in the end there aren't happy endings without sacrifice.

We did win against that monster but with a cost. Rasputin became fragmented throughout the system, we lost loved ones we hold dearest, we lost men, women, children and then some. But we didn't stop.

The Traveller had fought alongside Rasputin but wasn't strong enough to end what it started. In his dying breath the Traveller made Ghosts; tiny little bots that are a representation of him to serve as his tiny Disciples and bringers of light. All of this led to the Enlightenment, a time in which all that was lost was made anew. It all started with the first Survivors of the attack that made refugee camps across the Americas, Cosmodrome, EDZ, New Chicago, all around the world.

It didn't take long until the lords came, people that were granted the power of fear there were a plague ravaging through the Colonies until the Iron Lords. A collective group of individuals that were chosen to wield the Traveller's light to combat the ravengers. Time after time the Iron

Lords found and won against them. We saw a time that we were at total peace, an era of good feelings, if you will.

We built our last city on Earth. We fought great and hard but the worst was yet to come because we weren't even born... yet. One decade after we built the city Guardians were born in the outskirts of the cosmodrome, Old Chicago and we found refugee camps that weren't attacked by the ravangers and we got informed about the city and hundreds flocked to it. A speaker that had the ability to speak telepathically to the Traveller and could speak to him. He was a prophet for it. He seemed to know what the Traveller wanted but every Guardian had this weird feeling that it wasn't true.

We lived there for a while until the Darkness came back and it hit us hard. We had the idea to send the Guardians that were reborn from the Ghosts. I was deployed to fight it. This is only the beginning of our tragic history from the Garden to Claus. New spark, we have a lot to talk about.