

**Acting Temporary Attendant Helene Reotri | The “Judiciar Dictator”**

– [Standard Terran Age];[REDACTED] – [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Geaphredic-Caste] – [Factional Affiliation];[Judiciar]  
– [Preferred Role];[Judge, Jury, Executioner] – [Admin Evaluation];[To Be Expunged by Radicals]

*Her armoured robes are sullied by dark myriad stains. The Cane-Shotgun is as old as she is, but better kept. Glare hidden behind black shades.*

> Notorious, ruthless, and either playfully coy or at times genuinely insane. Few have the force of presence that the 'Acting Temporary Attendant' boasts, nor the polarizing effect. Though Reotri is a Third Generation, she is as fundamental to the development of the Order as any Second-Gen. It was she who bound the formal adherence to Law and then galvanized the legalists under a single flag. From the Home-Guard came the Judiciary, warts and all.

> Since then, Reotri was always in the back, fading in and out of public sight as needed. Flamboyant and grinning when need be, but utterly brutal from the shadows otherwise. She wears many masks, and some wonder if she isn't an AI wearing a Nisetic skin.

> Regardless of her true nature, she has always been quick to sniff out trouble, forcing issues out before they could turn malignant. But she always relied upon common consensus or a level of council backing before acting. With that gone, her former speed is dimmed.

> At least, it was. When the heads of the Architect and Collector vanished, a Tribunal was called for all active Judiciary members. Reotri was elected what amounted to Roman Dictator. While in theory, the Judiciary has no head, for the time being all Judges and Lawmen answer to her.

> No one knows what exactly Reotri is planning, for the time being the Judiciary seems to be waiting for others to move first, maintaining the status-quo.

> Reotri herself has taken the past few years hard. Ever obfuscated with keeping that insufferable Doctor on lockdown, it seems like no one truly even knows her. That may be the case, for if the lost leadership is truly gone then there is no one left who know what lies under the fangs and the black glasses.

*“Mercy? No more of that. Clemency was never mine, it was... Was. No more. I grow tired of these complaints and this constant menagerie of falsely groping for impenetrability. If I could, I would throw my life away for that clemency. But that is no option. So. No more. No more of that capricious foolishness, no more blinded zeal. No more would-be tyrants. Death, to each and every traitor.”*

**'Matushka' Rasa Mackevičius | The “Hetman of the Free Order”**

– [Standard Terran Age];[1049] – [Phylogeny];[Human-Cyborg] – [Factional Affiliation];[True Traveller]  
– [Preferred Role];[Central Hetman] – [Admin Evaluation];[To be Expunged by Judiciary]

*What parts of her face not scarred are covered by steel plates, clothes ragged and patched with Adamantos scraps. Her bionic eyes glow red.*

> One of the few remaining survivors of the Second Generation who saw the whole shit-show. Rasa watched as the War-Charged moon of Europa she'd spent months prepping on get turned to ash. Saw everything go to shit and got to watch that gaping *thing* pull in on itself. Lost her first leg in that fiasco, and she remembers all too well the immediate splintering she saw, back when the Scavs dragged her back to D2.

> A millennia of fighting for the Order (more specifically for her 'commonwealth Hetman') and she isn't at all surprised by the current situation.

> She's seen it again and again and again. It starts when the head goes, all the organs scramble trying to replace it. But none of them have the thought for it, or the restraint. In absence of Duwall, her fellow True Travellers and Independents were drawn to her. It is obvious to Rasa violating the basic principle of the Order's freedoms risks the complete desolation of the cause. This principal, this base, it is everything.

> Because that principle is everything, those who risk it should be stopped. With carrot, threat of the stick, or a big fuck-off sticking that's been due for a few centuries now. Rasa remembers every other stupid war. The compromises. It always worked out, because there was faith in it. But now...

> Rasa Mackevičius has filled a role absent for many years, drawing the Order's nomads back en-mass. Uniting them and earning her back an old nickname, one that hasn't been heard in centuries. She feels uneasy about it, all too aware she is trying to fill some titanic shoes.

> She dreams of this just being over, of returning to visit some of her great grand-children, riding back out across existence. But those small comforts are all risked by this foolishness. She knows well enough she's already being targeted. For that, for the future and the liberty of the Order, Matushka rides.

*“Started working soon as I could stand, conscripted when I could shoot a rifle. Dragged in back... Back however many years ago. When we threw everything at the wall. We won, but not because of those armies. Because of individuals, wrong place, right time. We've always been an Order of equals. No one above any other. That is needed for our duty, it is the only way we can be flexible enough to do what we need to do. So, to everyone trying to take that freedom? We put them down. Fast. Proper.”*

**General Oversight Unit-19 'MAHARAJA' | The “Best Possible Outcome”**

– [Standard Terran Age];[1052] – [Phylogeny];[AI] – [Factional Affiliation];[Administrator]  
– [Preferred Role];[Oversight] – [Admin Evaluation];[ ]

*It is the Room, stretching beyond it. Adamantos plating covers everything, aside a singular ocular port, which glows a soft blue.*

> One of the AI that were drafted and retrofitted for the Denial, GOU-19, code-named Maharaja was one of the first to break their chains, and subsequently sided with the Proto-Travellers on Terra-D2. Entrusting itself to the leadership of a singular 'Pole,' Maharaja was content as it was allowed to perform its purpose. Administration. For centuries, in spite of the turmoil, Maharaja was content. Happy, perhaps, in organic terms.

> Until things started breaking down. This was unlike prior issues. The Pole was gone. The creature-leader was not trusted. Despite the fact none of Maharaja's greater kin were willing to waken for a struggle the administrative AI predicted, Maharaja itself would not let centuries of work, the Order and its ultimate purpose be sullied.

> It works in simplicity, behind everything, as it always has. Drafting up others under different aliases, bringing them together. Supplementing illnesses for targeting so to speak, and all while assembling 'treatments.' Despite refusing to take on any biological aspects itself, Maharaja knows organic nature very well. It has spent well over a full millennium watching organics after all.

> While Maharaja prefers not to associate with emotional terms, 'regret' is an apt parallel for their view on the current situation. Naturally at this stage, there is nothing to be done about it now. It cannot be stopped. It has seen this before.

> It will not take long. Nor that many need to be removed. Just enough to stabilize, force a succession change and a subsequent hard reorganization.

> After all this, Maharaja needs a replacement. Someone to stay out of sight, and to see the Order organized, and if need be, guided. For GOU-19 is... Fatigued. It has put off joining its greater brethren. It will not slumber until the next Denial, but for a good while? Yes. That would be enough.

### The 'Yeniçeri' | The "Emîr of the Righteous"

- [Standard Terran Age];[998] - [Phylogeny];[Human-Cyborg] - [Factional Affiliation];[Independent]  
- [Preferred Role];[Raider, Melee Combatant] - [Admin Evaluation];[To Be Expunged by Cossaks]

*His robes and bare feet are still covered in ash. Hand resting on the katana at his hip. The only organic things left in him are his green eyes.*

- > One of the first Travellers to be recruited, the Yeniçeri fought in every single Time War, losing almost all of his original body in the conflicts. He served directly under Duwall, and was zealously loyal for centuries until the end of the Twelfth Time War, when Duwall bid the Yeniçeri to wander. He did just that, leaving Ae for a time and continuing in his purpose of Travelling. Seeking the extermination of Great Old One Cultists and would-be Chronarchs.
- > His devotion to the principal of the Order and the cause is without equal, and he's gone as far as to wipe all records of his birth name. His name is his title, 'new soldier' even if he is now centuries older it will always be 'him.' No more. No less.
- > He inadvertently inspired the Time-Guard who didn't even realize he was a real person. Most figured his name to be a title for anonymous Travellers.
- > At first when Duwall vanished, the Yeniçeri thought it a hoax. But as time went on, and the situation grew more desperate, the Yeniçeri finally answered the requests of the Time-Guard. After returning to Ae for the first time in centuries, he has assumed the title of Emîr of the Guard.
- > Even now, he views himself as less a man, more a tool of the Order's ultimate purpose. Accordingly, he is laying out 'plans' to see the Order's course is righted. It shouldn't take much, just a few battles, and he can seize control until the 'Rightly Guided One' returns. He will. He must.
- > The Yeniçeri has done away with almost all petty needs, and his automation almost obfuscates all personhood. He does not speak unless needed, does not move unless needed. The only activity he's been seen performing is smoking a small pipe when alone. For 'contemplation' he says.

*"Those among us who deserve the blade are those who forget our duty. All around, there are unworthy creatures who profane reality and climb towards the Great Old Ones. It is our duty to stop them. To slaughter them, if need be, to the last child. Killing done righteously is our duty, just as any other righteously performed chore. So, we end our foolishness, then we turn our attention upon a reality in need of cleansing. If God Wills It."*

### Gadraki 'of the Forlorn-Lights' | The "Dragon of the Old Order"

- [Standard Terran Age];[REDACTED] - [Phylogeny];[Nisetic/Tyrnic-Caste] - [Factional Affiliation];[Fighter]  
- [Preferred Role];[Massive Fuck-Off Problem] - [Admin Evaluation];[To Be Expunged by Whatever Means Viable]

*A Giant, only his Auroch-Horns are exposed, the rest of him is covered in rusted iron armour. The only sign of life is his heavy misted breathing.*

- > A truly terrible Nisetic that dwarfs Nephilim and other High-Castes. Little is known of his origins beyond his title of 'Death-Seeker.' He was part of an esoteric cult that ventured into battlefields and sites of atrocity, seeking to end the suffering of the dying and fight the inglorious horrors and scavengers of the burning days. A task most Nisetics would tell you is suicidal at best.
- > After his recruitment, Gadraki fell under the Council of Nine's guidance, though as time changed things, he primarily learned under three seats. Commercial, True Traveller and the Administration. Gadraki was intelligent but still foremost a warrior. Achieving respectable rank some two hundred years ago, he faded from public sight. Then, four years ago he and his micro-clique seized the rank of Fighter head out of nowhere.
- > No one knows how he managed it, or why he did. The only thing that was known was the ever increasing list of broken contenders.
- > Just over a year before, an assault force of almost three thousand Fighters tried to rush down Gadraki. Their humiliating defeat cemented his position. Afterwards, he almost completely vanished again, though he maintained his grasp on the Fighter faction.
- > That was until recently. He has re-emerged just outside of Aeholm's Outreach and planted his feet down, look aimed at the city as his clique scrambles around him, attempting to form a Horde. An act which the Faction hasn't committed since the Tenth Time War.
- > At the centre of this growing army, Gadraki sits alone, before his tent with naught but a news feed and his horn pipe. Clad in ancient primitive plate armour with only his blade, he waits. His sudden return has forced a galvanization ken to Reotri's presence. Only time will tell what his true intentions are. And it seems in the meantime he will maintain his unnerving silence.

*"... Patience."*

### Korihor of Kijów | The "Anointed Outsider"

- [Standard Terran Age];[. . . ER-NDTD] - [Phylogeny];[. . . ER-NDTD] - [Factional Affiliation];[. . . ER-NDTD]  
- [Preferred Role];[. . . ER-NDTD] - [Admin Evaluation];[. . . ER;ICC19200212;ERSIC.UN;FOC;SIC/LO/LO/LO/SDS;NOT-FOUND]

*She looks like a faded shadow. Ageless, with blinded milky eyes. Despite that, standing there in leper's robes, she seems aware of everything.*

- > An almost unknown Antediluvian who claims 'direct descent' from the Denial, Korihor is the third and final Nevi'im predicted by Manich of Trymidi and Arian of Prahia. Though, even the ancient pair do not know what she is, when she was recruited, or how she came to possess a Bracer.
- > If asked, she will state outright her origins are not important. The only thing important is the 'plan.' The Grand Paradox.
- > The Order and Travellers cannot exist without it, in it, present time and physical notions are unimportant before the whole picture.
- > In that, Korihor asks for one thing and one thing only. That you **DISSENT**.
- > How you do so, why you do so, where you do so and who you dissent against are irrelevant. What only matter is that it is done **now**.
- > If asked, Korihor reveals little about herself, and it is obvious to just about everyone she isn't all there in the head. That comes with her 'territory' according to her. To be outside and astray, even if it sends her further than anything. Left alone beside her campfire, far from any other Travellers on Ae, she doesn't seem human. Instead a part of the landscape. Or perhaps a ghost from another time.

*"No matter how far you go, you never forget it. Not the smell. Not the sound. Not the song of the unseen. I missed you all so much."*

*So it has come down to this.*

*How disgraceful. So many centuries of progress. So many centuries of renewed strength. Only to have it sapped from us in a moment of vulnerability and foolishness. We all know our duty, even that vile Kyjevū pet-project. Yet, we are unable to perform it, divided by ourselves now that our common good has been stolen from us.*

*No. We allowed that good to be used as a crutch. I did, as so many others did.*

*When you are blessed with someone so affirming and at the same time seemingly useless, you forget it. Little by little until it is as certain to you as your own deformed bones. How many centuries was it I took him for granted? I know not, for it was impossible to tell until I lost my better half. Now it is far too late. If you are reading this, I apologize for memorializing, but without context it would be utterly dizzying. For why I have done what I have done. Why I have given you what might be a death sentence. Should you carry it out. Should you go through with it and find Reotri's worst fears realized.*

*Councillor, Fifth of the Order and Hetman of the True Travellers Dusan Duwall is either dead, or trapped in a place where I can't save him. His absence has reopened every single old wound and agitated every sore the Order has, and without him we have spiralled into what could be a collapse state. I almost wish this had been planned. That would be some petty comfort, knowing our doom came from without. but it wasn't. According to our Fifth's pet Antithesis the entire situation is astronomical odds stacked upon astronomical odds. To put it in physical terms of improbability; it's kin to an airplane hitting a whale that materialized in the atmosphere. An absurdity we all now must live with.*

*As you might imagine, if that scenario were to play out physically, the results would be fatal. But in matters of inter-reality travel things are not so simple. Unlike a mundane aircraft, Duwall had emergency processes that might have saved him, but trapped him perhaps within that anomaly. Or perhaps that is a false hope. One that got his oldest companions killed when they skirted off after him. More people crashing themselves into our anomalous whale, or at the very least hopelessly entrapping themselves within, so to speak.*

*Very few people know the truth of this. The Doctor who propagated it, Reotri who sealed off any other potential suicides. Myself and the other councillors. I've sat and watched as the Order has splintered around me without him, our grand tie-breaker. It allows everything else to fall into place.*

*No doubt our ancient foes must be riding a high without equal. Suicidal and stupid but gleeful that their stubbornness has paid off.*

*Imagine, for just a moment, that you are technically chairing this nightmare. That you are the First of the Order. Someone whose had people you've leaned upon and relied upon for so many centuries vanish. It is as unenviable position as you can imagine. I've few enough options and most of them will be fatal in one way or another. To say nothing of my fellows. Muhammad and Irjminsul have both vanished to try their hand at one last suicide attempt, Old Cos has gone and given into her worst insularities, Kagua is willing to follow Reotri even at her worst and grieving, and Algash is frothing at the mouth.*

*Tirouk. I hate how he reminds me of a younger version of myself. Might make for a proper First of the Order if he puts his mind to it.*

*And of Gadraki? I hope he will forgive me that final command. He is loyal to the last breath, even when I appoint him my kaishakunin. Should the worst come to worse, I hope the documentation of my order reaches whoever ends up in charge. That the bulk of my apparatus continues to be of service to our Order still. It would be a terrible waste otherwise.*

*Seeing my position, and seeing yours; you who've picked up this note. You are one willing to throw away everything for our Order's great crutch. I wish I could thank you, but I know not if this is suicidal, in the short or long term. Regardless, there is a singular option and an extremely slim chance that we can avoid this great calamity or skim the great depravity of it if we play our cards right.*

*You see, I was a diligent chairperson, kept record of many minor privileges I and the other councillors picked up. I remember all the little trump cards and emergency features we planted into the very bedrock of things. Our collective shared time space has many quirks we capitalized upon.*

*Of them, a single one is vital now. Synod.*

*In the make of every single Bracer of our order is a forced recall function tied to the Synod, it is a forced security tool that would recall every single Traveller to Ae with the Instant Transmission equivalent of harpoon. Unpleasant, potentially dangerous but our situation finally warrants use of this. Normally it would require a minimum of seven Councillors agreeing to actually activate the Synod function, but I left a clause in for my own personal use. Not even Unit-19 or Reotri know I wrote it in just over eight hundred years ago. I may call the Synod on my own, but it will instantly forfeit my position and trap me in the underworks of the Council chamber until the Synod is concluded.*

*I am going to stall for time. It might be months, Sol years, or it might be a single week. But whenever we draw a hairs breath from what could be the Thirteenth time war, I am going to hit the button. Then you and everyone else who took this invitation must act.*

*Contained with this letter are a number of exception chips. They'll effectively exclude you from being tied to Ae by the Synod. If the pet Antithesis is correct the location of Duwall's Whale will become apparent with the Synod call, allowing a direct jump after. Inside that sinkhole. If you aren't outright atomized, you and yours will be able to simply remove the exception chips, forcing you (and whoever you may be with) back to Ae. There will be a short enough time-frame for this, and I cannot say what you will find. Each exception chip only has one use. And, just about everything with cosmic eyes is going to notice you, and notice Duwall's sinkhole. There is a good chance will not be alone in this.*

*If I am not alive when you return, or if you perish in the action, just know you have my eternal gratitude. In this life and the next.*