

LORE CARD 028 “DAYLIGHT”

The day giant shuffled clumsily, but its long shadow fell on the gunslinger like night itself. It was tall enough to fill the canyon, thin and sickly, but still moved like it was fresh. He could hear the sound of its oxygen mask and the hiss of the exoskeleton hydraulics. Like all day giants, it wore rags, and its eyes were blank.

What that old fart had said in the bar made so much sense now: the shine that had filled his eyes, the wicked grin. The gunslinger considered precisely what the barman had said and what he hadn't.

“Sure, gunslinger. I've heard all my life there's a cult living up in those mountains outside an old oriel gate. I heard it's got a shining city inside it, full of towers and domes and treasures left over. Abandoned. The city dandies left their dinner cooking during the Rupture when a horde of Red Witch harvesters smashed up against Hawkson's legions.”

The gunslinger wished now he'd been more threatening and maybe clutched the old fellow's throat to make a point about what he'd do should this be a trap. He thought maybe the details the barman used had thrown him, lended some credibility to the story.

“Cults need stooges. Not many people around here – maybe they're thinning out.” That's all the gunslinger had said in return. Rookie mistake – will probably cost him now. Day giants were people, like any other. For their own twisted reasons, these broken souls volunteered for months-long treatments that violated their bodies – painfully unleashing natural limits on bone and muscle and transforming them into hundred-foot high monstrosities.



Once out of the vats, they could only live a day or so. A day giant couldn't breathe on its own, couldn't walk without mechanical assistance, but was relentless on its mission.

They were guided missiles, intended for the one specific purpose they would accomplish in their day as a monster. They had nothing to live for, nothing they feared. That this one had been raised from its vat said much about what it guarded. Cults needed stooges, but so did greedy barmen looking to take someone's claim.

The gunslinger charged his carbine and stared up at the enormous face, its eyes soulless. A leathery hand as big as a man reached down from the canyon mist.

He smiled a thin, angry smile and pointed a gloved finger up into the sky, “You picked the wrong day.”