

LORE CARD 031: CRYSTAL SPHERES

Old gateways are still out there, leading into pockets of artificial space left over from the old days of the Infinite Republic. All manner of treasures and ruin lie beyond the portals, and carbine gunslingers and adventurers often find their fortunes inside, if they're ever heard from again.

But out in the eastern ruins, somewhere in the beast-haunted territories where only myths live and maps fade to blank paper, it's said there's an oriel gate like no other. Old, garbled tales tell of an artificial universe of crystal spheres, etheric flows and ascension barges that ride the harmonics between glistening planes. Most oriels are the size of a city; rare ones encompassing a region. It's said those engineers of old designed even the very physics of the place to be poetry, and a poem as large as a galaxy.

The stories call it Crystal Spheres Oriel.



Anyone looking to prove it one way or the other would have to go to the end of the world where the wreckage shifts and hides and moans in the cool of the evening. Beyond that, should there be a sparkling gate to such an impossible place, a spaceport bathed in light with gossamer sails perched on a sea of crystal, surely only a lunatic would enter.

Surely these fitful dream tales are the remnants of fevers: the storm-tossed visions of pioneers and wanderers in the desert scrublands of the east. You can say almost anything of the weird lands out there and people will believe you. But any outlandish image you can conjure for yourself of what the warp engineers of old were capable is still possible. People know that too.

Surely if there was such a place, no one would step inside.

Surely...