

LORE CARD 039: JUSTICE WALKS



In the days of the Infinite Republic when pocket dimensions first came into being, and societies were sprouting in every manner of environment, outlaws and renegades and black-hearted warlords thrived. Many clung in those days to the (maybe quaint) notion that the Salt Mystic's engineered fables would raise guardians as needed to maintain order, though that was weak hope for those who feared a return to the sundering turmoil of the Merchant Wars. Lawlessness increased to the point where the Justice Engine was needed, and they were glad to have it.

The wisest and fairest judges of the day volunteered to have their personalities recreated in giant mechanical golems, each carrying an oriel gate in its chest. Where these gates led, none ever knew, though it mattered little as those convicted in immediate trial by a Justice Engine were plucked on the spot by its massive claws and discarded inside without mercy. There aren't even myths of people returning from inside. The War of the Rupture broke the will of most Justice Engines, and today they can be often found wandering plains and isolated towns hoping to restore the dream of the Infinite Republic.