



They call the beast-men ‘Questforged’ because they’re steered with fantasies. The hallucinogenic algae wine, sana is pumped into their bloodstream with liquid computer bots that manufacture realities for them. To rescue little lordlings, for example, you might send them a future messiah storyline. For merciless slaughter, maybe a genocidal apocalypse. Although grown in vats, often sawn in half and wired into war machines, they’re still human at heart and drawn to a sense of justice and protection of the innocent.

It’s a sad and funny thing to know that the storytellers are often runt little kids, misshaped or poor, orphans or castaways. They’re forced by generals and War Marshals in the fiercest of night raids or tower assaults to perch inside a nook of the machinery and alter the tale as needed to keep up the charade for the mission, concocting dialogue and twists, unraveling and crafting the plot to keep the Questforged on point. If you ever meet War Marshal Segmond of the salt flats, ask him about that, as it’s his earliest memory.

But there is a balancing act to this tale-telling. If the plot is thin or contradictory or marred with a hole in its logic, if the setting fails to mirror a reality of the land which the beast-man knows, or if the characters speak unnaturally in the manner of someone forcing advances in the narrative, then there is always the terrifying chance to see them turn on the storyteller.

Plot holes are a real killer.