

LORE CARD 008 “MAZEWATER”



These days, people think of Lamberghast Mazewater as a glory-shrouded War Marshal, master of airships, and imagine him raining sniper fire from a vortex glider like some kind of death angel. But it's important to remember him as he began: coughing and with constant migraines, no shoes or steady place to sleep, and crashing one homemade glider after the other into the crumbling, dusty walls of the Jagganatheum.

Those sprawling ruins were a filthy, crowded and dangerous place to grow up, especially for a clumsy, skinny and sickly little guy like him. No one could know all the hiding places in that impossibly huge rambling mess of a city, but it seemed he could disappear without notice on practically any street or corridor. And like any of the millions of scrabblers in the Jagganatheum, he was beaten and robbed, conned and abandoned more times than he could count.

Yet he dreamed of airships. Squatting high on rooftops and parapets, his huge feet dangling over cornices overlooking the ridiculous city, Mazewater would stare at the sky and fantasize going to Vimana Station where they made the gorgeous vortex cruisers and shining golden static ships. He told anyone that would listen how he'd go there one day and steal away their secrets of harnessing mighty vortices to take flight.

"The Salt Mystic's Guardian will rise up one day", Mazewater would answer those who came to see his every crash. "I want to be ready."