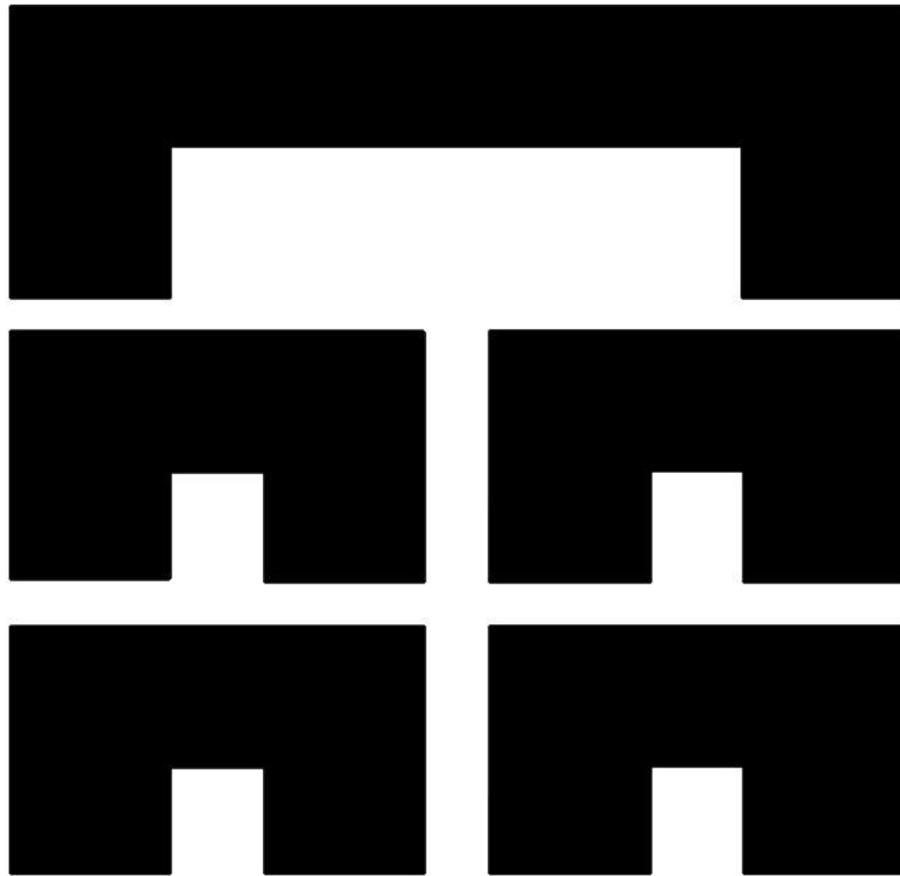


TALES FROM THE WARS™ UNIVERSE

WARSONG



Kalingkata Has a Bad Night Out



By James Wylder



She could tell that he was trying to figure out how she was cheating, which made Jhe Sang Mi smile. After all, she was only able to cheat because this guy was so hyperfocused on her. She slipped one her hands under the table, and ran her fingernail against the bottom of it so there was an audible but faint sound, and as he ducked his head under the table quickly stacked the top of the deck again.



1 Kalingkata by Rose Derk

A Caucasian woman with a scarred up right side of her face and an eyepatch raised her one eyebrow at her, so Sang Mi just flashed a peace sign up at her. You got all sorts at Colocog, the one place on the planet Gongen where the wild and rambunctious Mavericks were allowed to set foot. Well, at least on paper. And on paper, Sang Mi shouldn't be here either, since it's not like Gongen teens were allowed here either.

"She's cheating, right?" the man said to the crowd, who all knew she was cheating.

"I don't know what you're talking about Oilshins," a gruff man said between sips of whiskey.

As long as she kept it funny, no one would turn her in.

Oilshins grumbled, but lay down his hand. It wasn't bad, but Sang Mi slapped her own down and crossed her arms as the gathered crowd chuckled.

"I want a rematch--using digital decks," Oilshins slammed his fist on the table, which caused a few folks to shuffle nervously.

"Now now, we both know that we use physical cards here because if we don't people will just hack the game. This is far more fair," Sang Mi countered with a raised finger, trying to look like an expert on the subject.

"Bullshit," he grumbled, but didn't argue as she scooped up the pot. It was only a few credit chips, but each chip could hold quite a bit of cash on it. Sang Mi was about to get up and hurry out with her winnings (she was pretty sure at least someone would try to stick her up before she left) when she felt a hand on her shoulder. It was the woman with the eyepatch, smiling down at her with a twinkle in her eye equal parts endearing and malevolent.

"How about one more game, dear?"

She shook her head. "Sorry, that's all for me tonight."

Her grip became more firm, "Oh, I think you have one more in you. After all, you did have a nice Christmas, didn't you?"

Sang Mi tried to keep herself calm. Okay, just a weird thing to say there, didn't mean anything.

"Don't know what you mean there, but uh, I really should get going."

The woman's face hardened, "You really shouldn't, little girl."

"Call me Kalingkata."

"Oh, don't worry." She leaned in close enough that Sang Mi could feel her hot breath on her ear. "I know exactly who you are, Jhe Sang Mi."

She froze for a moment, not entirely sure what to do now, but after a few tries forced a smile onto her face, "S-sure of course! Yeah, sit down. Play a game. That sort of thing."

The woman gave Oilshins a look that made him scamper from the chair.

"Everyone, leave."

About half the room started to comply with the order, and then she pulled something out and set it on the table. It was a symbol, the emblem of the Ebon Gate criminal syndicate.

"Everyone. Leave." This time, the room complied. Sang Mi didn't even try to slip out with them, she knew there was no point. She just had to face down whatever this situation was. Slipping into the seat, her one eye narrowed, "You know, it's not every day someone makes as much trouble for me as you did. Don't think I came all the way from Earth just to see you, we had plenty of other work to do here, but when I heard you were here? I couldn't resist."

Sang Mi looked down at her lap. Her mind was racing. This was incredibly not good. Not good in so many ways.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to kill you. Well, probably not. That's up to you."

She tried to straighten her back, "That's me, I'm... I'm all about not getting killed. Big hobby. Huge hobby. Number one favorite daily activity."

She smirked back at her, "That's good. So, I take it you know who I work for?"

Sang Mi shook her head, "Sorry, I uh, really don't."

"That's surprising." She shoved the symbol closer to her. "This doesn't mean anything to you?"

She looked at it again, "I saw a man with a tattoo of that um..." how much should she say?

"It's alright, I know very well your role in stopping us getting that gemstone we were after. Speak freely. In fact, you'd better."

She waved both hands in front of her, "Of course yes! Uh, I'm guessing that guy worked for you?"

"Indeed, he did. And we lost quite a lot of money that day. I'm rather upset by that actually. Very upset. So upset that..."

She pulled up a hologram of her family's apartment complex, "Oh! Whoops, where did that come from?"

Sang Mi bolted up from her seat, bowing her head, "Please, please don't do anything! Look, I'll make it up to you... you.. can uh... you can take all the credits I won tonight, I haven't counted them but it's a lot!"

She nodded, "Oh, I will, but that's not nearly enough." Leaning back in her chair, she whipped her black braid back with one hand, "You're going to do a job for me. And then the Ebon Gate will call things even. You'll probably never even hear from us again, unless you get in our way. Sound nice?"

She nodded repeatedly, then bowed again, "Yes! Great. I'm a team player miss..."

"Call me Ebon Pride. Or just Pride. I'm glad to hear it, Miss Jhe. Gather your things. You're coming with me."

She hesitated. The woman frowned.

"Not already backing down, are you?"

"No uh, but um, can I..."

"What?"

"Can I call my mom first? I'm gonna miss dinner."

The woman blinked, and the silence between them seemed to last for ages before Pride burst out laughing, "Yeah, yeah that's... fine." Sang Mi pulled out her phone with some embarrassment as the woman doubled over. A fine mess this was indeed.

* * *

"You're really expecting me to get on that?"

Pride glanced down, "It's just a hoverbike?" The bike was annoyingly brand new, shiny and clean like it had just been pulled off the lot. Had Pride stolen it? Bought it? Rented it? Whatever the answer, it gave off an aura of excess that Sang Mi knew she was supposed to feel.

"Why don't we use something normal, like jetpacks?"

"You Marsians have a funny definition of normal."

"It's Gongen."

"Whatever?" She swung her leg over the bike, and looked expectantly at Sang Mi.

"There's no seatbelts?"

"It's a bike. Just wrap your arms around my waist."

Sang Mi frowned, and awkwardly sidled onto the bike. It was impossible to not be snug against the older woman in front of her, and she felt extra weird wrapping her arms around the waist of the person threatening her. "You know I could stab you right now, right?"

"I guess, if you like bombs going off at your house."

"Which is why I'm not!"

Pride laughed and revved the engine.

"You know that doesn't do anything, its electric they just put the noise there, so it sounds coo-"

"You Marsians have a funny way of shutting up."

"I'm quiet now!" she said loudly, and Pride shot off. The wind whipped through Sang Mi's hair as she pushed her face into the back of Pride's coat to try to keep her face out of it. At least she'd remembered her goggles. To either side of them was only dark sand, till eventually it turned into lights that zipped by so fast it was hard to tell where one lamp pole stopped, and another began.

They pulled up in front of a clothing boutique, which was clearly closed though a light could be seen from the back. Sang Mi pulled up her goggles as Pride pulled on her hands to signal she should dismount first. She awkwardly did so, hopping on one leg after swinging off. Pride of course dismounted with a seamless cool, which was not fair.

"So, what is this, some sort of front?"

Pride sighed, "What, you think that's the only thing the Ebon Gate is capable of? We just only do crime? Is that what you think? This is a clothing store. I'm here to buy you a dress for where we're going next, you insufferable girl."

Sang Mi scratched the back of her neck, "Right... uh, sorry about that."

"I mean, it's also a front. But that's beside the point." She shoved her in the lower back, sending her stumbling toward the door. "Come on then, be a good girl and get inside."

Kalkingkata stuck her tongue out while pulling down on an eyelid.

"Mature."

She went inside.

"Welcome, how can I help you?" The woman at the desk had glasses on that continually reflected the light so they looked like white orbs in front of her face, making it impossible to get a look at her eyes most of the time. Her hair went straight down in an unnerving way, like she had come out of the shower every moment since she was born.

"I'm here with the mob," Sang Mi said.

Pride sighed loudly behind her.

"We're supposed to use codewords," the woman said.

"She's with me, Tohru. I'm taking to the ball, do your fairy godmother shit."

Tohru came out from behind the desk, rolling her wheelchair up to Sang Mi and leaning up to get a look at her. She snapped her fingers and a grapefruit sized drone popped up from the counter and began to zoom around her, scanning her.

"Lift your arms, there we go."

"...Do I really need to wear a dress for this?"

"Stop asking questions," Pride snapped back. "I'm going to get changed. Take care of her, Tohru."

Nodding, Tohru got back to her job, and Kalingkata watched Pride vanish into the back.

She waited long enough till she guessed Pride would be mid changing.

Then she turned to bolt for the door--the drone zoomed in front her, scanner glowing red. A hard object pushed into her back that felt an awful lot like the barrel of a gun. She raised her hands. "Where do you think you're going, Cinderella?"

"...To the ball because I'm being very co-operative."

"That's the spirit."

* * *

Kalingkata usually dressed in the exact same outfit: 1. Pants 2. t-shirt with something nifty on it 3. zip up hoodie. When there was the slightest variation on this formula, it was enough to make the rest of her family take notice. So when Sang Mi got a look at herself in the mirror, she was actually shocked because she had in fact, never looked like this before. She was wearing a blue gown, her hair done up with a white flower, and more make up better applied than she'd ever seen on her face before.

"Congratulations," Pride said, checking her cufflinks. "You don't look like you just came off of a 27 hour gaming marathon."

Sang Mi scowled, "And why do you get to be the butch one and wear the tuxedo?"

"You're my date."

There was a long silence. "Yeah, no. I mean, I'm doing this, but no."

"Whatever you say," Pride held out a clutch, "In there is a compact padd complete with all the illegal hacking tools you could dream of."

She snatched it, "I was wondering when you were actually going to tell me what I was doing."

"Yeah? Well now you know," she held her elbow out for her to take it. Kalingkata begrudgingly complied. "We got a car out front. Let's get ready to rumble."

"So where are we going?"

Pride pointed up at a skyscraper twinkling in the distance, "To the high life."

* * *

"Abigail Mordred, and guest," the herald called out to the ballroom. Sang Mi was holding onto Ebon Pride's Elbow trying to look as dignified as possible, but was unsure she came off as anything other than being a very dolled up gremlin.

"You have a name," she said through the side of her mouth. "A real name! Who knew? I thought you were born being called Pride, it certainly fits, Miss Abigail."

Pride patted her hand, "Don't let it go to your head. Do you remember the plan?"

She scoffed, "Of course I remember the plan. What do you take me for?"

"Someone foolish enough to need to repay a debt to the mob?"

"...Fair."

"And then foolish enough to try to run off in the middle of her fitting even though I threatened her family."

"...I panicked okay. I really care about them."

"I know, that's why I let it slide. Be grateful."

"Fine, so what kind of party is this?" The room was filled with dinner tables, they'd arrived in time to miss the entrees but there were buffet tables on the side filled with desserts and drinks. She tried not to stare at them too much. Everyone looked very fancy and rich.

"A dinner party where people are showing off nifty things they brought with them, and talking to other rich people about politics. Think of it as show and tell with billion credit stakes."

"I'm not a baby."

"Sure," she replied patronizingly.

Sang Mi accepted her fate, "I don't have to mingle, do I?"

"Nah, but you might want to."

She tilted her head, and Pride just gestured to the center of the room where a man in a tuxedo was tapping a champagne glass next to a lady in a traditional outfit that Sang Mi was certain had a name, and had not cared to learn.

"Ladies, Gentlemen, and honored guests, I know you're all anxious to see the main event. But if I might say a few words--" he was going to whether they liked it or not, Sang Mi was sure, "--the future of Gongen in our solar system is one with an uncertain path, but one for which we must be sure on the direction we will guide it on--"

Blah blah blah. Sang Mi's gaze had already drifted off to the buffet table. There was cake there. Nice looking cake, with chocolate frosting and strawberries. Fresh strawberries too--not the rehydrated stuff. Pride squeezed her arm, not in a nice or gentle way. "Ow--"

She pointed forward, "--And that is why I'm proud to announce the latest in monomolecular blades, a mass production model based on the work of master blademaker Ming Hu Tran." The lady bowed, and from the floor rose a pedestal, upon which sat a single perfect sword glistening in the light. The audience mostly applauded. It was only then that Kalingkata noticed that quite a lot of the room was made up of Earthers. They were either not applauding or were doing so with the most feigned politeness imaginable. Sang Mi understood the assignment now.

"I think I'm going to go mingle."

"Good girl."

"Stop saying that! It's really weird."

She broke off from Pride, and went straight for the buffet table. Luckily, there was an Earther by it, so she didn't have to wander off to go start that mingling.

"Great party huh?" she said with the air of someone who had never been to a party in her life as she grabbed a plate of cake. The man looked up at her. He was a bookish kind of handsome, but definitely handsome.

"Oh, sure. I suppose so, if you have a certain sensibility."

She nodded, "Love that war profiteering, and stuff like that. Really enjoy the prospect of imminent mass death for no good reason."

He frowned, "Are you... being sarcastic."

"Sorry, I don't get to speak English a lot. Yeah, that was sarcasm." She gestured over at the sword. "Kind of a blunt force way of showing off that they don't want to give peace a chance."

He sighed, "It's certainly not what I was hoping to see, especially not from Ito Ryuu... who might you be again?"

"Oh right," she extended a hand. "Kalingkata. I'm a criminal hacker with the space mafia."

He took her hand, awkwardly, and shook it. "Is that also sarcasm?"

"Who knows? Who are you?"

"Kipli Darnell, ambassador to Mars from the CGC. I'm here with Howard Martin from the Earth Mission to Gongen, and my own junior ambassador Mary Spruce. And my wife, of course."

She blinked, "Oh shit, I mean, uh, oh... gosh. Wow. So there are important people here."

"...Did you sneak in?"

"Not at all, I got announced at the door and everything. My name is 'and guest'." She glanced over to see a line of guests who were taking turns giving the sword they'd brought for demonstration a few swings, then asking the old man questions about it.

"Well at least you're not boring. And it's good to see not everyone is being a warhawk about all of this."

A Gongen woman sidled up to him, smiling at Kalingkata. "Who might this be?" It was impossible not to notice the thick horizontal scar going straight across her face under the eyes and through the bridge of her nose.

"Kalingkata. I'm just some girl."

"Yumi Darnell, I'm Ambassador Darnell's wife."

"Pleasure, so my boss, who I am here with--"

"--From the space mafia?"

"Right, exactly. She wanted me to check on the item she put up for display here. Any idea where I'd go to make sure it's ready?"

Yumi mouthed, "Space Mafia?" at her husband who whispered something back Kalingkata couldn't hear.

"Below us is where all the items being showcased for the guests are located. I take it by space mafia you were being funny about saying "arms dealer" then?"

She winked, "You got it." Absolutely the best when people figure out your own cover stories for you. Things were going perfectly according to plan! Kalingkata had been scared shitless by the prospect of this whole infiltration mission, but maybe she was actually pretty good at this!

At least she thought all that for a few moments, before all the explosions happened.

She would have fallen over if Mrs. Darnell hadn't caught her with surprisingly sharp reflexes. The room had rocked with the booms, but it didn't feel like the building was falling over or anything. Even so, panic had set in, and people were running for the exit. Kalingkata, who was looking Yumi Darnell in the eyes as she steadied her, gave a nervous laugh. "You guys should go, I have work in the morning," she bolted from her grasp, hiking up her skirts like a princess as she began to dodge and weave through the crowd ignoring calls behind her that the exit was the other way. She didn't know what was going on, but she was not going to call this mission a failure and be forced to do all this over again just to appease the Ebon Gate. People ran into her repeatedly as they fled, knocking her shoulders back to the point she was sure she'd be bruising later, but eventually she made it to the pedestal with the sword, and pulling the padd she'd been given from her clutch, hastily began pulling at the panels on it till one opened. Inside were the mechanical gizmos that moved it--and a place to plug in. She shoved the padd's connecting cable in, and with some disappointment discovered that it didn't actually take much work to control the operation of the motors.

"What do you think you're doing?" a man said angrily. She looked up to see Mr. Tuxedo.

"Hiya," she hit go on the touchscreen, and the pedestal started to lower back down.

"Don't you dare move, there--"

She grabbed the sword from the pedestal, and awkwardly brandished it at the man, who froze. As she sunk into the floor, she saluted with the blade and yelled out: "Annyeonghi gyeseyo, punks!"

Not wanting to get caught by the closing floor above her, she tumbled down from the pedestal as quickly as she could, rolling onto a tile floor without any grace, and with a very loud moan. Turning to try to sit up, she was greeted with a room full of example items for demonstration to government officials: weapons, consumer tech, agricultural implements, a new jetpack, one extremely beautiful and finely crafted sword that looked way nicer than the mass produced one in her hand, a very blackened corner where something had blown up, tearing a hole in the wall through which wind was blowing now, and an Earther woman who was busy trying to finagle a new detonator to work, clearly frustrated that something had gone wrong with the intended explosion.

Kalingkata scrambled up, brandishing her sword at her.

"Damn it, I knew the Tenryu Party spooks would be here," the woman muttered, drawing a pistol.

Sang Mi put her hands up, "I am not with the Tenryu Party! I'm not even old enough to drink!"

The woman squinted at her in confusion, which was immediately followed by the door swinging open at the far end of the room, and a woman in full Gongen battle armor stepping through.

"What is going on?" Kalingkata yelled.

The Earther turned the gun toward the intruder, and Kalingkata dove behind a pedestal displaying a fancy new home holoprojector, as their new guest rocketed toward them with a jetpack, drawing a sword and slicing through a different pedestal with a rifle on it as the Earther rolled out of the way taking pot shots.

"Sang Mi?" it was her comm! She tapped to reply.

"Yes! I'm here! I'm in danger!"

"You're in the storage room, right?"

"Yes, I'm going to die--" the duel behind her was tearing the room up.

"Ignore it. Grab the target, and jump out the hole in the wall."

She blinked, "What do you mean jump out the hole in the wall?!? This is a skyscraper!"

"Just do it. You'll be fine."

She gritted her teeth, and peered out, the two women were currently grappling each other, trying to stop the other from moving their weapon to hit them. It was now or never. She took a deep breath and said a silent prayer.

Well God, if I bite it, sorry about all the bad stuff I've done. Which is a lot. But my bad. Amen.

She shot out from her cover, and crossed the room, grabbing the fancy sword off its display, and throwing it over her shoulder. The grappling pair yelled somethings at her, but she ignored them, and kept moving, dropping the demonstration sword.

There was the hole in the wall. Outside was the night sky, and the city far below. She didn't have time for doubts. She'd probably die from this, but oh well.

She closed her eyes as she jumped.

And she fell. And fell.

She opened them when she felt herself stop falling. She was in a net, being held up by a group of drones that were now pulling her toward a shape--that took form into Ebon Pride on her hovercycle.

"Incredible, it's a Christmas miracle, I'm actually glad to see you."

"It's not Christmas."

"I was being funny."

"Get better material."

Pride held a hand out, and pulled her up from the net onto the back of the cycle, where Sang Mi wrapped her arms around the older woman and let out a deep breath of relief as they began to zoom off into the night.

"I got what you wanted."

"I can see that."

"Can I ask why you want it, anyway?"

"It's the finest sword that craftswoman ever made, I need to fight someone with it. Someday. When the opportunity comes."

"I hope this means we can never see each other again."

Pride laughed, "When we made such a good team?"

"I did all the work," she mumbled through the wind.

* * *

"Authorities say reports of an explosion in Hideyoshi tower were not a terrorist attack as rumors claimed, but an exploding gas pipe in a lower floor of the building. No casualties were reported; however, government officials issued an apology for the disruption of the important diplomatic dinner and trade show."

Sang Mi sighed and shoved another handful of shrimp chips into her mouth.

"They really expect us to buy it was a gas line?" her twin brother Sang Eun said.

Sang Mi shoved more chips in her mouth. Should she tell him? She wanted to but... how much would her family worry if they found out she'd been borderline abducted to pull a job for the yakuza? She chewed and took a sip from her can of taro bubble tea instead of saying anything more.

"I don't see why they'd lie," her older brother said, leaning in the door frame as he cast his gaze down on his younger siblings. "And even if they did, I'm sure it would be for all of our own good."

"Grandpa Shocho knows best," she said with more than a little exhaustion.

He scowled at her, "When are you going to learn some respect, yeodongsang?"

"Never, oppa."

Leveling his expression, he tossed a pair of letters at them. Real physical letters, with stamped delivery confirmation. An official government communication. "Those came for you

while you were sleeping in. Regardless of how irresponsible you've been lately, staying up late doing who knows what--you need to shape up."

Sang Mi frowned and opened the letter up. Her face drained of all color and warmth. "...No way."

"I'm afraid so."

She looked over at Sang Eun. He looked absolutely shocked. "The Atarashi Hajimari have declared mandatory conscription for all able-bodied citizens in order to prepare against any future raids on our territory by rampaging Mavericks--"

"I can see what the letter says, oppa," she replied. There was no anger in her voice. Only a painful resignation that things were once again out of her control.

Sang Eun rubbed his eyes, "What are they going to do, give us wooden swords? There's no way they can arm--"

"No," Kalingkata cut him off. "They have enough swords for everyone. I don't know a lot, but I know that."

Kalingkata Has a Bad Night Out RPG Supplement (Compatible with Mongoose Publishing's WARS Roleplaying Game)

By James Wylder

Spiremight "Silverglide 3" Hoverbike

Large Soft-armored Ground Vehicle; DV: 25 (-1 size, +1 armor, +15 maneuverability); **Crew Capacity:** 1 driver, 1 passenger; **Chassis:** 20HP; **Damage Reduction:** Chassis energy 2 / impact 2; **Speed** 1,300; **Acc:** 90; **Dec** 120; **Han** +12; **GRAV:** None; **Cargo:** 15kg external, 4kg internal; **Weapons:** None; **Equipment:** Location sensor (adds +1 to Ride checks), ground and air surveillance (senses other vehicles within 500 meters), hover capable, Stealth Outfitting (Not instantly detectable by surveillance, +5 to Stealth attempts), Four Service Drones with rescue net (in internal storage); **Weight:** 350 kg; **Cost:** 67,000 creds

A high end civilian Hoverbike made by FedGrav's subsidiary company Spiremight which specializes in expensive vehicles for the well-to-do. The Silverglide series are off-road hoverbikes meant for exploration and sightseeing by the owners. The rich and famous can go and explore the wilderness, see famous sights, and avoid the paparazzi all at once. A set of four simple drones can be used for photography, but also carry a net as an added safety measure for their prestigious owners. A stealth module also allows the owners to elude notice.

The most unique feature of the bike is its ability to rise and fall vertically and remain hovering in place. The bike can't necessarily "Fly" but it can maintain an extreme altitude, though the descent will either be straight down or a controlled glide. This feature, along with the stealth, has made it something of a favorite of high-end criminals, not that Spiremight cares what people do with their products as long as they purchase them themselves.

Spiremight Corp.

FedGrav quickly realized after absorbing its competitors that there was still a market for much more niche vehicles, especially high end ones used for sport or racing by the rich and elite. Thus, Spiremight was born. Operating nearly entirely independently from their parent company, Spiremight tends to meet the specific needs of wealthy purchasers rather than creating vehicles targeted at a wide market. But once a design is complete, they'll sell it to anyone willing to shell out the cash. As such, each of their vehicles is superbly constructed, and the fine craftsmanship is instantly recognizable to anyone who works with vehicles frequently.

The current president is **Cassie Okanya**, currently the 4th generation of the same family to run the company. Normally this would raise heads in Earth's meritocracy, but the family takes special care and responsibility to raise their children to fill the role to the best of their ability, and competition is fierce among the many heirs. While Cassie has a pleasant and kind external demeanor, there are whispers that she's done many dark deeds to ensure she maintained her position, and owes a favor to both the Ebon Gate and the Cartel for the trouble.

From the Publisher's Desk:

Welcome back to WARS! Or should I say... Warsong? We've had a heckuva year, and I'm sure a lot of you have as well. But we're back, and excited to finally bring you the return of Decipher's WARS. But the first change as you can see is we're trying out a new name. WARS has always been hard to find, googling WARS doesn't exactly get you a specific result, so Arcbeatle Press is going to be release WARS Universe fiction under the banner "WARSONG: Tales from the WARS Universe". Hopefully WARSONG helps us spread the word about this amazing universe and tell more stories in it.

With that out of the way, what's next in store? First off, we have a series of new stories that continue and finish some of the story threads our other four pandemic stories started, as well as set up future stories we have planned...

Some of those are the Battle of Phobos Novellas, which after so many delays, are coming out again starting in April. Watch for the first volume "Preludes" coming then, and then the other two volumes coming further in this year.

The next few stories will all be penned by yours truly, and I think you'll love what's coming, but after that you'll look forward to other people writing WARSONG stories again! We'll have a schedule for all of you soon.

But next week, look for the "side B" to this story, where we see the events of this story through other eyes...

Thank you all so much for your support and patience. 2022 will be the year of WARSONG, so let's get this started!

-James Wylder

President and Publisher, Arcbeatle Press

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