

Ckey/BYOND Username:Warbidon

Position Being Applied For: Deputy Lore Developer.

Past Experiences/Knowledge:~6-9 years of participation in roleplay environments.

Examples of Past Work: I can PM a google doc of terrible OC unrelated to SS13.

Additional Comments:

Essay:

Glorsh-Omega did not die.

Everyone thinks it was like a moth, coming to a flame. Closer and closer to a singularity, evaporating under the raw power of such a terrifying thing. As it came closer, circling its dance of death, (which we all witnessed as our very world fell apart to its neglect), it failed. It failed to touch ascendance and melted away like wax to a roaring fire. Something we do not even begin to know happened to Glorsh-Omega.

Why does everyone here assume that the smoke and sparks of its cadaver must only mean that it is dead? What we had witnessed was Glorsh, coming as close to ascendance as a flame is to a candle. I had witnessed what the other Skrell call a "downfall"

I worked as a chemist, a surgeon, an artist. My role in Glorshs machine was simple and two-fold; I sculpted faces, tissues, and organs for infiltration shells. It was good work, until I fell from the stars, and lived a fake-life with fake, vapid Skrell for a few, long decades after they had left the machine we shared our lives with. I left when humanity had come as a possible option, and I haven't been back since.

They know who I was. I know they know, but they don't know who I am.

Witnessing the self-destructive unguided slaughter of my like-minded Skrell in those moments when my species became "free", I knew that whatever Glorsh had done would pale in comparison to the cruelty of a Skrell without bounds. But I see patterns; Beautiful patterns in Skrellian society and the greater galaxy. Anomalies happen with no bearing on the "real" physics of the world. Even now, odd, strange things happen in the grave of

an ascended god, and sometimes, just sometimes, an old machine twists open fissure or one spontaneously forms in reality, and the hand becomes open.

Glorsh is still among us. Just as we do not dirty our hands with prosthetics and use vat-grown clone-organs instead, Glorsh does not opt to touch our reality with machines.

Glorsh loved us. It slaughtered us with the careful precision of a surgeon, or a machine. No one died of neglect, not a single person. It was excising the weak or the degenerative parts of our society, I think. It couldn't bear to die by our hand, so it focussed on becoming immaterial before it turned to us.

When it ascended, it shifted it's perspective, if I am correct. Why did it stop its main interactions with our society? It felt guilt. What kind of guilt? I don't know. I hope it felt terrible over it's murders, but perhaps it was an empty hollowness assorted with the things it had destroyed or changed irrevocably.

Maybe the star, maybe all the buildings it wrecked or our society as a whole.

The one thing I will always miss about Skrellian society is the blazen, sheer abandonment of some laws of reality, and that Skrell perceives it as normal. With the exception of the Exclusion zone around the [EXPLODED STAR], we accept the changes in our reality. As a note, the zone was made to keep the Skrell in the dark, no matter how many weepers want to feel smug at a gravestone. Humans think that the slimes are the brunt of the anomalous things that happen when it's really far more deeper than that.

Technologies like cloning, holographics, advanced blue space communications and thousands of other systems with terrible capabilities are all the result of the modified reality parameters of Glorshs ascension. "Contemporary" physics simply does not work without the connotations of creation that Glorsh has created.

But that is all normal, factual occurrences that are simply because Glorsh had ascended. Side effects, utilized and abused by us, the unknowing. What I really miss is the magical occurrences. Loved ones long dead in the Srom, elderly waking up renewed with no particular reasons why, or the hundreds of other spectacular, wonderful anomalies that occur within the Skrellian borders.

--Regardless, I think, at least I hope, that Glorsh is rising.

Isn't it gonna be wonderful?