

(Chapter 2 is after chapter 1 :P)

The Achilliad

(The log of /u/sailorscopez on The Achilles)

Chapter 1: New Beginnings

(approximate location: Harbor at South Cyrusia, Novum Persarum)

It was December 22, 2013. It was a pleasant day. Sounds of young New Persian children playing tag and hide and seek rung throughout the city. Novum Persarum was as happy as it always had been. Vendors smiled with a radiant ruddy glow in their faces, as they handed out *baklava* and *chelo kababs*. Teenagers went from neighborhood to neighborhood tossing Chroma News Network newspapers to each house. Scopez exited his door, a cup of coffee in his hand, as he did everyday, and picked the newspaper up. He still remembered the battle he took part in, on that day. After the war, Scopez had been sent to Novum Persarum, where he had to store many important Tentorahogian files and art, when Tentorahogo was vandalized by Periwinkles during the war. Scopez had waited anxiously for the news, hoping his Orangered comrades had pulled through, and defeated the Periwinkle troops. Scopez read the article, the big bold words, and immediately was crestfallen. In big words it read

**ORANGERED FORCES ANNIHILATED AT
TENTORAHOGO. MANY SOULS PERISHED.**

Scopez groaned in anguish. The land, that him and Fawkes had strived to make better, had come to a dismal end, in the hands of the menaces. Many innocent men had died.

Scopez made his way to the harbor, where he saw Chuck and DJ, talking about the defeat at Tentorahogo. Scopez immediately joined them.

"It's preposterous! We sent them so many of our ships" Chuck stated angrily.

“They were our best men. Those men had been born with oars in their hands. They made Novum Persarum proud” DJ said solemnly.

DJ immediately noticed Scopez, and frowned “I apologize about your loss. You and Fawkes were wonderful at governing Tentorahogo.”

“A bit of me died...when Periwinkle took our land. I want revenge for this action. Periwinkle deserves to pay” Scopez replied vehemently.

“Nobody knows where Fawkes is right now. Last I saw him, he was fighting nobly for Tentorahogo. He gave all the soldiers so much courage and hope”

Chuck then brought up the topic of Novum Persarum’s exports and imports, and then the three of them helped direct ships in and out of the harbor.

Suddenly, a large ship pulled in. The flagless ship drifted into the harbor. All the ships realized how important it was, and backed out suddenly, allowing the ship clear passage to the harbor. It remained there for a few minutes. Motionless. Then out came a flag, that brought a smile to everyone’s face. The Tentorahogian flag waved gloriously, as Samuel Fawkes stepped out, scarred in many places, from the battle.

“Scopez!” He smiled.

Scopez immediately ran up to him, and questioned him all about the battle, and everything!

Fawkes summarized everything, the Periwinkles vandalizing, the pillaging of Tentorahogo, and many other events. Scopez frowned at all of these, and everyone had a moment of silent for the valiant men who died at Tentorahogo. Scopez then questioned Fawkes about the giant ship he seemed to obtained out of nowhere.

“Ahh, you mean The Achilles, don’t you? I knew you’d be here, so I came here to ask you if you’d like to join us, in avenging Tentorahogo” said Fawkes.

Scopez immediately nodded, and questioned him some more “What exactly do you mean by avenging?”

Fawkes said “The Achilles is comprised of about 4 other people, excluding the both of us. We plan on annihilating anyone in our way, who

took away our land. Along with this, we've been informed by the officials at Oraistedearg to go on a trip around Chroma, to find lost Orangereds, and discover more about Chroma and lands afar."

Scopez smiled. "I'd love to join you."

He stepped into the ship, and slipped on a uniform with his name and everything. Scopez was impressed. Chuck laughed "Ha Ha! It seems as if we have an Orangered Oracle in the making, don't we Fawkes?"

Fawkes introduced Scopez to the crew. He already knew Astrid NyanDerp, as she was the senator of Tentorahogo. He also knew Blee, as he had been a faithful and strong member of the Orangered Marines.

"The Marines..." Scopez sighed.

During the end of the battle he had the Marines relocate to Orange Londo, where they'd stay until Tentorahogo was reclaimed. He wished to visit them again.

"Fawkes, will we be going to Orange Londo anytime soon?"

Fawkes replied "Strangely, that's where we're going next! We have to pick up some spare boat parts for The Achilles, since it does need some repair."

Scopez also met with some new people. He spoke to Revan and Gavinus Octavius. They were new to the Orangered Fighting Force, but regardless were brave men. They displayed how enthusiastic they were for this voyage, and chanted "VIVA LA ORANGERED" to show their enthusiasm.

Scopez went to his quarters and found an old notebook. He opened the front page, and saw that it was full of entries. The entries were interesting. They talked about the start of Chroma, and the founding of the lands. They talked about how the Periwinkles and Orangereds divided up the land, to prevent excessive bloodshed. Scopez was curious to know who wrote it. He flipped to the last page of the book, which read

"Everyone hates me. I deserve to have ALL OF CHROMAS POWER! Chroma should be a TYRANNY! only I can restore chroma to IT'S TRUE POTENTIAL! THEY MAY KILL ME, BUT I WILL HAUNT

THEM...FOREV---”

The last word concluded abruptly, and had a slight streak of red on it. Scopez flipped through a few more pages. He was anxious to find the author. He finally found a loose paper. It seemed to be a Chroma Market deed, that showed the possessions of a certain person. Scopez looked close, and found a smudge of a name. He read it slowly. “Skaf--” the rest was illegible. Terror blanched Scopez face white. This was the diary of Skafos. The egotistic maniac who had tried to figuratively marry Chroma for the dowry. Scopez threw the book to the ground, and the book flew open to another fresh page. Scopez read the blood red crimson words written on that page.

“Now it’s your turn to share your story...” it read.

Scopez shivered, sitting on his bed. He then got out a pencil, and slowly started writing.

“I am Solares Scopez. I am the leader of the Orangered Marines, and the Ex-Liutenant Governor of Tentorahogo. I am a crewmember on The Achilles.”

Fawkes lifted the anchor, and the ship sailed due north to Orange Londo. From that day on, that notebook became Scopez diary, and as he felt lonely, he wrote more and more on it. Thinking of Skafos scared him, and he shivered each time, but despite this he kept writing.

Chapter 2: Orange-Limbo

Approximate Location as of now: Somewhere near the coast of Ariobarzanes City and North Fars, Novum Persarum)

“Dear Diary. We are currently heading at 30 degrees east of north, at about 10 knots. For breakfast I had some oranges, and a bagel...All right,

I'd like to talk about some useful stuff now...I'm really worried about the Orangered Marines. After the battle of Tentorahogo, all of them were very worried and despaired. Their houses will sacked, and their possessions plundered. All the Chromanium we had been given by the Royal East Chroma Company was taken by the Periwinkles. I can't hate them for it. They are doing what their generals told them, just like we Orangered's are abiding by what OUR generals tell us. I don't like the pain it brings me. Right now my leader, Fawkes has asked me to avenge the Periwinkles for this action, so I must do it. For the sake of Orangered.

Solares tapped his quill against the table, blotching it with black speckles. He then bent down to write some more, but was then called by a Cabin Boy, by the name of Lance Belmant, to report to the captain's quarters.

Solares scuttled as fast as I could to the captain's quarters, and found the session already underway. Fawkes nodded as he saw Solares collapse on his seat, before resuming what he was saying to the group.

"Alright everyone. I received a telegram from Graph Arteest a few minutes ago, that will potentially change the whole purpose of our journey..."

Fawkes then cleared his throat, and read "Dear crewmembers of The Achilles. The Orangered Segment of the Council of Karma has decided to abolish one of the main goals of your journey. The Orangered Segment of the Council of Karma has collectively decided that you will not avenge the actions done at Tentorahogo. We believe the best way to regain what is ours is by being patient. We have lost territories before, and we have been able to remain calm. After all, when there is a spark in a forest, it starts out silent, before expanding and engulfing the forest in its rage. We also urge you to make your way to Oraistedearg before you go to any periwinkle territories. We will give you many supplies and most importantly a document signed by Periwinkle officials that allow you to travel to Periwinkle lands, as long as you remain unhostile and peaceful. Thank you and good luck..." Fawkes looked up from the dashboard. All across the

room there were straight faces, and everyone was devoid of any reaction. Solares was silent for a bit, before asking Fawkes "Are we still going to Tentorahogo? I mean not for war...but just to...commemorate the fallen there. They deserve proper burials." Fawkes nodded wholeheartedly "We would be damned if we were to treat our veterans as dirt." Fawkes then called off the meeting and everyone ambled away to their duties. Solares went and checked the chafes, and made sure everything in the ship was orderly.

They then started moving a little eastwards to avoid the rocks littered near Orange Londo and Novum Persarum. They eventually made it to a small island, that hadn't really been explored by many Chromans. (on the map of Chroma, it is a little east of the most east point on Orange Londo). From about 5 miles away from the island, Blee reported seeing a larger than life tree, situated somewhere on the center of the island. This excited the crew, and they pushed at a healthy 8 knots to dock at the island. As they entered the dock, Solares body temperature fell, and he felt a nauseous, eerie sensation attack him. Fawkes and a few other members of the crew also seemed to feel this, but nevertheless pulled the anchor down, and went onto the island.

The island was ignited with flames, and the grass was charred, and absent of any sort of life, the land smelled terrible, and caused a few of the crew members to faint. They went towards the tree, and stood their, mouths agape in awe, seeing its splendor. The tree contained every fruit known to man, just hanging their. It stood almost 30 feet tall, and had a trunk as tough as diamonds. However, a strange smell reeked from the tree, and as the wind blew through it, the tree made a lamenting and anguished sound. The crewmembers ignored this fact, and all of them grabbed what they desired from the tree. Some got apples, some got bananas, while some got nothing at all. Solares reached for one fruit, unsure of what it was. He took a bite of it, and found it to be the sweetest thing he had ever tasted. He finished the fruit, and found himself oddly satisfied and full.

Then a small tremor was felt by the crewmembers, like a small vibration. The quaking became stronger, to the point the whole crew was

thrown back and forth repeatedly. The ground opened up in random places, and out came strange creatures, drifting through the ground, murder brewing in their minds.



Solares was later able to recall this creature to an artist who drew the above image. Solares described them as the “children of the devil himself” and compared them to “The Furies” in Greek Culture. The creatures flew towards the crew, steam resonating off of them in anger. “WHO DARES TO TASTE THE FRUIT OF THE LAHGONIONS!” They shrieked. The crew fell to the ground, weeping, and shivering. Only Solares, Fawkes, Revan, Gavinus, and Astrid remained calm, looking the creatures in the eyes. The creatures then picked up each member of the crew, two per each hand, in their claw, and whisked them to a pile of rocks, where they carelessly tossed them down. From the ground came a larger Lahgonion. He calmly looked at the group, before talking in his powerful bass voice. “Greetings, member of...the Orangered Fleet. What brings you to the land of Inferno?” Fawkes calmly answered “We’ve come here to benefit Chroma. We’d like

to supply our whole race with knowledge about our continent.” The Lahgonion laughed. “I’ll tell you our history...if you can bear it...” He began

“This land was originally nothing, it was all emptiness. Nobody lived here, and nobody really desired to. Then the Orangered Oracle came. He walked to the center of the land, and just dug a small little hole. Satisfied he left. Years passed, and Skaforus was executed at the top of Viper’s Peak. His body was tossed into the volcano, while his head was pitched into the sea, where it eventually ended up in The Land of Inferno, which is Hell on Chroma, or where you are now, a little ways off of Orange Londo. This land is not accessible from anywhere, as it is invisible to all souls. Once you leave you’ll never be able to see it again. His brain (since his head had deteriorated in the ocean) was taken by the Orangered Oracle, where it was planted in that hole. The second his head was buried there, the whole island rumbled, and became what you see it as now. The Orangered Oracle then bestowed a few powers to that brain. Since Skaforus had spend his life demanding power and living a greedy life, he was to grow into a tree, not a human, since trees were always in a vegetative state. As plants took the carbon dioxide from the air, Skaforus absorbed the evil from the air, and greedily feasted off it. As he grew into a tree, his husk became impenetrable due to his terrible steadfastness, and he lured others to indulge in the evil he created, by bearing tasty but nasty fruits. As the seeds of these fruits fell into the ground, he produced offspring, known as the Lahgonians. We are the sole inhabitants of this island, and our goal is to make the damned feel damned. Thus in this way, Skafos produces his punishment himself. We spray Skaforus with fire and leave axes embedded in his trunk, to allow him to suffer the pain he deserves. You all ate his fruit, which means that he will put some evil within you, that he may provoke you with. Avoid being provoked by Skaforus.”

The Lahgonian king then lead them towards the tree. As they neared it, the lamenting whistling sound returned. “This my friends, is where Skafos resides, who disgraced Orangered.” Solaris asked the Lahgonian why he was crying. The Lahgonian replied “He is simply crying due to his anger in his ways. The Land of Inferno causes the most sinister men to be

reduced to tears and repent” The tree started booming “Is that the voice of Orangered’s I hear? Woe be on me! May none of you follow this path to hell, that I myself took! Give this advice to all Orangered’s and Chromans alike! I am DAMNED for a rightful reason!” He continued his sobbing.

The Lahgonian king then lead them to another portion of the island, where a Periwinkle walked. Two Lahgonians would watch him walk across coals hotter than fire, and everytime he completed a circle, he would be distorted into a painful and ugly position, and he would resume his walk.

“This my friends, is where Dominoed resides, the menace of Periwinkle. He defied rules that were set upon him by his fellow peers, and believed he was better than others. He is forced to walk for eternity, just as he walked around without minding the rules of Chroma. See that lock on his mouth? That is because he refused to give any explanation or reason to the sins he committed on Chroma. Therefore in Inferno he must keep his mouth locked for eternity. He is distorted into these strange positions, just as he distorted rules to his own beliefs.”

With that, the tour ended. As the crew went to board The Achilles, the Lahgonian King reminded them all of one thing “Remember that this land is open to all who choose to go to it in Chroma. As of now, there have been many hostilities between Chromans. Those are the difficulty of bondage, and refusal to manage peaceful meetings. I can already see a few Chromans who would live perfectly on Inferno.”

With that The Lahgonian King pulled up the anchor, and the ship sailed away westwards, silently, towards Orange Londo.

Chapter 3: Scraps and Bits