

Planets in a Dead Universe

An in universe document for Your Futures have been Stolen

Preface

This information is something individuals from each sector would know. If you choose to be from Stephen's Sector you would know the information about his sector, but you wouldn't know anything else. Same for everyone else's sectors.

Stephen's Sector

You live in the realm of God. Your God is one of Blood and Evolution. It is not a stretch to say that your God has single handedly ushered in a perpetual age of prosperity for His people. However, do not mistake prosperity for comfort. If evolution is the body of His Sector, conflict is the **blood** that flows through its veins. At the whim of your God, civilizations within His domain are pitted against each other to measure the willpower of His experiments. To survive in this Sector, one must manage a dynamic and chaotic balancing act - in all expressions of life - between maintaining territory and expanding aggressively. Such is your destiny manifest.

Though there are countless colony planets within His ever-expanding slice of the galaxy, most activity in this God's Sector happens on the fully industrialized homeworld of Sigma-1. Perhaps you are a combat-ready warrior handpicked by agents of the God. Maybe you are taking a vacation (if you can call it that), competing in a vicious cooking tournament for the honor of being called the next top baker. Mayhaps your naive self believes that you and yours can form a rebellion strong enough to match the military might of the greatest Sector in the galaxy. No matter what your role is in this Sector, your life will be full of complications.

Cassandra's Sector

You live in the realm of God. One who values efficiency and individuality. At least, that is what you are told. To believe that such a broken and disparate world that rewards betrayal was a part of God's grand design is far too cruel to permit belief. And yet it is the reality you are confronted with all the same. A world that is on the precipice of the end, yet somehow manages to persist. Luxuries are given to those willing to crush the lives of anyone who gets in the way. Even so, one cannot get complacent as the world is a machine whose gears are greased by the blood of those who can't stay on top.

You live in the realm of a god. One that has long since left you all behind. Or so some say. The dust settles over the wastes of a once civilized world, the remains of a conflict lost to time. Survivors scrambling to collect the scraps from the ruins of the titanic weapons used to ravage the land. It's as though the world has been frozen in this singular moment of total collapse. Those who remain do whatever they can to survive. In a world like this, is it right to pray to the god who allowed this to happen?

Industrialization is the beating heart of this world, and those who can't keep rhythm with the beat are left behind. Despite this, it feels like no significant advancements have been made for years. Contact has been established with other planets in the Sector, yet no progress has been made on establishing a means of traveling to them. The heart continues beating, but nothing truly moves forward. Crime is rampant, and is hardly punished. And the consequences of this have led to a reduction in habitable landmass, as more and

more of the world is consumed. At the end of the day, what is all this for? Did God wish for all this suffering unto us? Or is this a consequence of mankind's folly?

Sadira's Sector

You live in the realm of God. A God of Knowledge and a God of Pride. This Galaxy is one where life grows in the harshest of conditions. Worlds of extreme storms and horrifyingly strange temperatures rule these worlds more than man does. That does not mean that life is impossible, quite the opposite actually. The people who live on these worlds usually find ways to survive underground in magnificent cities, or on the surface in impossibly massive fortresses where humans and trolls fight the storms themselves. Planets like Wayfarer 2 are special, the planet is a paradise where the only issue is its unusually high temperature. That's why the planet is also the most populated sector in the known universe, most are trolls but a good population of humans live in the swamps and tundra on the planet's pole. This world is also home to a great library, Alexandria; Home of God. God is said to appear to those who live around the library and task them with writing about their lives, or about the work they do. Regardless this gives Wayfinder and the sector as a whole an appreciation for the written word and a deep love for *PRACTICAL* knowledge.

The People of this realm live hard lives and must work to get their fill. Most live in cities ruled by monarchs who claim the right to rule through their knowledge. These Philosopher kings barely bicker with one another and because of that the people of this sector see one another as comrades and not as rivals. This unified front against the elements seems to be divine in origin. Legends told by Oracles say that the God of this realm fought a battle long ago against a God of Pain, and that struggle birthed the storms that plot this galaxy. Notice that this tale is told by an Oracle, the people of this galaxy record factual, and practical knowledge, not made up stories and myth. Though they believe in a God, to them, she is mysterious and not worth being written about. Many stories tell that God lives in the stars above, in a massive flying fortress that duels as a library. *When worlds die you will find the Repository above it. And then all the planet's knowledge and its histories will be sucked away into the machine, before leaving the world to die.* This of course is just a story, and it totally isn't real.

Daniel's Sector

You live in the realm of THE GOD. God of Sorrow, God of Pain, of Doom. This Sector is dead, hardly anything grows and if it does it fights to survive. If you grew up hearing the stories of an angry God as a child that probably means you grew up on a planet like Verona. Verona is a large blue planet with bright autumn colored plants that stay that way year round. The waters are putrid and reek and the planets don't grow fruit, how do people survive on a planet such as this? Every Sunday an answer to that question falls from the sky; Manna. Manna (a flake-like thing that resembles resin), falls from the sky each night and is collected by fields of slaves to turn into thin flat bread or cereal that can be sent off to the lords and ladies in their castles. Day and night the majority go starving while holding stores full of food that isn't meant for them. The slaves live in the ground, under the earth and alone. They are sick and poor, many die down there, many more can not remember a smell that isn't of bile and manure.

While the slaves work and die in the fields, the feudal lords rule tiny pockets of land. Most of these kingdoms are micronations that stretch only a few miles, this is due to transportation being limited to human bodies since no naturally occurring wildlife exists in Daniels sector. The birds died years ago, the goats, pigs and cows were eating out of existence and the last horse died centuries ago. If you are one of those who lived not in Slavery but instead in freedom you may be from the Solar Troll Union. These planets trade with one another instead of hoarding their resources, and community is seen as the only way to live in a dead world. The backbreaking labor of the lower classes is the same, but the elite of the Union go just as hungry as her poorest citizens. This equality in suffering is a sticking point for The Union, they see it as an equivalent exchange, they may starve but their minds aren't as hungry. The Union began when a community from another sector arrived here escaping the death of their own society only to find a realm already lost. They have more advanced technology then the rest of Daniels sector that's struggling to make gun powdered firearms. The conscious beings within this realm are the strongest of the strong, the smartest of the smart, but also the cruelest of the cruel and the hungriest of the starving. In order to develop and grow within these societies they must shut themselves off, or rely on the dream of a better tomorrow to fill

their stomach. The God of this sector is an apathetic one, a God who does not cradle his own is not one you might seek to pray to. Yet people pray, because there are those who remember the old stories, Stories of a God who once cared for his people. A God who kissed his children on the head before they went to bed every night, one who didn't let the sun burn the peoples skins on hot days. But that God is gone now, and the people have forgotten his name, it is only remembered when it is spit out in a curse on the worst of days:
Damn Daniel.

A Biotab Cheatsheet

This part of the document is just a series of questions you should answer in your Bio tab and offers you the writer some prompts to go off of! Additionally if you're struggling with writer's block feel free to use these questions to get the gears turning!

- 1) What's one word that can describe your character?
 - a) What does your character want?
 - b) What do they need?
 - c) How does your character see themselves?
 - d) How do they see others?
 - e) What does your character do as a profession?
- 2) What Sector is your character from?
 - a) What would your character think of life in this sector?
 - b) How does your character Survive in this hellscape?
 - c) Is your character aware of this sector's horrors or are they ignorant?
- 3) What's an experience from your character's childhood that shapes how they view the world?
(aka what was their first taste of the real world?)
- 4) What's something your character loves to eat and what do they usually eat?
- 5) What makes your character mad and what makes them happy?
- 6) Does your character Believe in the god of their sector?