

# Blubbee - Official Collection

This is my official collection of writings.

## Game snippet - Speech of Mi

**Purpose: Climactic speech given by the player in Fight For Mi, a 3-hour indie story adventure game currently in development.**

Player: (Animation: Talk looking down)

"Today, we are no longer the Alliance."

Player: (Animation: Talk looking up)

"We will form a new Mi Alliance."

Player: (Animation: Talk intensely)

"Who we were, who we are, who we will be..."

Player: (Animation: Raise flag)

Player: "I will decide it now!"

The Knight: (Animation: Raise sword)

"Mi, comrades! A great moment is upon us! Rejoice!"

The Veteran: (Animation: Talk looking down)

"A chance to make wrongs right."

Player: (Animation: Speech, camera: zooms in)

"Our people have been beaten."

"We once rose up against the Enemy because we wanted to change everything."

"And to change everything, we fought with everything. Still, the Alliance fell."

"But that ends today."

"Because the signs are clear- we have been Chosen for a great purpose!"

"And I- and I alone- have been Chosen to lead us! And I shall, for I am Mi!"

"Mitopia shall rise once more, and I have been Chosen to rule it!"

"We shall give our lives to the Angels- and they will guide us to glory!"

"Many of us will perish. Many of us will fall. But only paradise awaits!"

"We will slay all those that stand in the way of the Angel's will!"

"Let our foes burn for their sins! Let our afterlives be glorious!"

"Devote yourselves to me, for I speak through the Angels!"

"Justice will be served to the unbelievers!"

"TODAY, I DECLARE THE BIRTH OF THE NEW ALLIANCE OF MI!"

# Short story - LOGIPEDES

**Purpose: Characterizing the Logipedes as a society in the Mistworld universe.  
(First draft, 2023)**

It's a cold afternoon under bright sunlight when one young man exits his home. His face is hidden in the tall collar of his brown interwoven coat, a rather fancy one made of thick layers of mistreed cloth. He folds the collar inward, a measure against a day cold enough to reveal the condense of breath, and enters the steam-powered elevator that takes him down to the main level of Executis 12-49, a frontier location that counts six thousand as its population. He straightens his shoulders and grips his gloves over the suitcase he carries tightly. The loud hustle and bustle of a busy town square, the forum, become apparent, as many of the Logipedes citizens spend their time in candid rhetoric amongst each other. After the man confirms that the elevator has come to a standstill at his destination, avoiding any potential damages caused by malpractice during operation, he firmly reverses the elevator's door control lever and exits the trusty machine. Fresh air flows down his nostrils, and a mighty explorer semirigid passes by, to which he extends a solemn salute. The explorer produces a powerful humming as its balloon-powered drive raises it into the air. The emblem of Legislati Pragmaticus, the legislate responsible for the control and management of this executis and the Legislati this man proudly calls himself a part of, shines yellow to contrast the otherwise rather dull colors of brass armor plates and opaque glass.

"Be it known: Class four capital news! Available for ten Alloys!"

His face is torn from the skies and onto a young boy in front of him, selling the newspapers of the \*Timewatch\*, a journalistic effort that the man had sponsored often lately. He walks over to the boy and catches his attention. A curt wave, as described in Stipulation 25-48-90 "Social greetings in casual settings", is followed by his sharply erudite manner of speech.

"Class four news?" He asks.

"Ah, mister Faridus!" The boy, a young lad no more than sixteen years old, implies. "Do you want a paper?"

Faridus Nessus raises a finger, which was previously hidden in a warm coat pocket.

"According to Stipulation 52-19-46, as a level three upper management worker, I have the right to be informed of class four news imminently."

"Is that so?"

"It would be abominable of me to lie to you in such a case. It is a rare Stipulation, since there aren't a lot of level threes around."

"Makes sense. Excuse me for the unnecessary question, mister Faridus."

The boy makes a short bow and hands a paper over to the man, who smirks. He knew the boy, Saenus, quite well. He was an expert gubernator, a promising ace at the executis' drifting academy, but one quite averse to his studying of any literary material.

"I worry for your literary capabilities," Faridus expressed. "Stipulation 34-58-98 expresses that you are already past the average age on which boys and girls are expected to know Stipulations related to their jobs."

"Your definition of job refers to main jobs- I consider my true calling that of a gubernator!" The boy protested, but Faridus was preemptively shaking his head.

"A main job is defined as the primary source of income, which this is, currently. I say this only out of worry- you are in no trouble. Thank you for your newspaper."

Though he is in no way required to, Faridus offers Saenus two coins of five Alloy each, as a courtesy to both the boy and the journalistic endeavour he is fond of. He has more than enough funds to cover the monthly Auxilium, in which all registered citizens donate a sum of their Alloys to endeavours of their choice as their means to support society. Those registered in the Auxilium are regularly not required to pay for the services of the city's many endeavours- but Faridus had forgotten to subscribe to the Standard Packet For Journalistic Media Sources. He counted himself lucky for the extra rights granted to him.

He walked past the busiest streets, his eyes scanning the newspaper. The class four headline read that a new trade agreement with a prominent new Nomaden fleet had been made in the uncharted west regions- they would do security- and exploration work for the Pragmaticus in exchange for legal protection against the Legislati Stellae. He smirked. Invoking Stipulation 68-61-44, Foreign Policies And Criminality, was a smart move. It allowed the Pragmaticus to pardon the Nomaden for certain criminal infractions below or on level two made against another Legislati. It wasn't used often, but lately, the Pragmaticus had been using it as a means to ally with the Nomaden without needing to promise them living supplies, fuel, and ammunition, which was the usual payment preferred by mercenaries. These supplies were short-handed in the far frontiers of the Logipedes Republic's territory. Faridus was proud to be part of a Legislati making smart and sensible decisions such as these- he was convinced his own faction was closer to the Truth than any other.

Yet, he knew that there was some trouble brewing. He heard that politics with the Stellae had become complicated recently, and thus, it was imperative for him to reach his destination quickly to deliver his suitcase's contents. He finished his musings and took another deep breath of afternoon air. He had walked past the unlit street lamps, which were usually powered by Allcrop vegetable oil, and ventured into the building that was his place of work. Great pillars of quality marble and limestone taken from Montibus Primus were decorated with the emblems of the Logipedes- this was a government structure.

"Faridus, you're here," a colleague greeted, a young woman Faridus knew quite well. He hung his coat, and now revealed the same uniform as his contemporary- a silken suit and a neat yellow tie tucked in with the precision expected of a level three upper management. While he preferred robes under his grey sash, the woman wore a long black skirt delicately curated with golden linings dyed by the extracts of a flower, the common mountain dandelion. He was always reminded of this flower, because he taught that she smelled like one.

"Your hurried tone implies I am imminently required?" He asks.

"Correct. An argument has broken out."

She eyed the newspaper in his hand to confirm his knowledge over recent events.

"This Nomaden fleet had apparently restocked their gunpowder supplies here half a year ago, which makes us partly liable for the raid they once committed against the Stellae. It's all been damned."

He had never heard her utter a class two swear word before.

"Now," she continued, "the Magistratus wishes to conceal this information under Stipulation 11-58-25, which could define the gunpowder purchase as one too trivial to be a part of liability. However, we believe it to be too risky- because the original purchase receipts have gone missing. If they ever turn up and if their quantity is ever confirmed to be above accepted levels after we determine that we invoke 11-58-25, we'll have destroyed the Legislatis' diplomatic move. We would have been liable for the Nomaden attack against the Stellae, and our pardoning of this attack would be a confirmation of our allying with... Criminals!"

"A hole in our strategy," Faridus summarized, and he took a seat down at one of the many round tables that stood in the midst of the structure- discussion tables. Two more bureaucrats arrived, exiting neighboring offices and rooms, carrying stacks of mistread paper and wearing similarly troubled expressions. The woman, Valla, scratched her thin neck and adjusted her spectacles.

"What is your stance in this, Faridus? The Magistratus' arguments hold more merit. I wish to refute his tactic since it would be problematic in the long-term, but we will need a plausible alternative. I don't like needing to go against the Stellae for this- they've helped us so much in the past."

"Don't worry. Let me go about the facts."

He put the newspaper before him, and Valla and the others rotated to follow his reading.

"According to what I know about this group, they don't seem to have ill intentions. They're simply outsiders- not too familiar with the Codex Iuris. Four months ago, they raided a stockpile of weapons which were previously in the hands of renegade pirates. The Stellae had only recently claimed this stockpile, which was why the raid was classified as a class two infraction, not a class three."

"Is that so?"

"I did my research, though I knew not that it would be tied to a group of Nomaden," he proudly stated. "Here. This is from my trip to Stellae Executiis 05-10."

Books upon books rolled out of his suitcase, books that he had memorized during the week-long passenger semirigid back home. It had been a successful business venture- exchanging documents with their allies of the Stellae, though in this case, the Truth that they would find out of this predicament would likely be to the detriment of the Stellae. They would not mind, as long as the Stipulations intended for it to be so.

"This here proves that the Nomaden had no bad intentions- even better. In the month of their infraction, there was an active bounty on the raiding of pirate stockpiles in the area. They intended good, by many definitions. The Stellae Executis that owns the territory must've felt threatened, and invoked theft to force the Nomaden to leave."

His juniors seemed impressed at his reasoning, but he caught himself on an error earlier.

"Wait... No, that might not even be it." He smiled. "Millionth Stipulation, of course!"

"What is it, Faridus?"

"The Stellae \*knew\* that we would eventually use our right to pardon the Nomaden for their crime against the Stellae, to our mutual benefit. It makes a lot of sense. Why would they not?"

He smiled as the logic completed its mental puzzle.

"Tell the Magistratus that he is correct. Even if we were partly liable for the Nomaden theft, the Stellae would pardon us for that infraction, because accusing us of having supported theft would turn the Nomaden group against them. By giving us the chance to pardon them, they know the Nomaden group will contribute to the security in their own territory as well."

The bureaucrats processed the information, the complicated correlation of details.

"I'm not sure if I get this. I might have to get an Argumentor for this," one complained.

"No need. I will reiterate it for you as much as you like," Faridus promised, and he did, and the news was delivered to their leader, the Magistratus, the highest-level executive of this city.

His mission being completed, Faridus took a short mental break. Valla sat next to him.

"A most opportune reasoning," she mused. "Would you like to go over more documents together?"

"Of course," he said. "Our law is so intricately constructed- a complicated system that when mastered, brings you closer to the Truth. It's a simple social science, really- measuring the actions of humans in quantities, levels, classes, scores, merits and punishments."

He leaned into his hands, casually arched behind his neck. Falling into a class two casual posture in the private presence of Valla was a sign of their friendship and mutual trust.

"Well said. It makes me proud that our society has come to this," she smiles. "My only shame is that I did not contribute much to our predicament today."

"There'll be a lot more to solve," Faridus promised, and he put his right-hand index finger and thumb around an invisible grain in front of his squinted eyes. "Every problem humans encounter is but another little puzzle to solve, that we have the answer to if we look hard enough."

## Book snippet - Nobility battle scene

**Purpose: High octane action in Nobility, a fantasy action-adventure romance story (young/new adult audience) written in 2021. Written from Lithos' perspective, an honorable, golden-hearted, yet simple-minded barbarian. He travels with Alana, with whom he has a complicated relationship, and the wizard Fakuto.**

The forests became denser, but the sunlight shining through the treetops guided us onward to our destination. We-

A crossbow quarrel flew into my shoulder plate, and the broken bolt tumbled to the ground. There was ruffling in the bushes. Abby seemed distressed, and she lowered her pace.

“Ambushers, I count three to our left,” said Alana, and in a single, trained motion, she grabbed her blade and descended from our horse.

“Show yourself, cowards!” I shouted, and another bolt flew at me- but was cast off by a crackling barrier projected by Alana. Ember was distressed, and with a few pats on her firm back, she stormed off to safety. I unsheathed my blade.

“Showtime,” I said. I heard Fakuto yell, and the thunder of magic was followed by distressed shouting. Two soldiers hiding their faces under hoods jumped from the shadows, one wildly lunging at Alana. I strided to her side and slashed wide from left to right, shouting a warcry as I did. One ducked and the other blocked, a well-crafted steel blade sparking off the sturdy bone of my own weapon. Yvissa saw an opportunity and jabbed straight ahead with her shortsword, but the defender lashed sideways and parried the strike. Two versus two.

“So, lads,” I started, very much in-shape. “Who sent you two? You wanna fight us? With those weapons? Your life isn’t worth the coin. Except if your life is-”

A crossbow quarrel flew at me, but Alana’s reaction time was on par with mine. Her shield blocked it once again. Fakuto fired more lightning and angled around the road to stand with us, his hands up and his book in hand.

Fine then. It would be more than two people, against three.

“Now you made me angry,” I announced. With great power, I swung my blade again. The unblockable heavy strikes left little room for them to attack, and I left no room for sudden counter-offenses. Alana entered a sword melee with the second, long-haired attacker, while I swung overhead at the one before me. He side-stepped and attempted to attack me from the side, but his impatience ended him. I reversed the momentum of my sword and went forward, his sword only nicking me, and my own blade splitting his skull.

In battle, there was no mercy.

Fakuto stood beside me. “I have limited spells left. Protect me!”

“On it,” I said, and I stood with Alana. She attacked left and right, but her offense was too aggressive, and her opponent cleverly feigned a high-angled slice to then strike down.

Too late.

I was there, and I roared, stealing his attention away and forcing him to go into the defensive again.

Crossbow bolts flew from the bushes once again.

This time I knew where they came from.

“Into the bushes!” I commanded, as I knew enemies from the other side of the road would attack us from behind soon. In a coordinated action, Alana struck low and I sliced high once again. My huge blade whirled around, almost hitting Alana, but it had served its purpose. Alana had a war cry of her own, in the form of intimidating, almost sadistic laughter, as she found a weakness in the enemy’s guard and sliced open her arm. She screamed.

“Mercy, mercy!”

“Ahuhuhu! Drop your weapon, then,” said Alana. A crossbow bolt from the bushes whirled at her, but her shield absorbed every strike.

And I ran after it. Into the trees, into the bushes. I heard heavy breathing and a yelp. A shortsword was drawn. One hit lousily angled off my armor, and the other was parried by my blade. I quickly checked the area- it was hard to swing wide in between the trees!- and then went for a short attack meant to send the

aggressor fleeing. He didn't. He sprang up and waved his blade in front of him like some desperate toddler. Too desperate.

I turned around and blocked the attack by his companion, sneaking up on me, and I waved my Wyrmlblade away, on such an angle that his own sword flew out of his hands. Then, I threw one of the two teeth on my necklace at him. How he shrieked when a small wurm as tall as his legs jumped up from the bushes, and gnawed at him with its circular row of teeth! I went in for the strike of mercy, chopping him in his legs. He closed his eyes.

And I decapitated him. Even I would not prolong the unnecessary pain of my enemies. I then swiftly spun around with my blade sideways. The attack from behind was not what I expected- it was a low jab from under, and it nicked my arm! He pushed the advantage, but with my bulky, trained arms, I simply rushed into him with an elbow. He kicked me, but the impact had already sent him to the ground. Fakuto then appeared from the bushes. He cast minor magical spells- small jolts of lightning that arced in front of his extended fingers. The man thrashed and failed to regain his balance.

"Jonas, Berg, where are you?!" He cried.

I attacked from above and he blocked, I attacked from the side and he blocked, but now he had to reposition his legs. I simply pushed my sword forward and he fell over. My next overhead strike spliced straight through the steel he blocked me with.

Nothing could stop my powerful Wyrmlbone blade, a weapon I had risked my skin and bone for. And bone struck bone, and another life was abruptly ended.

"Lithos!" Shouted Alana, and I rushed out of the bushes to assist her. She was using her capture as a hostage, her shortsword angled closely to his throat, but the two new hostiles that circled her seemed to be undaunted by this, much to the lament of the poor fellow. Alana was a quick thinker- her fighting style was deceptive and fought more with words, even without her spells and armed with a sword as her main weapon. She constantly shifted her angle, using her hostage as a shield. Fakuto came in, waving his hands, his odd eyes constantly darting every which way.

*"Nistrim emancipae!"*

And a great flame erupted from his hands, blistering one of the enemies. The other rushed forward with his blade, stabbing Fakuto in his chest. He yelped, he had no defenses left- except me.

For I stood there, and my wurm followed me from the bushes. The armored menace jumped onto the soldier, and in the distraction, I waved my massive weapon in a spinning strike. Twice I struck steel. He dodged the second strike, frantically slashing in an attempt to hit me back but I was out of his reach. With a grunt I struck my blade from up top. He veered left and chopped at my head.

Only to gurgle blood as Alana appeared behind him. She dropped him to the ground, and his agony was at an end.

I surveyed the battlefield. Only the hostage was left alive, and she was cowering with her hands above her neck.

"Fakuto, Fakuto!" I inquired.

"I'm hurt," he said. "Damnit."

His cloak was sliced, and he had three slashing wounds on his chest. None were deep enough to cause damage, but his skin was burned. He took off his tunic, and I immediately fetched bandages and started treating him. They weren't fatal, luckily, but his pain was both visible and audible on his face. Fakuto was a frail man, unlike me, his skill mental instead of physical.

"Are you okay?" Asked Alana. She walked up to us, using a handkerchief she must've bought in the city to clean up specks of blood on her skin.

## Book snippet - GRASS psychological climax

**Purpose: A deep psychological scene written from the perspective of the odd Grasphos, fully characterized around his odd style of thinking. Grasphos, a ruthless pragmatist, abused by circumstance in the past, leads his mercenaries into the magical underwater realm of Nadir. He is afraid of the water, however. He is accompanied by the machine Relicoid, his Overseer Jackal, and his Phos soldiers.**

[3] "The way to my home. A faint memory."

More nightmares clouded my night.

It had become an obsession. A negative one. This was problematic.

I could not allow myself to be blinded by the prospect to find out about my past. About this Calaydor. It was not necessary to achieve my goals. A better world.

Phos was my platform. The means to an end. The quickest way for me to attain power. It was power that made the cogs of the world turn.

Would heading into this place known as Nadir help Phos in any way?

Knower had been studying books and meditating in the nearby forests. He, too, sought this answer.

Was it Nadir down there? Was Nadir the village I had lived in? Or was only one of them in the mountains?

Somehow?

I would learn this. Research and opportunity. Calculated risks. They were an essential part of growth.

And so it was. The elevator was complete. The rope-and-wooden contraption pulled me up.

Knower walked.

"This is it, Uncle," the mercenary that led Dzeta Squad explained. He led me into a tunnel highlighted by the rising sun. A few patches of grass adorned it. Like a trail of crumbs.

Surrounded by my most important assets, I followed the guide. The tunnel was large. Large enough for vehicles to move through. A larger elevator was already under construction.

But first, to find what was down here.

"They say there was a storm," Knower narrated. "An unending rain. The water brought rust and decay. The great machines of the First Factory stopped."

"Do you not commune with your ancestors?" I asked. "Why do you not know?"

"Time erases all, eventually, inevitably. Our Ancestors are like the spirits you sense. We can only make out hints. Bits and pieces they try to communicate to us. This is how our scouts found this place."

We stopped.

It was in front of me. The tunnel led downward. Something shimmered in the darkness. I waved and a torch was held up.

A surge. A cacophony. A whirlpool of dissonance captured me. It rose up and distorted my vision. It crashed into me.

It was so hot. So cold.

Sweet and sour. Loud as the clang of metal on metal and soft as the most forbidden whisper.

My hairs rose and I took seven steps back.

"Uncle?"

I did not like the sea.

I did not like the sea.

I did not like this underground lake, the path continuing far below it, into it. It was unnatural.

"You fear the water. But do not worry. You sense spirits, yes?"

An artificial hand was put on my shoulder. I was too distracted to shake it off.

"Water is formed by nature's spirits. An indomitable power. Calm down and sense its purity."

I sensed nothing.

Only a faint blinking light down in the distance.

"Water is uncontrollable. Horrible. Shifting in unpredictable tides. Hiding sardonic secrets under its murky membrane. Only darkness. No light."

Grass. The indestructible plant that grew everywhere.

Plains. Forests. Tundras. Savannae. Even deserts and mountains could not evade it.

But oceans could. Oceans eroded stone that had existed for centuries.

Time erased everything. Like Knower knew.

I would cease this operation. The risk was not worth it.

"Hold up."

Jackal stepped forward.

"Water won't stop Phos. Can't you Relicoid swim with no need for air?"

"With appropriate magic to protect our shells, we can."

"I say we head into here. We can fabricate diving suits. We can buy materials in the neighboring cities by buggy. Let's get a team ready to scout this place out. Go go, everyone."

They left. I was left alone in the cave with Jackal.

"Uncle Grasphos."

I looked him in the eye.

"Come on, man. Get it up. What did water do to you?"

I stood up. He called me 'man'.

"Nothing. If something is a threat, I avoid it. That is efficient."

"Don't avoid it, man. I mean, Uncle Grasphos. Pardon me, with all respect."

He reached forward a hand towards my arm. I avoided it.

"If you use this moment to betray me, you will die," I reminded him.

"Betrayal? No, no. You need to stand up for your weaknesses. This is for your own good. Your Phos will become stronger."

He opened his arms. Inviting. He did not seem hostile. He did not have weapons in hand. I had potions and I felt powerful spirits above the cave. He had no chance. What could he do?

I stepped towards me.

"Heigh-ho!"

He grabbed me. I resisted. He was stronger.

He threw me into the water.

"Swim, Uncle, swim!"

Splash.

My ear were muffled. My concentration faded. Suddenly my thoughts and the world did not exist anymore.

My body drifted through the viscous gel. I sank downward. Was water always like this?  
I attempted to move, but time had slowed. I did not hear the rustle of my mantle against my moving arm. I did not feel the air. My arm moved only slowly. I sank to the bottom. My eyes red. My feet stuck to the underwater cave floor. I breathed, but my mouth filled with water.

My ears clogged.

I would die if I stayed under for too long.

But that was not the case.

I opened my eyes.

I could breathe, though, shallowly. This was not the true sea. This was no true water. I jumped, and I sank back to the ground, slowly. I summoned spirits. Blue like the water. I willed them to grant me vision.

And I sensed a great pulse echoing through the gray waters. Like a beating heart. Arcane energy. The purest magic.

It had been confirmed. There was something down here. And this water...

Was not so bad.

I walked up the rocky shore, for I could not swim. And I was met with the visage of Jackal. Arms crossed.

"You dare," I uttered. Spirits formed. My staff was raised. He dismissively held up his hands.

"I helped, didn't I?" He asked. Serious. His veteran visage locked on mine.

He knew.

"You did. That is why you will live. But do not dare again, Jackal. Phos has no use for quirks as dangerous as yours."

"I still don't know what the quirks you speak of are."

"Unnecessary oddities in behavior. Your bravado will get you killed. There is no reason to act this way."

"But there is. If we truly want to become the strongest, capable of changing the world, we can't all be the perfect carbon copies of your ideology. Uncle, with all due respect, does that not make us predictable?"

"Predictability will better the world."

"But predictability makes us weaker, and being weaker removes our ability to change the world, right?"

He leaned forward.

"I think you need less scared yes-men around you. Phos is stronger if we all think a bit differently. Now, come on. I brought towels to dry you- you aren't wet?"

"This is not normal water. This is not the sea. Touch it yourself."

He tried. He dipped his finger in the water.

"This is far too viscous," he confirmed.

"Report it to the Relicoid. Tell them to continue investigating. Tell them I've sensed there is great magic down there. Get our wizards to check it as well, using their detection spells."

He nodded. I was off.

But in truth, I was running again. His words held truth.

His "quirk" has helped me. Had helped Phos. Perhaps I would condone his behavior, for now.