



# THE MIRRORS OF RAXION

Talusa slid her fingers across the stone; the dust had mingled with the stale atmosphere of the long dead world.

The strange zeta signals had pulled Vorzt out of the slipstream beckoning her to come and explore this long lost world at the edge of the outer limits.

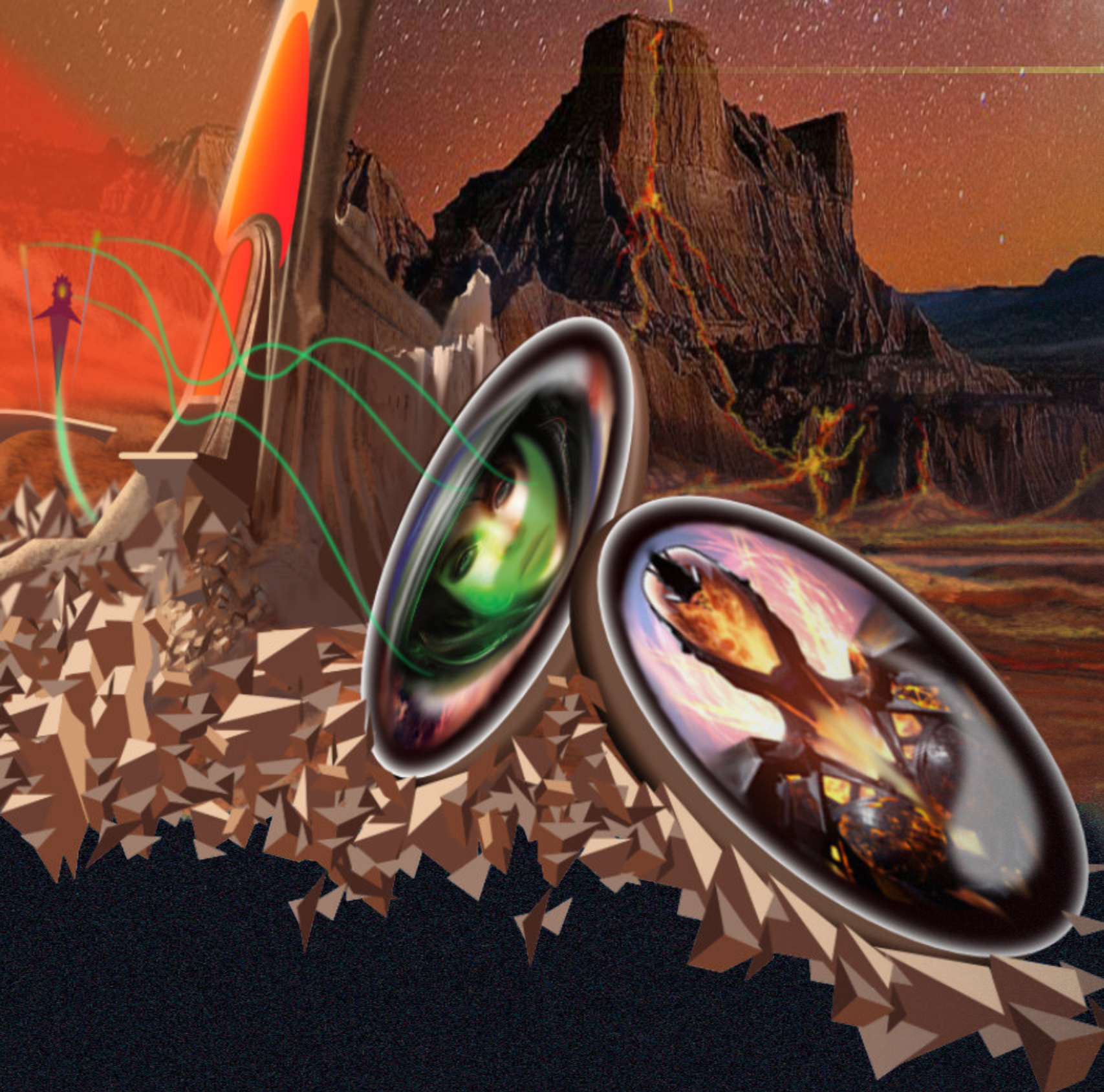
“Vorzt were finished here. Uploading to cartographic and collecting the last of the data blocks.”

Most of the planet team had returned to Vorzt leaving Talusa and St Karina to finish up before leaving the dead to their sombre respite.

“Wait, have you forgotten something?”

The voice filled their minds and they both looked at each other as if seeking a confirmation that they had not imagined it.

“It came from over there, the stone tomb we had just catalogued.”



Talusa had gripped her staff and she was already at the tomb. The light had dulled bathing the cavern in a crimson hue. She felt the cold from within her chest, a solid mass radiating outwards towards her extremities.

Karina had also felt the cold deep inside of her and she activated her staff sending out a pulse of Ikronion light that would reveal the spectral and the thin strands of the decaying essence as it drifted up over them into the night air.

Talusa shuddered, “What was that?”

Karina grabbed Talusa’s arm.

“Hold perfectly still, do not move. It seems that we have a visitor”

St Xion was getting anxious, the planet was already shifting upon her axis and her gravitational field was fluctuating wildly.

“Talusa what’s taking you so long?” He called across the bridge.

You had already given instructions to take Vorzt out of orbit and all preparations had been made to exit the system as soon as the landing team had returned.

“They are ok, but I can no longer see them, I can feel the essence but it has changed, something else is with them.”

Xion looked at you; he was getting impatient and wanted to get back into the void before the planet tore itself apart.

Talusa watched in fascination as the spectral form stood starrng at them. His stone tomb gave them his name.

RAXION

It did not speak yet its voice could be heard inside their heads.

“We are dead killed by the planet that was our home. The mirrors had looked into our souls and we had tarnished ourselves, our very world had become alien to us. You of the void have come to this place to learn and seek lessons so that other worlds might yet be redeemed.”

Karina swept her staff around the chamber the Ikronion light had not revealed any others.

“I am the last of our kind, the others having long since departed with other travellers that had made the pilgrimage to our world. I wish to stay with our world as it rejoins the dust of the endless. Our knowledge and stories are to be found in the dust that you have consumed and is now inside of you so that you might know of our peoples and our lost world.”

Gained ancient essence of the lost world of the Hizzorium.

The spectre faded and the cavern returned to the day, the last day in the light of the small yellow star that had bathed nurtured and overseen the destruction of her offspring.

The coms came back online,

“Talusa what’s going on down there we have to get out of here now.”

The planet was starting to rumble the last shifting of her tectonic plates before she would spin out of control and disintegrate spreading herself back into the solar system to roam the void as an asteroid field.

Vorzt had slipped into the void stream leaving the planet as she performed her final dance in the heavens.

Talusa sat in the med bay, the scans had cleared her and Karina yet she had already started to see faint images of imprinted memories of a life amongst a people on a world now lost to the endless.



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Colin Foster. 2019