

The background of the entire page is an abstract composition of overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes in various colors including blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. On the left side, there is a vertical, metallic-looking structure that resembles a spiral staircase or a series of curved, overlapping plates. A bright, orange-red, teardrop-shaped object is positioned near the bottom of this structure. The right side of the page features a dark, rectangular area with a thin green border, which contains the text.

TOWER OF THE ENDLESS

Yes the four families had built it, a monumental civic construction that had used up the entire planets resources and for what we had asked ourselves.

Did it free the slaves or improve the polluted atmosphere. Did it stop the encroachment of the rising tides after the first great glacier had melted, did it unify the poor and the desperate?

Quorion had no answers for those displaced unfortunates seeking access to the tower, the last refuge of the bloated merchants and misguided fools who had invested their very souls into a project that would consign them all to a not so eternal damnation.

The Vodyani leecher had made orbit and was already announcing that this world was now a protectorate of the ARK Tallion. She had removed the orbital defences and assumed control of the planets communications array. Virtual screens across the small world instructed those that would survive of the new and improved administration of the outer colonial worlds that had now fallen under Vodyani influence.



Quorion wanted to offer them some hope, some small token that they might yet be spared the ravages of the purge. But the shield had already gone up and the shouts and screams from the dammed had been replaced by plasma crackling and crunching as it weaved an arc around the tower and the inner citadel.

Perkal had watched the tower as it slowly rose above the last remaining continent that had been unaffected by the rising tides of a planet that was now in open rebellion against the swarm that had infested the surface.

The tower would save them, those that had paid the entrance fee. Already the waters had swallowed most of the northern land mass and the continental realm the only salvation.

He sat inside his apartment on the six hundredth floor fully satisfied that the shield would hold, protecting the elite within the tower. He had planned it this way, secured the contractors, paid off the vile and enticed the chosen that would form his new vision quest: Profit from the re formatting of his world.

It would have surly worked out well for them all, the simulators had all told him so. Then the sector had collapsed, planets allegiances changed and the Vodyani had somehow acquired much of the outer systems including his home world. The leecher had arrived and even then he felt secure in the knowledge that it would be the lesser essence belonging to the displaced hordes that would be taken first.

He had watched as the Vodyani runt had infected his screen, her assertions on display for all to see. Only then did he realise that he had lost it all, the shield had collapsed as the Vodyani code had infected their systems and already the masses could be heard breaking down the gates that would lead them on into the outer promenades of the great tower of the endless.

Please do not print: it is intended as digital media content: we are trying to conserve our planets lungs.

Colin Foster. 2019

