

DOWNFALL

It happened without warning, out of a clear evening sky. The neons of New Angeles were flickering to life, as an equatorial twilight speed across the city. Events progressed broken and disordered. A strobing light directly overhead, like a drive flame where no ship should be. A rain of carbon shards shattering windows and downing hoppers in Manta, molten and twisted into tortured forms. Cayambe rung with a bone shaking vibration, as if someone had capriciously plucked a planet sized guitar.

The world hangs by a narrow thread, made of dreams and faith and reinforced buckyweave. No one realises how narrow that connecting string is...until someone tries to cut it.

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Ashes - Downfall

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Ashes - Downtall







