

Maze: Prologue

It all started with the Eclipse. One day fine; but, the next falls apart. The Earth stood still with half bathed in light, the other shrouded in darkness. Then came the heaven's gate war. Angels shot down from the sky with demons coming below. With humanity caught between two enormous forces, a choice had to be made. Join a side or die. People who chase the angels became Solarkin and blessed by the angel they joined with. Those who joined the demons became known as the Voidborn and became one with the demons who invited them. Fighting between the sides broke out immediately and is still continuing 50 years later. People no longer age as they used to. Each death blow taken then increases age until the point that fighting is impossible. If you manage to die at that age you die permanently and death will be as it used to.

Searching for an answer, the Vanguard is desparatly searching for the Maze...

Maze: Isaac

I woke with a fright after suffering one of my innumerable nightmares. "It's just a dream." I keep telling myself. I looked around the stone room which I was camped in. In the nearby desk was my precious few belongings. On top was a photo of a friend I haven't seen in years. I forced myself out of the pathetic bed made of hay and got everything together for today's stretch. I pulled my stuff out of the desk and put it into my bag. All I carried was a change of clothes, the message I was ordered to carry, a Desert Eagle with two full clips of ammo, and the first book of "The Dresden Files: Storm Front", a personal relic from before the war. Then I quickly and silently snuck out of the building into the shadowy plains.

Using the stars from the never ending night, I started running to my destination. The thick wheat made it hard going at first but it got easier as time went by. My destination was Daelic Forge, a demon outpost built on the ruins of Rapid City. From what I can tell this will be my last day of running then I can finally get some rest.

I kept a careful eye on my bleak surroundings in case of an ambush. Along the way I came across a destroyed vehicle. As I neared the car and went to the trunk I made a fatal mistake. Just as I was about to open the trunk an incendiary bomb went

off and the whole area went scarlet with flames and hurled me back across the plain. I landed the a sickening thudd on my left arm, nearly falling unconscious from the searing pain.

Slowly and careful I got up and assessed the damage. From what I could tell, I had a couple of scrapes and bruises, a broken left arm, and some minor burns. I walked back up to the truck, carefully opened the lid and thankfully found a couple bottles of water, a first aid kit, and roughly a day's worth of food in the form of peanuts and crackers.

First things first, I opened the first aid kit and pulled out some bandages and a sling. Carefully I wrapped up my broken arm and put it on the sling. Then I took out some medical alcohol and poured a little on each of my cuts then bandaged them up.

I quickly ate some peanuts, put everything into my bag, pulled out my desert eagle, and finally set out to finish the run. My whole body felt like a punching bag, but at least I could still run. After roughly an hour of running Daelic Forge came into view. First was the smoke, rising higher then the clouds and falling back down covering everything in soot. Then came the spiraling black towers that made up most of the ruined city. The light from the forges lit everything in a hellish array of yellow and red. Littered throughout were black steel houses where the families and children lived. Surrounding the whole thing was a

huge black wall that stood six stories tall, seemed to suck the warmth out of everything nearby, and mostly likely housed the barracks.

I steeled myself for the inevitably meeting with the gate keepers along with presenting my message to the Drakla, or ruler, of Daelic Forge, Mephistopheles. I neared the gates and they opened as the gate keepers came out with a slow arrogance. The hellish light came pouring out bathing their pale scales in a crimson glow.

The one in front, armored in black obsidian armor that seemed to have the same qualities as the massive wall, said in a rough and gravelly voice, "State your name and business mortal." As quickly as I could manage, I stood straight and said, "I am Isaac and I come bearing a message for the Drakla." While I spoke I handed him my paperwork showing that I was legit. After reading the papers he eyed me carefully, which is to be expected since assassination attempts weren't uncommon, and motioned me to follow him.

As I got closer I was able to make out more details. He towered over me standing nearly ten feet tall and was armed to the teeth. He had a rifle slung across his back with a sword the size of a claymor that he used like toothpick. Whatever part of him that wasn't covered in armor was covered with scales and

he held himself with a certain aura of confidence. All and all, he looked like the general of these keepers.

As we entered the city, the light from all of the forges gave the appearance of daylight but it was a lie, there hasn't been daylight in these parts for more than fifty years. We walked on a steel road blackened from the ash in the air. As we walked I saw the local buildings, all low hanging, of similar make in steel, with a chimney for a forge in the middle of each house. Through the few windows I could see fathers teaching the children how to smith and contests were constantly going on.

The closer we got to the main tower, the houses got sparser and sparser with more demons about. Demons come in all different varieties but here there was mostly these lizard types that are suited for a warm climate. After a bit the heat started getting to me and I was soon breathing and sweating hard.

Finally we entered the tower and was met by a receptionist. She was human, looked probably thirty and was silently reading a random book. As she saw us approach, she asked our business doing here. I handed her the same papers. She silently read them then said in a mildly pleasing voice, "Please follow me to your room where you can rest up while you wait for the Drakla." "Don't try any funny business

while you're here or I'll gut you like a pig." The General warned before he left.

The receptionist brought me through a maze of similar obsidian (again) and came to a guest room...