The ASCII Project

Truly great madness can not be achieved without significant intelligence.

- **Henrik Tikkanen**

GRAPHICS PLACEHOLDER

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Preface

It's morning, and you've been patiently waiting on the side of this road in the dark all night.

To the east, a few hundred kilometers, war is raging. Every day, as the curtain of night falls, the fires in the distance become brighter as the frontline inches closer.

The kingdoms of the world have submitted themselves to an endless war, the cause of which no one can seem to remember. Mutually assured destruction, too far into the rage to back down now. The people of the land paying for sins dating back to the beginning of time. At least as far as anyone can remember, that is.

There's probably nobody from the beginning still around. Nobody can really be sure, history here is really just rumor and speculation these days.

People submit themselves to the front lines, a duty from which few return. Those who do return are never quite the same, bringing stories of darker forces than man on the far side of the world. You don't believe many of the stories you hear, and who could blame you?

What's for certain is that war eats the resources of the people it represents. The front lines need supplies, and even now there are merchant caravans moving from city to city, village to village, market to market. They provide an economic backbone for trade, both in their capacity to move supplies to the craftsmen who need them, and in their natural capacity for encouraging people to live closer to the major roads connecting places all over the world.

You're not on one of those roads this morning. This morning, you're in a far corner of the world on a road nobody can remember anymore, and you know that a supply wagon is due any minute now around the curve in the road in that stretches in the distance into the forest beyond.