**Preface**

Wig-Or-Log. For centuries the people of this world have been at war with themselves. Countless lives lost in each country’s pursuit to kill, to conquer, to win. Yet, despite the bloodshed that happens daily, the world of Wig has remained a beautiful place. Grass grows and rivers flow. The sun shines and the rain pours. If one was not in the heat of battle, they could easily appreciate the beautiful area they inhabited, and often did. Indeed the surface of Wig-Or-Log is a bright place. Underneath the surface, however, is an entirely different world. Unbenounced to the people who continuously fight in the sun, a forgotton city lies some five miles below their feet. A city filled with forbidden technology and buildings taller than the people of Wig could imagine.

“The Source” is what the Discretes of old named it. The city served as their headquarters back before they policed the world but instead were assassins for hire; for what better place to hide from the world than where it least suspected? Whether these assassins started the everlasting war is unknown, but one thing is certain, they were the ones that fueled it. With minds far superior than any on the surface, the Discretes developed weapons more advanced than any other could produce and sold them to everyone. Of course, their gifts of taking lives were up for sale as well. While the countries on the surface fought each other, the true undefeatable foe was acting as a friend to all right beneath them.

The Discrete weapon that changed the land forever was the drug which enhanced the user’s physical and/or mental capabilities with minimum side effects. The effect became known as the Wig-Gene. Those with a Leader Wig-Gene became smarter, Near Wig-Genes became tougher, and Far Wig-Genes became more sensitive. While the effects, on their own, were highly effective, being genetic made for an even more powerful weapon. Soon enough, it was impossible to be born without a Wig-Gene. This was the Discrete’s greatest triumph over the surface, and also the cause of their downfall.

Verde, a man born with the rarest and most powerful of all Wig-Genes, the Discrete Gene, found The Source. He also found others, three who possessed the same gift he did, superiority over his fellow man. These four became known as the Firsts, being the first to possess a Discrete gene and the first Officials of their factions. Together, Verde, Nara, Amar and Aluz took down the leaders of the Discretes and claimed the clan and territory as their own. With power flowing through their veins and command of the most powerful group of fighters in Wig-Or-Log, the Firsts set a path on continuing the war forever and controlling it from the shadows, not for profit, but to ensure mankind’s survival.

Others with Discrete-Genes began showing up, and the once enormous group of assassin’s became an exclusive group, consisting only of those with the strongest of Wig-Genes, and dedicating themselves to ensuring the war lasted forever. The rarity of their gene reduced the number of Discretes. Thousands became hundreds and continued to dwindle, but their influence remained the same. With so few in numbers, the city just as big as the land of Wig-Or-Log was no longer needed. The Discretes abandoned The Source, staying underground, but only in a small section to monitor the children of surface.

For centuries, the underground city remained untouched by humans, sleeping yet never decaying. Then, one day, the lights of the city began turning on. A group of humans, all wearing Green bands on their left biceps, needed a place to think, a place to plan, a place to train… in secret. Thanks to a rouge Discrete who believed in freedom, the Greens learned the truth about the war and needed to rescue everyone from the control of the Discretes, and what better place to hide from the world than where it least suspected? Another war was starting, but this time it wouldn’t be fought in the warmth of the sun, nor would it be fought on soft grass and dirt. This war would be fought in artificially lit caves and on hard concrete floor. The real war of Wig-Or-Log was being fought at The Source… underground.

**Preface end**