

REDACTOR

The Heavy Hand of Providence first located the Cemodian Gate and Cyprian station, nearly 180 days of travel away. What they didn't see were the nightmares that lurked between there and here, the ones designed to evade the gaze of even the most cautious of travelers.

The fleet looked throughout the Kuiper Belt before them, searching for any sign of Liminal Star, the station that created the wormhole that sent the Ark Lyravea to Hypatia and the Saberhagens to their unfortunate fates. But in the brief days they had, they could not get even a glimpse of the station. "It's out there somewhere," the Cyprians told them, "we saw it once, 20 years ago, adrift in this region, but have not been able to find it since. Something had attached itself to it. Or perhaps something was growing out of it. We fear the day when we see it again."

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Finally, with the guidance of their new allies, the Hypatian fleet put their eyes upon the two abominations that now race towards them. The dark ships were just days away, trailing pulsating clouds of iridescence and pestilence. Their elongated forms threatened to injure those who dare even to glance at them, their dark edges made them almost one with the void through which they cut. Blades. Teeth. Needles. Eyes. The mind reacts with fascination and horror, with madness and numbness. Their form is almost convincingly human, but fails to hide the insatiable malice and glee that surges within. They call to the observer, causing them to unwillingly relax; manifestations of the siren's song of the void.

The sensors officer of the Frostbite Vale, Henry Constantine Schwartz, is the first to behold their beauty.

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