

Eliador
by Specimen-46

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Code Name - Eliador

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Request to download archive

Request confirmed

Loading the surviving fragments in the intended order

1st record.

My love, now 93 turns, as you are not with me. And every night for me is torment. For every night I remember how I lost you. Our world was once alone, but flourished. We did not know the need, for it was said in the prophecy that this world was prepared for us. And that we will be happy in this world to the end of all things.

We were children, my love, when the Gods came to us in their heavenly chariots. They promised they would help us. They

talked about many worlds like ours. They said they want to keep us and our home safe.

We met with you just then, my love. If you were with me now, you would tell about how a girl came on the main square of the capital, where the Gods showed themselves. And I could tell how as a boy I saw a frightened girl and, running up, took her hand and said that there was nothing to be afraid of. What pain it inflicts on me that you are not here now.

How many miracles they showed to our people. They spoke about the tragedies of their homeland, about the mistakes made by their distant ancestors. Their warnings and instructions spread throughout our land with scientists who spoke with the Gods and seemed to understand them better than others.

On the Day of Sorrow, everything changed - heaven was lit up by flashes of fire and the chariots of the Gods and Demons fell to our land. Demons ... They took many, so many. And you, my love. And I could not stop them. The Gods left us, and our people have known suffering. Everyone of us.

Every day... Every day I think about you. Every day I am afraid for you. And I'm ready for anything to bring you back. Be it Gods or Demons, but I have to get on one of their heavenly chariots. After all, there, somewhere among the stars, you are waiting for me, my love.

2nd record

Note: A fragment of the record was found among the wreckage of a spacecraft of unknown configuration in open space. It is not possible to establish the place of the disaster or its cause, but it can be said with accuracy that two small vessels launched from the ship.

If we could imagine how many miracles lurk beyond the borders of our world, then the desire to overcome its limits would burn in us like the sun. But along with miracles, we would meet hitherto unthinkable dangers. In a strange window, I saw what was my home - a globe covered with green and blue oceans flying in a void so deep that it drove crazy. I'm afraid I will never forget this.

They called themselves "priuvateer", our language is difficult for them, but they look like wanderers and merchants, only among the stars. My love, they do not resemble either the Gods or the Demons, but they also descended to our homeland from this all-embracing void. Wanderers came to our city with unprecedented things that they wanted to exchange for food and water. And they suggested to many of us to join them. Become part of the crew of what they called "the vessel". Our people are healthy and strong in comparison with wanderers. And they said that our strength will be useful in their endeavors.

I do not deserve forgiveness. I do not deserve peace. But I'm ready to do anything to bring you back. Wanderers offered gifts to anyone who was willing to join them. And I convinced

almost two dozen tribesmen to follow the aliens. They were embraced by the fear of the unknown so much that even the dream of revenge on the Demons could not budge them. I said that it's time for us to forge our own destiny, for the Gods left us. I said that our people will need tools that the priuvateer will share, and we will be able to return home soon. The wanderer chief stood beside me and smiled, confirming our return.

This lie is heavy on me. For there was no greater lie in my life, except for the one that forced my fellow tribesmen to leave their native land and rush into a great void. I deceived them and pulled them out of our homeworld for you, my love. The alien leader lied, it was crystal clear to me. But I alone cannot handle these strange creatures and their machines. Strangers teach us a little, but I have already learned more than in all my life. I, albeit with difficulty, can speak their language after a week of study.

Forgive me, my love, but our fellow tribesmen are listless and naive. Maybe life in peace and bliss made us so. But many still wander in the motives of strangers, as in a foggy forest. They do not see what I see - the gleam of profit in the eyes of the "captain", this chief.

I hope that the sacrifice that I am willing to make will not be in vain. But it hurts me that this sacrifice will be not only mine...

3rd record

Great emptiness scares me. The surviving tribesmen are also afraid of it, but I think that their fear is fueled by a lack of air, and not by the grandiose scale of this "nothing." Before, the light of stars, sun and moons directed us in our home. But there is neither bottom nor top in this limitless emptiness. And although the stars around me, but I still floating in the dark. We no longer hear the sounds of water, nor the rustling of the wind, nor the singing of birds. I am afraid that few of us will once again be able to see home we are so yearn for. My love, do you remember how the winter threw off its shackles and the whole world around us woke up? The heady aroma and warm wind inspired us and kindled a fire in our chest.

I miss this glorious time and you, my love. I miss you unbearably, but there is no turning back, because of blood of fellow tribesmen on my hands. Many died from alien's fire and blades. If I had not been able to learn and convey the secrets of the ship to my fellow tribesmen, then a terrible fate would await us. The Captain told me that we were to become a sample, the first party of live cargo. But before I could interrupt his life, he admitted defeat and offered his help to us if we spare his people.

The Gods who defended us left or were defeated by the Demons. Now we are alone among the star tribes that are ready to pounce on defenseless prey like a hungry pack. As soon as we appeared before these monsters, they would decide the fate of our people, my love. They would decide how strong and humble we

are; how much we can be useful to them. And can we understand their miracles and sciences, can we learn. No... I will not take upon myself another sin. Homeworld must know. Let my hands be washed with the blood of fellow men and aliens, let my word now be only smoke, but they should know. I will accept any punishment, but I will not take responsibility for the death of our people, my love.

I accepted the offer of the Captain. My knowledge of star chariots is not enough to cope with the flight on them. During the travel, I studied with the crew and watch them. Star charioteers are not just ordinary aliens. They say that the eyes of the ship are their eyes. They say that the feelings of the ship are their feelings. I find it hard to understand. The Captain calls them "automedons" and smiles every time for this. He is a strange leader, like all these aliens. The blood of their comrades was spilled, but they did not grieve. It was as if they had shaken off the ashes of hatred from themselves and simply accepted what had happened as something ordinary. Although we won, but victory slipped from our hands like water. "Life always give possibilities, no matter how it winds around." - Captain answered me for doubts flashed in my eyes.

I ordered some of my fellow tribesmen to return to our homeworld and warn everyone of danger. Automedon and three other strangers will go with them, and will be accepted by our people as honorable captives. My clan and I vowed that they would be safe and that they would be freed after 120 turns. Now, blood has spilled between us and we have sealed our oaths with blood.

4th record

The fragment was restored from a solid-state information carrier found among the things of a suicide bomber. This terrorist managed to detonate a body bomb before the security of the space port neutralized him. The explosion occurred close to the unshielded fuel line and launched a chain reaction that led to the depressurization of 14 compartments and explosive decompression. There are no records in the archive that some organization took responsibility for the explosion, just as there are no terrorist demands. The initial explosion killed 2163 civilians and 143 military. The chain reaction led to the destruction of two warships and three transporters moored at that moment to the spaceport. The structural integrity of the station was only ensured by the complete isolation of the five sections and their emergency purge, which killed 6403 workers and passengers of the station.

So many places we visited in these two years. Huge cities in the void, workshops spread over entire continents, villages in the clouds and magnificent trees whose branches were home to hundreds of residents. I had never seen anything like it, I could not even imagine that such things could exist. And in each of these places I was driven by a desire to find you, my love. Rumors, memories and records about those who abducted you and our loved ones - we searched for it wherever we could. These were two long years of pursuit.

These were two years of sacrifices. Perhaps only the Captain and a few automedons know the circumstances of our meeting. Someone left, someone died, but all of them were replaced by new faces, sometimes so unusual that I saw monsters in them. With me there were only three tribesmen who over the years began to resemble aliens. We have become warriors, "free swords". Our bodies are covered with tattoos, scars and magical amulets. Metal and energy nourished and strengthened our bones and muscles. Maybe the star tribes are much more powerful than us and possess miracles and secret knowledge, but even here, like in our homeland, skills, flesh and blood remain the universal currency.

However, the sacrifices were not in vain, for the Demons caused pain not only to our people. I know, I spoke to every survivor and devastated. Many tribes fought against the Demons before, many fell before their power. But amidst fear, I saw islands of courage go all the way. For all our external differences and the differences of the worlds on which we were born, something united us. We often did not understand each other's language, but the "Demons" were reflected in the languages of many nations. And each time I mentioned them, I saw how we become one in the fire flaring up in our eyes, in gripping fists and clenched teeth and fangs. We were united by a thirst for revenge, my love. Only thoughts about you prevent me from falling into bloody madness. Only the hope that you are waiting for me gives meaning to my life.

Only a few star tribes are ready to go to war. The rest value their children and their future. But too many of us have nothing left. I made a decision. I will tell everyone about their purpose. They do not know what to do, but the hesitation must end. We will not become an army and will not drive hundreds of star chariots towards the enemy. But we will scatter throughout the worlds and heaven cities. We will carry with us a warning about the Demons, we will carry with us stories about them, and we will fight them every time we can. We will attack from the shadows. We will pounce on them while they sleep. Lasers, blades, bombs, stones, hands and claws - we use everything against them. The demons did not summon any of the conquered and exterminated tribes to a fair battle. And they themselves do not deserve it.

They will feel the same pain that they have caused us. They will feel despair and fear. They will feel the helplessness and death that we bring them along with our retribution.

5th record

My love, I believe that our first meeting was not accidental. I believe that our souls sought to merge and become one. Separation from you plunged me into despair. I have been afraid for you for so long, I have been searching among the stars for so long. And every day of this search was marked by suffering. The only thing that has supported me all these years is the hope to save and find you again. But all this fear and

suffering cannot be compared with what I experienced when... Now you are gone, my love.

Now there is nobody. Everything turned to ashes, everything was taken from me. There is no longer our home, nor those who followed me. But I survived and went through the flame. And I was able to find a way to this city in the void, which became your hell, my love. I was hiding among travelers from the stars, for there is not much left of former me. I crept through dark and cramped tunnels and canals. I was looking for everything that could lead to you. And when I found it, it almost drove me insane.

Entire levels protected by words and guards. Floors beyond floors and corridors, along each of which were dozens of rooms. And tables... Hundreds of tables in each of them. Our brothers and sisters, my love. Men, women and children whose heads are almost hidden under metal masks - they all became part of the machine. No longer our fellow tribesmen, my love, but empty shells, doomed to fulfill the desires of the Demons. Doomed to exist for breeding and incubation of the race of slaves. Mothers who have never felt their children and children who have never seen their parents, even if they have a place next to them. For what agony their spirits, locked and unable to live, doomed to?

There was no former light in your eyes when I found you among hundreds of others. Formerly beautiful, now they only looked into the void, not seeing anything else. The Demons left you with only a body in which two lives were warm. You are no more, but I did not allow to further desecrate the memory of

you. Every wire that I pulled out of your mask was like a knife sticking into my body. Each of your sighs was pierced by needles into my heart, for it inspired hope that you, the former you, would wake up. But your body has found peace, and your death has become my.

Now I know what remains for me. May my death be near, but there are others who will continue my path. When I add these lines, the records of recent years will spread between the stars. The Demons will find me, but it will be too late. They will burn, and the flame will spread everywhere. And it will all begin here when this whole city disappears in a fiery storm. May they all perish, may they perish forever to the last. And may every Demon become dust.

The spirits of our brothers and sisters will find peace. And maybe I'll meet you on the other side, my love.

This record is the latest in the archive at the moment. It is difficult to name the exact location where the fragment was detected due to the fact that it passed as a message through a network of repeaters. Whether it was the original or a copy found in a variety of places is unknown. A group of researchers tried to track the path of both the signal itself and the fragments as a whole.

The records of the research team are partially lost, but there is no doubt that they were able to trace it to a number of planets and places of space battles. Unfortunately, historical documents, that could confirm or refute the contents of the

fragments, could not be found. All that is currently in our archive is indirect signs of what happened.

Traces of the use of massive nuclear strikes and biological weapons have been discovered on twenty planets. On three - the use of orbital bombardment, which entailed planetary catastrophes. An analysis of the collision areas showed that the cause of the explosions and further disasters was the spacecrafts, which gained about 75% of the speed of light and rammed the planets. The same damage is characteristic of several space stations, in other cases they were destroyed from the inside.

The research team was not able to find the starting point of the signal. Also, it was not possible to find the distinctive structures indicated in the fourth fragment of the diary. There is no evidence of whether they were destroyed or the conflict itself came from another sector of space.

Separately, it is worth noting the alarming tendency to detect fragments of this document in places outside the zone of the alleged conflict. Among analysts there is a pessimistic forecast that the document itself and the conflict are much older than we think. Probably, the opponents committed mutual destruction, but by then the conflict began to spread and be transmitted through generations. It is possible that finds of fragments of this document among terrorists over the past two hundred years indicate precisely this option. If this is not a coincidence, then we should prepare for the echoes of this ancient war, which may already be on our doorstep.

End of archive No. 00000023-8590

Notes compiled - data is corrupted.

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