



Introducing Dr. Sparkz

The musky smell of dampness and salt permeated the air, reminding him of his love of the sea. He wasn't sure when he first felt the call, if it was before or after his love for legends came about, but it was all tied together. He never realized that his hobby would someday tie into his passion for inventing.

It was in a building such as this that he made the first connection.

He had been tracking down Artifacts of a legendary civilization that no one believed existed. He had tracked down a medallion, rumored to be from this civilization. The purveyor, was some scummy, low life, best left to the shadows, it was all a trick. While the medallion was real, it was never intended for him to leave the room alive. As he was inspecting the medallion, with his heart beating faster with every minute, he didn't notice the thugs that had snuck into the room behind him. Here was a medallion with an unusual mineral as its center piece, something he had never seen before. The mineral seemed to give off an energy, which he could feel in the hairs on his arms.

While he was engrossed, the thugs tried to take up positions on either side of him, but the floor creaked, just enough. He noticed them then, if he was anybody else, he'd be in trouble, but it was obvious they didn't know who he was. He set the medallion down on the table, and nonchalantly placed his hands on his belt. There was a slight hum, as he stood up straight.

"What is this, I thought we had a deal. If it was genuine, then you would be paid well".

The medallion owner looked at him smugly, "I would never let this out of my hands, and it was entrusted to me years ago, though I have no problem using it to earn some coin. Anyone searching for these items must be loaded, and I can see by your clothing, you are".

At this, the thugs lunged, only to feel the tingle, of a few thousand volts traveling through their bodies. Ok, it was more than just a tingle. The bright flash must have scared scummy, because he fell over backwards as he tried to get away, and came down with a crash into the crates behind him. As I walked over, he cringed, "Don't hurt me, my employer made me do it".

Seething at the thought of the threat he just put to my life, I asked, "Who's your employer?"

"I don't know, I just find messages from him in the cellar, I'm not even sure how he gets in there, but he leaves me jewelry to sell and only asks that I prevent anyone from finding out about the Nautilus. That's where I got the medallion. I don't know anything more, I swear!" he tried to disappear into the wreckage.

Something caught my eye in the broken crates, more of the strange mineral. He jumped as I reached down for it, so I backhanded him, I didn't need him anymore anyways. There was a flash, and a loud zap, as he was sent skidding across the floor. I turned off the electric field from my belt and picked up what looked to be the remnants of some kind of drinking vessel. It had the same feel as the medallion, so I started to scavenge through the broken crate, but couldn't find anything else worthwhile. My curiosity was piqued as I left, what was this stuff, and what could it do.

I came back from my reminiscing, to the creaking sound of the door opening behind me. I wondered for a brief moment, if the image of me in the empty room, silhouetted by the moonlight filtering through the window, was as ominous as I imagined it to be.

"Greetings Theodore, I'm glad you could make it" turning slowly, I caught a glimpse of two brutes coming to a stop, just inside the door. Seeing an empty room, and nowhere to hide, they must have decided it was safe. I hadn't counted on the muscle. I felt foolish that my dramatics had been wasted on his peons, but I tried to pretend I wasn't affected.

"I'm sure you are wondering why I asked to meet you. You see, I'm in need of your services. I have found a power source, more powerful than anything the Cog Nation has ever seen. However I've run into a problem, I'm running low."

"Who are you, and why does this concern me" the voice followed the man who walked in the door, "the only reason I came, was the promise of your weapons, they are most powerful".

"Forgive me; I tend to get ahead of myself. You may call me Dr. Sparkz, and this concerns you, for this mineral, UnderAether, is the power source for the weapons you seek. What do you know about the legends of the Natilus?"

"Bah, they are but Tall tales, stories that sailors tell their kids to make them sleep, and mothers speak of to keep them in line, but they are just that, legends".

I reached into my shirt, which made the brutes tense up, and pulled out the medallion I had come across so long ago. The moonlight reflected off of the mineral in the medallion, and into his eyes, "You might want to reconsider your stance on that."