

Cog Propaganda

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It is a damnable place, the Lurk. Even its mere name crawls under the skin and digs a cold into your bones that the years can't shake. And it is true that every Cog with nary a glimmer of life upon which to cling would be smart to steer clear of its deathly waters -- were it not for the siren call of the UnderAether.

UnderAether: a mineral as brilliant as the Lurk is dark. Its promise of perpetual power whispers to us from the depths, burrows deep into our dreams, drives us mad with vision. Can you imagine it? Can you see the UnderAether burning ever bright as it drives us to the stars, to the worlds beyond? The gods were smart to hide the heavens from us so, but deep beneath this sea lies the key to their guarded gate.

This is why you must shrug aside thoughts of icy death: to fight for even but a glimpse of that great future. The Nautilus, those hellish creatures, are content to cling to the bottom of the earth, but we Cog hold dear a greater vision, a higher truth, and those who foolishly choose to stand idle in our path or impede our imperative progress shall meet their duly ignoble fate.

And so you are tasked with nothing less than our very future. You stand on the front lines of tomorrow, and the whole of the Cog empire rests upon your shoulders. But stand tall, for you carry with you the knowledge of superiority, the might of the imperium, and the conviction of a Cog!