

MYSTERIES OF THE
SIXTH RIFT

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With thanks.

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INTRODUCTION

I first saw the relics in an unmapped place: in the mouth of a shallow cave, under a crag on the other side of our mighty ocean. The dwelling there remains anchorite to this day, save on treacherous occasion visits by the Janesians, as a holy site of the one they called the Changer.

When I sifted through the white sheaf stacked on the bubinga desk, I found myself enthralled by drawings that proved to be Sirens and Calypso both. Image, image, image after image, vision blurring and dripping until I could no longer distinguish my world and theirs. Days must have passed, for I woke starving and weak. Leaving the cave, I recorded what I could remember.

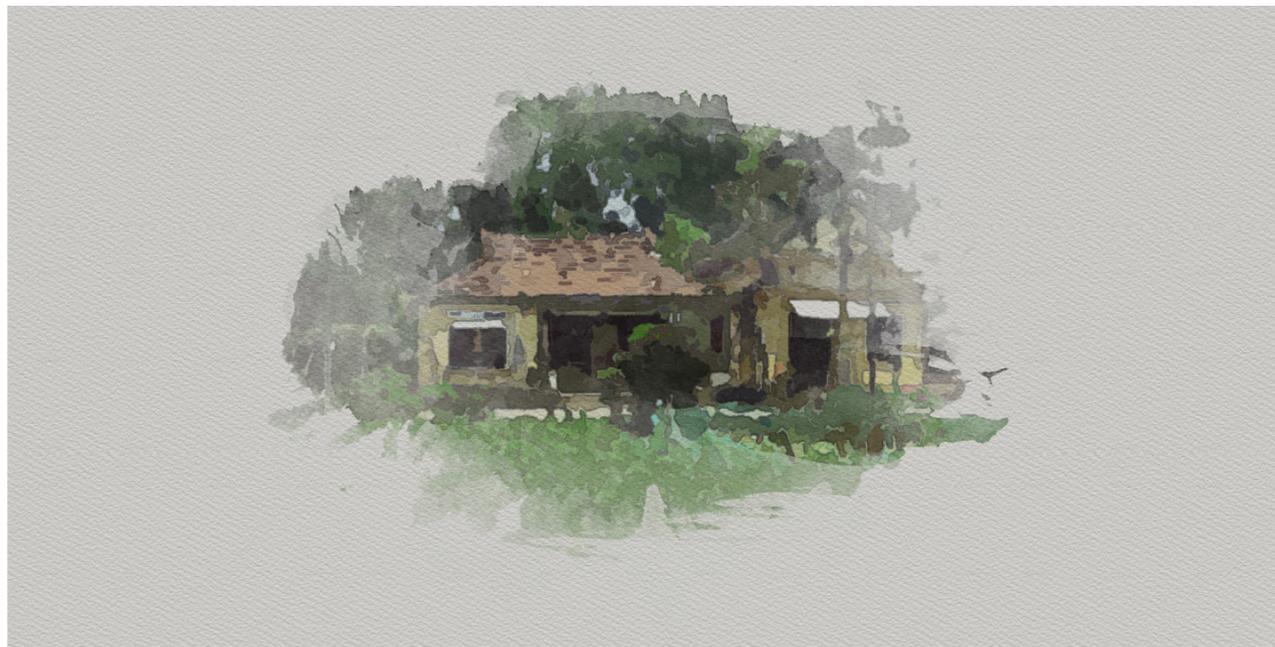
It had been 250 years since the Rebalancing. 190 since any known habitation in the Sixth Rift. When I then set forth, I was the only one.

J. Lechfert



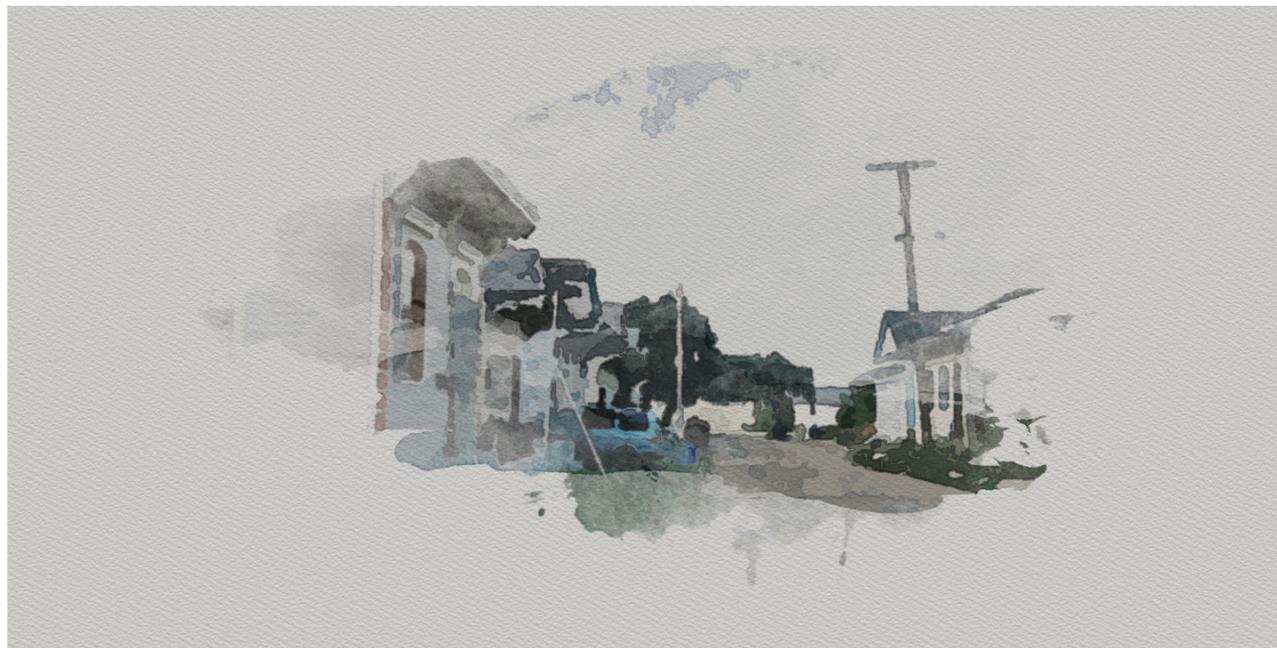
UNINVITED PESTS

When the machines became hulks, she forages and farms.



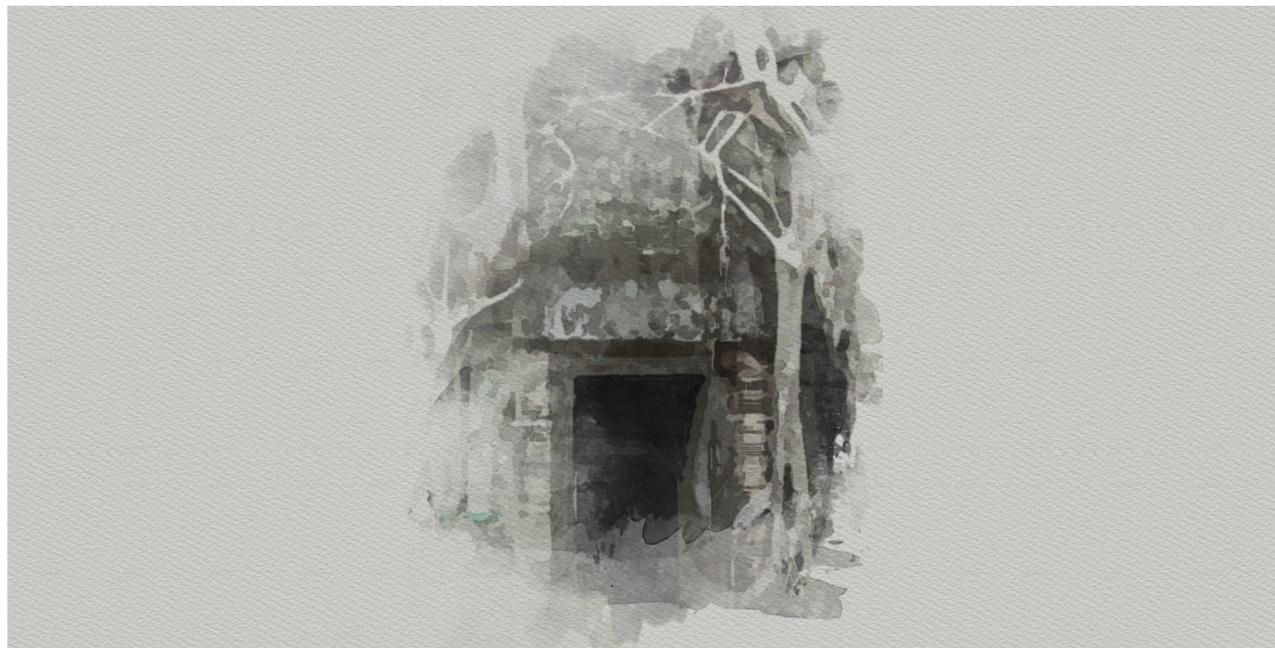
THE THEFT WAS ROUTINE

That's my uncle's peanut farm.



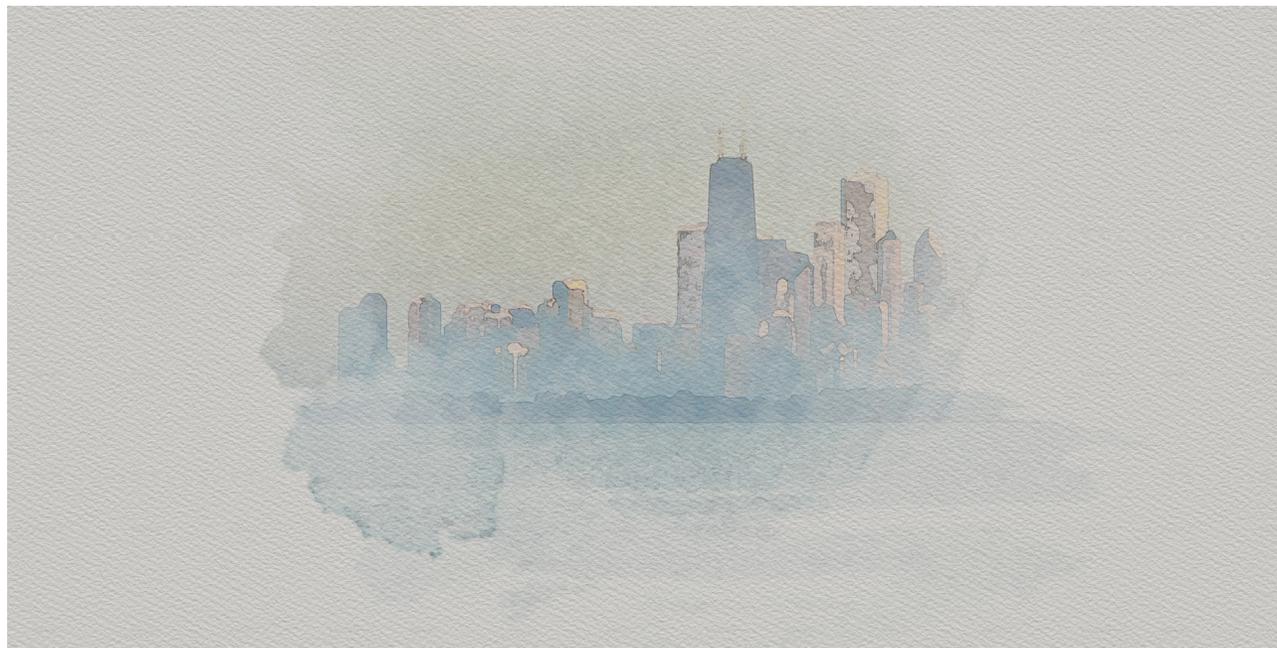
THEN CAME THE LIGHT

The wires moved underground.



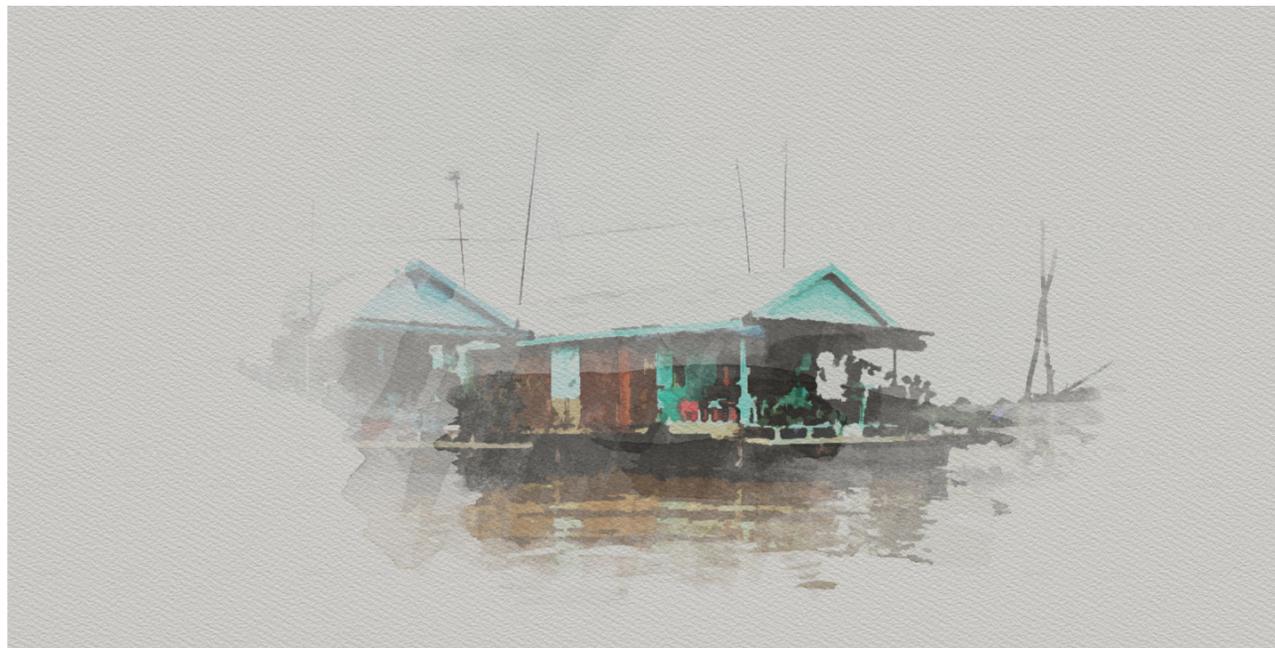
AND THEN SHE SPOKE

A poison had been seeping from the mines.



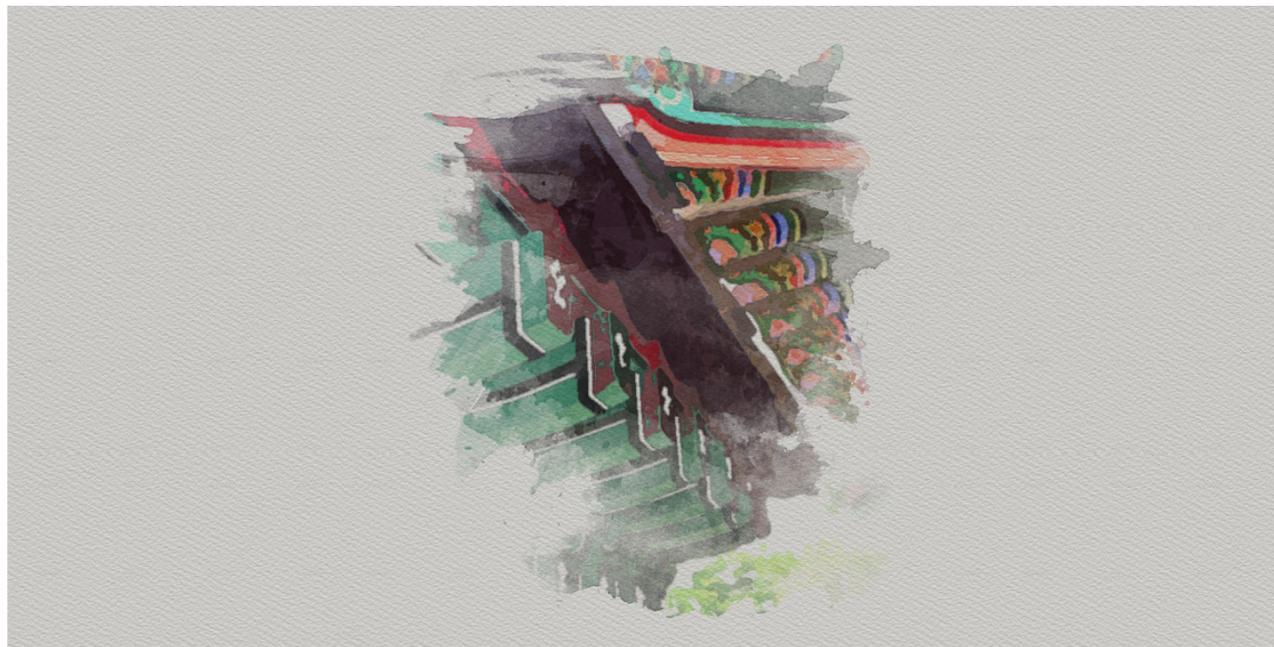
IT SAILED AWAY

The land melted, the grid stayed.



THE SMELL STILL LINGERED

They said daddy was crazy when he put the house on floats.



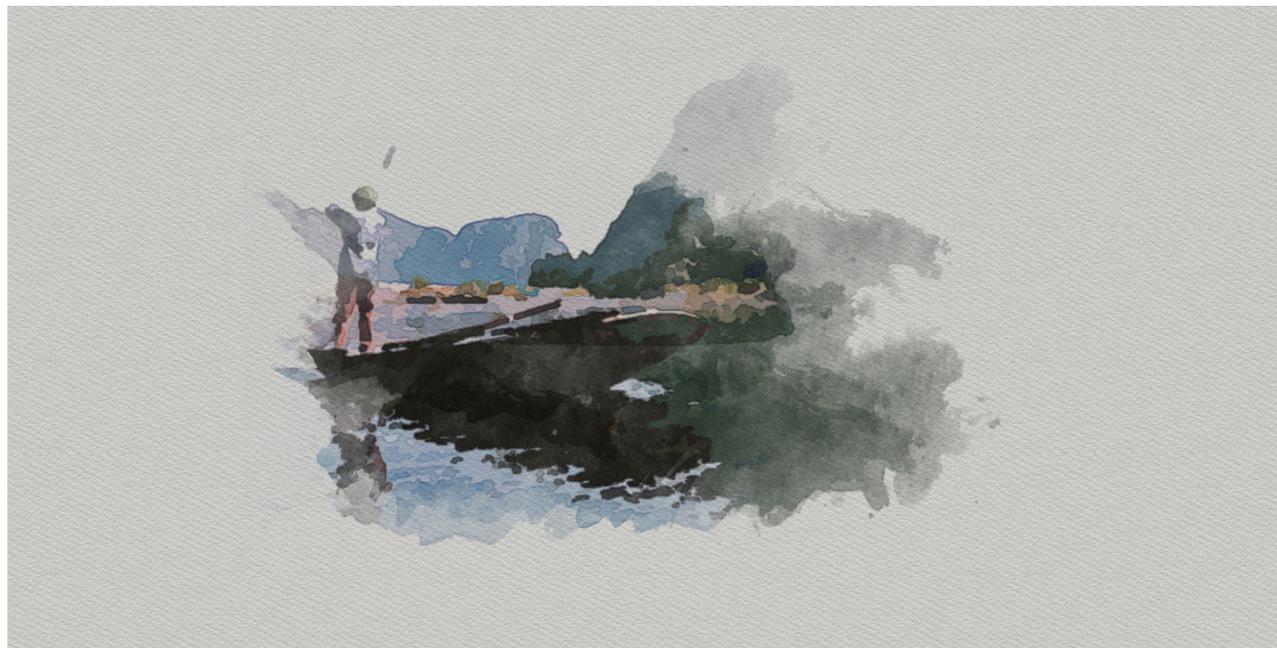
THE RED AND GREEN PROTECT ME

What people remember most about that time was the flashing of colors.



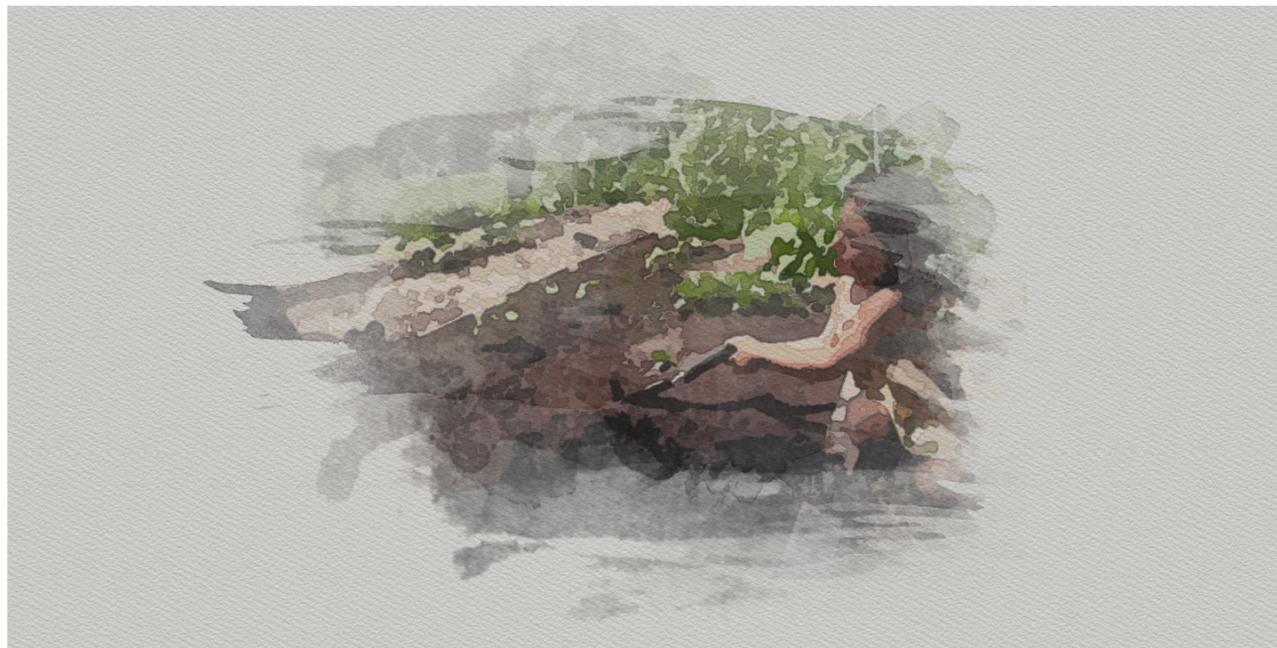
FIRE, OUR SAVIOR

The golden earth gave us bounty. Nothing was wasted.



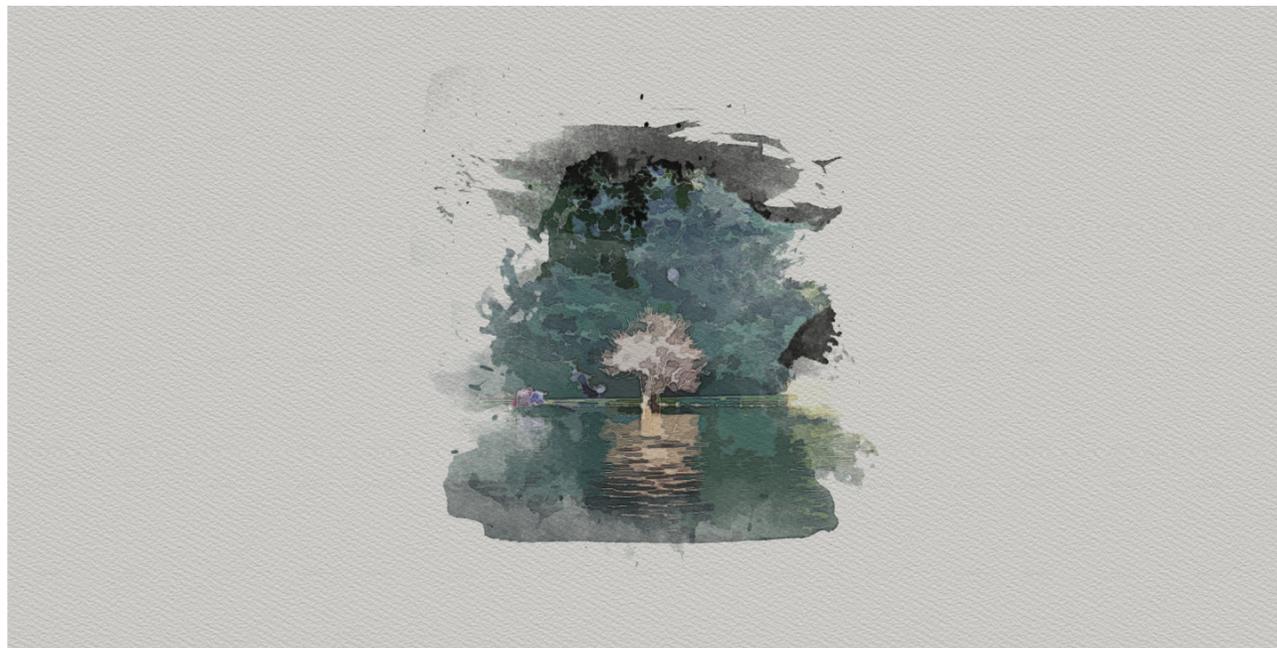
ANOTHER TIME

The last I saw him, he was headed to his mile of the river.



GIRL WONDER

Give me charge of the granaries of the land, and I shall husband them wisely.



THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN

A little voice squeaked, “Is this the one?”

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- 5: When it's gone
- 6: Fear
- 7: Alternatives
- 8: Our history follows us
- 9: Flood
- 10: Float
- 11: Remember the rituals
- 12: Immolation
- 13: Moderation
- 14: Future
- 15: The stories we tell