

Christopher Bowes

# **Excerpts From the Aria Kalsan Compendium**

By Christopher Bowes

Foursided MFNA

Cleveland

# Aria Kalsan Compendium

## **Aria Kalsan Compendium**

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All persons, places, and events in this publication are fictional. The following stories do not depict any actual persons or events. Any similarity to actual persons is coincidental.

“Nothing is as perfect as what could have been...”

## **Part One**

### *The Little Room*

Standing in a room far from a place once called home...

Clicking her fingernails in a nervous rhythm...

Staring at her front door...

Waiting...

The young woman had wanted to go somewhere, but she knew there were few places where a girl like her would be openly welcomed. Instead, she spent her afternoon listlessly dreaming of all the adventurous nights she may one day enjoy—she dreamed of gambling on Blackjack Station and eating wonderful meals in the cafés of Cafardia’s cosmopolitan TerraBases. Her dreams had become so thick that she hadn’t even found the day’s supply of motivation to add the wear and tear of maddened pacing to the thick, exquisite, hand-woven rug her father had ordered for her from Rast Station.

No. Nyke hadn’t found the inspiration to do anything other than getting out of bed.

Her father never allowed trips outside the compound, and so she had nothing else to do.

She had asked her father how so many could survive the city if it was too dangerous for her, but the answers never changed. He cited cases of trampling in pedestrian gridlock, the prominence of unsanitary conditions, and the lack of security. “The air is terrible. You don’t want to go out, Nyke. You should stay and enjoy your time here, for outside offers you nothing.

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I've built you your own Eden here at home, and that is a thing that not many are lucky enough to possess.”

*Sure, Nyke thought again as she remembered her fathers words. My own Eden, where I wait unspoiled.*

Nyke took a deep breath of the sweet air inside her home and exhaled breath she has let loose so many thousands of times before. Despite this recycling, the atmosphere inside her quarters felt fresh and slightly damp, as if rain had fallen under a warm sun. Later, the environment would mimic a summer's breeze. Later still, a cooling chill would descend upon her, adding reality to her *Eden*. All depended on what the weather computer decided was best for her “current experience.”

*It's always the same in here, she thought as she lowered her head, no matter how it changes.*

While the programmers of Nyke's weather machinery had known how to create the perfect climates, they understood nothing of the redundancy of perfection—the lack of the unpredictable.

Nyke's father had hoped these weather changes would add to the comfort of his daughter's life. He had designed everything in her life to hide the stark reality of the “outside” by filling her house with the phantoms of a better time—a better place. The walls of her living room were the lightest hue of blue, trimmed with green on the ceiling and brown around the floor. It had once made her feel like she was standing in a grove of trees, but the effect did nothing for her any more. Not that she often saw her walls, as they were hidden behind an army of possessions and furniture to hold and display these possessions.

Seventeen plants grew in her seven carefully arranged rooms. Some draped down bookcases, while others hung from the ceiling. They were each a lovely treasure.

Nyke stomped her foot, denouncing the pleasures and entertainment that could be enjoyed within her personal kingdom.

She could watch the galaxy's best films, or fill her quarters with encompassing sounds, either musical or natural. She had four rooms devoted to the arts, games, education, and physical wellness. Although these areas contained the best of all things ever created, she wouldn't enter any of them. She even had an entire room devoted to the use of water, and while few in the galaxy could bathe properly, she had an entire pool of water and was expected to spend at least two hours of her time here practicing her hygiene habits.

Her father had manipulated her enjoyment with her preferences, and one by one, her comforts had become unloved.

"Oh..." Nyke protested, stomping with each syllable. "An-y-where..."

She stomped one more time, knowing that no one could hear her anger.

"Not anywhere...just...away from here."

Then, as Nyke stood, doing nothing and becoming nothing more than another decoration in her apartment, her thoughts slowed for the first time since waking.

A mural of Earth had caught her eye above the plush couch she had never sat on.

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“Of all the places,” she whispered. She looked at the painting and then scanned her quarters, trailing her eyes over the light blue ceiling. Nyke scrunched up her shoulders, then let them loosen as her eyes refocused on the painting of Earth.

While the painting captured *beauty*, Nyke could feel nothing but sadness, depression, and a bitter emptiness for being so unsatisfied by what should have been a joyous life. She could do nothing but continue living in her cage, unsure of when or how her relief would arrive—if relief came at all. She knew that the day might come when she would have to live with the son of one of her father’s partners, or would have to endure serving as one of her mother’s “social council” until a man came and took her hand.

Neither possibility calmed her mind.

If Earth’s history hadn’t been destroyed—or hidden by those in power when found—someone like Nyke might have learned of the Inca and how they had kept the Brides of the Kings nestled on mountaintops, high above the rest of the world.

Hidden.

She might have read of the Vestal Virgins, the ones sent to the temple by their parents for *sacrifice*.

Nyke hadn’t learned of these things and had read little of anything concerning real history. Everything in her world focused on the moment, and never on how the moment came to be, or what might come after the moment. She seldom pondered the why of things, as she seldom knew there were things to ponder.

Nyke often wondered about how she had managed to be born in this place—San Bay Rosa—a city of art and peace created in the wake of mankind’s destructive trip through time.

*Earth...*

She had heard that name so many times, and she had often wondered about that place.

Nyke knew Earth had been scavenged and neglected until it could no longer sustain life. Generations full of apathy and indifference ignored the planet before poison gas, diseased water, and a cancerous sunlight washed over the planet’s surface, leaving nothing living behind.

Nyke had been born in space, however, as had others, so life had indeed prevailed. Now humankind populated the heart and every arm of the Milky Way Galaxy, from Hope to Abberon Samsa and beyond.

Her father kept her safe from the Galaxy and the things that could be pondered upon, but now she could think of little else than those places...

*For the full story, please purchase the Aria Kalsan Compendium.*

## Part Two

### *The Lions*

“In every man, even in such as appear most reckless, there is an inherent desire to attain balance.” — Jakob Wassermann. German author (1873-1934).

Upon arriving on the moon, the survivors from Earth established a new order. The rich were no longer the rich; all became equal for a time. All struggled just the same to endure the hardships of a new environment. Then, those in power re-established societies based on greed, selfishness, and exploitation. The desire of wealth and luxury was reborn on the dusty Moon.

These are the descendants of the men and women who left behind the old world—killed it in a way. These are the men and women who feed.

This is the Baronage.

## **Baron Albrecht X**

Martial Status: Single. Three children.

Main Industry: Material Handling

Home Claim: Station DE25.6

Heritage: Alamanz

The Albrecht Barony's intricate web of material handling centers can be found in a total of 6,500 TerraBases, with additional distribution centers appearing weekly throughout the Galaxy. Although growth has slowed recently, storehouses are still often constructed on planets and space stations before the inhabitants even arrive.

While the Albrecht Barony has recently become known as a key distributor of gourmet items, the Barony's status as the undeniable champion of generic product discounting still holds strong. Many say the Baron owes his success to aggressive distribution and to the enforcement of tariffs that force rival Baronage to sell under his label to bypass massive taxation.

The birth of the Albrecht Barony didn't occur until the First Galactic Expansion, when young Baron Dietrich Albrecht II managed to win several contracts to store materials and products for the manufacturing Baronage. He slowly gained materials and stock in trade for his service, then expanded and built his own facilities when his barony could sustain itself.

Baron Albrecht III established his seat of power on the mineral rich worlds of the Alamanz regions. He had hoped his planets would become a powerhouse of production and distribution. Luck proved him a victor, and his wealth and minerals secured his descendants a place in a still unfolding future.

The current ruler, Baron Albrecht X, has managed to remain a partially isolated entity, having no real need to rely on other businesses or sectors of the galaxy. The Baron rarely enters the public, choosing to rule through stealth and intuition instead. His reclusive nature appears to be a side effect of his multi-week abduction several decades ago.

Baron Albrecht lives above the planet Geilag with his brother, Baronet Albrecht, and his Baronial Militia on Space Station DE25.6.

The Baron—who is fond golfing—has a private course on Tigeria Moon. He also has a passion for collecting unique data equipment. One rare relic contains information explaining the synthesis of nutrients and food production—a gift from his dying father.

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### **Baronial Disposition**

Baron Albrecht has led from afar, allowing his people the chance of bringing forth any legal measure or possible law before his council, though no law may take effect without his approval. While the current Baron appoints most heads of government, those granted certain titles may also appoint officers, again, with approval.

The Barony has maintained a peaceful level of existence with the citizens through two Galactic Wars, several system conflicts, and two economic depressions.

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### **Baron Buffet X**

Marital Status: Married. Three children.

Industry: Finance

Home Claim: Hope

Heritage: Kroy

Few in the Baronage can boast like Baron Buffet, who earns more money owning money than perhaps any the in the Milky Way Galaxy. Unlike many baronies that try to find the best, newest way to run their baronies, the Buffet Barony has spent their time honing their ancient, tried and true methods of business.

The Baron has also managed to build one of the largest militaries found in the Galaxy, which has also proved very beneficial for the Barony. Its forces are used for everything from civil policing to TerraBase construction on distant worlds.

While the business lives of the barons have always remained private, the media has extensively examined the personal lives of the barons.

While Baron Buffet X has been a regular in the media for the past decade, the most extravagant of the Buffet Barony public relation campaigns occurred in the Third Dynasty, when the Baroness Buffet VII ordered the construction of a zirconium palace on one of the moon's circling the exclusive planet of San Morayo. The palace constructed for the wedding celebration of her son to the youngest daughter of Baron Murdoch.

*Dowry Castle*—as it is known throughout the galaxy—worked tremendously for public relations of the time, and has since become *the* major attraction for all Elite brides. Weddings are held once yearly on the anniversary of the first ceremony. The cost: a dowry donation must go to the Terra Restorative Fund.

Baron Buffet himself appears to show no interest in the repair of Earth, nor anything concerning Earth. His mind is set fixed on the economic development of his business and the business he has invested in.

The current baron, Baron Varren Buffet X, is a consummate political businessperson. His newest business interest has been even more political—the Baron helped turn action/comedy star, “Onvald Seesiveener’s” into the Mogul of Schwartzen Home in the Kroy System

Baron Buffet adamantly proclaims he aided in the campaign, “Not for myself, nor for the endeavors that I live my life for, but for the sake of the stewardship of the human-species.”

Barron Buffet has profited well from that philosophy, and the stewardship he has claimed over his people.

The Baron also owns a portion of Planet Mari, which became a part of the Barony after the Second Galactic War.

### **Baronial Disposition**

The Buffet Baronial Machine moves with more intent than any other Baronage in the galaxy. Each new business is planned for years and implemented only when the perfect time has arrived. While Baron Buffet controls few physical assets, he has partial control over a very large percentage of non-Baronage properties across the Galaxy.

The people of Hope are ruled with a shadow of social equality—while they elect officials, they have no say in what their officials say, nor any voice in what their officials decide to listen to as the final word, which is most often cold, soft currency.

Most people on Planet Hope work for the financial centers controlled by the Buffet Barony, although Hope has a business rich market for such jobs as policing, schooling, garbage recycling/maintenance, and the few luxury/service jobs. Any person not found aiding Hope’s economy is taken to Mari and forced into mining operations as partial payment for their lack of contribution.

The Buffet Barony has managed to avoid open war through most of their history. This is attributed to their crushing victory against the Kinoshita Barony early in the galactic settlement.

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### Baron Trump VI

Marital Status: Divorced. Four children.

Main Industry: Real Estate

Home Claim: TSL Law Station

Heritage: Kroy

“You’re Trumped,” has become *the* galactic catch-phrase ever since Baron Berlusconi blasted Baron Reginald Trump’s voice off Space Station WK 37. It’s not surprising considering nearly everything Baron Trump touches catches on—from his wild hairstyles to his interesting female companions.

“There’s just no way you can beat me. There’s no way you can *be* me. If you even tried, I’d *Trump* you before you knew it.”

Such public challenges go out often, and in a recent interview conducted by one of Baron Kluge’s media branches, Baron Trump admitted his weak side.

“I often go for the Jugular. I can’t help it. I’m a predator. A real jackrabbit, ready to pounce on anything. And when that happens, I just keep going, and going.” Baron Trump further elaborated, “There was this time—an employee really pissed me off—I had to do it—set an example, you see? I cut off the guy’s insurance, so he’d be worried about his little girl’s medical trouble and work harder to earn my trust and respect.”

One can be sure that Baron Trump gave the man plenty of over-time in efforts of aiding the man in paying for his daughter’s medical bills.

While Baron Trump appears to regret most of his swift judgments, he has learned nothing from his exaggerations.

Frequently, when asked, Baron Trump refers to himself as the ruler of the richest, most populated Barony in his part of the Kroy Sector. When shown tracking reports, he casually defends himself with, “...and where’s the information about *what* I’m building—what I would have, if I had what isn’t yet built?” When speaking about his space station casinos and planet-side business towers, he routinely produces a three-dimensional model and various schematics, stating, “It’ll be the biggest of the biggest.”

Baron Trump has neared the top or been the king of the Galaxy several times, just through name recognition alone. He has the potential to talk a city into creation, and can populate planets just by naming them. Unfortunately, what Baron Trump possesses in ingenuity, he lacks in foresight, often finding himself with too many irons in the fire, and not enough money in the bank.

Most men would have been crushed long ago, but not the “Reg”—he’s risen to fight again each time he’s fallen.

It is believed that Baron Trump maintains a private file of information collected about the population, rulers, and resources of the Galaxy. These files are said to also contain a complete categorization of all information in the Galaxy.

### **Baronial Disposition**

Baron Trump rules with supreme prejudice, and that prejudice dictates that if you aren’t living your life for his, then your life should be terminated—or at least deported.

While such stress would seem like an unwanted thing in a chaotic Galaxy, droves of people wait months and years for a chance to prove themselves in one of Baron Trump’s enterprises. Those who meet his requirements first work as salary-free research collectors and statisticians, and are only given a real chance to climb the ladder after proving themselves by finding a deal of a life-time.

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*For the full list of the Baronage, please purchase the Aria Kalsan Compendium.*

**Part Three**

*The Feeding*

“What is the use of a house, if you haven’t a tolerable planet to put it on?” —  
Thoreau

Upon arriving on the moon, the survivors from Earth established a new order. The rich were no longer the rich; all became equal for a time.

As these settlers expanded and their families grew, new homes were needed, and the settlers once again became pioneers and explorers. They moved into the stars and settled upon the moons, planets, and space stations of the Milky Way Galaxy.

These are the places the survivors call home.

## Milky Way Galaxy Territories



The Milky Way Galaxy has been colonized by different allied baronies and divided by dominant Heritage.

### **Terms:**

**Territory:** extended expanse of space associated with multiple baronies (e.g. Rhosian Territory)

**System:** span of space spreading across one or more baronies (e.g. Sabah System)

**Area:** region within one barony's system containing planets or space stations (e.g. Termalaine Area)

**Sector:** immediate zone of space surrounding a planet or space station (e.g. Mars Sector)

## Planets and Space Stations by Territory

### **Asadia**

A Pu-yo 2338  
Cavver  
Chung  
Da Jie  
Dema  
Dete  
Empire  
Geza  
J-san  
Kois Station  
Minh Station  
Mynz  
Quo-ess  
Red Star  
Si-ma Station  
Tako  
Tan-tai Station  
Usra Major  
Xerxes 10  
Yellow River

### **Auster**

Astrolia  
Csocepi Station  
Despt  
Nasim Clusta  
Nim Cuaso Station  
Qisuj Station

### **Balta**

Acadia  
Darkspace  
Loso  
Packing Station  
Seckeln  
Zvislan

### **Eurysa**

Abberon  
Austra  
Bacchus  
Belium  
Bullwinkle Station  
Burg Station  
Brandenburg  
Cafardia  
Cavana  
Europska  
Knecht  
Laffaire  
Leder (perhaps Balta?)  
Lisjbet Station (perhaps Balta?)  
Luchismo Station  
Molayana Station  
OS IV and E.R.T.  
Panam  
Quaglioni Station  
Samsa  
Station DE25.6  
Tigeria Moon  
Val Station  
Zumwald

**Great Bryttas**

Adelheide d'Laide  
The Ksathra Barony  
Walbrook Station  
Wappster

**Kal Kerishim**

Aphghasia  
Azotus Station  
Bar Gret Saah  
Er Ge  
Knopf  
Omega Kaveh Station  
Sabah  
Sangan

**Kroy**

Beacons Station  
Beaverstation  
Bettgusse  
Blackjack Station  
Centralia  
Esther Station  
Evergreen  
Forrest  
Golden Gate  
Great Blue Crater  
Hope  
The Lone Station  
Maloni  
Mari  
Mars  
Mo-Station

Northstar Station  
Nueb' Yol Space Station  
Old Dominion  
Old Plymouth  
Peach Station  
The Perpetuity Cluster  
The Phoenix Circle  
Pulover Station  
Rawhide Station  
Rubbertown  
Santony Station  
Schwartzes Home  
Sobo Rato Station  
South Nebula Station  
Termalaine  
TSL Law Station  
Viacomstock Station  
Vigara Pilay  
Windy Arches  
Zuckany Station

**Rhosia**

Chuiyibinsk Station  
Kizin Station  
Krisnuiyirsk Station  
Nizhny Nuivguiruid  
Nuivuisibirsk  
Simiri Station  
Rast Station  
Ruistuiiv-ni-Duiny Station  
Rusco Station  
Uimsk Station  
Yuikituirinbyrg Station

## Aria Kalsan Compendium

### **Stela**

Abacui  
Breno Region  
Breilia Station  
Castra Station  
Dantanion  
Deja Rie Ronio  
Don Niral Station  
Drovalas  
Frecie Station  
Gaya Quilu  
Giato Station  
Itovira Station  
Juanixo  
Kilumbayu  
Mali Station  
Meer Ocean Station  
Lica  
Pevu  
Ponce Conic  
Porte di Espania  
Quie Qui Station  
Sonia Breuse Station  
Tagobo Station  
Tonde Movie Station  
Tunap Sanera Station  
Utiqo Station

Zapal Station

### **Terrajin**

He-op Station  
Umusozi  
Zhao

### **Ynde**

Bingil Iury  
Bioficks Station  
Chynnu  
Dilwalas  
Dylhi  
Hydyr Ibid  
Ihmid Ibid  
Indiury Station  
Jupur Station  
Kinpur Station  
Kiulkiti  
Luck Niuw Station  
Mumbu  
Nigpur Station  
Pitni Station  
Puny Station  
Surit Station  
Vidiudiri Station

## Planet List

### **Abberon**

Baroness Von Finck

Heritage: Alamanz

Primary Philosophy: Haelan

Abberon was a world full of diminished culture, fraught with social and personal destruction. The planet itself is unremarkable—its mountains torn to pieces in the vain search for minerals and fuels.

After the turmoil of the First and Second Galactic Wars, Abberon emerged as a planet that sought unification, not war. They moved towards industrialization, mastering the construction of all forms of machinery. Abberonian people then developed the legal skills needed to protect their homes from future wars and the tyrants that crave them.

However, many believe that their laws have become nothing more than a tool of the tyrants, tangling the people of Abberon and their wishes together.

While the Abberonians are known for their accuracy and logic, most of those living on the barren, gray-stone world of Abberon still live their lives searching for what they truly want—their own history.

Abberon is well known for its wine, food, and *Near Jet* variant of the Lexington Class shuttle, which can breach the chasm of the Galaxy more swiftly than any other civilian shuttle.

*For the full list of planets, please purchase the *Aria Kalsan Compendium*.*