

Anno Domini 2000

The world hangs at the edge of a tapestry quickly growing threadbare. For the last half-century, the great powers of earth have strived to uphold an order of peace and consensus.

Not since the closing of the Third European War (Often referred to as the "Third Great War" by men of differing race.) have these powers been set against each other in direct conflict. Rather, do the free nations of the world contrive contest through proxies, and the subjugated nations the same in turn. In stages as far afield as the heart of Africa do the most rapacious of our men and women cross swords with the champions of Salonists, or those poor Kuryans pressed into it by their Jap masters.

And yet it seems this world order, slaked in the blood of countless downtrodden, is soon to come to an end.

Far across the Pacific, do the hungry eyes of the Japanese beget more conquest. Again, and again more often do their Air-Hussars conduct raids against those hapless Chinese not yet under their dominion. With each skirmish our shooting stars find themselves in, another foot is set towards catastrophe.

In Europe, the finest Salonist serfs soar through the night to test the mettle of wild-eyed Germans and their Polish compatriots, always stopping short of bringing upon themselves true retaliation. Ever conscious of the nuclear conflagration that would ensue.

On the homefront, time-honored traditions and mores are quickly being eroded by the twin-flames of recession and political deceit, the memory of the Barstow Affair still fresh in the mind of the nation. With dwindling avenues of betterment available to them, do more of our children gallivant across the globe as filibusters, hoping to find themselves whatever paltry coin, and scraps of glory they can.

And yet others, unsatisfied with their ability to strike down our masters, set their sights upon the most serene and queer of our nation's compacts. For even in the halls of congress, under bellowing bluffs of secession and partisan chest-pounding, are answers to the "Pacifcan Question" whispered in hushed tones. For those men reckon extirpation to be a part of the lifeblood of our great republic, in cruel perversion of the glorious Hell-Wars long since past, do they see demons in their fellow man.

For many, it seems as though the world will unravel in but a few short years.

And yet for others, it is simply the world we live in.

The world of Concrete Whim.