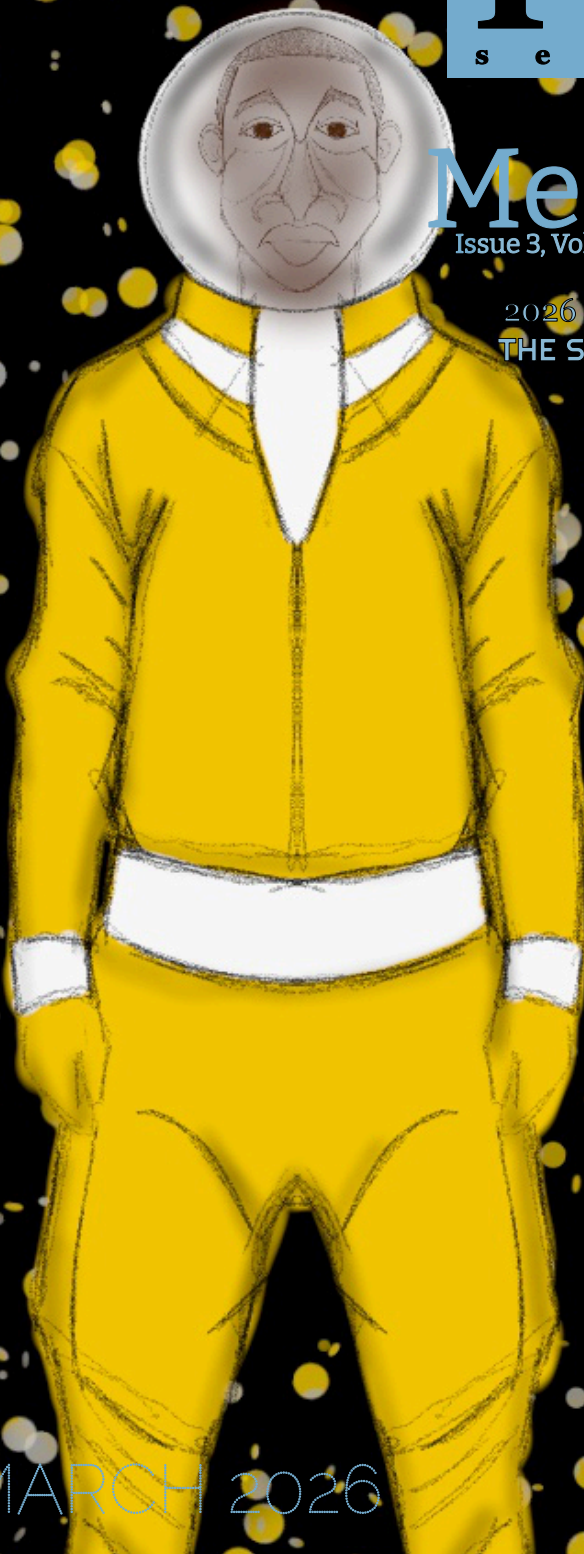


**PRL**  
s e r i a l s

# Meridian

Issue 3, Volume 6, March 31, 2026

2026 Crossover Event  
**THE SECOND UNREST**  
act i



MARCH 2026

The heroes of the PRL Serials battle Une on three fronts! The Fonlands, Node 5; Hyperion, Node 1; and on her home turf, the Une-Verse, Node 3. Things get exciting as the Vodun lead a multiversal team in an epic battle to save all of existence!

\* \* \*

In this issue:

**acε - THE DIVINE ESSENCE - THE DESCENDANT**

# PRL

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## from the editor

Welcome back to Volume 6 as we present the March 2026 Issue that kicks off the 2026 Crossover Event, The Second Unrest. The crossover will likely take us to the end of Volume 6, which means this is the last big crossover of the Fonlands Saga. It's bittersweet to be here after so many volumes in the Fonlands and I can't believe that soon it'll be done. Or, maybe not done done, maybe just dormant. If the Hyperion Epic is any indication, we will be writing the Fonlands for many years to come. But Volume 6 does mark the end of an era, and the Second Unrest has been brewing since [the Dead of Winter](#), the 2022 Interim Shorts period.

The last story of the 2022 Interim Shorts was [Shuffle – Playlist 2 – 5 – Unrest II \(Brandee Younger\)](#), by VIV and it featured a character named Carol who called a Yumbo named Sene her auntie. The story is about Carol's connection to a magical land separate from Earth where the Yumbos dwell. Sene appears at Carol's home to tell her about the arrival of a Fae man in the Land of Yumbos. Carol doesn't travel into adventure with Sene, though, she has attachments and habits that she just can't leave.

This was not the Fonlands as we know it today. The story from 2022 is from the serial Shuffle where PRL Contributors hit shuffle on our massive Shuffle master playlist on Spotify, then write a story inspired by the song that plays. VIV's story is inspired by the Brandee Younger piece called Unrest II that is instrumental jazz, so they had a lot of leeway in the conception of the story and decided to write an Unrest that the main character decided to avoid.

When this story was produced, we were discussing the

narrative to replace the recently completed Hyperion Epic, and I had the idea of black fairies long ago before I attempted actually writing something. I wanted to be thoughtful because I didn't want to just put black characters into the mythologies of cultures that don't traditionally have black people. Not to say that what I described is necessarily problematic, but I was hesitant because it felt like an opportunity to explore African folklore and I wanted to see if there was an African equivalent to European folklore about fairies specifically. I attribute my fascination with fairies to the game Magic, the Gathering because my favorite decks contain fairies of the black and blue variety.

What I discovered in our joint research efforts here in the PRL offices is that there is no African fairy exactly. There are stories from around the continent about little people that are similar to fairies, but none have wings. There are plenty of forest-dwelling creatures who hold secrets of the forest, some are tricksters, some live in termite hills, though they don't conform to the western conception of the Fae. Researching the Fae is interesting and its roots in Irish culture are the most fascinating to me; the Fae have become conflated with the Tuatha Dé Danann of Irish mythology. We had discussed the Fonlands story as a battle between the fairies of Europe versus the fairies of Africa, and Unrest II could have been a way into that conflict, but we pivoted hard once we discovered the Mmoatia, Azizas, and so many other mythological beings. We didn't feel the need to include fairies at all.

We decided to make up the story of the Fonlands in a way that was informed by the countries of origin, but filtered through the reality of the contributors of the PRL. We

are children of the diaspora with genetic ties to Africa, though many of us are just now beginning to discover the literary traditions of the continent; so much of our aesthetic is influenced by western culture. The Mmoatia of the Fonlands Saga are inspired by the mmoatia of Ghanaian folklore, but they resemble the fairies of European folklore with their glorious wings. We want the Fonlands to be a product of all of our influences because we aren't interested in telling authentic Ghanaian or African folklore. We are not Ghanaian, our connection is distant and we want to center that influence, but when I write a character like Tracia, I am inspired by characters like Morgan Le Fey of Arthurian Legend and Tenar of the Earthsea series, complex characters with a long and complex history. But in reading more stories about African characters, I have discovered Anyanwu of Octavia Butler's Patternist series whose characterization definitely informed the poised but always calculating Supreme Mmoatia. We write what we know and as we learn more, the pool of influences increases.

I am nostalgic because we are starting to contemplate the end and to create a satisfying conclusion, we have to remember what brought us to this point. Also, Roy asked me to reconcile the Shuffle story with the current Fonlands, so there you go. It's not the same story we tell now, but it is the start nonetheless. We were nervous to tell stories from cultures that we don't know first hand, but we've approached it with infinite curiosity to hear or read as many stories as we can find, and thanks to the serial format, the retcon is always a viable tool to correct as we learn.

- Wesley Livingston, 03/2026

\* \* \*

# VOLUME 6

## MARCH 2026

# Meridian

## Issue 3 - **THE SECOND UNREST - act i -**

### FEATURES

#### **ACE -15 - THE VODUN HERE AND THERE 3-8**

It has begun. While Issac Washington, the Arcane Wizard keeps Une in his spell, the Vodun spring into action. Jo and Gu man the Smiting Chamber as the central command of the Fonlands' defenses, while Sakpata continues his efforts in the multiversal structure. Agê, Xêvioso, and Fâ storm the Une-verse with a large contingent, hoping to kill thier enemy where she sleeps. But things go very, very wrong.

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#### **THE DIVINE ESSENCE - THE SECOND UNREST - 37 - INSIDE THE ENEMY 9-12**

Following the catastrophe with the Vodun, the many members of their forces find themselves adrift in enemy territory. Pultine is among them, and she held tightly to Alia so she is not alone as she navigates the strange existence of the Une-verse. Pultine is the strongest warrior of many existences, and together with the Hyperion, she is nigh unstoppable, but will that hold true in the new strangeness?

\*\*\*

#### **THE DESCENDANT - 4 - UNE ENRAGED 15-19**

Une is two; Unea, who is tied up at the moment in the aether outside of Aido Hwedo, and Uneb. Uneb was denied an easy victory on Earth of the Hyperion universe, but she is persistent despite the resistance. And that resistance is strong. Kevin Blackmon, the Magician, and Nebuchad Abed, the Earthling Kazi, lead a second effort against a renewed Uneb who has come for her revenge.

\*\*\*

#### **SNAGARUDY - 2 - JOURNEY AND HER DAD 30-31**

Journey's back and she's having a heart to heart with her Daddy.

### SECTIONS

#### 2 FROM THE EDITOR

#### THE VODUN

21 DISC OF JO  
Excerpt from the Manual and Reference of the Fonlands.

22-28 'YOUNG' VODUN  
CHRONICLES - JO'S RIVAL  
Jo and Damballa have a love-hate relationship, but the Luminaries keep the peace.

#### RE-RUNS

13-14 excerpt from ÂMUK - 1  
- THUGGIN'  
Get to know more about the surprise guest at the end of this week's issue of The Divine Essence.

#### PRL ADVERTISEMENTS

20 AMAZING ELROY,  
THE MAGICIAN  
Where it all started. Be sure to check out Kevin Blackmon in The Descendant -4 -

24-25 SMITING  
The favorite past-time of the Fonlands and Universe Prime 5, and coming soon to your corner of the multiversal structure.

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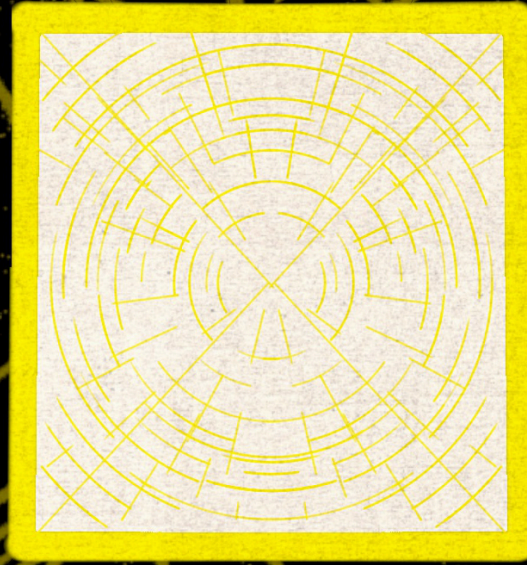
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ACE

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## - THE VODUN HERE AND THERE -

BY ROY CURETON

\*\*\*

In the Smiting Chamber where Jo, Agbe, and Gu have set up shop as the battle against Une commences in the aether outside of Aido Hwedo, Sakpata and his team are chugging on like a machine. They have started work to eliminate the dormant Une in many universes of the structure that she has already conquered and rests inside of to be a vessel for her consciousness in the event other physical vessels became unavailable. Sakpata and his seven work diligently and quietly out of the way as Jo and Gu stomp around the Smiting Chamber barking orders.

"No!" Gu is seemingly yelling at the space before him but he is yelling over a mental link. "The being known as the Queen Rowen has left the Fonlands for the Une-verse with the Vodun, we cannot send her to help with Disc defense. Find someone else, and if they are not of the Fonlands, it's likely they were recruited to travel to the Une-verse."

"Who is asking about the Queen Rowen?" Jo asks.

"Some of the mmoatia on Agê's Disc," Gu grumbles. "Apparently this queen was on Bludon for all of that Daemon mess, before Owuo killed half of them. She has powerful mental abilities that the mmoatia wanted for the fight."

"Does the Disc need her powers for some specific reason?"

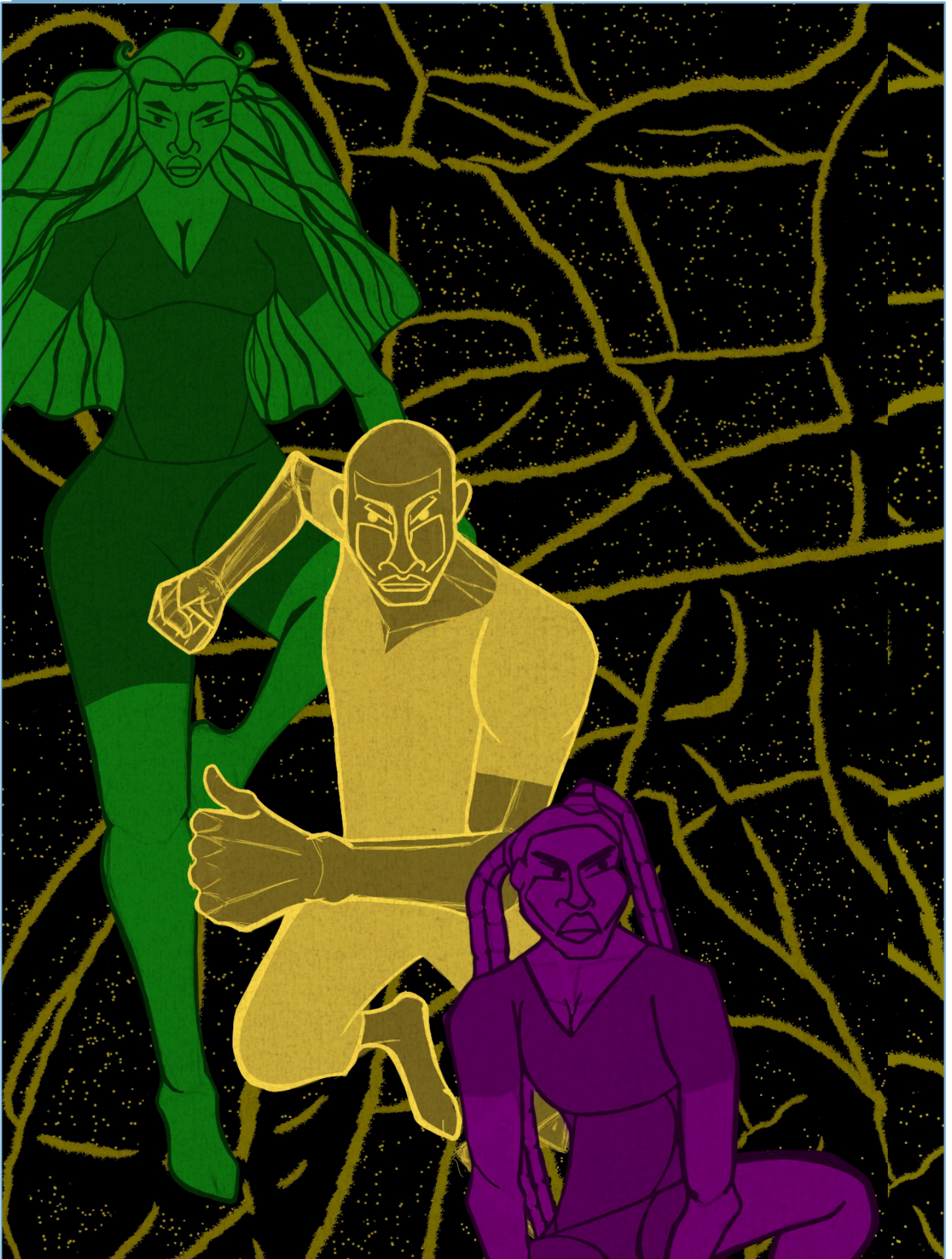
"I'm sure they're fine," Gu says dismissively. "The Disc of Agê is being warded against magic that doesn't originate in the Fonlands, as all of the other Discs are being warded. They will be fine."

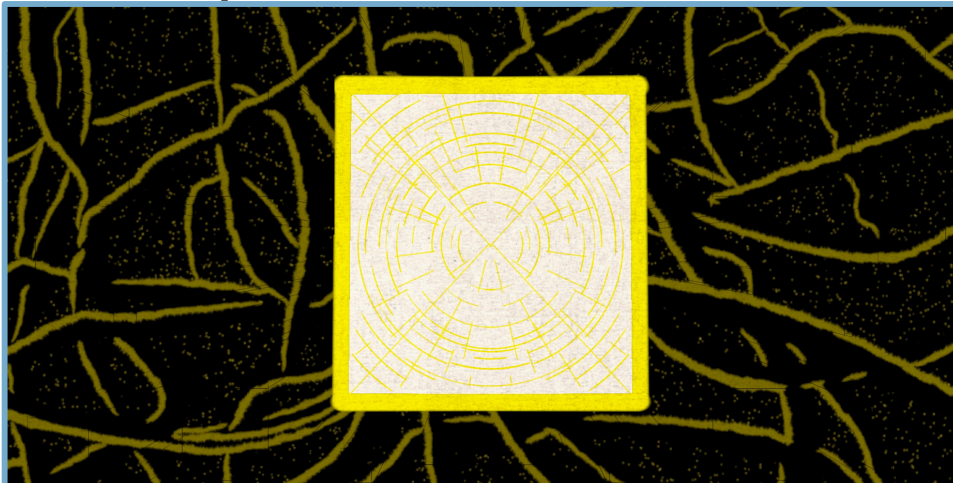
"The Justices that stayed behind are not the best at wards, I saw it over the space of my own Disc before we came. The ward is there like a dome over everything consequential, but it can be maneuvered around and it has the tell-tale glitches of shodily laid arcana that won't stand up to large powers for very long. It is imperative that if Une manages to get through the Arcane Wizard, then Agbe and the outer defenses, the Fonlanders

inside must be ready to defend and not rely on those wards. I have scolded the Justices, but you should contact those mmoatia and make sure that their Disc is ready with defenses to keep the enemy from touching down. I will check on one of the other Discs."

As Jo and Gu managed the defense of the Fonlands, the Arcane Wizard, Issac Washington, is seemingly meditating before the glowing form of their enemy, the entity who is half of Une, known as Unea. His legs are crossed and the tails of his long jacket waft on the currents of his yellow-gold aspect that is a manifestation of his magic. He has Unea locked in space while the Fonlanders finalize their preparations.

Agbe doesn't just coordinate the Fonlanders of her Disc in the aether around Aido Hwedo, she oversees the revolution of the cosmic bodies from Jo's Disc that rotate around the ocean that beings from her Disc add themselves to when they travel to the aether. She has helped to





large mass of the tendrils and the blast frees the cube long enough for it to smash into a planet.

The complexities of a spell like the one that Xêvioso cast to create the cube that allowed for safe conveyance through the Une-verse are impossible to parse here, but imagine an elaborate house of cards made up of so many individual cards that depend on the cards around them to remain stable. Imagine this house of card constructed of arcane spells where each card is a spell, and when this impressive construction is smashed as it was against the planet, it didn't just break apart physically, it broke apart and released the arcane energies of the spells that caused many arcane reactions to the inhabitants of the cube, leaving them all scattered across the Une-verse.

It is a disaster to Xêvioso as he appears in a quiet corner of the Une-verse where there are still rocks floating the nothing of space that aren't draped in the mycelium of Une, and the large body of Xêvioso in his battle attire that consists of white pants and tunic shirt that are wrapped with yellow cloth around his waist, from his ankle up to his shins, and his hands not including his fingers up to the elbow, lands on one of the large asteroids. He isn't hurt, but he is disoriented, he is not sure which way is up because he had been spinning chaotically in the void for a while before he stopped on the rock, but he isn't sure if he is on top of it or on the underside of it and it doesn't help that the asteroid is spinning in

speed up the process of the construction of the iron barrier that Fonlanders from the Disc of Gu build and they are more than halfway done, expected to be completed shortly and with the wards of Agbe that utilities her force magic to repel unwanted guests.

The Fonlands is well defended, but will it be attacked before it can launch its own offensive?

\* \* \*

*Meanwhile, in the Une-verse...*

Fâ is looking at Maria skeptically, though Agê and Xêvioso listen to her earnestly. They are on a shifting plane from the Disc of Lêgba that had been converted into a cube to transport the enormous force to the Une-verse. After a long journey, during which the Vodun and their forces used mental connections to familiarize themselves with the gathered powers and to devise tactics against their enemy, they arrived to the Une-verse that was strange space filled with long tendrils of Une's mycelium stretching across the vastness of space. Maria is Wazad the Transverse and Jo had told the Vodun to bring Maria on this mission because of her mantle.

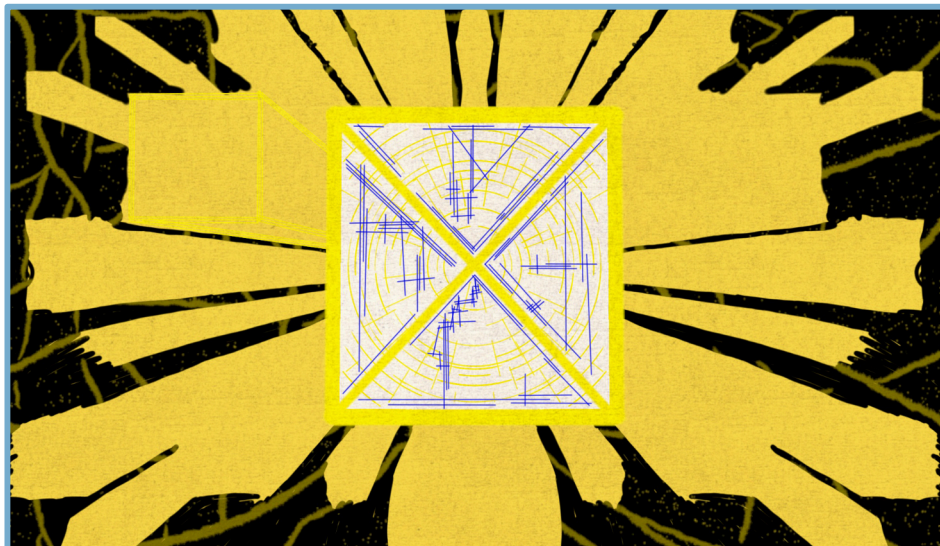
"If you can do what you say," Fâ says, "very good for us, we could definitely use your vantage of this realm against all of this detritus, but I doubt your claim that you are capable of this."

"Why?" Agê asks Fâ. "Oh, you are not familiar with the Wazad, I presume."

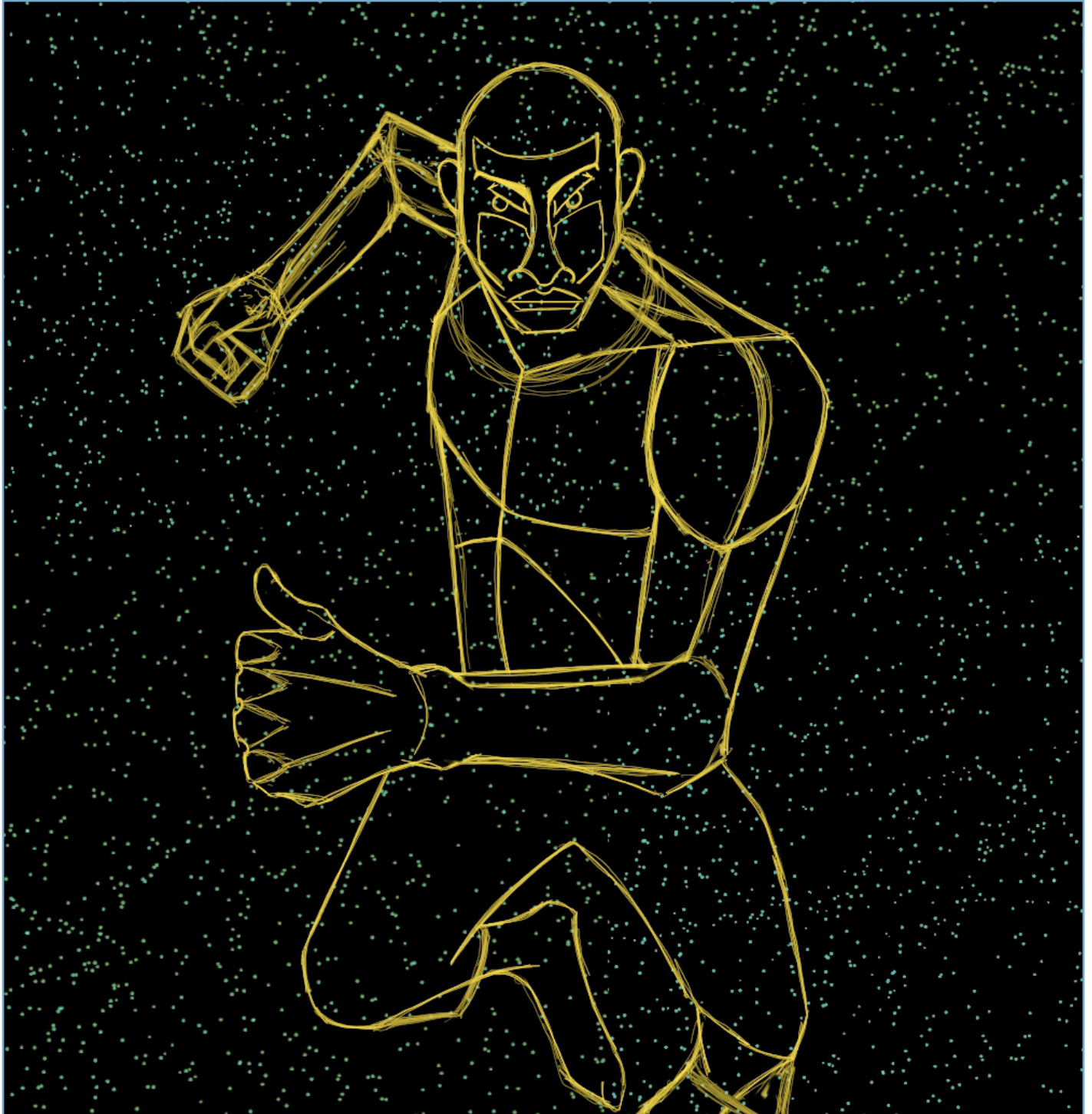
"All I see is an Earther," Fâ says, "and you are right that I do not know what this Wazad is, but I have never heard of a Fonlander capable of what she claims, why should I believe that an Earther can?"

"Because she is wrapped in the pattern," Xêvioso says and he smiles at Maria. "You are brave and we are thankful for your efforts. Take whomever you need and be in constant communication..."

Before Xêvioso can complete his thought, the cube begins to shake and it is such a surprise that it takes a moment for Xêvioso to regain his composure to see what has caused the disturbance. It is Une, her tendrils have been wrapping the cube and now they are trying to take control of it completely. Xêvioso yells an incantation that shoots energy at a



Xêvioso's Cube, shattered



space.

He regains enough of himself to float away from the asteroid and he realizes that he is upside down. He fixes himself, then focuses on his sisters, sending out mental calls to them both. Only Fâ answers.

“The cube is impenetrable!” Fâ responds to Xevioso’s call using a voice to mock him. “The last thing

we have to worry about is the cube!’ Turns out, it was the biggest liability. Where is everyone!” Fâ is angry and not processing this well at all.

“The pieces of my spell are spacial in nature, I was holding us separate from this realm with them, but during that altercation, the bonds I used snapped and the spacial spells became divorced from the higher commands of the more complex construction...”

“I am trying to keep from yelling right now,” Fâ interrupts angrily, “so you need to stop explaining pattern magic constructions to me and figure out how we recover the billions of lives that we brought here to apparently be killed by a freak accident.”

“We have considerable numbers, but billions is an exaggeration...”

“Are you ok, Xêvioso?” Fa interrupts again, but with concern. “This is no time to be babbling. Where is Agê? She is not responding to my attempts to communicate. I can sense many of my sentries are still alive, but they are far from me, and Une is even further from my current position. Where are you, Xêvioso?”

“I am not close enough to you to be able to discern your location relative to mine. I can feel the executioners, they are scattered like your sentries. I can sense many of our forces, and I know that I am close to the location of Une. I feel like I have to travel up, even though I don’t see much in that direction.”

“Une knows that we are here,” Fâ says. “We have to regroup before she starts attacking, her Pito must be here. And maybe her tendrils are slow to detect us, but they seemingly can. What do we do?”

“You need to find Agê. It is concerning that she has not gotten in touch with us. I will begin the process of getting everyone together. I will gather who I sense closest to me and establish a base where I am. I only see tendrils very far away and there is nothing here wrapped in her. I will have the executioners gather others and have them rendezvous here. My mental connection is strongest with them and I can communicate the location even at this long distance. I am sending my location to you. Find Agê as fast as you can and meet me here. If I am not here when you arrive, wait for me. We won’t lose anyone before we launch our attack.”

“Well said,” Fâ compliments and then she is off into the expanse of this realm that is crowded with tendrils.

Xêvioso is sure that the pattern brought him to the best place for their forces to launch their attack. He wonders if this space where he finds himself is a complete blindspot for Une, but he can’t see the actual Une, he can sense that he is much closer to her than he had been and he could arrive to her by just flying up for a while. Then Wazad the

Transverse appears and confirms his theory. Mulweri is with her. Maria had traveled the entirety of the Uneverse, and Mulweri had located Xêvioso so that they could deliver their assessment.

“Une is an organism that is as large as this universe,” Maria explains. She is in her white skirt with golden accents that matches Xevioso’s attire. Mulweri wears his white armor. “After the cube scattered us, Mulweri found me and we did the survey of this existence. The source of her is a ball of those tendrils that is twice the size of Earth and her tendrils extend from this ball in every direction. Mulweri was able to get up close to her, he’s fast enough to avoid detection by something so big.”

“And for something that is essentially sleeping,” Mulweri explains. He is a 4Warrior of the Fonlands, of the Disc of Jo and known as a Tinyeleti Warrior, the ninjas of the Fonlands, invisible assassins and agents who generally serve at the behest of the Vodun Jo. Mulweri moves at super speed and it helps him to maintain his invisibility when he doesn’t want to be seen. “Une is not conscious and it seems like all of the beings that we know as the Pito are set to an autofunction, they are automatons. I even interacted with them in real time and they didn’t seem capable of detecting me, they just continued whatever things they were doing. The planet that is Une’s being is wrapped with her tendrils. I was small enough to run into her interior and I only risked it because it was clear that I couldn’t wake her, and there is a core that is the source of her. I will call it a heart to convey what seemed to be this source, and I did not approach this heart too closely for fear that I might wake her. But from everything we have seen with those tendrils, nothing we do to them causes permanent damage to this heart and those tendrils can be regenerated seemingly without end. We have to get inside of this planet which is located directly above us. Very good call on the location, Vodun, because we are in a section of the Une-verse that is untouched by her simply by

chance. It is clear that there was never any life here that Une sensed to send her tendrils to and now that her realm-wide form is set, it will take her too much time to bring tendrils here, too much meaning we would see it well in advance and be able to retreat with no problems.”

Xêvioso is pleased with Mulweri’s assessment and he bows to the Tinyeleti Warrior.

“From the greater vantage,” Maria continues, “I think there is a point where we can strike that may cause all of her tendrils to fall away and expose her core. Mulweri’s assessment confirms multiple strands of tendrils wrapping a central chamber that contains the original Earth and her heart, so if we can slice along her meridian fast enough, we can expose her long enough to maybe end her.”

“The two of you are impressive,” Xêvioso says. Wazad and Mulweri are excellent at what they do and they are only two of the very large number of beings that they brought to face Une. The Vodun is feeling very good about their chances even with the set back of everyone being scattered. “What is the state of our forces after our transportation was disrupted? Are there any beings in immediate danger?”

“Not that we witnessed,” Mulweri answers. “The Pito and the Ascendant are not attacking as I explained, and I think that individually, we are too small to be detected by the tendrils.”

“Then gathering together all in one place may not be a good idea,” Xêvioso muses aloud.

“We should establish bases all around the meridian of Une,” Maria suggests. “Mulweri and I can find more of Une’s blindspots that coordinate to the meridian and as we regroup, we can lead them to those places. Once everyone is in place, maybe we can strike to expose her.”

Xêvioso is very pleased. “Let’s get started.”

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THE SECOND UNREST - act i -

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MAR 2026  
37

*The Divine  
Essence*



## - INSIDE THE ENEMY -

BY VIV

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It seemed like little time had passed before the large party traveling with the Vodun to the home of Une arrived in the Une-verse. They were on one of the shifting planes of the Disc of Lègba that Xêvioso had modified to form an impenetrable cube around Agê, Xêvioso, and Fâ's forces and it moved through the nothingness outside of everything with the aid of Xêvioso who was well versed in the arcana it required to accomplish the gargantuan feat.

The Vodun had shared their information about the state of the Une-Verse with everyone that accompanied them, and they had all used a mindlink facilitated by Agê that allowed them to strategize against their foe. They entered a spacetime that was draped in impossibly long mycelium, grown over for so long that everything, except the stars, was wrapped in tendrils. As the large cube moved through the Une-Verse, the forces from the Fonlands watched in awe as they passed through twilight space with masses of furry tendril hanging

across impossible distances.

"This is unbelievable," Pultine says to Alia and Maria, the Hyperion and the Transverse respectively, as they stand on the shifting plane watching the scenery through the Vodun's protection. "We burned Une out of Talj, but she hadn't conquered the entirety of that existence the way she permeates this one."

"It feels really big," Alia says with her eyes wide and chin up. "All of that is Une," she says with a shiver.

"Mulweri and I need to scout this existence," Maria says. She is not looking out at the view. "It's the only way that we will discover Une's weak points, or the quickest way."

"You can't even look at it, Wazad, how are you going to scout it?" Pultine asks Maria and the two stare tensely at one another. "This is not the time for meekness, you are Wazad the Transverse and you are here to do one thing and to do it very

well. Look at the enemy, Wazad! See it and size it up for the horror that it is. A being of ravenous hunger that spans the entirety of a realm. Look at it."

Maria is angry, but she does as Pultine says. She hadn't looked since they arrived, and when she lays eyes on it, she seems to tremble and tears drop slowly from her eyes.

"It is horror beyond our comprehension that we face," Pultine continues and Alia listens carefully even though she is talking to Maria. "But you will see it for what it is, that is what you trained for right?" Maria nods. "Do not allow your fear to diminish your power. If we are to die here, then that will happen, but I will not leave this existence unless this thing is coming with me. We are all here with that goal."

Maria nods again and Pultine watches as she pushes her way through the crowds of Fonlanders and beings from other realms to find the Vodun Agê,

Xêvioso, and Fâ.

“You hyped her up,” Alia says to Pultine and they both watch Maria in the distance. “What is she doing?”

“I imagine that she is ready to go out and scout.”

“Is this all happening really fast to you?” Alia asks. “I feel like we were just in Talj and now we’re going to face Une. I’m ready for this to start though, it’s the waiting that kills me.”

Pultine agrees and then Tracia catches her attention from a distance. She is with Maxx among a group of beings from another universe, humanoid creatures with rabbit ears, and she motions for Pultine to come to her. Just as Pultine and Alia begin to walk in Tracia’s direction, the cube that conveys them safely through the Une-verse begins to jerk violently and everyone inside is tossed around in the commotion. The tendrils of Une had been slowly wrapping the cube since they appeared in the universe and finally, it begins to spin the cube in tendrils to wrap it up completely. In the commotion, Xêvioso launches an attack at the tendrils that frees the cube, but sends it careening into a nearby mass of tendrils that drape what had been a planet. The collision causes the cube to shatter in an explosion of lights, lightning, and arcana, and the forces of the Vodun are scattered across the Une-verse in the commotion.

Pultine does not close her eyes when the cube shatters. She reaches for Alia’s hand and grabs it tightly as the gravity around them begins to swirl and the magnificent yellow-gold magic of Xêvioso explodes in sparks all around them. She is trying to reach Tracia who she spots at a distance in the commotion of bodies jumbling and arcana sparking, but there is an explosion of golden yellow energy near her and when the light subsides, she is still holding Alia’s hand tightly.

“Where are we?” Alia asks and the two stare at one another with panic as they float in unfamiliar

space. The large, thick tendrils loom all around them and there is no other life around them. Alia has engaged her Hyperion form, when the light inside of her glows brightly and her body is a form of light, to survive the void, though this is Alia’s instinct. The void of the space of the Une-verse is not exactly a void anymore. It is a breathable atmosphere created by the plants that grow within the tangled strands that make up the tendrils, which is good news for the members of the Vodun’s forces who require oxygen.

“We were all scattered,” Pultine says, “all around this realm. It’s disorienting, I can’t quite use my abilities to locate anyone mentally.”

“Yeah, I feel dizzy,” Alia says. “I need to rest on something and get my bearings.”

They find a floating rock to sit, observing their surroundings carefully as they move through space.

“I can’t believe that this is how it’s going,” Alia says. “I didn’t know what to expect, of course, but I didn’t anticipate this. She knows we’re here? She must have split us up on purpose.”

“I think what happened to the cube was an accident, I don’t think those tendrils knew what they were grabbing, they probably just detected us because of the size. This is a set back we have to navigate around to launch our attack. The smart thing to do is to find the Vodun, and my connection to Agê is stronger than yours to Xêvioso, so we will look for her.”

“How is your mind? Do you feel her?” Alia asks Pultine gently. She can tell by the way Pultine talks that she is very nervous and unprepared for this reality where she can’t easily communicate with the Vodun.

Pultine can’t even feel Tracia, her sister and closest confidant. Pultine doesn’t feel like herself at all since the strange jump after the crash and she wonders if she can bring the light to her hands in the

way that she is used to. She lifts a hand and she attempts to make it ignite with her light, but there is only a flicker and then nothing. She looks at Alia who loses her Hyperion form at that moment and looks at Pultine with concern.

“Did you just lose yours too?” Pultine asks. Her hard exterior has shattered completely and she looks lost with her hand still up and grasping for the powers that she is used to.

“No, I just powered down,” Alia says gently and she puts an arm over Alia’s shoulder and hugs her close. “It’s ok.”

Pultine has never experienced this sensation in all of her long existence. She can feel her Third Heart generating Divine Essence, but for whatever reason, it is only enough to keep her alive, not the bountiful amount that fueled her arcane feats. She is weak, maybe, tired. And she doesn’t know if her Third Heart will ever produce Divine Essence at the level that she is used to. She explains this to Alia through tears.

“You’ve taught me a lot about healing,” Alia says, hugging Pultine close as they slowly float on the small asteroid through the Une-verse. “And it seems that we have a lot of time for me to practice. Let me do what I can.”

Alia changes to her Hyperion form with an arm wrapped around Pultine. The large black wings at Pultine’s back sag, she doesn’t have the ability to retract them in her current state. Alia uses her free hand to enact healing formations that form as patterns in space around her hand, and she chants incantations that cause her light form to bleed into Pultine’s body where their bodies connect. They float this way for a long while, before they receive a mental message that seems to emanate from a specific point.

“If you can hear and comprehend this message, you are in the party of the Vodun. Follow this message to the source to rendezvous

with your teammates.”

“That’s a relief,” Alia says and smiles at Pultine who has regained much of her strength, though she is not fully healed. “Do you think we can trust it?”

“I recognize the voice,” Pultine smiles. “The Queen Rowen of Oin, she was helping Maxx before I went to Bludon. I think that we can trust it.”

Alia responds to the mental beacon, but doesn’t receive a response.

“It’s not a real mind,” Alia says with confusion, “not one I can connect to.”

“Maybe the Queen is only broadcasting, not receiving replies,” Pultine offers. She wants to feel what Alia feels when she tries to connect to the source of the message, but her mental abilities have not been fully restored. “Can we follow it?”

Alia nods and extends a hand in front of her, expelling light energy with significant force to push her and Pultine, and the asteroid where they sit, back in the direction of the source of the message. They move slowly, navigating the tendrils that crowd space around them, and eventually they arrive at the source of the mental beacon. They are both shocked from their seated position, then fly toward a large planet that is not draped in tendrils. They land on the rocky surface and are greeted enthusiastically by the Queen Rowen in a suit that matches Alia and Pultine’s battle armor that resembles a spacesuit but in the color of the Vodun to which they are aligned.

“Oh, thank the Center,” the Queen Rowen says and she watches Pultine and Alia descend on the rocky surface where there is a glowing yellow light that the Queen has tried to obscure. “I ran into Maxx after the cube exploded, but he’s stuck like a statue and I can’t stop the glow of his powers. I’m glad that I found him first, the beacon of light that he cast into space is liable to get us discovered by Une, even if it

doesn’t seem she can detect things our size at the moment. He is stashed amidst the rocks while I try to restore him. I am having success but it is slow.”

Pultine and Alia follow the Queen Rowen through the rocky terrain to what appears to be caves where Maxx is glowing and he is as still as a statue with the Blight Maker secured to his shell.

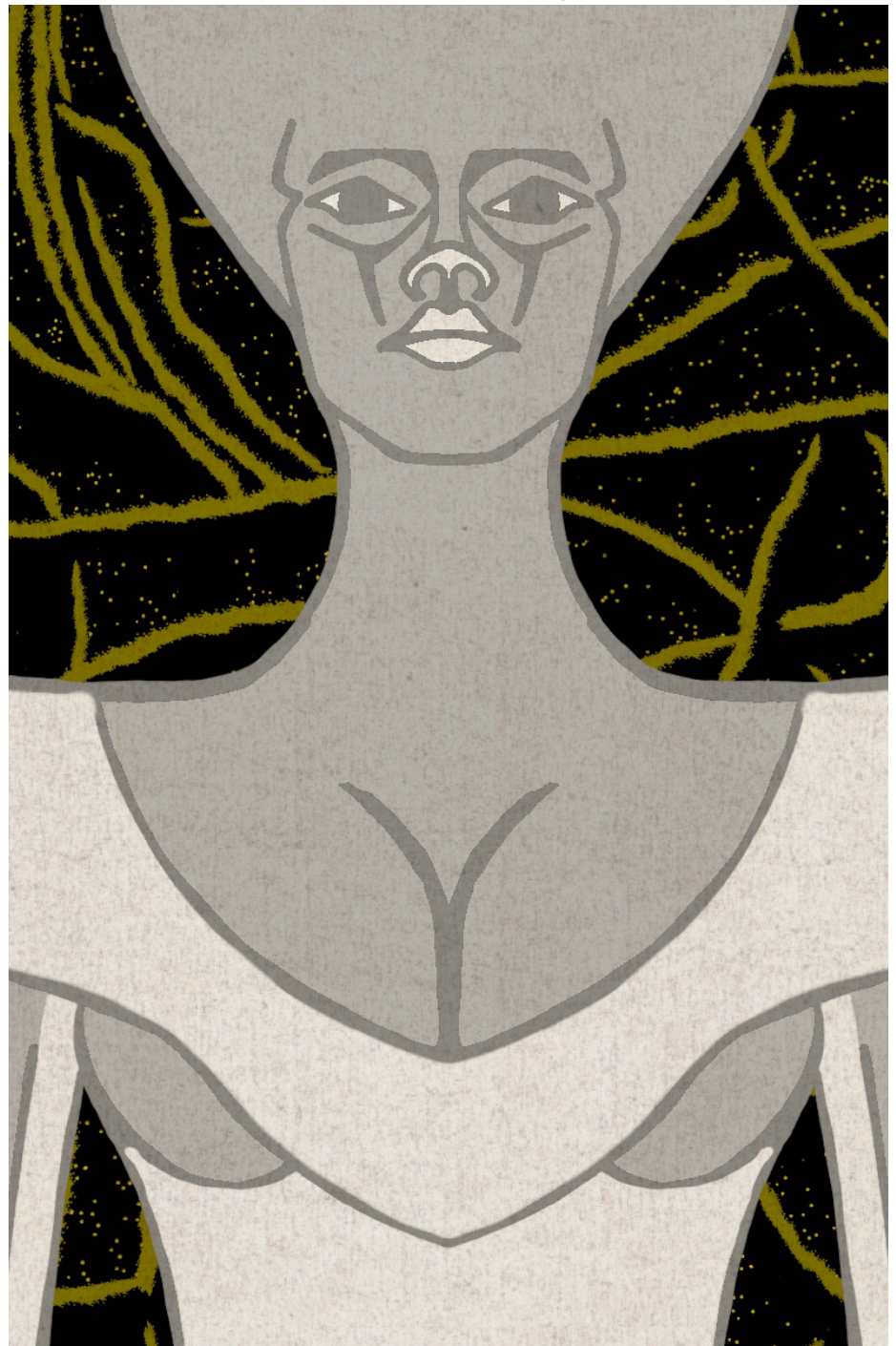
“I’m not sure what’s happening to him, but maybe you can

help?” the Queen Rowen says, subsuming panic at everything that has transpired. “I sense the Vodun Fâ nearby. Once we get Maxx moving, we should head her way.”

Pultine, Alia and the Queen Rowen all stare at Maxx in the purple-tinted yellow glow of his power.

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The Queen Rowen, monarch of Oin



from  
**ÂMLIK**

- 1 - Thuggin'

by Roy Cureton

*Pultine and Alia just found the Queen Rowen in the Universe following the explosion of Xévioso's cube. Who is the Queen Rowen? She's the monarch of the planet Oin in universe Prime 5, and she's a good friend of Maxx, the Superguardian. This excerpt takes place before Maxx traveled to the Fonlands and showcases his bond with the Queen.*

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“**H**urry up! The game about to start!” Maxx is in a dark room, the yellow glow of the Super Consciousness lights one of his fingers and in the yellow form of his finger, there are veins of purple that are skinny and jagged. The face of a blu whose features seem to sag glows in the yellow light, his face just inches from the finger. The blu opens his mouth and begins to suck on the glowing finger and the veins of purple begin to spread from his mouth and across his face, down his neck and into his shell.

“That’s enough,” Maxx growls and pushes the blu away from his finger. The blu’s eyes are swimming in his head and he falls away from Maxx and into the wall behind him with little resistance. Maxx opens the door of the room and light floods in, showing the room as closet size.

The blu that had sucked his finger is on the floor of the closet and his eyes swim in the sockets. He has a distant look on his face as the purple veins that snake from his mouth throb slightly, and the thickness of the veins decreased with

each throb. After a few minutes, the purple veins are gone completely and the blu staggers out of the closet and into the party that fills most of the shoddy home that is packed with blues who are mostly having a good time.

Maxx has shoved his way through the crowd and finds the Smiting table toward the back of the house. The room is large and it is mostly packed with spectators, but there’s enough room for Maxx to make his way to the head of the table where three other players are already seated. When he sits, a blu who looks too young for the adult party raging around them, whispers into Maxx’s ear and he grabs Maxx’s hand in his own, discreetly passing money. Maxx nods at the young blu who disappears into the crowd, bobbing his head to the loud music that fills the space. Maxx counts the paper money with his own face on it and smiles across the table at the Queen Rowen Dar who looks disappointed in him.

The Queen Rowen is the leader of the planet Oin. She is beautiful with her big, bald, bulbous head and the gray pigmentation of her skin that can darken or brighten depending on her mood; she is resisting the lightening of her complexion because Maxx knows she lightens when she is nervous. She is Ointite and she and her security detail stand out in the raucous party, though most of them are enjoying themselves. They have sworn to protect the Queen with their lives, but they know that the Queen is safer in the presence of Maxx than most any place else.

“This is how you spend time on Bludon?” she calls loudly to him.

“It’s the only way to spend

time on Bludon,” Maxx says and turns his attention to the two blu who sit at the table with them. They are both wealthy, the female to Maxx’s right owns the company that produced a lot of the music that the Bludonians at the party are enjoying, and the other female sitting across from her owns a very successful restaurant chain that exists all over Bludon.

“Y’all ready?” Maxx asks the female blues who smile at each other, then at the Queen and Maxx.

“If you are confident that the Queen of Oin knows the Smites rules and you’re willing to bet so much on your teamup, then who are we to hold things up?” Ijapa, the restaurant owner asks with a laugh. “No disrespect to your highness, of course. It is just strange to see a dignitary such as yourself among us, the lowly vagabond class of Bludon. But that is the pleasure of doing business with the Superguardian. Isn’t that right, Beku?”

“A Bludonian leader if there ever was one,” Beku says. “A role model to every Blu, and a diplomat for every world.” Beku raises a fancy goblet made of glass from the table and lifts it as she shouts, “The only Guardian we will ever need!”

Cheers go up from all of the blues who hear Beku. Many in attendance are intoxicated by the various alcoholic beverages and other intoxicants, and they all seem to be having the time of their lives.

“I am a Queen,” Rowen Dar says and smiles at Ijapa and then at Beku, “which means I don’t tolerate losing. Smites is my preferred version of Smiting. Are you sure that you are prepared for this royal

reprimand?" The Queen cracks her knuckles, then her neck, then reaches into the fancy purple robes she wears to produce her deck of Smiting.

"I'm ready," the Queen says, looking at Maxx. "Let's show them what a team of All Stars is capable of. That is, unless you have more illicit business to tend to."

"They want to lean," Maxx says with a smile. "I am their leader because I have what they want and I am not stingy."

"Expensive," Beku says and then she and Ijapa laugh. "Just a joke, Superguardian. Don't get mad and raise your prices. The other Guardians don't share like you do and we can only experience the lean through you all."

"I don't know how you Guardians do it!" Ijapa says. "Fighting Daemon after you lean seems impossible, but that is why you all are the guardians. I'm still spinning from the first hit you gave me, but this song is so good. Queen of Oin, you should reconsider taking a hit off the Superguardian. The music of Bludon can't be properly appreciated without leaning."

"I appreciate the tip," the Queen Rowen says, "but I must refuse. I'm not interested in intoxication that will only make me a bad member of my team. Maxx doesn't play Smites with just anyone. Shall we?"

Maxx smiles at the Queen then flips the first card into the grid that is drawn on the tabletop.

\* \* \*

"You're not one for subtlety, I see," the Queen says from her chair on the porch of Maxx's remote cabin. They had traveled to the cabin after more than five days partying with the other blues. Maxx made a small fortune selling hits of lean to anyone in attendance, including rare Smiting cards that he hasn't had time to collect since returning to Bludon.

"I am the champion of the universe," Maxx says in the chair next to her. "I've no need for subtlety."

"I thought Guardians could be put to death for giving lean to other blues," the Queen Rowen says. "And you're selling it! You are bold, my friend."

Maxx's cabin is balanced on stilts over the water. There is an island nearby, creating a picturesque view that the Queen enjoys. Most visitors to his cabin take boats to reach it; it isn't close enough for the average blu to swim as fast as Maxx does and he likes it that way. No one can surprise him at his cabin that cost a lot of money to be constructed. Even though construction over water is common on Bludon, Maxx insisted on a location over the water that was a greater depth than most contractors thought was possible to stabilize a dwelling. But Maxx is the Superguardian and his duties allow him to bend rules, his celebrity makes anything possible.

"Do you think I worry about the laws of the weak blues who run this world? That house of ministers is so disconnected from the average blu that they don't even know what's going on. This is my planet, I am Bludon."

There is humor in his voice, but the Queen Rowen can hear the defiance with which he speaks. She knows that what he says is true, it's been true since he won the Dance of Hysteria, but Maxx was never eager to say it himself. Something has changed.

"Thank you for coming to visit me," Maxx says. "I know it is very far, even from Oin."

"It's no bother. Bludon is so beautiful, I could stay here forever. If I'm not run off for associating with criminals." They both laugh. "That party was the most fun I've had in a while, and no other representative of a planet would even think to expose me to elements I've been exposed to here."

"Criminals," Maxx said with a laugh. "Those are the real blues, not the stuffy aristocracy with mansions on beaches."

The Queen nods, still staring off at the distant island and the lazy waves rolling into the stilts of the cabin.

"You do understand why I came?" The Queen Rowen says. "It's almost that time and I wanted to know that we could count on you again. The competition from the Fonlands is expected to be fierce this time around."

"Count me in, of course," Maxx says. "How long before it starts?"

"We have time, but we should start recruiting."

Maxx nods. There hadn't been a second Dance of Hysteria, but recent changes in the community of Fonlanders in the universe precipitated new rules.

"Good that we have time," Maxx says. "I have a lot to do here."

"Like what?"

"The most important thing," he says, "is freeing the Guardians. There will be no more slaves on Bludon."

The Queen Rowen smiles at Maxx.

"You are possibly the best man in the entire universe," she says. "I know you don't need it, but I will stay here and help you."

"You would live with a thug and overthrow a government?" Maxx asks sheepishly.

"Most of those words are too subjective to really mean anything. So, what do we do first?"

"I'm being haunted by ghosts," Maxx said. "I must rid myself of them."

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MAR 2026  
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THE DESCENDANT



# - UNEB ENRAGED -

BY WESLEY LIVINGSTON

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Unea sees the Fonlands stubbornly in the distance, not advancing though she is sure that her body is propelled through space by the awesome power she has amassed over unknowable time consuming existences. It does not matter how long she has to travel, Unea will step foot on the Fonlands as exactly half of Une's consciousness and she will make the Fonlands accept her as their mother. She is getting larger as she approaches, drawing power from across the multiversal structure, from everything that travels toward her to lend their aid, taking advantage of the extra time it takes to arrive.

Uneeb reconstitutes somewhere near the orbit of the planet Saturn of the Node 1 Hyperion Universe. Uneb is also improving herself. She had underestimated the home of Alia, the being who takes the name of this existence and thinks of herself as its defender. Even in the Hyperion's absence, there are beings

capable of denying her easy conquest of Earth and this only agitates her. Her anxieties are so loud, she had worked for so long to avoid this very situation, but these things had denied her. Uneb is the other half of Une's consciousness and as Uneb's body reconstitutes, she receives an influx of power that she demands from her Descendant and her Pito. Those closest to her commit suicide by arcana, performing a spell that relinquishes the animating force of their being in an instant to Uneb, allowing her to reform into a bigger version of herself with more power, and resulting in the deaths of nearly a third of her forces that were racing to her location across the multiversal structure to assist her.

First Uneb is singed strings floating the void, and then those strings begin to elongate and find one another, wrapping like the strands that constitute yarn into more sturdy vines that grow larger as they come into contact. When there is enough of her to propel towards Earth, the strings begin their approach,

animated by a rainbow of purple, green, and yellow magic that glows like neon when it illuminates, but it is pulsing, struggling as the body does the hard work of reforming. The strange sight moves slowly at first and picks up speed as more of it forms. She casts her tendrils to nearby asteroids as she moves through and she begins to consume so that she has even more power by the time she arrives at her enemy.

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*Meanwhile, on Node 1 Hyperion Earth*

“This mushroom lady is going to kill everything,” Wendy, the Brave Chimutengwende, says gravely.

She is at the home of Kevin Blackmon, sitting on his front porch looking out over the expansive front yard. Kyrie is there as well and he looks scared, though he would only admit to being concerned because

nothing scared him, not since he lost Bernadette to the hell dimension after losing a wager with the High Daemon. He only had to complete ten more boons for the High Daemon to free Bernadette's soul, and he wouldn't let anything, not even a mushroom lady from space, threaten that.

Aile, Wendy's roommate, best friend, and fellow medium, leans on the banister of the porch next to Nebuchad. She listens with a hard look on her face, trying not to think about hers and Wendy's meeting with death after Kyrie showed up to Wendy's house very unexpectedly. Kyrie was frantic, death had spoken to him and he sought Wendy's help because he knew her to be a powerful spirit medium, but when he walked into their home, Aile realized that it was death's design all long, it had used Kyrie to get to Wendy and Aile through the strong wards the two had put on their home. Death had a message for all of them, and Aile listened to Wendy restate that to the group on the porch.

"If she lands on Earth, we won't be able to stop her, and yes, she will kill everything that she touches, but worse, she will corrupt anything she feels has potential to spread her corruption. Kevin is our best bet against her, backed by everyone here, the Druintes, and the Kazi if they're available."

Wendy looks around at everyone and the mood is dour. Things hadn't been this bad before, not since the permanent colony of Druintes landed on Earth and accelerated the technology of humanity by a thousand years, lengthening the human lifespan and reducing the annual death rate of the planet by nearly ten percent every subsequent decade since their landing. Earth is a safe planet and humanity largely found peace in the convenience of technology that was offered to them by dark-skinned aliens in search of a home that would welcome them.

"Surely the druintes can help," Halgod says from the grass in front of the porch. Eris partner

Pegraf sits near erim on the lowest step of the stoop to the porch. "New Triusia can get MDDS ships through the wormhole in no time."

"They should do that immediately," Wendy says soberly. "We lose the game if she makes landfall, and if Earth falls..."

"So goes the galaxy," Pegraf says. "This is an infection? A plague?"

"A sentient one," Kyrie says. "It's a fungus, the mushroom lady, and it can decompose anything, or just corrupt it to make it do what it wants."

"Why is she here?" the Queen Ravelith asks. She stands next to Kal Qor who leans against the front door. Since the two met the Earthling who was raised on Druont, Maria Moreno, when the three of them worked together with the Fhet Kings to oppose the militarized Interstellar Panel, they have been good friends. Both the Queen Ravelith of the planet Oin and Kal Qor of the planet Wiis, were eager to visit Earth after the Fhetat War and they traveled with Maria to Earth, but decided to stay when she was called back to Druont. They have both lived on Earth for nearly a decade, part of a growing number of former inhabitants of the Banned Regions of the universe who were honored for their contributions to opposing the militarized IP after the Consortium of Human History was removed as Earth's official representative to the IP and replaced by the United Nations. Earth offered refugee status to any being of the universe who could verify that they had fought in the Fhetat War, and Kal was happy to settle on a planet where he could have land to grow things. His partner, Yiel Dharle, isn't at this gathering on Kevin's porch, he is off planet, though expected to return soon. Kal would call him and tell him to come strapped with reinforcements.

"Alia," Kevin says, looking between the powerful magic users on his porch, Wendy, Kyrie, the man known as Tin who had seemingly

arrived out of thin air to stand behind the chair where Wendy sat. "Where is Alia? And Ivan and Clay? Do they have something to do with this?"

"Alia has brought it down on our heads," Tin says dryly. "I can feel the power, even so far away. It is on its way back and it has one animating impulse, to destroy Alia's home. It will bring down the full might of its ability on Earth until it is no more and it can rub Alia's face in the destruction. We are merely pawns for powers far greater than us. The mushroom underestimated us, but we will find that a second round with it will require more than the Magician and his faithful assistant doing Kazi tricks."

"You can overestimate that First People's nonsense magic all you want," Nebuchad says with a chuckle, "but it'll be the Kazi stopping this, not some weird moon magic or whatever the fuck you got going on."

"You misunderstand me, wannabe holy man," Tin says to Nebuchad with derision, "I meant to insult only you who reduce the great powers of the Kazi to cheap tricks when you wield them. It's why half of Europe is still partially possessed by demons from the hell dimension, how's that clean up going, Wendy?"

"This is not the time for that," Wendy says with frustration. "I know we haven't had enough time to deal with what happened the last time we all had to get together like this, but this is worse than last time, if you can believe it. I am scared. I can't contact Alia," she looked at Kevin and moved to take his hand in hers. "I believe that Tin's assessment is true, but I don't know where Alia is to ask her about it, and she's kind of the one you want in a situation like this."

Kevin looks down at the floor, overcome with sadness as Wendy hugs him.

"Does anyone know where Alia would have gone?" Halgod asks.

"I talked to Clay's sister," the Queen Ravelith says, "but she talked

to all of them the day before they disappeared and they didn't mention anything about leaving for an extended period."

"Death says that Alia is away fighting this very thing, but from a different battlefield," Kyrie explains. "We have to stand in her absence. She is depending on us while she does something even more important."

"What is happening?" Aile asks with a hint of horror in her voice.

"The most important battle any of us will ever face," Kyrie says. "The Second Unrest, that is what death called it. And if we lose, it means the end of everything, even death, which is why it reached out to us and made me ambush Wendy. This thing is so scary that the concept of death created a voice to speak to us and warn us. If it hadn't we would have been unprepared, we could be dead now."

"Why the second?" Aile asks.

"I don't know, and honestly, I don't think that's important," Kyrie explains. "We need to coordinate with everyone and quarantine the threat."

The group on Kevin's porch talks for a few minutes longer before the crowd disperses, leaving Kyrie, Kevin, Nebuchad, Kal Qor, Halgod and Tin.

"Alright boys," Kyrie says gruffly as he walks down the low steps of the porch and stands in the grass near Halgod. He stares up at the sky. "We have to meet her in space again. Keep her away until reinforcements arrive."

In space, Kevin sighs. They can all see Uneb approaching them and Kevin wishes that this wasn't his life anymore. He is well equipped for it, he has a one of a kind Druinte device in his head that allows him to make his imagination into real things, and he has had enough practice with this ability that there seems to be no limits on the things he

can create with an uncanny verisimilitude that would fool God herself. But he has lived so much of his life to this point using his ability to oppose the evil things that have cropped up in his world, so much so that he doesn't really have a life outside of heroics and monsters. He had enjoyed a life briefly with Alia, though when he looks back on that time now, he realizes that he was ignoring her omens and only pretending that the times were rosier than the reality. His childhood was fraught once he came into his ability by accident, but before that, things were nice, carefree. There was a brief time that he reconnected with Alia while she was living with Clay and Ivan and that was probably the best time of his life, the half decade or so that they were a tight knit group, a family. But that ended when he went to space to join up with the Interstellar Panel.

He met Nebuchad in New Triusia and that meeting sealed his current fate. Nebuchad had been a patient of Dr. Eakran, one the first victims of Eakran's drugs who seemed to have lost his mind for seven years after taking one of the drugs. When he awoke, Nebuchad continued to hear the voices that had occasionally entered his psyche while he was absent and he used this ability to assist the Interstellar Panel's Investigations Department that had been established in New Triusia following the murder of a Druinte on Earth. Nebuchad learned that the voices he was hearing were sometimes from distant places, but oftentimes he could hear what he started to call the loudest consciousness in a given space, usually the one in the most distress or under the most stress. He used this ability to discover the woman who had murdered the Druinte and he parlayed his success there into recruitment into the Interstellar Panel Corps. He eventually spent time on Eel where he studied with the Kazi and showed an aptitude that impressed the Makazi. Nebuchad recruited Kevin when he returned to Earth because Kevin's abilities were well known by that time.

And Kevin has been doing it

ever since. He was eagerly accepted into the Corps that was formed after the Fhetat War and the expulsion of Pen Nuren and the Consortium of Human History. The Corps is not a military organization, but a universe-spanning corps of volunteers who represent the Interstellar Panel on member plants. Corps members have been known to join up with the militaries of the planets to which they are assigned, but the Interstellar Panel does not give military orders. It's a nice job, Kevin doesn't worry about money or food and he can travel anywhere the IP is sending ships. But he knows that no matter where he goes, the fight will always be there and he will have to use his powers before he can find peace.

"Look alive, Magician," Kevin heard through his communicator and he looked over at Nebuchad who was floating in an identical spacesuit next to him. Desperation Jackson who had been coerced into the Fhetat War like Kevin, the man Yuri James who had a similar ability to Kevin but with a much shorter range, the Rhasdwiis Kal Qor, the Supreme Medium Tin, and Halgod of Druont are all floating with them, readying themselves to hold the line out past the orbit of Mars with them.

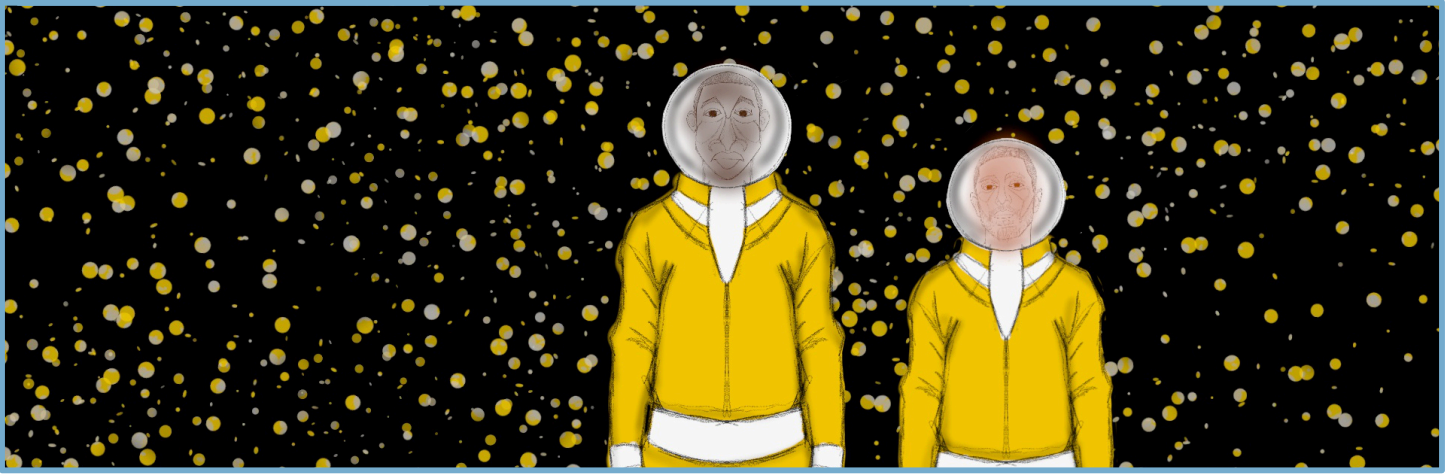
"Are you ready?" Nebuchad asks him.

"Do I have a choice?" Kevin asks with no enthusiasm, but he offers a smile.

"This should be easy," Nebuchad says.

"It always is until it isn't," Kevin says.

This reminds him of the attack on the Universal Infirmary on Oin by the gang of militant Mind Snatchers originally of Oin, but banished from the planet because of their common use of mind control. The Corps sent members capable and willing to defend the Universal Infirmary in advance of the attack and Kevin was in the same spacesuit floating outside of Oin's atmosphere, waiting for a battle that crashed into



them. The Mind Snatchers are known for their mental abilities, but they also have large, muscular bodies that are honed in the many battles that they initiate across the Soulaxar galaxy, and the vanguard of that assault is ruthless. Kevin lost many of his fellow corpsmen in that battle and he struggled to fight because he wanted to save as many of his friends as he could, but he wasn't able to save any. Though, he did hold that vicious vanguard until the Ointite Militia arrived to relieve him. Kevin was silent for many cycles as he healed in the Universal Infirmary where he was treated like a hero. But it was all so hollow to him and he only saw the faces of the suffering corpsmen who had died in space, ill equipped for the mission they had volunteered for.

Kevin had faced so many battles like that one and he trained to get better in every aspect of being a warrior Corpsman so that he could help avoid death, but death is inevitable. People died on both sides of every conflict and it all added up to waste that made Kevin mourn. It accumulated over time and when he finally went back to Earth, he'd hoped that the hardest battles were behind him, but seeing the thing that Uneb had reconstituted into, so much larger than her previous form with menacing tendrils snaking off her body that were like giant, furry spiders' legs, made it clear that he had arrived at the hardest battle he had ever faced to that point.

"You think we made her mad?" Nebuchad asks, leaning his head slightly in Kevin's direction, but never taking his eyes off of the

approaching terror.

Kevin chuckles despite his dour mood. "I think we pissed her off."

"The hell is this shit?" They hear Desperation over the communicator that they all share in their glass helmets that are much more durable than they appear to be. The yellow suits they wear are also extremely sophisticated and adapt to the power sets of the wearer to allow them to use their powers without restraint or fear of damage to their protection from the void.

"It's the enemy," Kevin says. "Kal, take Halgod and Tin and attack it from the right flank. Neb, you and Desperation get behind it when it's distracted. Yuri and I will meet it. Go now, she's starting to spread her tendrils."

Most of them fly off and Yuri floats next to Kevin.

"What's the play?" Yuri asks, hiding his fear of the tendrils that are bearing down on them, and they are long and thick like skyscrapers.

"Everyone!" Kevin says to Yuri and everyone over the communicators as they get into position. "Let loose! Don't stop until we turn this thing to ashes! Yuri, we will make the biggest army this universe has ever seen."

The two of them share the ability to make real their imaginations, and they bring forth forces of faceless warriors who attack

Uneb and her tendrils. She makes easy work of the masses and one of her tendrils manages to swipe Yuri, hurling him backwards in space. Kevin creates a staff with powerful lasers on each end and he wields it as he attacks the furry tendril. The laser isn't powerful enough to do any damage and he disappears it, replacing it with a sword of raging flames.

"Yuri?" he calls over the communicator.

"I'm on my way back to you," Yuri responds.

"How is everyone else doing?" Kevin asks as he slashes at the large tendril that seems to be sentient.

"Tin is having a lot of success with his black magic," Kal Qor says over the communicator, "but Halgod and I can't do much. We can't get close to the woman in the middle to attack. We're waiting, hoping Tin can slice away more of the tendrils and then we will go at her."

"She's stopped in the middle," Nebuchad adds. "The Kazi energy projection spells work well to damage the tendrils if any of you are familiar with those. Desperation is on standby as well."

This is new, Kevin thinks to himself, and he is scared. A sentient mushroom with octopus tendrils trying to kill him to reach Earth. Kevin hadn't ever faced an enemy like this one before.

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Go back to where it all started.

Kevin is a man, and men go out on their own to chart a course for their destiny. Kevin isn't like other men, though. Kevin can make his imagination real.

# Amazing Elroy, the Magician

Check out all of the amazing adventures of the Magician on the PRL Serials website: [prlserials.com](http://prlserials.com).

[It Exists](#) - The man is on a trip across the country and gets so much more than he bargained for. Over the course of his journey, the mystery of his preternatural ability begins to unravel.

[The Magician](#) - After the world discovers the secret of his preternatural ability, Kevin Blackmon is coerced into becoming a secret agent of the US government. He tries to use his ability for good, but can he trust his government handlers?

[Amazing Elroy](#) - Kevin and Alia arrive in North Carolina after he frees her from government custody. Before they can find the peace Kevin is looking for, they'll have to battle zombies created by a secret organization.



## SECTION 6 - 3

### THE DISC OF JO

#### PHYSICAL, NATURAL, AND SOCIAL PROPERTIES

# FROM THE MANUAL AND REFERENCE OF THE FONLANDS

The Manual and Reference of the Fonlands is the official guide of the Fonlands and the Prime 5 Universes, located on Node 5 of the Multiversal Structure. This month, we explore a few features on the Disc of Jo.

## DISC OF JO

BY WESLEY LIVINGSTON

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### Cotton-Wood Trees

Cotton-Wood Trees are the largest of the Star Flowers of Jo's Disc. The trees begin as seeds produced from stars that float space gathering debris and water from that floats space, and when both of those things accumulate in abundance, the seeds sprout roots and then grow into the majestic, free-floating trees that are common to the Disc of Jo. Cotton-Wood trees are large enough to sustain complex communities of Fonlanders.

### Damballa's Humanoid and Star Forms

Damballa was the second Fonlander to set foot on the Disc of Jo, and his humanoid form was similar to Jo's, as though the two were twins. Damballa created the kin of Stars that inhabit the space of Jo's Disc,

and he has always possessed the ability to transform into a Star himself, the form that he would eventually come to inhabit permanently. As a star, Damballa is the most luminous in the space of Jo's Disc.

**M**os<sup>osu</sup> is a sentient planetoid that looks like an unassuming rock floating in space when he rests, which is most of the time. When Mosu wants to move to another location, his planetoid body becomes inundated with bright white energy and his face becomes apparent. Many Fonlanders believe that Mosu is a teleporter, but in actuality, he just moves very fast. Mosu can combine his powers with other Fonlanders, and he enjoys an empowered form when all three of the luminaries Gleti, Nyame, and Obatala stand on his surface and funnel power into him.

### Nyota Supercluster

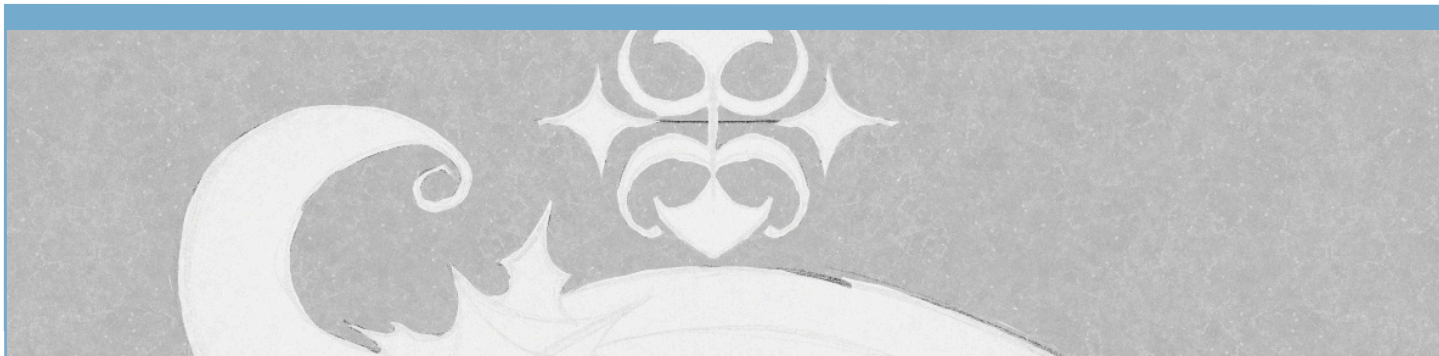
The Nyota Supercluster is home to many cosmic bodies that makes it the most scenic area of Jo's Disc. It is home to many Stars in various colors, and there is a loose black hole that causes cosmic dust to swirl in amazing patterns across the sky. The Supercluster is home to Mosu, it is the location where he goes to long rest.

### Shooting of the Stars

**S**The Shooting of the Stars was organized by the Vodun Jo and Damballa. Jo had created the winds that move perpetually through the space of the Disc, and Damballa created the Stars of the Disc. Jo devised the plan to have the most brilliant stars move along the main wind current of the Disc in order to revitalize the strength of the wind with their tremendous size and swift movement, and it was successful enough that it happens regularly. The Shooting of the Stars creates an amazing light show that is visible from beyond the Disc of Jo.

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# 'Young' Vodun Chronicles: Jo's Rival



BY MAXWELL ROBERSON  
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**D**amballa looked out at the Essence blue space and he lifted a hand, a sparkling dust in the wake of his large arm, and he pointed a finger at the emptiness. A flurry of sparkling magic issued from his finger, coalescing into a large stellar body at a distance.

“Spread them out,” Jo said as she appeared next to him. “You don’t want them colliding on the winds.”

“How about I do the job you gave me and you focus on generating a current that won’t cause everything to collide into each other.” Damballa was annoyed but not aggressive.

Jo laughed and looked out at what their Disc had become since she was placed in the middle of the Essence blue Disc along with her underside twin, and they did battle across the vast, soft blue expanse until the underside twin yielded and was removed. Jo heard the voice of the Mother-Father then, and the voice said her name for the first time. After that, the Essence blue of the vast Disc where she found herself alone, slowly began to change; it became transparent and Jo began to fly alone, until she met Damballa. He was like her, they had a similar face and he was young but old all at once, and very happy to see someone else.

“I came into being and watched the Disc disappear,” Damballa said with amazement in his voice, in a language that only the most ancient beings of the Fonlands know. “What will it be? All this space?” he asked Jo and she looked out at the expanse that was forming and the two decided to make what made sense to them in the space after

long discussion.

The two spent so much time in their discussion and creation, Jo was the last of the Vodun to meet her siblings and her Disc was as mysterious to them as the undersides of the Discs that they never saw first hand in the early days. But she did eventually meet them and they were



Damballa, sky father of the stars

awed by what Jo had created. That creation continued for a while longer after she met her siblings and it was in that time that Jo and Damballa enjoyed a very playful yet adversarial relationship. Still very young compared to the Fonlanders they would live to be, they had spent a considerable amount of time together and their interaction was as easy as the winds that Jo commanded. But their true adversarial relationship was brewing underneath the facade of calm disagreements and playful banter.

"Please, Dam, if I could give you a job, this Disc would look very different, I assure you. We could have created at least the great asteroid belt from Agbe's Disc to Legba's, that would have made things more accessible." She said it flippantly, airing a grievance like a throw away gesture, like a shrug. She meant it, but she didn't mean for it to rile Damballa, and she didn't expect that it would because it wasn't out of line for the things they normally said to one another as they organized the Disc and the routes of the currents through the space. But somehow, it was enough to be too much and Damballa let loose.

"If only I possessed the perfect vision of the high and vaulted Vodun Jo I would have divined your infinite wisdom and still be less than you."

It took Jo a minute to discern the insult in Damballa's words because his tone was so even, the words themselves contained all of his anger, his voice had no need to carry it, and when Jo realized, she looked at him with shock.

"Oh, are you surprised that I am bitter...?" Damballa started, but Jo interrupted.

"We have always been equals..."

"You love being a Vodun, you love when these powerful Fonlanders come and prostrate before you!"

"I have only ever done what the Mother-Father dictates," Jo was

very wounded by that point and she was holding back tears. "I have never meant to make you feel anything less than my equal. You have always been my partner."

"That you have to cajole into doing things the way that you see them. You think that I lack the sophistication of your vision. That I am not as us as you are."

"What are you even talking about?" Jo was instantly exasperated. "You're not as us as I am? What does that mean?"

"I was made from the Disc that formed after the Mother-Father chose you. I am not your equal, I know that. But when you pretend that I am, I get angry, resentful of you. You are lying to my face to placate me when I don't need to be placated. I know my place, Vodun Jo of the Ubiquitous Intangibility, I am of the Disc, and you are the Disc. There is no need to pretend otherwise."

The disagreements between the two of them from Jo's perspective had always seemed artificial, not substantial differences that put them completely at odds, but usually disagreements about how best to achieve a specific thing that they agreed should be done. And they would bicker to a resolution and that had been the nature of their relationship. But Damballa had confessed that Jo was patronizing from her position as the Vodun of the Disc, and even though that had not been her perception or her intention, obviously Damballa had been stewing in it for a long time and she had unknowingly picked at him too much.

They argued passionately for a long time, and eventually, Jo helped Damballa understand things from her perspective, that she didn't view herself as the owner of the Disc, she viewed herself as a vessel that allowed the Disc to commune with Damballa to create the Disc that best accommodated the arcana that they produced. Things cooled between them for a little while, until the Shooting of the First Stars that the

two came up with together. Some say it was the stress of organizing the event together, that was a truly massive undertaking that involved corraling stars to move in synch through the main wind current that Jo created to move around the entirety of the Disc, and in their movements, they would create an impressive show of lights that could be seen all around the Disc and by dwellers of the overlapping Discs. The true point was for Jo to revitalize the wind current by having the stars of heavy mass move through the route, but they hoped that it could be a real show for the entirety of the Fonlands to migrate to the Disc to witness.

Things went well in the beginning. Damballa recruited the stars who would take part in the Shooting, and Jo made sure that nothing had strayed into the intended route that would get destroyed if the stars collided with them. When they came together to ensure that the Stars chosen to participate could complete the route safely and with the desired flare to impress onlookers, Jo became frustrated that Damballa hadn't been selective in his choices.

"So you mean to say that only the IsiLimela are worthy of this ceremony?" Damballa asked, trying to subsume anger, hoping to avoid what was obviously boiling up in both of them.

"I never said those words in that order," Jo said, trying to be funny, though Damballa would argue that it was condescending and Jo would regret having said it at all, but the beginnings of the confrontation were already unfolding and the others who had helped them to organize, the Luminaries Gleti, Nyame, and Obatala were whispering among themselves about the argument soon to commence.

"You denigrate every star that isn't the seven," Damballa said in his characteristic way of revealing long buried grievances that Jo had no idea about as evidence of her current infraction.





“I would never. You think that I denigrate everything that you do!” Jo said, trying her hand at Damballa’s tactics but it felt toothless given the general nature of the comment.

“Of course,” Damballa said with a sarcastic laugh, “that is the very nature of my grievance! For you to try to hurl it at me only exposes you for your ignorance and stubbornness to genuinely listen when I speak to you, which is the very reason that I don’t express these grievances to you.”

For the record, Gleti, Nyame and Obatala were on Damballa’s side, but Damballa had very bad timing as the Shooting of the First Stars was waiting for him and Jo to start the ceremony, and everyone on the Disc was wondering what the hold up was.

The Shooting of the First Stars was a resounding success. It accomplished the goal of renewing the main wind current of the Disc, and those in attendance were stunned by the show of lights. The light show was visible to more Fonlanders than either Jo or Damballa anticipated and the Shooting of the Stars became a beloved event that many looked forward to.

It should also be stated for the record, that if it hadn’t been for

Gleti, Nyame, and Obatala, the Shooting of the First Stars may not have happened, which the three of them discussed shortly after when they were in the Nyota Supercluster located in the southern region of the Disc and contained the planet Mosu where the Luminaries gathered to catch up and to discuss things.

“How are you feeling?” Obatala asked Nyame, and Gleti smiled at Nyame like she had the same question. “Not long ago you were glued to your rocking chair on the Cotton-Wood, feeding the Scroll, but since your son took that burden, you’re one of us now.”

“I don’t know if I have the patience for those two,” Nyame said and they both understood that she was referring to Jo and Damballa. “Do they hate each other? Are they subsuming other feelings that manifest as rage? Answer seriously, have either of you ever been in their presence and it didn’t devolve into a back and forth? Because I don’t think I’ve ever witnessed the two of them together and just being, just making stars and wind or whatever they do spending so much time together. That’s what really baffles me about the whole thing, that they could do what they do apart from one another, but it’s like Jo feels bad to do anything without at least offering to include Damballa, and he seems to usually agree just so he doesn’t come

off as dismissive. Do they have some like tether to one another, did the Mother-Father make them co-Vodun?”

“Are you finished?” Gleti said with a smile. “I forgot half the questions you asked.”

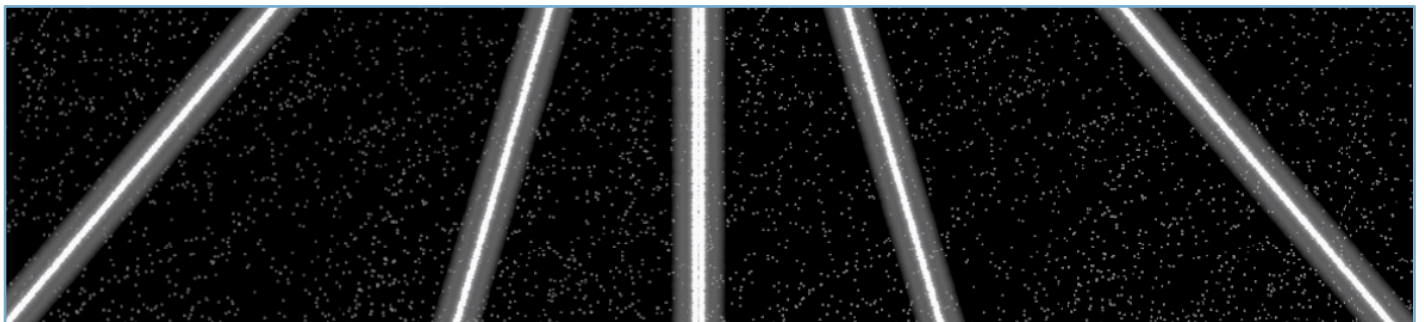
“I’m sorry, but they are a lot to get used to and they make me yearn for the quiet times on my Cotton-Wood, even with Obea interrupting me every chance she gets.”

“They were the first of this Disc,” Obatala said, “and for as long as I have observed them, that has been the nature of their relationship. Jo is insecure about her place as the Vodun in Damballa’s presence and I think that makes her awkward. She works with all of us very easily...”

“That is another thing that is so confounding!” Nyame interrupted. “She is like a different Vodun with Damballa, which is why I wonder if they are suppressing romantic feelings, or if she is.”

“I have wondered that myself,” Gleti admitted. “But sometimes they bicker like siblings, other times like lovers.”

“I’m sure they are rivals,” Obatala said, chuckling at Nyame and Gleti’s theories. “They don’t have



romantic feelings, I don't think, but I have never discussed it with either of them. I think they bristle in one another's presence because they are so similar in their abilities to create, and they are both wise enough to know that their creations are best when they collaborate. But their natural rivalry kicks in, just as their desire to not be combative for no reason, and it results in the awkward interactions that we are subjected to. I honestly don't think they like one another at all, but they don't want anyone to know that because they have no reason for dislike that would make sense to anyone but them. Maybe one day they will be honest and stop the charade, but they've been at it so long, I doubt they can exist together any other way."

"Should we be insulted that Jo doesn't hate us?" Gleti asked. "Does that mean she doesn't view us as a threat to her power, and not on her level?"

"Yes," Nyame said glibly, "and thank the Mother-Father for that."

"No," Obatala said. "I think the rivalry is based on the fact that they were the first two because the first is the Vodun, not the most powerful."

"Well, I don't know how much longer I can be in the Vodun's council," Nyame said with a sigh. "It's like being the referee to the most boring sparring match in the Fonlands. But I will stay longer because I am fond of the two of you. It's you two who actually run this Disc, the Vodun is too distracted."

"In all honesty," Gleti said, "no one runs the Disc and no one needs a Vodun for that purpose. I was in the oceans of Agbe's Disc visiting La Sirene in the Kelp Forest. I go there often because we are old friends. Agbe is just a story to the dwellers of her Disc, no one runs it, Fonlanders are cooperative enough to get along, and that happens on this Disc, on every Disc that I have traveled to. The Vodun are the land, they don't really preside over it."

"It's all ceremony," Obatala said with a smile. "And we definitely don't run the Disc, I'm hardly ever here lately since I was named a Justice in Xêvioso's high court. I think you would be well suited for a robe, Luminary Nyame."

"I am well suited for most things," Nyame said unironically, "but most things are hardly worth my attention. We should take this planet to the Neon Caves on Sakpata's Disc, I think we have earned some relaxation."

All of them agreed and they combined their powers to wake Mosu and have him transport the trio to the Disc of Sakpata. Mosu moved so fast, that even to the eyes of the average Fonlander, it appeared that he teleported, disappearing instantly and reappearing just as quickly, and he was a rocky body slightly smaller than the size of the planet Earth.

"You did this so you don't have to talk to me anymore didn't you?" Jo asked as she stood on the glassy surface of Damballa.

"Because everything I do is about you," Damballa said sarcastically in his way. As a star, Damballa communicated with flashes of his light and pinging noises that he seemed to produce by pushing his energy against the glassy surface from inside.

"You know that's not what I meant," Jo said with frustration.

"I am a star because I prefer it, and it's true that we don't compete when I take this form. You're not edgy and strange like I'm plotting to steal your crown. Stars have no need for crowns."

"You know that a Vodun is far above a mere crown..."

"And I thought that you understood that, too," Damballa interrupted. "If you did, you would know that it is unnecessary for you to be threatened by my incredible and immense powers, they mirror yours, and we are equals. You have nothing to prove, and no need for the edge."

"I was strange around you because you do seem to embody the Disc more than I do at times," Jo admitted. "It doesn't threaten me, it makes me worried that I am not showing you proper deference is all, you know this."

"Always overthinking," Damballa said and chuckled in his way.

"Such is my fate. I know that you had your own reasons for taking this form, and I am glad that it is working for you. It definitely works for me."

"Just in time, too, Nyame was about to abandon us for good," Damballa said.

"She is a welcome addition to our council, she is the Luminary that shines on the Cotton-Woods of the Disc. She knows the language of the trees. With Obatala spending so much time away, I am glad that she will continue with us and that we won't drive her away."

Nyame, Obatala, and Gleti are currently navigating Mosu in a 360 degree orbit around the entirety of the Fonlands, in the aether outside of Aido Hwedo, as the Arcane Wizard, Issac Washington, holds what seems to be their enemy in a time loop spell.

"Any change?" Jo asks over communicators.

"Nothing that we have seen," Gleti says as the robes tied to her chest flap on the wind generated on the surface of Mosu. It is mostly barren, Mosu does not like to be tread on and will only move for Fonlanders that he calls friends.

"The Arcane Wizard is contact me, be on alert."

The luminaries look to one another and then ease Mosu to a stop in the direction of the Arcane Wizard.

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Jo, Vodun



# SMITTING

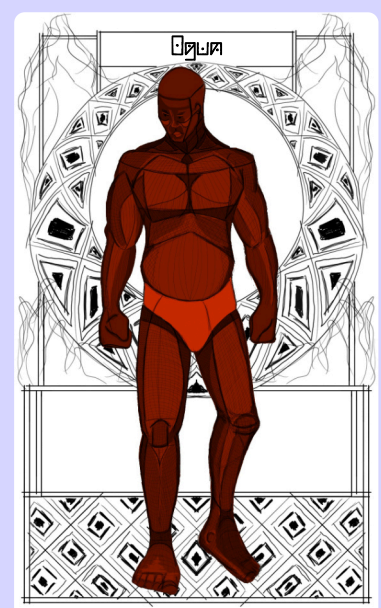
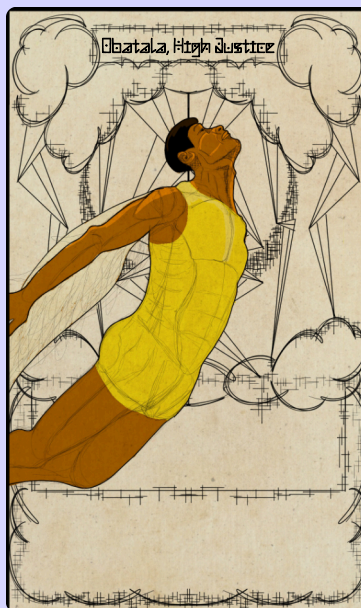
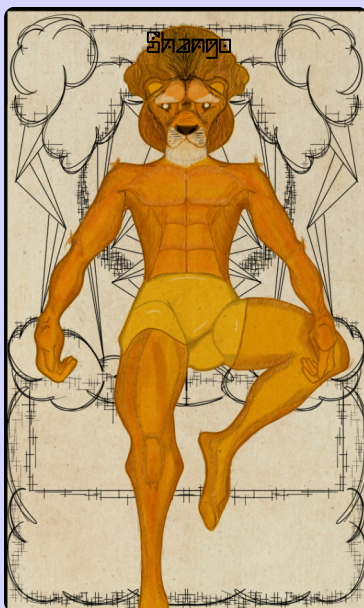
## THE MOST POPULAR TRADING CARD GAME IN THE FONLANDS AND UNIVERSE PRIME 5!



The game of Smitting was invented by the Vodun Xêvioso and Gû in their youth, when the discs of the Fonlands were much less populated and there was little to do. Both Vodun can be short-tempered and after countless physical battles that disturbed the very structure of the Fonlands, their mother-father insisted they find a nonviolent means to end their disagreements, and thus, Smitting was created.

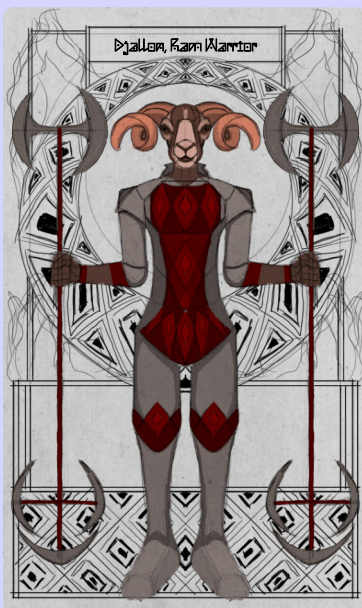
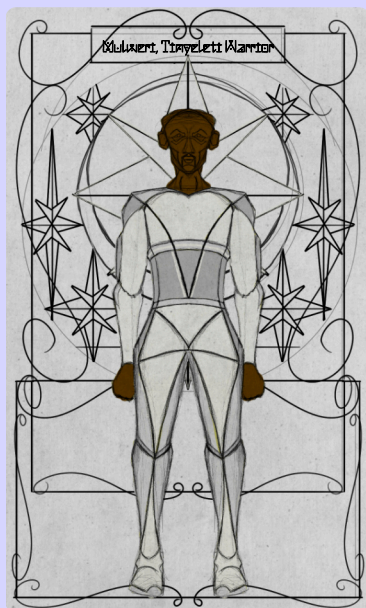
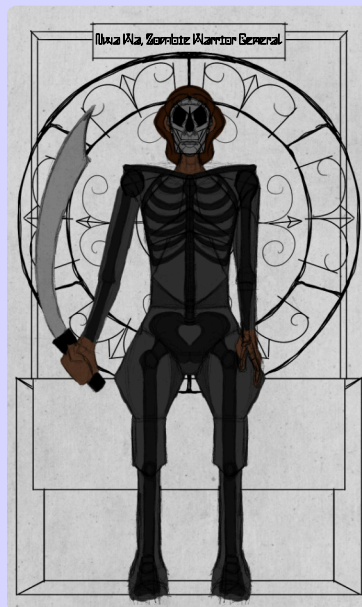
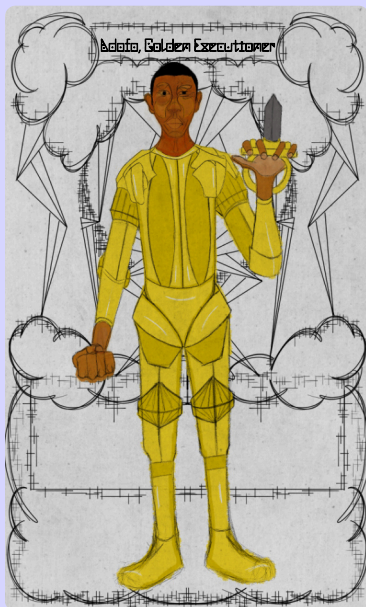
The game requires a Deck of Smitting that each Vodun perpetually builds to oppose one another. A card is created for the Deck by condensing the Vodun's memory of an encounter with any being into a rectangular shape that solidifies into a card with a picture of the being, a description of its origin, power level, stamina, health and any other pertinent information. Initially, the cards only included Fonlanders, but both Xêvioso and Gû have done extensive exploration of the multiversal superstructure and have collected cards that defy the imagination of their opponents.

The back of Smitting Cards (pictured left) has been the same since the first decks of Smitting were created and is a Veve design created by Gu to represent the powers of the Vodun. Below, from left to right, are the art cards for Shango from Xevioso's first deck, Obatala in Yellow, and Ogun from Gu's first deck.



# Smiting Champs

## 4Warriors



**The PRL Serial with all the action involving the stars of SMITING.**

It all started with the **Smiting Exhibitions - The First Four Decks of Smiting** when the former Master, current Arcane Wizard, Issac Washington traveled to the Discs of Xêvioso, Gû, Jo, and Lêgba to challenge the first four decks ever made to play the game to a match against enchanted decks generated from the multiversal structure by the Smiting Chamber. Then, we met the current lineup of the **4Warriors** (Adofo, Golden Executioner; Nwa Wa, Zombie Warrior General; Mulweri, Tinyeleti Warrior; Djallon, Ram Warrior). The 4Warriors joined the effort in

**The Expedition to the Talj Junction - One-Shots** that introduce the new recruits from the multiverse to battle the Pito in Talj.

**The Expedition to the Talj Junction - Wielders of the Gold** follows the heroic exploits of the users of Pattern Magic, including Xêvioso, Alia, the Hyperion, and the Halfyn Heir. The Expedition to Talj ends in the tragedy of the Talj Rip, resulting in the end of the Talj Junction. Some beings of the existence known as Talj survive the destruction of their universe and the **Refugees of the Talj Rip** find a home in the Fonlands.

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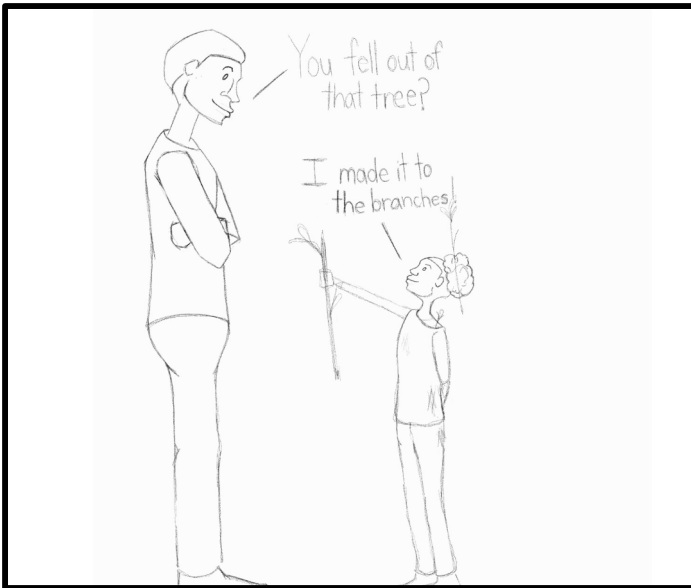
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# SNAGARUDY



**BRAND NEW  
ISSUE!!**

# Snaggaruddy



**See you  
next  
month!!!**