

Sample file

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# OBSIDIAN

## THE AGE OF JUDGEMENT

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# THE APOPHIS CONSORTIUM™

IN 1990 THE DESIGNERS OF OBSIDIAN DEVELOPED A GAME CALLED "BLEAK FUTURE". INTENDED ON BEING A STORY OF AN ANARCHIST'S VISION, IT WAS REFORMATTED OVER AND OVER INTO ITS PRESENT FORM. THE PROCESS HAS EXTENDED ITSELF WELL INTO EIGHT YEARS AT PRESENT, AND CONTINUES TO SETTLE INTO THE MOLD PROVIDED.

EVEN THROUGH ITS MANY VERSIONS, CONSISTENCY WAS HELD IN ITS DARK NATURE. ANARCHY WAS REPLACED WITH AN EVIL EMBODIMENT, THE LAW TRADED WITH MYSTICS BLESSED BY A GREATER DIVINITY. TECHNOLOGY REMAINED AN IMPORTANT SETTING, AS WELL AS THE HOSTILE WASTELANDS. STRANGELY, DAEMONS WERE INTRODUCED RELATIVELY LATER IN THE PROJECT, AS WERE THE CREATION OF HELL'S CIRCLES.

THROUGH THE EXPERIENCES OF INDUSTRIAL AND GOTHIC MUSIC, IN COLLABORATION WITH MOVIES OF THE HORROR GENRE, OBSIDIAN BLENDED ALL THE ELEMENTS OF A BIZARRE NIGHTMARISH WORLD SET IN AGGRESSION AND LACKING THE SUSTENANCE OF HOPE. IN ADDITION TO A MILLION OTHER REAL LIFE OCCURRENCES AND FAVORED CULTURES, DEFINITION WAS ACHIEVED.

WITH THE INTENTION OF CREATING A NEO-RELIGIOUS FERVOR, THE APOPHIS CONSORTIUM WILL CONTINUE TO PRODUCE THIS LINE OF OBSIDIAN BOOKS UPON DEMAND. HOPEFULLY, THE READERS OF THIS SERIES WILL ENJOY DISCUSSIONS PERTAINING TO THIS STRANGE SOCIETY AND SHADOWED HISTORY AS WELL AS THEORIES OF MANKIND'S CORRUPT DESCENT AND SHEOL'S TRANSFORMATION.

THERE IS MUCH MORE INFORMATION INTO THE WORLD OF OBSIDIAN THAN HAS BEEN STATED. WE WELCOME ANY INQUIRIES YOU MIGHT HAVE AS TO IN-DEPTH THEORIES OR SOCIAL STRUCTURES.

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# MAZE

*Written by Robert Weinberg*

**THE HEAVY STEEL DOOR HAD BEEN RIPPED OFF ITS HINGES.** Beyond the wreckage, the corridor was pitch black. A bright beam swung across a floor littered with exploded light bulbs. The white cement was stained crimson. Blood covered the walls and ceiling as well. But there were no bodies. There never were any bodies - or remains of any victims. Daemons fed on human flesh.

"Spread out," he declared, his voice thick with anger and frustration. "You know the routine. Search the entire installation. See if anyone's alive. Twenty minutes, then rendezvous back here. I told the men outside we'd return to the tanks in a half-hour. They won't wait if we're late and walkin' back to the Zone ain't an option. Be careful. The Daemons are probably gone, but you never can tell. This place could be a trap. Stay alert."

No need to warn his men. A dozen veteran soldiers, they were survivors of the worst the wasteland had to offer. Clothed in Deathware and armed with massive Last Rights assault rifles, they understood the slightest mistake or miscalculation meant death. Or worse.

Pairing off, five teams scurried down the concrete and steel corridors that crisscrossed the subterranean research station. The remaining two men, Cleveland and Moss, stayed with Allison as bodyguards. Moving slowly, the three soldiers started down the main tunnel leading to the station's command center. The ghosts of the station's vanished personnel marched with them. This base wasn't the first one Allison had found gutted in his years in the Wasteland. But it never got any easier.

Yesterday, forty men and women had worked here, at the edge of forever, searching for answers in the unending war against the forces of

Hell itself, forty living, breathing, eating, sleeping, loving, talking, human beings, knowing the risk they were taking but refusing to surrender to the darkness. Hoping that in some small measure they would contribute to mankind's ultimate victory over the forces of night. Now, they were all dead. And the war between humanity and daemon continued as if they had never existed.

Allison had arrived with his crew at base 412 in the Wasteland in two Roll-Cage tanks a little more than an hour ago. They'd come from the Zone in response to an urgent message received at Volksag Corporation headquarters thirty hours earlier. The communication, sent by Dr. Sinclair, chief scientist of the research facility, had been short and to the point. Found sleeper. May have necessary answers. Require immediate assistance. No one at Volksag was sure exactly what the words meant, but Sinclair was not given to exaggeration. Allison and his squad, armed and ready for battle, had been dispatched immediately. And still arrived too late.

Necessary answers. The words echoed through Allison's mind as he hiked down the tunnel leading to Sinclair's laboratory. A big, powerfully built man, standing well over six feet tall, with shaven head and a dark black fringed beard, the expedition leader was as tough as he looked. Still, Allison had been sent on this mission for his brains, not brawn. He had a sharp mind and steal trap cleverness. Sinclair's message hinted at a major discovery. Whatever answers the scientist had discovered, Allison meant to find them, no matter the cost.

The research directors main laboratory was a mess. The equipment and files had been smashed flat and burnt black. Nothing remained