

GENETICUS BOOK

ONE

CAMALOSH

Dedication

Dedicated to those who have joined with the Great War Machine. I would apologize about the cliffhanger I left in the last book, but I am not sorry. It was completely intentional and meant to inflict absolute pain and suffering. ☺

Prologue

Archeron, the frozen continent buried deep beneath Cenerea's icy, northern polar cap was practically uninhabitable. The exception was a moderately sized peninsula jutting southward from beneath the frozen tundra called Archeron's Sword. This crooked spike of land extended far enough into the outer edge of Cenerea's warm seas to avoid the constant freezing temperatures that denied the rest of the continent any chance at life.

On the furthest side of the globe, falling in and around the hotter equatorial zone, was an island of rich soil created by regurgitated underground magma. Millions of years of volcanic activity created a foundation for hundreds of kilometers of thick lush jungle. The island's reclusive location allowed for the evolution of strange and wonderful animal life. Although some of the creatures higher on the food chain were considered rather dangerous, none of them compared to the intellectual ferocity of the ones that came from far away. These beasts would change the island forever.

Hundreds of Cenerean years ago, a manufactured wooden vessel slid up onto the island's dark shores. The cresting blue waves splashed around something new, a human foot descending from its floating transportation. This was to be the first blemishing imprint of several millions more to come to T'choula's pristine beaches. Pronounced 'choo-lah', the volcanic island primarily existed as a stopping point for primitive sea faring vessels, eventually becoming a haven for wealthy Homeland citizens seeking freedom or a home for adventurous Lavidians.

Irrespective of T'choula's population, animal or human, the landmass on Cenerea where life existed in greatest abundance was located on her opposite side, far from the island. It was an expansive supercontinent covering over one third of the planet's surface, the continent of Regalius.

The west side of Regalius experienced a cataclysmic geological event several thousands of years before humanity claimed dominion over the land. The traumatic episode severed a very large and very abundant chunk of the continent from its mother, filling the gap with ocean water. Like T'choula, The Lavidius Collective began with man travelling to its shores from the heart of Regalius. This wonderful domain became a source of nourishment to the people of Cenerea. Animals thrived in great number, grazing the consistently replenishing fields. Crops sprung from the fertile soil with near effortless abandon, giving way to huge farms and large palatial estates. Fishing villages became cities along its shores, Cenerea's oceans providing a never-ending abundance of sustenance and wealth for the Collective's occupants.

Regalius' mainland, unlike its island progeny, was blessed primarily with humanity and in great amount. Mountain ranges formed from catastrophic celestial impacts with Cenerea in her younger days rose skyward surrounding the central areas of Regalius. Inside these natural fences existed clusters of densely populated technologically advanced states now called *The Regions*. These lands were home to massive cities with all of the troubles accompanying both of these conditions. The most problematic of the aforementioned issues: the under-availability of food and the over-availability of mankind.

Historically, local conventional wars between pre-Regional kingdoms were commonplace. However, as technology and information sharing grew, the violence began to wane. People grew to trust and cooperate with one another, adopting a new concept of technology and information as pathways to peace.

Unfortunately, advances in technology also led to deadlier, more powerful weaponry. Several in the urbanized Regions observed this phenomenon and determined that something needed to happen before these weapons found a use, a balance between cooperation and defense and soon. The Confederation of Regions was born from this need.

Outside of the mountain enclosed Confederation, poor and mostly uneducated people inhabited the wild, very often, primitive outer edges of the continent. They lived purposefully away from their urbanized Regional neighbors. The people who lived in the Sub-Regions preferred to exist alone in peace and absolute freedom for the most part. They lived and died with very little exposure to most technology. Sub-Regional people grouped together in mostly seaside or woodland villages. These 'Sub' states had no influence or representation, politically or otherwise inside the mountain walls of the Confederation. They had no military defense either, but the neighboring Regions would oftentimes appoint Regional Defense Forces to police the areas.

The citizens of these 'Subs' traded regularly with The Lavidius Collective as well. The Lavidians also provided food freely to the poorest of the Sub-Regional peoples and the Regions brought currency and some Defense Force protection. To live in the western Sub-Regions was an existence somewhere between both cultures. This balanced atmosphere brought many wealthy Lavidian and Regional citizens seeking to setup vacation homes in these lovely areas. The Sub-Regional citizens always welcomed the soldiers and their neighbors, west and east, warmly. Then the tourists and the soldiers stopped coming.

Enter the Homeland. This oppressive government utilized an artificial intelligence device known as The Great War Machine to subjugate the technology of the Confederation's Regions and ultimately the Regions themselves. This new entity, The Homeland, born of violence and death, invaded the Sub-Regional states and slaughtered its citizens, taking their lands forcefully. The Lavidius Collective immediately activated its missile defenses and shut down all trade with this dark new government. The Homeland responded in kind. The two entities now locked into a deadly cold war, the status quo of Regalian politics for over forty Cenerean years.

Cenerea and her moons continue their dance around the wonderful life-giving Letria...

Note

Geneticus Book Two coming in 2017.