

SAMPLE 1: A 500- 1000 word writing sample, intended for a Conquest Rulebook, retelling an established historical event of your choice from the world of Conquest. Be it the world's Genesis, the events of the Fall, the Breaking and the Memory Wars or the events of Nepenthe, we would love to see your pen put them to paper.

The Sealing of the Ways

An organic birthing is a brutal, gore-ridden affair. Amniotic fluid, plasma, blood, spittle, tears. This is a fact well-known from the lowliest Pheromancer to the highest Lineages, that new flesh and form require raw material and expended effort to attain. Lesser known, obscured behind the thick curtain of time and deception, is the cascade of cruelty that led to the sealing of the Ways and the cruel birth of what the Spires would become on Eä. Lesser known still are the names of those who stood final witness to the climactic moments of that traumatic labor, those who would have sooner slit the infant society's throat before letting its fouled existence come to pass.

Even as refugees poured through the Ways, a far sight from the eager and skilled settlers anticipated, the forerunners who first tended the Spires stood fast. Those scientists and surveyors had centuries of preparation behind them, enough for Eä to stand as the beacon ark their civilization needed to survive the unspoken doom that had befallen their home. There was survival and hope seeded in the ashes of that calamity, by virtue of the Ways that allowed escape. Within the beating heart of the Spire lay the Waychamber, and therein two Life Binders stood careful vigil over the delicate structures and flowing blood of the Way.

It was a stark honor for these two, once named Incalculable Mechanism and Combustive Resonance, easily fulfilled as daily more refugees sought succor. It was a time of unsettled upheaval, and so there was no thought given to skittering rumors brought on the backs of the most recent nobles. In their tending, Incalculable Mechanism and Combustive Resonance did not consider that any would willingly rip their threatened people from the roots, that any might choose to tear their own civilization from seam to seam.

They did not know the ambitious rot that nested in the Sovereign's heart.

As it stands, they were unarmed and ill-prepared for the scions of the Sovereign's house. Nevertheless, they fought to defend and stabilize the Way lest its demise ripple through space and time to close the path forever. They asked 'Why?' and were met with 'It is the will of the Sovereign,' in tones as blank as blasted glass. They were offered the opportunity to leave fate to its cruel devices. But, knowing what millions of their people

yet lay stranded beyond the Way, Incalculable Mechanism and Combustive Resonance resisted. They failed, of course, but they did resist.

Incalculable Mechanism and Combustive Resonance died to the sight of their viscera staining the darkened, empty Way, and none who now live within the Spires of Eä remember so much as the faintest rattle of their names. Mayhap those weren't their names at all. Mayhap two was not even their number. For the writing of the histories fell to the damned victors and their bloodstained fingers, and it was the Sovereign's acidic lies that coated the fetal nerves and functions of Spire society as it bled out and was rebirthed anew through the vicious pain of betrayal.

SAMPLE 2: An up to 500-words lore tidbit, intended for a framed, stand-alone text of a gaming book. Whether you quote a Warlord, offer insight to the financial maneuverings of the Paeneticum, tell the story of a constellation, present a Dweghom recipe for mushroom-and-pepper pie or explore the nature of primordial shards, it is up to you!

Every Dog Has Its Day...

Snuffling in its crate, the war beast seemed innocuous. Visionary Confluence squinted at it in trepidation.

"Where did you say you got it?" she asked, poking the crate with the tip of her toe. The beast failed to stir.

"Our beasts have shown failing bloodlines for years now," Cobalt Façade said. She didn't look away from her mirror, styling the overdone decorations she'd bought specifically for this tournament.

"That is not an answer."

"If I told you, you'd be angry."

Visionary Confluence crossed her arms. "I'll be angry if you *don't* tell me, to be perfectly honest."

Cobalt Façade sighed. "If we don't place in this tournament, we will be in a much weaker bargaining position overall."

"That is still not an answer," Visionary Confluence said, kicking the crate harder.

An ear-splitting crack reverberated through the room as the beast inside thrashed, splitting the crate easily. Cobalt Façade was the first to scream as it lunged for her, tearing easily through her wrists with intractable jaws before she could so much as think

of reaching for the phial of control pheromones tucked inside one of her pockets. Visionary Confluence did not scream at all before she was gurgling on the floor, the beast's flanged paws melting through fabric and flesh.

The room was silent within moments.

Some days later, the torn scrap of a report was slipped into a hooded Pheromancer's hand. They scurried away with it without looking back, deeper into the defunct Root and the security of their research. In their most secret room, with the rolling eyes of a half dozen robust war beasts staring on, they unfolded the paper.

The title and names were missing, but the singular image of ornate Lineage robes and white skin stained with drying blood and beast saliva drew a curled smile to the Pheromancer's hidden mouth.