

VOL. 2 / ISSUE 1 / FEBRUARY 2018



# WORLDBUILDING

## MAGAZINE

### THE NITTY - GRITTY

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a community publication.



# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



Dear readers,

Hello again! I am so happy to share with you our eighth issue of our magazine! Inside you will find all kinds of articles with a focus on the nitty-gritty detail of your worlds.

There are a couple different things you might notice looking at this issue. First is the fact that we have officially rebranded to become Worldbuilding Magazine, as we no longer publish on a monthly basis. Those of you following along likely have already noticed this change, which was made in an effort to produce better content (and give the staff some reprieve from the monthly schedule). We decided the start of a new year was the perfect time to make the official switch to Worldbuilding Magazine, and adopt the new logo you see on the cover.

Second, we have begun volume two. Since this is the first issue of 2018, we have completed volume one of Worldbuilding Magazine and have started volume two! We will continue to provide you, our readers, with quality articles, stories, interviews, and other material to help you be inspired to worldbuild.

If you missed any issues from volume 1 (2017) you can check them out on our [website](#)!

Our next issue will be focused on everything food related. If you are interested in sending in an article, do not hesitate to contact us! We accept articles, short stories, art, and other types of worldbuilding from around the community.

We are always happy to meet new creators who are part of this community; if you are interested in worldbuilding, or want to help out in any way, contact us on reddit or at [contact@worldbuildingmonthly.com](mailto:contact@worldbuildingmonthly.com)!

Cheers,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'u/UNoahGuy', written over a white rectangular background.

u/UNoahGuy

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*Cover and Logo: Tristen Fekete*



# WORLD SHOWCASE: MAARTEN'S KAZANDINIUM & THE GREATER WORLD

Adam Bassett

**M**aarten (also: MaartenBlom20) and I spoke about the book he is writing, the *Kazandinium*, as well as the mythologies and world it depicts -- *The Greater World*, a medieval European-inspired setting with a grimdark theme. Maarten has been creating an extensive mythology, with numerous deities that play a role in creating and shaping the world since 2009. The *Kazandinium*, written by the eldest Numar, is the tome that details the history and mythology that he's been creating.

*This month's world showcase will look deeper into Maarten's dark world. Here's what he had to say about it.*

So what is the Kazandinium? It is the name for the in-world book I'm currently writing, which is also the current name of the project.

[The world is called] "The Greater World" to **Men**, "Nazulbar" in the language of the **Korrigan**, and "Tillin Dor" in the **Elner** tongue. It is a world of eternal peril, darkness, and terror. From the great void comes a darkness, a darkness that can't be stopped. One that is named "**Yugandas**" by many. It is bound to eat the world and purge all mortal life, and no one can stop it. Basically the world is doomed, there is no happy ending.

The Kazandinium is a collection of stories and lore taking place throughout the world's history, and the recent years of the coming apocalypse. The realms of mankind are too busy fighting amongst themselves to do anything about the **Dance of Death** coming from the east, vile creatures terrorize daily life, and a curse called "magic" slowly infects and eats the world.

*Could you go into a bit more detail on the book, [The Kazandinium](#)?*

Sure. Well, when I started to do worldbuilding more actively in early 2017 I created some Google Docs and shared them on r/worldbuilding. These got pretty popular and people really seemed to like



Pixabay (free use)

it, which kept me motivated. This summer I started working on a new chapter for the series, but when I looked back at all of it I realized that I just didn't like it anymore. I wanted something more professional, something that felt real. So I started writing the in-world lore book written and told by Octaviar, the loremaster of Tiri-Andor. I am working on Chapter Two at the moment. Will I release this? No. I will have it for myself (I'm planning on even getting a physical version), and I will share it in the community, totally free of charge, just to share my work with fellow worldbuilders. I'm sure when it will be finished, but I have a feeling 2018 will be a great year.

*What was your goal with this project?*

To take how people saw life and the unknown in medieval times (or how they would see it), and make it a reality. It is a world where myths and fairytales are real, but are far from the same as in our own.

*What inspired you? Clearly Medieval history, but was there anything else?*

Like you said, Medieval history is a huge inspiration, but ancient and medieval mythology are likely my second biggest inspirations. I like to take actual and fictional history and mix them together. I personally dislike just taking the exact same concepts,

so I always create my own mythology slightly based and inspired by some of our own world's.

When it comes to other media, The Elder Scrolls, Warhammer, and the Witcher have been pretty big inspirations for me.

*You mention mythology as a large component of this. Would you care to discuss a bit about the mythology you created for the Kazandinium, as well as giving us a taste of one major part of that mythology?*

Of course. Basically, the basis of everything is nothing. The world is but a shapeless plane inside nothingness, so before there was the world, there was just **the Void**. And from this void came beings of unseen power, "**The Inithil**". The Inithil created three beings collectively known as the Aknur. The first was Yugandas, who became a realm of its own made out of darkness itself, and eventually forced

out the Inithil which wiped their memory. See the Void knows no time nor events, thus for anyone there it is like nothing ever happened.

They then created a being known as **Therendor**. Therendor had plans for something greater, a world where life unlike they had seen before could exist, one without the cold darkness of the void. But he could not achieve such a goal on his own. Thus he created 9 other deitic beings, "**The Ulmadar**".

While Therendor and the Ulmadar created the world, the Inithil where planning to join them in their plane of "**Helios**". But first, they created the last of the Aknur, known as "**Elneris**". Elneris was weak, alone, and without guidance. He was confused about his whole existence, and the darkness of the Void slowly drained his very being. To save the last bit of himself to continue with whatever he was meant to do, he created deitic beings of his own, much like Therendor did. These would be the "**Phetar**". And they would play a big roll in the would that was yet to be made. After that Elneris disappeared, fleeing into the dark void.

This is only one out of many myths found in the Kazandinium. But this marked the beginning of the world where these tales would take place.

*Let's move on to the common man. How do people without any divinity in The Greater World perceive all of this? Is it believed, devalued, or something else?*

These tales are believed by the majority of Mankind, and they are very religious. The people of Ardon live by these stories, these gods, and their will. For example, in the holy imperium of Kazandor, the greatest nation of Mankind, a heretic is the worst thing a man can be.

But, the world is home to many species, cultures, and civilizations. Men are descendants from a people known as the **Ratfolk**, humanoid rats that walked the world as one of the first two mortal species. The



Depicts Therendor, Second of the Askar

Artist: Rebecca Hummel (@HummelArt on Twitter)





**Map of the Greater World**  
Artist: MaartenBlom20

Ratfolk were birthed by the Ulmadar; the Ratfolk saw their creators with their own eyes. The other species did not see their creators like this.

Faith was important to survive in this hostile world, and worshipping fake gods, meant your doom. So Therendor created the “**Ansadar**”. Endless realms within Helios housing literally endless amounts of possibilities in gods. These realms became the stars. All gods that were worshiped would stay and watch over their children. All those that were not would disappear into the void.

Mankind believes they exist thanks to the Ulmadar (and they are 100% correct). So, their church says you owe it to them to fight on their behalf, or burn in their fires. This belief is pretty common across all of the Men of Ardon, but the Imperium takes it to the extreme. The other nations are a little lighter on all this.

When it comes to the other species, they have not had direct contact with Therendor or the Ulmadar, thus they have no reason to believe they exist. Like civilizations in our world, they will create

their own versions of how the world was created and who made them. This comes in the form of whichever Ansadar they worship. Of course they will always be wrong on how the world was truly made, but whoever they worship, is real.

When it comes to the Ratfolk and Man, it's important to note that Mankind **is** the ratfolk. Humanity evolved from them, and the Ratfolk are no more. Does this mean that mankind can't worship different gods? No. Because they do. Only the man of Ardon and Paradon worship(ed) the Ulmadar (Paradon being no more). Other sons of the Ratmen have not held on to these beliefs. In the eastern Empire of Judai, men worship Luxo and Basing. In the cold north are the Hellig, who worship Varus and his servants. And even in Ardon there are many minor gods of smaller aspects such as honor and woodwork, who are all just as real as the Ulmadar.

### ***Could you explain the Helios a bit more?***

When Therendor created the Ulmadar, he could not keep them in the Void. Thus he shaped another realm within the void habitable for the gods. This realm was "Helios", or "high plane" in the language of the Ratfolk. Helios is home to the realms of the Ansadar, known as the stars, and the realm of the Ulmadar, known as the sun. Within Helios Therendor created the mortal realm of "Elios", or "low plane" in the Rat's tongue. In this realm the Greater World and the twin moons reside.

And if a god wasn't worshiped he wouldn't leave, he would disappear. It has always been this way. If a god is worshipped enough, he becomes a reality. If people lose faith in an already existing god, it will disappear.

### ***So at the beginning of this you mentioned an approaching doom. Care to go into a bit more detail on that?***

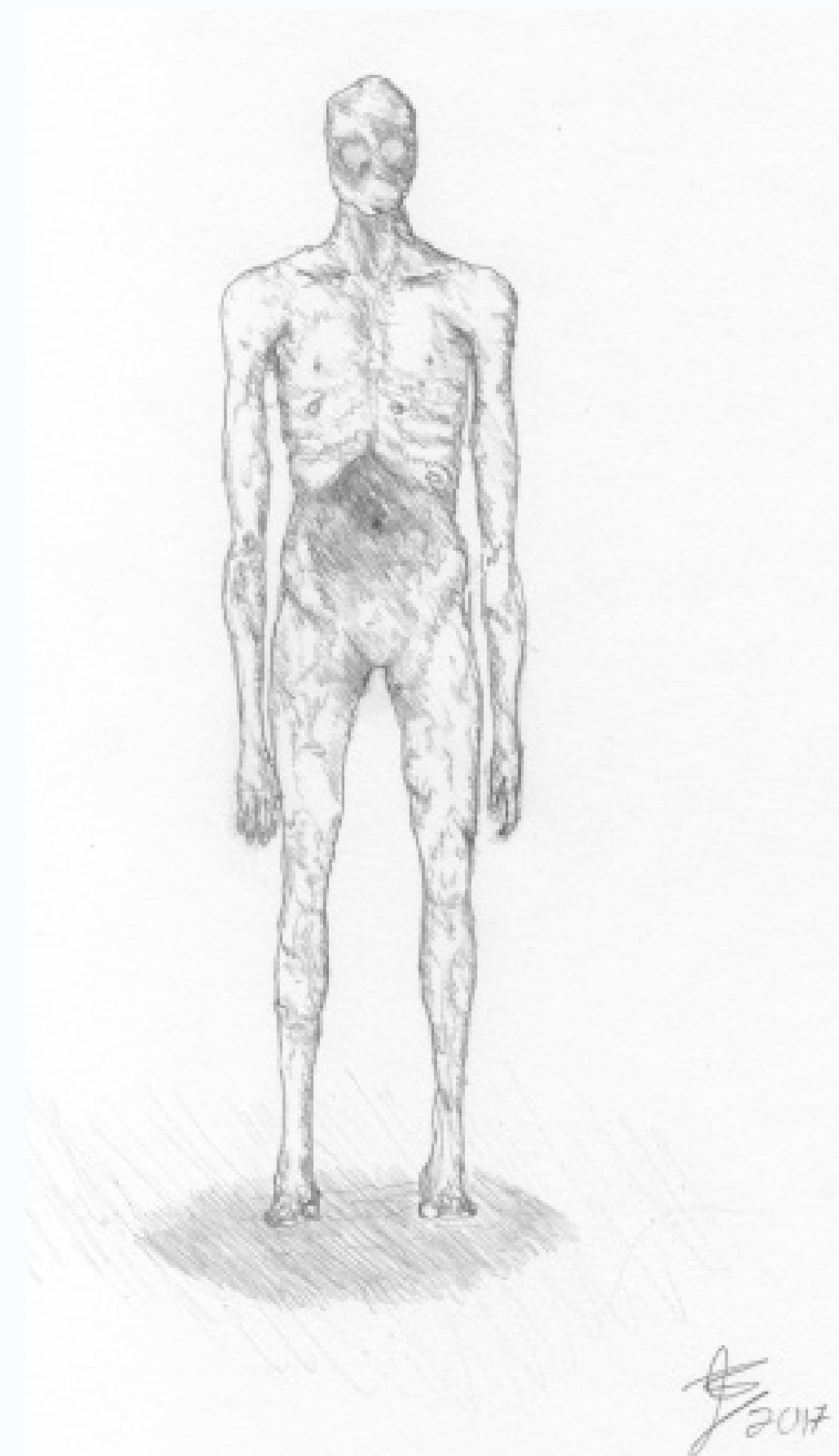
Absolutely, it is one of the most important aspects of this world. Earlier i talked about Yugandas and how he was the first being created by the Inithil. When he drove away the Inithil, it was as if he never existed to them, and they still aren't aware of his existence. But Yugandas is one the move. Slowly but surely, he is making his way towards the worlds of Therendor. But few know that in a way, Yugandas is already there.

I previously mentioned that Therendor created 9 Ulmadar. Well this is false. He created 8. One of them, is not made by him. He just doesn't realize it. This is Eledor. Eledor is a piece of Yugandas in disguise, portraying himself as god of darkness for the people of the Greater world. In the meantime he is terrorizing the world, and is now finally bringing the apocalypse.

When Therendor realized who Eledor truly was, a war erupted. This was a 200 year conflict known as the Titanomachy. Eledor had almost lost the war, but had a final trick up his sleeve. He cursed and destroyed the holy kingdom of Paradon, binding its men to his will and turning them into legions of skeletal beings. The people of Paradon are now

slaves to the dance; "The Dance of Death," which is the name of their invasion into other parts of the Greater World.

The Dance of Death arrived at every great city. It was a truly horrifying sight. First, winged hourglasses would descend upon the city, showing the citizens and their leaders that the time has come. When it landed, time had run out. The next thing they hear will be the bells of Aaru, echoing through the streets. In the blink of an eye, the legions of the dance would have arrived and like uncontrollable waves, they swept through the streets, swallowing all in its path.



**A Numar**  
Artist: u/84zx



This is the impending doom none can ever escape from, for it is part of destiny. It happens over and over again.

***So this is like a cycle? All is destroyed, then repeated?***

Yes. Earlier i mentioned how when Yugandas forced the Inithil out of his realm, they forgot everything thanks to the timeless void. Well, when Yugandas ate all realms of existence, they were forced out once again. Which means they again forgot everything. They created Therendor like nothing ever happened, Therendor creates the Ulmadar, they create the world, Yugandas comes and consumes it all, and so on. Millions of times over. It is an unbreakable loop, and it can never be stopped by mortal, or divine intervention. ***That's unfortunate.***

Such a period of time between the dawn and destruction of the world is known as "**The Sutra.**"

The world runs its own course during this time, its species unaware of how they are a mere speck inside something way larger. Pretty much any single event in history is insignificant. Just a tiny drop inside one of millions of Sutra. Many thousands of years pass before Yugandas arrives again.

***Is there anything else you would like to share?***

Remember Elneris? The fool of a child the Inithil created, and the Phetar that came from him before he fled into the Void? The Phetar couldn't stay inside this darkness, and thus they ripped hole inside Helios to join the stars. Here they saw the world that Therendor and the Ulmadar had built. But where the Ulmadar saw greatness and beauty, the Phetar saw filth and disgrace. The Phetar have the true and pure form of what any being is supposed to look like, the skeleton. And in this world they saw being that were far from pure. This they send their servants, the Araguaz, to the world. To the Araguaz, flesh is a mere side effect of mortality, as the skeleton is the true form. So when they came to this world, gray flesh started to grow. They were put on this world to purge it of all that is impure. But they have yet to succeed. These days many claim they have lost this purpose to time, as they fight amongst themselves on the western continent of Amelias. Their first invasion of the east failed after leaving its mark for eternity, but a second invasion one day is very likely.

***Could they interrupt the cycle?***

No. It is impossible to ever break the cycle. Only the Inithil could do such a thing. But how can they when they themselves are stuck inside it? Unaware of what is going on. The Phetar and the Elner are just as helpless as the the Ulmadar, they just don't realize it.

***Alright, one last question. What's your end-game? At what point do you think you'll look at all of this and say to yourself "I've done what I set out to achieve."***

To be honest, i'm not entirely sure. When I look at my idols, people such as Tolkien or Michael Kirkbride, i always think to myself and what they have created and think "I want to be just like that". I want to go on the internet and find people discussing theories about my world, find a wiki, youtube videos, or subreddits about people interested in my lore. I want to see other writers showing interest in my stuff. I want to see fans create fanfiction or fanart. It will most likely be through a novel, but I'm not entirely sure for what kind of medium I will write. I just hope to one day see how people love it just as much as I do myself. At that point I can look back at the 10 year old daydreamer in the back of the classroom, and laugh at how unaware I was at the time. How I hadn't realized my passion back then, and how far I have come. Let's hope I will someday get to that point.

**Definitions:**

**Kazandinium:** The book, written from the perspective of an in-world character, which details the history and mythology of The Greater World.

**The Void:** Nothingness, and the home of the Inithil.

**The Inithil:** Beings who dwell in the Void. They created the deities Yugundas, Therendor, and Elneris (the three Aknur).

**Yugundas:** The first Aknur. It was left, ignored, and later inevitably is destined to consume everything until nothing remains but the Void.

**Therendor:** The second Aknur. He created the Ulmadar, who helped him bring life into the world.

**Elneris:** The third Aknur. He was fearful and confused, and created the Phetar and disappeared into the Void.

**Helios:** Also called the High Plane, it is the home of Therendor and the Ulmadar, who could not live in the Void.

**Eilos:** Also called the Low Plane, it is the realm of the Greater World and where Men reside.

**Ansadar:** One of many endless realms within Helios housing literally endless amounts of possibilities in gods. These realms became the stars.

**Ratfolk:** The ancestors to Humans—now extinct. They reside on the Low Plane.

**Korrigan:** Created by one of the Phetar and reside on the Low Plane.

**Numar:** Created by one of the Ulmadar, and reside on the Low Plane. They were tasked with becoming guides to the early mortals. The author of the Kazandinium is the first Numar.

**The Dance of Death:** The Dance of Death is the name given to the apocalypse brought forth by the skeletal cursed men of Paradon, who serve Yugandas. 🦴

# First time here?

Catch up on previous issues.

[Click Here.](#)





# FESTIVALS

Hexarch

Holidays, festivals, and celebrations are events we all look forward to as the year rolls along. The inhabitants of your world will anticipate them with the same enthusiasm, and adding a few intriguing events to your custom-built calendar will give your world some unique flavor. The sheer variety of holidays around the world make it impossible to draw clear lines between categories, so we will be leaving some things out, but I will try to cover the broadest, most universal categories I could come up with. What ties all holidays together is that they are meant to bring a group of people together to celebrate their identity, whether that identity is national, ethnic, or religious. To construct a holiday, you must determine three things: what it is about, how old it is, and how fun it is.

The first thing to do is determine just what is being celebrated. There are three major types of celebration: civic holidays, religious holidays and natural holidays. A civic holiday is a celebration relating primarily to the government and is celebrated where that government holds sway. A civic holiday may celebrate the government itself, an individual either living or dead associated with the government, or an event closely tied to the foundation or success of the government. A good example is Bastille Day in France. Bastille Day literally celebrates an angry mob attacking a government prison and figuratively celebrates the beginning of modern French history, as the storming of the Bastille was the start of the French Revolution.

While the civic holidays we know are a largely modern invention, representing and celebrating a break with the past, religious holidays are often the opposite, celebrating continuity with the distant past. What events these holidays can celebrate are as varied as religion itself. They could be celebrating the penning of a holy text, the birth of a prophet, or even the creation of the world itself. While civic holidays are always celebrated in the open, just how a religious holiday is celebrated often depends on that religion's relationship with the government and society at large. If it is a majority religion it will be a public holiday, if not it might pass with little fanfare outside the group celebrating it. If the religion in question is

persecuted by the government the holiday will be celebrated in secret.

Finally, we come to the third category, natural holidays. These festivals celebrate some event rooted in nature rather than history. Every culture has some form of New Year festival, and many celebrate the changing of the seasons. These can be quite local, celebrating the opening of the fishing season or the return of the sun in the polar regions.

While this does cover a lot of holidays, there are many that defy these categories. In the United States we have a holiday called Halloween where children dress up in costumes and walk around their neighborhood to ask for candy. It began as a harvest festival, but evolved to a point that it does not easily fit into any of these three categories.

When designing a festival, a good question to ask is how old it is. While this is useful information from a worldbuilding perspective, it will also help you determine just how the festival is celebrated. Younger holidays are often simpler, and their aspects can be directly linked to what is being celebrated. For example, National Day in China is celebrated with flag ceremonies and military parades commemorating the founding of the People's Republic of China. While this is a civic holiday, any newer festival will be similarly direct. Celebrants can draw a one-to-one connection between what they're doing and what they're celebrating. The older a holiday is, the more likely the festivities are to seem slightly obscure for several reasons. One reason is that the rituals and actions made sense in the distant past, but their meaning has been lost over the years.

Another reason why celebrations may seem odd is that another culture has adopted the holiday or added its own flair to it. The way Christmas is celebrated in the U.S. is a good example. Christmas celebrates the birth of Jesus Christ, a central figure in the Christian religion. Many people attend church services on this day and retell the story of Christ's birth: a nice one-to-one connection. However, other aspects of the holiday don't quite match up. The ubiquitous Christmas decoration is the Christmas tree - an evergreen tree that is cut down,

brought inside, and decorated with ornaments and lights - but it is mentioned nowhere in the Bible. The Bible also offers no specific date for the birth of Jesus. Thanks to Christianity's contact with other cultures, it adopted the date from a Roman holiday and adopted the tree from Germanic traditions. The older and more widespread a holiday, the more disparate elements it will accumulate.

Our final category concerns the solemn-fun axis. Is this celebration meant to be a serious occasion, intended to remind its celebrants of duty and higher purpose, or is it an excuse for people to get together and have a good time? Given the serious nature of the events civic and religious holidays celebrate, it is not unreasonable to think that it would be weighted towards the solemn side. But I find that holidays and festivals of all kinds tend more towards fun. I think this because religions and governments expect their adherents to be solemn for the whole year, and holidays are an enjoyable break from that, while still technically venerating something serious. Another possible reason is that people just like fun, ergo fun holidays will last longer simply because people enjoy them more. Solemn holidays often involve

remembrance of some sacrifice or represent a form of self-denial. Fasting seems the most common way to do this; Muslims do not eat when the sun is up for the holy month of Ramadan. So, put a few solemn holidays on your calendar, but remember that most will be fun. Exactly what form that fun takes is up to you. Food and drink will almost always feature prominently, but other than that, go wild. Maybe it's a day full of athletic events where communities compete against one another, maybe everyone puts on their best clothes or intentionally dresses terribly.

Holidays are an important part of any culture's calendar, and they will be an important part of your world. On a smaller scale, holidays will be important to the people that live in your world as well. On a personal scale holiday traditions bind people together. A festival might mark the only time an extended family gets together all year, marking the festival with personal as well as cultural importance. As said at the beginning, the ways and means of celebration vary so much across the world it's hard to pin them all down. Don't be afraid to do some research and take inspiration from real-world festivals, there is nothing new under the sun.🐉



Artist: Adam Basset



# PROMPTS

It's easy to get stuck, hit writer's block, or overlook small details. We would like to try and combat these troubles by asking questions about your world that you may not have thought of, as well as by offering writing prompts. If you would like to write a short story based on one of the writing prompts, or have a prompt you would like to share with us, please submit it to us at [contact@worldbuildingmonthly.com](mailto:contact@worldbuildingmonthly.com) or [social media](#). Submitted stories must be based on the following prompts in order to be eligible for reproduction in the next issue.

## File Requirements:

- The file must be no longer than 5,000 words
- The file must include title and author(s)

## Worldbuilding Prompts:

- Other than mercenaries and contract killers, what other sorts of professions in your world involve contract work?
- Detail the lineage of a prominent family.
- Describe the art of one of your cultures, and how it is influenced by that society.

## Writing Prompts:

- *All that was left of the city was a smoldering pile of ashes and a single, blue stone.*
- *"It's not the beasts you gotta fear. It's the trees."*
- *"Might be if you weren't sending us into the Depths I wouldn't ask for all the money up front."*

# EYE OF THE FISHERMEN

Dave\_X - Community Submission

At the edge of the shore he signed off on a package marked only with a purple eye—no address or name was necessary. He waited for the courier to disappear from view, then turned and tossed it into the sea. He didn't bother to watch as it sank below the waves, ink slowly beginning to smudge and run. It would get where it needed to go. It always did.

As he began to make the long walk back to the warmth of his hearth he marveled at how mundane such a thing had become; just a few years ago he would have had endless questions: Why an eye? Why was it purple? How did they find the package? Who are the Fishermen?

He knew the stories as well as any other: smugglers and pirates, willing to carry any cargo for the right price. They'd earned the favor of many of the underworld's elite—his being here was proof of that. But this—*this* symbol, this "delivery"—was far outside any stories he'd heard before.

But the Black Dragon preferred quick minds with silent lips. He'd been with them long enough to know better than to ask. Now, he no longer cared. This had been a thoroughly simple affair—a careless noble, an unguarded pocket, a quick-fingered thief, a swift escape, and a simple delivery. All that remained was to collect his pay. How confident they must be, he pondered, to pay for a job when all evidence of such was lost to the sea.

He knew these thoughts to be troublesome, however, so he banished them from his mind and walked on.

*Would they really ever know*, he mused. Here he was once more, a package with a purple eye in hand and waves lapping at his ankles. It was clear to him now that this "delivery" was nothing more than a roundabout disposal, merely presented in such a way as to scare him into completion. He doubted the Fishermen even played a part at all.

What would happen—what could possibly happen—if he were to simply put the package in his pocket?

Nobody was watching—he would know if someone was—so he felt no fear as tore the top of the package open. There sat a brilliant gem, a shining star nestled within sea-spray-stained butcher paper. It was light in his hand, but he felt the weight of the wealth it would bring him as if the gold was stacked in his hand a thousand coins high. It would be such a waste to allow as flawless a gem as this to be lost to the silt and salt, he reasoned, to be danced upon by crabs and ignored by fickle fish.

With a smile he folded the paper so that the eye could no longer be seen, tossing it into the water. Now, all that remained was to collect his pay. Best to play the part to the end.

The blade at his throat was a rude awakening. Could they not have done him the courtesy of killing him in his sleep? Of course not. The Black Dragon does not forgive.

"How did you know?"

The hooded figure gave no reply, but moved a hand to their belt, pulling forth a small hand-mirror. They held it aloft, angling it so the moonlight could illuminate his face. As he gazed at himself in the mirror he breathed a sigh of resignation. How had he not noticed? There, emblazoned upon his forehead, was a purple eye.

But as that final breath left him one last thought burned in the back of his mind:

Who *are* the Fishermen?



# AN EXCHANGE OF GIFTS

*StronglyOPlatypus*

The air of Moscow was white, swirling with frozen fractals. Tiny flakes melted on faces, embedding themselves in hair, resting on leaves and blanketing the frozen ground. Windows were frosted over by winter’s sudden touch; the UN headquarters was no exception.

Snow. Andrew smiled. Snow was a rare, welcome sight. It fell on his face, tickling him, yet he couldn’t quite bring himself to wipe it off. He hadn’t seen any in a decade, to be honest, and neither had Moscow for that matter, at least not in any large amount. It began falling when the being first appeared and hadn’t stopped since. Andrew took a look at his briefing while walking to the headquarters.

*Appeared December 17, large snowstorm hit shortly after appearance, ambulated slowly towards the UN, resisted all attempts to arrest or question. Named вешч (veshch) by local authorities.*

*Veshch.* The word, if his Russian was correct, just meant “thing.” Amused, he let out a puff of air and brushed the snow off the briefing envelope, tucking it inside his coat. Based on what he’d read, “thing” was a pretty apt description for it.

He had arrived at his destination. The headquarters were hardly five years old, designed by a modern architect, and it showed. Sweeping curves, steel pillars, and bends where corners should have been gave it the look of a fresh new center, one that had never undergone a major renovation or needed much maintenance. The one at Geneva was practically falling apart; the paint was barely dry in Moscow. This was the building’s first big snow.

Andrew shivered. At least the older buildings were prepared for the cold. He flung open the door, his wet shoes squeaking against the tile floor. A security guard directed him towards the General Assembly where he took his seat next to the plaque that read “Canada.” In the center of the room, directly in front of the podium, was the thing.

The being’s face—if it was a face—was perfectly smooth, round, and emanated a white glow. On it there were three equally-sized holes, arranged almost like those of a bowling ball, and between them the material of the “face” rose to a rounded hump. It looked to Andrew like a mask with a nose, but the longer he gazed at it the more problems he saw with that assumption. He didn’t think it was made of an organic substance; the object looked hard to the touch, like a thick circle of plastic, but short of pressing his finger against the thing, he couldn’t be sure. And if it was some imitation of a face, why was the mask so simple? It would be difficult for a human to wear.

The creature was short, clothed in a black sheet that covered every part of it except for the “mask.” The material, heavily creased and folded, shimmered in the artificial light. It suggested the outline of some body underneath, but Andrew hoped that was just an illusion. He wasn’t sure where he would even begin trying to decipher what shape the thing could be: A hunched-over person? A giant spider? A dog? All seemed equally likely.

The thing’s eye-holes were focused on the door, watching the delegates pour into the assembly. When a larger group would walk in it would shift slightly, but aside from that it was perfectly still. A couple of people were off to the side, filming and sketching and debating what it could be. Those artists couldn’t have asked for a better model. If it weren’t for the minor movements every ten minutes or so Andrew would’ve taken the thing to be a particularly creative statue.

When the Secretary-General, Aisha Hakim, and her entourage arrived, the thing’s gaze followed them. Aisha took her seat in the front of the Assembly. She seemed put off at the first sight of it. Andrew didn’t blame her, but the Secretary-General regained her composure. The being was a bit creepy, having it stare directly at her couldn’t have helped.

“Good morning, delegates. I welcome you all to this emergency session of the General Assembly, held on the twenty third of December, to determine

the proper course of action towards the entity which stands before you today. This being will be henceforth known as the ‘Moscow Entity’ or ‘Mosc. E’ for short. We will begin with a short briefing on the details of this situation.

The Moscow Entity appeared roughly where it is right now six days ago, on December the seventeenth. To the best of our knowledge, no one saw it enter, and the security tapes have yielded little information. Approximately one hour after its appearance, against what all meteorological data suggested should happen, it began snowing and has not yet ceased doing so. This constitutes the largest snowstorm in the region since 2032.”

The thing, still pointing its glowing face towards the Secretary General, began making a nodding motion. In doing so it revealed more of the nuances of its form, made clearer as the sheet shifted positions. A few more bumps, a joint or two, a protrusion looking a little like a limb. It all made it even harder to guess what could possibly be under that cloak.

“Whenever the snowstorm is mentioned, it moves,” Hakim explained. “We believe the two are in some way connected. Some suggest it may be an act of environmental terrorism. The theory currently endorsed by the building security and local law enforcement is that it is some sort of robot, installed by an unknown group. Sergei Golovanov of the Moscow Police will be summarizing the various measures already taken.”

A bald man in uniform addressed the delegates and proceeded to explain, in a long-winded fashion, how they had utterly failed to discern any more information than what was already said. The Moscow Entity had looked towards them when they tried to speak to it, giving no response. They had attempted to move it, but that had accomplished nothing except for informing them that it was very heavy. There were both UN security forces and Moscow police present in case the entity proved dangerous. Andrew sighed with relief when the speech was finally over, gladly voting in favor of the motion to begin discussion.

Delegates began standing to speak. The entity watched them intently. Andrew kept his eyes on the thing, rather than whoever was talking at the time. It was much more interesting.

“The delegates should consider the strong possibility that this is the work of the United States—” the being looked around “—who, as I would like to remind those present—” its face fixed on the delegation from America “—is the only member state to have her representatives wear recording devices in order to monitor United Nations sessions from Washington D.C.”

The thing began walking—no, shuffling—towards the delegates. A police officer let his hand drift to his gun but the being didn’t pay any attention to that. Almost the entire room, including the Finnish woman who was speaking, focused on the entity. The American delegate himself, too busy typing away furiously on a small laptop, did not notice. The sound of fingers hitting keys and muffled shambling were the only things audible in the General Assembly. The Moscow Entity made no more motion or sound when it had arrived at the man’s desk, or at least Andrew couldn’t hear or see any.

Clearly something did happen, because the American delegate nearly jumped out of his chair. The woman at the podium quietly resumed her speech, taking a seat when seeing that she no longer held anyone’s attention. The proceedings continued, with the entity gradually making its way around the room, stopping at each country. When it approached Andrew he eagerly bent down to get a look at it.

It was at about chest-height for the 1.8 meter man, as smooth up close as it looked from afar. The glow was brighter too. A less intrigued person might have averted their eyes.

“Hello,” said Andrew slowly. “Can you hear me? Do you understand?”

To his surprise, the thing replied, after turning to look at his plaque.

“Caaaah... Ci... Ceh...”

“Cakike?” Andrew whispered. It was gibberish, sure, but the thing was talking, communicating!

“Caah... Ceh neh... Ceh ned...”

“Canada? Are you trying to read? *Canada.*”

“Canadi...” The thing’s voice was a low drone. It approximated the sounds fairly accurately, but





Artist: Tristen Fekete

something was off. Andrew didn't think a human mouth could produce what this being had, at least not without great effort. It wasn't mechanical either; just different in some way that he could not place. It made a few undecipherable sounds and then continued along its path. Andrew contemplated, then rose his hand. He wasn't sure if he was right, or whether he wanted to be.

"Yes, the delegate from Canada?"

Andrew stood and approached the podium. He held each side of the stained oak structure and mentally prepared himself.

"Fellow delegates, I am Andrew Fraser of Canada. Based on the evidence provided here by the testimony of Mr. Golovanov, the Secretary General, and the actions of the Moscow Entity, I think it is extremely possible that we are dealing with a life form with human-like intelligence: one that is not a member of our species. The correct course of action would therefore be to bring in scientific experts and attempt to communicate with it." Every delegate in the room looked at Andrew. Andrew glanced at the chair. He had half-expected to be interrupted and ruled dilatory, but the chair was just as interested to see what he had to say as anyone else.

"Given the fact that it wields apparent control over the weather, and the fact that extraterrestrial microbes were recently discovered on Europa, we should not rule out the possibility that this is a bona fide alien attempting to make first contact with humanity. I urge everyone here to exercise caution, and make your decisions with this possibility in mind."

Murmurs filled the air. Andrew wiped his brow and sat back down. There was nodding, accompanied by frantic whispers and shaking of heads. The Moscow Entity continued on its path. The delegate it was currently nearest to was utterly speechless.

A gavel banged and informed them that it was now, despite the recent developments, time for lunch. At least the session still had the trappings of normality. If it all got any weirder, Andrew might have broken down laughing. An alien! In a mask and cloak! He wasn't hungry, and it didn't seem like many others were either. Hardly anyone was eating, their mouths were all occupied with conversation.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Alien! This has gotta be the oddest session in my whole career, and I was there for the Jerusalem Accords! Nigel Brown, from the UK."

"I take it you don't agree with the theory?" Andrew inquired.

"No! I didn't at first, but you convinced me after all. Moscy walked right up to me and started saying 'oooooooooh, oooooooooh, ooooooooook.' He can *talk*." Brown gave an impression of the entity's droning.

"Moscy?"

"Moscow Entity. Mosc. E. Moscy. That's what Her Excellency said we should call it, no?"

"Hm. Feels weird to give it a name."

"You're the one going on about how it's an intelligent creature, aren't you?" the American delegate butted in.

"It was a suggestion. I'm not sure yet. Is the White House telling you to argue with me, or are you going rogue? What's Mission Control saying to you back in the States?"

"We're angling to have it put under American custody," he replied. "Either that or shooting it." Andrew and Nigel's eyebrows shot up in unison.

"Shooting at it?!" If Andrew had been eating, he would have spit out his food. "What the hell kind of a suggestion is that? We think it could be intelligent life and you want to shoot at it?"

"What are you talking about, shooting it?" Nigel added. "What good is that supposed to do?"

"Maybe it'll end this snowstorm. How long till people start dropping dead? Moscow hasn't dealt with this kind of a snow in decades, and who's to say other cities and other storms won't follow? Who's to say it isn't here to blow up the whole UN, that it's not just waiting for a good chance? And we can still research it if it's dead. Plus, that way it won't obstruct us from doing so. No one wants to kill the thing, but it might be the best option we've got. Besides, if it can think like a human, we should treat it like a human. If some random bum just walked in here and sat down in front of the Secretary General, they'd be thrown out or riddled full of holes already."

"Maybe, but shouldn't we just wait to see? If it was going to blow up, it could have done that a while ago," Nigel countered.

"Wait for it to kill us, more like. If you wanna take that risk, be my guest."

When the assembly resumed Andrew was left with a sour taste in his mouth and a gnawing feeling in his stomach. Perhaps he should have eaten after all. The American delegate was first to speak, and sure enough he was up there calling for the Moscow Entity to be held at gunpoint. There was a significant amount of agreement, to Andrew's disgust.

"Look, what these people are advocating for is unequivocal murder! How can we justify this to the public? To ourselves?"

"These appeals to emotion are just wasting time and energy; we don't have another option. The entity's existence is causing Moscow to grind to a halt; there are reports that some people are without Internet in parts of the city, they've been unable to get food for themselves, and cars are being buried in the snow! We do not have a choice other than to kill the being."

"We have plenty of choices, most of which are more ethical than shooting something we don't understand. It's moving and talking now. We can move it away from the city if need be."

In the end the vote was 130 to 64 in favor of shooting the Moscow Entity. Andrew and some of the other "No" voters gathered into a group to watch. The execution, due to the difficulty in moving the being, was being held where it stood. Immediately. Some averted their eyes; Andrew widened his, plugging his ears. He was no stranger to gunshots, and this was going to be loud.

Secretary General Hakim clearly didn't support the decision, but it was binding. She read the directive one final time, every word dripping with shame, dread, and contempt.

"The Members of the United Nations call for a multinational team of scientists to conduct research as to the nature of the Moscow Entity and the accompanying snowstorm."

A group of police surrounded the entity.



“The Moscow Entity is to be considered a potentially hostile threat to the safety and prosperity of the city of Moscow.”

A clip was loaded into a gun.

“In order to preserve the wellbeing of the Members and the citizens of Moscow, the Moscow Entity will be shot. One...two...three...” Hakim’s face bore a look of grief and regret, even before she said the final word. Andrew took a deep breath.

“Fire.”

A bullet exploded out of the chamber, burying itself deep below the cloak of the entity. The being emitted a high-pitched drone, though the ringing in Andrew’s ears from the shot nearly drowned it out. The Moscow Entity still stood, or slouched, or whatever it did. Another shot was fired. Then another. And another.

Reddish fluid splattered around it. Blood? The cloak and mask were unscathed, as appeared to be the creature within. The gunman looked around, unsure of what to do.

Then, three thin protrusions emerged from the cloak. They seemed almost like fingers, or spider legs. They held a small, round object in front of the mask, as the creature moved towards the gunman. He walked backwards but somehow the slow, methodical movements of the Moscow Entity allowed it to catch up. It placed the object on the floor before the man with a solid clink, as the Assembly silently watched and waited for a sound.

“Maaaaaah... Miiiiiih...” The Assembly was silent, save for the creaking of chairs as delegates leaned forward to listen.

“Meerrrrrrrih Chrihstmuuus,” the creature said.

What ensued could only be described as a very orderly chaos. Most of the delegates were understandably distraught. The Secretary General was given the object after it was confirmed not to be dangerous. News broke to the general public, and within hours the President, Pope, and various Prime Ministers had commented on the UN’s decision and the actions of the creature. Armchair biologists and philosophers the world over took

to their phones, blowing up social media with speculation. The creature quickly stole the top of the Trending list on nearly every major app and website. The American delegate was the only one who seemed sure of what to do, but that was probably him just following orders. A few suggestions of how to proceed were voiced, but a combination of shock and bewilderment prevented a consensus from being reached.

Andrew had spent most of the time staring at the creature, hoping that it would somehow reveal its mysterious will to him. Alas, the Moscow Entity seemed just as confused as the rest of them, as if behind that glowing mask was a small, puzzled face, just wondering what was going on. Andrew knew the feeling; he barely understood it all, and he was a thirteen-year veteran of this organization. Outside, the snow was somehow piling up even higher. A quick peek through a window revealed what was almost a blizzard. Miraculously, the headquarters still had Internet. According to the delegate from the Philippines, who was monitoring the news, snowstorms had appeared over the globe: in Colorado, Hong Kong, Timbuktu, Johannesburg, and Buenos Aires. Sea levels had started to lower as well. Images flooded the web of beaches in Florida stretching for what seemed like miles. Wrecked buildings and long-submerged vehicles had begun to resurface, waterlogged and covered in seaweed. After some deliberation, and quite a bit of arguing, the Secretary General made another statement to the delegates.

“The Moscow Entity wasn’t harmed by the bullets. The object it gave to us seems to be a small model of the Oculus space probe made entirely out of bullet lead. Based on this and the accompanying phrase ‘Merry Christmas,’ we believe it has a much greater understanding of human society than previously thought. We are operating under the assumption that it is creating these snowstorms somehow, and that the additional intensity was a direct result of being shot. This lends credibility to the theory that it is indeed an extraterrestrial being.

While we were initially planning to suspend this emergency session until tomorrow at 22:00, this has been made impossible by recent developments. For our own safety no one is allowed to leave the building until the crisis is resolved. The session will continue through the night, and will not end until a resolution has been reached and the

emergency is over. We will break for a meal now. Please use the time as if it were a caucus. Time is valuable.”

Andrew let his mouth bend into a smile. He had forgotten his hunger in the excitement. His colleagues all rose, and he joined the nearly 400 other tired legs to get food. He, Brown, and the Filipino delegate Maria Santos talked as they waited for pastrami on rye.

“This is too bloody weird,” Brown said. “We shoot it and it gives us a damn Christmas present?” The three took their sandwiches.

“It’s toying with us,” Santos muttered. “It knows we can’t do anything to it so it’s playing dumb and seeing how we react. The thing makes snowstorms! Probably could have dodged those bullets, too. I think it let itself get shot, just to confuse us.”

“Wait,” said Andrew. “What was on the Oculus probe? If it’s an alien then maybe it’s the thing that intercepted it. It *might* be trying to play with our minds, but what if it’s just strong enough that bullets don’t kill it? Maybe it just doesn’t understand us, maybe it thinks we’re still just being benevolent towards it.” Santos opened her laptop, typing with one hand and eating with the other.

“Did you see it? It bled. It cried, or screamed, made some kind of sound. We hurt it and it’s supposed to think we’re being nice to it?” Brown shook his head.

“Well... *we* thought it was here to kill us at first. What if it thought that the bullets were presents and just reciprocated? It’s trying to communicate with us in our language, with our traditions.”

“Then what’s the endgame?” asked Brown. “What is it doing?”

“Does it have to have one? Do we even know what ours is?”

“Look here,” Santos said. She had pulled up a JISEO statement from decades prior that listed the contents of the Oculus probe. Obviously there was the data collection equipment on board: telescopes, gyroscopes, radiation measures, and so on. They had to scroll down through a description of the flybys and gravity slingshots the probe had taken before they finally found what they were looking for.

The Golden Hologram, much like its predecessor the Golden Record, contains a selection of audio and visual stimuli curated by the Joint International Space Exploration Organization. This is intended to give an intelligent extraterrestrial who finds the Oculus Probe information about the human species, and extend an offer of first contact towards it. The hologram displays the following over the course of about 2 and a half hours.

- A diagram of the human body (male and female)

- A globular map of Earth, with weather patterns and data (as of 2027)

- A star map indicating the position of the Solar System

- A diagram of the Solar System

- Messages in various languages from the President of the United States, the Kremlin, and representatives from the People’s Republic of China, Ethiopia, the League of Arab States, India, Germany, France, and Brazil

- A selection of cultural, traditional, artistic, and popular music

- Various clips from culturally and historically significant radio, television, cinema, and holographic programs

In addition to these, the entirety of Wikipedia at the time of download was sent aboard the probe, downloaded onto hardware. (Details can be seen in attached files below)



“Well, that explains how it knows about Christmas,” said Andrew. “It must have seen the Wikipedia article and assumed it would be a good decision to make first contact using one of our traditions.”

“And the snowstorms?”

“Ah!” said Brown. “Look, the weather data! Back in 2027 it snowed almost every winter. If that’s all it knows of Earth then it must have come here and seen the seasons are out of whack! Where’s the white Christmas? So, what does it do then? Fix it with space magic, I suppose.”

“Space magic?”

“Ah, technology, magic, I don’t know. But then it sees the landforms are misshapen, so it does a bit of thinking and lowers the sea levels. It’s all a big show of goodwill, I guess. Clearly something’s gone wrong, so why not give us a little Christmas present? Reversed bloody climate change for us! Remoistens the atmosphere to pre-2043 levels so snow can fall again! Then we shoot it.”

“We give it a bunch of little, round, metal presents.”

“Yes! So, clearly we like what it’s doing. Might as well double down. South America and Africa get snow too!”

“Wait,” said Santos. “How did it even read the articles in the first place? I don’t see a dictionary on that list.”

“Must have figured it out by itself.” Andrew scarfed down the last bites of his meal. “It learned to talk in a day, didn’t it?”

A breaking news alert popped up on the screen. The death toll of the Moscow Entity’s “gifts” was approaching one hundred worldwide. Emergency relief efforts were taking place, most prominently in Moscow.

“Well,” remarked Brown. “I think we can do without these presents. I don’t suppose Moscy included a receipt?”

“I say we should give our friend one more gift,” Andrew suggested.

Their resolution passed by a slim margin, once they had explained the situation and their theory. The Secretary General read a summary aloud, her tired but powerful voice rising above the background noise of wind and rescue vehicles. By this point security guards and police were no longer standing watch, instead just trying to plug up the leaks. Melting snow fell like rain in the main hallway. Some were outside shoveling a path for vehicles; a Sisyphean task in the unnaturally strong blizzard.

“The Members of the United Nations have decided to adjourn the emergency session with the passage of the First Contact Resolution drafted by Andrew Fraser of Canada, Nigel Brown of the United Kingdom, and Maria Santos of the Philippines.” Hakim rubbed her eyes. The American delegate was whispering, not very subtly at that, into a device hidden in his palm. Before the Secretary General resumed the American’s arm was held high in the air.

“United States?” the chair called.

“Motion to vote again, with the inclusion of a different proposal drafted by-”

The chair banged his gavel and told the delegate to sit down.

“The Members,” Hakim continued, “in lieu of an official state to admit, allow the Moscow Entity to forego the traditional process of admission and become a voting delegate in the General Assembly. This is to happen as soon as it can be educated about the nature of the organization, the responsibilities it entails, and about human society. It is assumed that the entity speaks for its entire species, and that all actions made by it are official actions of that species. In three years’ time the Members will vote again to make a final decision with respect to the entity.

The Moscow Entity, at this point, learned to recognize the name it was given. When Hakim was reading it had looked up at her, its expression and inner thoughts still unknowable. It may have been Andrew projecting himself upon the cloaked masked figure, but it seemed to him to be almost hopeful. Afraid for both the other party and its own safety, but hopeful nonetheless.

“A relief effort to minimize the damage of the Moscow Entity’s actions will be launched, cooperating with local organizations and existing volunteer groups. The delegates of the United Nations are to be evacuated and returned to their home countries as soon as possible. Furthermore, attempts will be made to negotiate with the Entity to stop its weather interference.”

As if on cue the wind picked up, lights flickered. They had been doing that for a while now, on and off again, Andrew realized. Before now he had been too engrossed in his work to notice. The sounds outside grew louder.

“A press release by the Secretary General will be made to inform the public that first contact with a sentient extraterrestrial has indeed been made, as well as of the decisions that we’ve come to during this emergency session. I thank you all, and to all a safe trip.”

Russian police led the baggy-eyed diplomats in a single file line to the doors. Andrew stole a final glance at the strange and unearthly thing as he walked towards his transport vehicle. He could hear Nigel’s voice on the wind as both of them set out on their different paths. The words bounced around in his head for a little while, as he kept his eyes ever so slightly open, staring at the furious dance of the windshield wipers until the sweet grasp of sleep claimed Andrew’s mind and body.

“Goodbye, Moscy. Merry Christmas.”





# FICTIONAL COLORS & COLORS IN FICTION

*With Best Intentions*

Many worlds have their own custom colors; they can be wholly fictional, visible by a single species, or even a single character, and can play large roles or only exist as small details. Colors, fictional or otherwise, have various uses in narrative fiction as well.

These are real colors. Fictional colors very much exist in the context of the fictional world, and can be used both as a literal phenomenon and literary device; for the purposes of the piece they are real colors. In *Jonathan Strange and Mr. Norell* the Gentleman with Thistle-Down Hair refers to “the color of heartache”. The assumption is that the color exists: this is a world where heartache truly has its own color. Having such a color combines external descriptions with the character’s internal disposition, allowing for quick and clear descriptions of a character’s emotion. This combines the fictional color with a comment on the character’s disposition. The use of this color also points out the inhuman aspects of the Gentleman with Thistle-Down Hair— a being who can see the color of heartache in a world where normal people cannot.

Color can also be used to enhance the lore of a world’s setting. On the desert planet of Arrakis, in Frank Herbert’s *Dune*, exposure to a drug native to the planet, known as spice, causes locals to have blue eyes. Additionally, colors can signify the thin line between a custom world and our own. In *The Wizard of Oz* (1939) the filmmakers marked the stark difference between Kansas and Oz by filming the fantasy world in technicolor and keeping to the color-themed places and objects of the source material—the Emerald City, silver slippers, and yellow-brick road.

What would a new color mean for your world? Colors beyond human comprehension often become an identifier of magic. If a new color can only be seen by aliens, it can signify the remoteness of their alien origin.

The most straightforward way to include a new color into your world is to alter the physical structure of your races. In a science fiction world containing extraterrestrials, or in a superhero

world, a change of the eye structure or introducing another organ adds another layer of “otherness” to these characters. In our own world some species can perceive electromagnetic wavelengths beyond the visible light spectrum. Though these colors are not necessarily fictional they do not exist as visible colors to humans. Why shouldn’t one’s aliens be able to do the same? In the Star Wars universe the Kaminoans, aliens renowned for their cloning technology, are able to see in the ultraviolet range. This may have come about due to the deep sea environment of their evolution.

Among our own species, there’s enough genetic variation for humans to have all kinds of color-blindness, from multiple sources. There is even a rare form called tetrachromacy, where some women born with double of a certain gene attached to the X-chromosome are able to see a wider range of color due to a physical difference in their eyes. Like the Kaminoans, some insects and birds can see into the ultraviolet spectrum.

Scientists today commonly create radiation outside visible wavelengths. In a futuristic society, perhaps we augment their bodies to widen their visual range as a response. They could enhance themselves with physical technology, becoming a cyborg, or alter their genetics.

By adding a new color to a language, or even taking away a color common to us today, you can make a statement about the linguistic development, cultural history, or natural significance of colors in the fictional world.

Throughout history the sources of colors have been the animals, plants, and minerals that color our world: woad blue, ochre yellow, kermes red, emerald green. A custom world could easily have its own natural resources, each with its own corresponding color.

Colors influence our language, they have been named and developed differently in cultures from all over the Earth. Some parts of the world have a different amount of basic colors than in English-speaking ones. In Italian, for example, blue



Photo by Michael Hacker on Unsplash

is often separated into *azzurro* (a light sky-blue) and *blu* (a dark blue). Do these colors exist in our world? Yes, but English does not have such a specific or common name for light blue.

Colors have always been an important part of society, but sometimes the language to “accurately” describe them was not always present. In Old English the color orange is simply called yellow-red, or *geoluread*. Some orange-colored objects were originally called red, like a red fox. The modern word orange comes from the Old French word for the orange fruit, *pomme d’orange*, which can itself be traced back further east to the Sanskrit *naranga*. Even today we still call orange hair ‘red’. Similarly, Homer’s Ancient Greece may not have had a word for blue, instead describing a “wine-dark” sea.

Fictional colors can also be used to enhance local customs and religious traditions. In the modern world we assign specific meanings and associates to colors. Most cultures compare colors to emotions or personality traits—one wears black clothes for mourning, sings the blues, and turns green with envy. Among the Christian rites different sections of the liturgical year have different colors, represented by vestments and decorations. Deep saffron dye is traditionally used to color the robes of Buddhist monks in the Theravada tradition of southeast Asia.

Societies throughout history have also assigned colors to different social ranks. The imperial purple dye of Byzantine royalty, for example, is nothing more than the processed secretion of a Mediterranean sea snail but had a serious position as a signifier of wealth. The dye was so important to the

ruling class that during a rebellion in Constantinople Empress Theodora convinced her husband, Emperor Justinian I, to fight by reminding him that “It is impossible for a person, having been born into this world, not to die; but for one who has reigned it is intolerable to be a fugitive. [...] As for me, I agree with the adage that the royal purple is the noblest shroud.”

In his series, George R.R. Martin adds these distinctions to his fictional cultures. In *A Feast for Crows* Samwell Tarly remarks on the differences between how two cultures display their rank through fabric:

*In the Seven Kingdoms nobles draped themselves in velvets, silks, and samites of a hundred hues whilst peasants and smallfolk wore raw wool and dull brown roughspun. In Braavos it was otherwise. The bravos wagged about like peacocks, fingering their swords, whilst the mighty dressed in charcoal grey and purples, blues that were almost black and blacks as dark as a moonless night.*  
- AFFC, Samwell III

A fictional color can have many purposes in a fictional world. Throughout history, we have used colors to signify importance. We create dyes to divide social strata and compare colors to our emotions. We have found new words for colors, and later found that some colors can only be seen by some people due to genetic differences. The addition of fictional colors in a world adds an extra layer of specialization, and is an indispensable tool for any worldbuilder. 🦋



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