

Event Description

Bereavement weighs heavy in the wake of the P43X attack on Kireth. Burdened by being both the last location of infection and the last to receive medicinal aid, Kirethians are entrenched in the solemn task of burying their fallen while the merciless machine of the economy marches on. Whether it's the result of a lost loved one or the continued illness of primary caretakers, the end result is the same: families all across Hash'im struggle to feed their children and make ends meet. It's always been a guiding principle of Kireth—if you can't work, you can't eat—but with so many who can do neither, the situation in Hash'im begins to grow dire.

But there's hope, albeit in the form of a double-edged blade: with the newly distributed PDDs and Meshwork installation, nonprofit organizations are able to conduct themselves on a wider scale, drawing in more donors from outside of Kireth. While their efforts are ultimately but a drop in the ocean, the renewed spirit of community and altruism provides relief—as well as nourishment—for many who might very well die without it.

That same tool which allows the people to come together is also used to rend it; rumors begin to circulate through encrypted bulletins about the emergency meeting held by the Magisters. Some of the rumors are wild speculation and fanciful daydreams, but in the mire of them, a grain of truth slips through.

The Accords have fallen, they say. Be ready.

Most people disregard the rumors, writing them off as the idle machinations of conspiracy theorists. They cling to their hope that soon their children will walk a planet that is bountiful in food and sunshine, that the land promised on Dirth will deliver them from the hell they current endure.

It's those people who shout the loudest when the official announcement confirms the rumor. The Accords have been repealed.

At first, protestors gather in small, grumbling groups, little more than angry drunks. But as more and more people take to the Meshwork, the wrath of the few awakens the desperation of the many, and over the course of the night, the peaceful protest swells into an unruly riot. Workers strike, but without any legal protection, they swiftly find themselves rebuked by unemployment. Now with nothing to lose and everything to gain, the riots expand, filling the streets of Hash'im with anger and tension. Oculi personnel become popular targets, and within the next day, all travel permits to and from Kireth are temporarily revoked. The moon closes its docks in an attempt to smother the flames of the rebellion.

What starts as a movement for change shifts into a violent cataclysm, homes and businesses burned down, families torn apart by dissent within and outside of themselves. The Oculi seems content to let Hash'im destroy itself, to let them “get it out of their system”, but all too soon that stance changes as well. With the death of a distant cousin of the Derrish, Oculi orders shift. Lethal force is authorized, and all too eagerly, used.

Once the death toll begins to climb, the protests decline. The riots soften, though they do not disappear outright. Oculi and Kirethian optimists take to podiums in a desperate attempt to bid their fellow compatriots once more into peace.

But something else awakens in the fires of those riots. Something far more dangerous than the chaos of anger: something *controlled*, methodical.

They call themselves *Hyperion*, and they are the new faces of the Resistance.