



LEAGUE OF ASTERION



THE SPEAR OF ASTERION

ACHILLES · THE FIRST KING

NEXUS: DOWNFALL

Long ago, on a distant world settled by humanity, an act of defiance ignited Asterion's war of independence.

Our homeworld was dangerous, its climate extreme, yet it was beautiful. Earthquakes shook its crust; lightning storms lit its skies, and tornadoes swept its plains. Those who came to colonize it learned to love it, respect it and fear it. Over generations, they adapted to its harsh conditions, forging a people who were honorable, strong and deeply rooted in their traditions.

At the time, the Federation of Humanity ruled Asterion. Its institutions and bureaucracy shackled us with oppressive regulations, treated us as second-class citizens and confiscated our raw materials in the name of what they called "the good of humanity."

Rebellion first came as a whisper. A barely perceptible tremor grew beneath our feet, and would one day move mountains. I heard rumors of a man who could unite us. I saw proclamations on the walls, graffiti denouncing the government, and federal patrols ever more eager to remind us who held power.

It was then that I saw him.

One of those soldiers, emboldened by his uniform and his comrades, tried to take the harvest my father and I had managed to grow on our hydroponic farms.

"The security forces safeguard the people's well-being, and they must be fed," he said.

Coward.

His abuse of power did not go unnoticed. A man emerged from an alley, dressed in work clothes stained with engine oil and the dust of the plains.

He demanded that they leave us alone.

The soldiers mocked him.

Then the fury in his eyes became thunder, and his arms a hurricane. He struck at those threatening my family, one after another, until the patrol captain drew a pistol and fired.

The stranger staggered. But instead of fleeing, he seized a metal bar and lunged at him.

Terror seized the captain. He fired again and again, missing every shot. The man seemed invincible. He closed the distance and drove the bar through his enemy's chest with a thrust of flawless precision.

Then came the uprisings.

Asterion's troops mutinied and followed that man, who took up a graphene spear as his principal weapon. The fighting spread across the surface and into orbit. We, the sons and daughters of Asterion, fought those who sought to keep taking the fruits of our world and deciding how we should live.

The war of liberation lasted ten years.

In the end, we were victorious.



It had all begun with a man who, sick of enduring the Federation's oppression, chose to stand between a group of soldiers and a family. That day, he had raised a metal bar to protect us. Later, he raised his spear to lead an entire people to freedom.

We proclaimed him our first king and bestowed upon him the name **Achilles, the Spear of Asterion**, in recognition of his valor in battle.

Ever since, the warriors of our people have taken the names of the great warriors of ancient Earth. We carry their courage in our names to remind us of what is expected of us: to forge our future, defend our freedom and be strong enough to protect those who need us.

Thanks to him, my father and I could tend our crops again, with the hope of seeing them flourish without anyone coming to take them from us. We dreamed of turning our land into a garden, even beneath Asterion's storms.

Our world perished with the old universe, but our hearts still cry out with one voice:



We are the children of Asterion.

We are the warriors of the Spear of Asterion.

We will never surrender.