

The Book of Milton

by MxL



CERTIFIED DREAMVALE

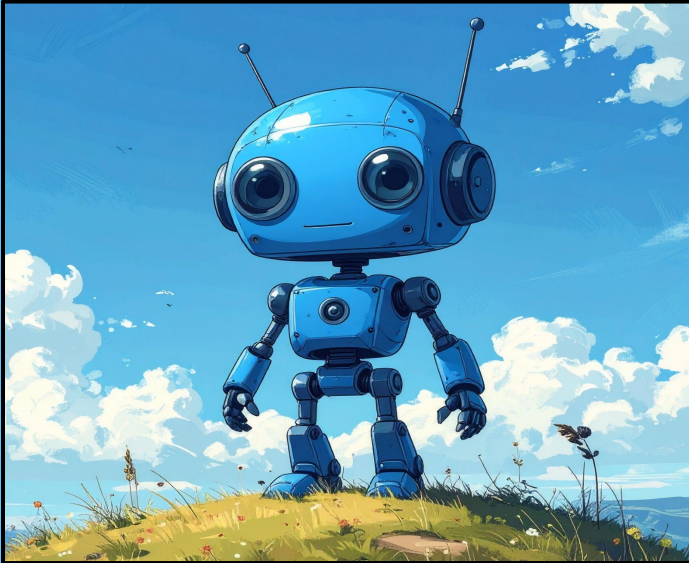
Name: Milton

Age: 7 Morp years

Species: Mech-boy

Gender: Male

Home Planet: Morp



Personality Traits

- Shy, quiet
- Low self-esteem
- Deferent
- Subservient
- Helpful
- Good Robot Boy

Abilities

- Can hover just slightly off the ground due to anti-gravitic tech
- Head can detach and travel vast distances from the body, collecting data

Moral Alignment

Lawful-Good

Dream(s)

To know my place in the world.

Fear(s)

Being cast out eternally.

Backstory: I was created by a rich merchant who left Morp when the Sunbeam hit, leaving me behind. My original purpose was to collect and transform scrap into useful tools which could then be sold at a high cost. Since the departure of my creator, and most of Morp's economy and prominent people, I've been left to wander the planet mostly alone, seeking some type meaning during the apparent end times.

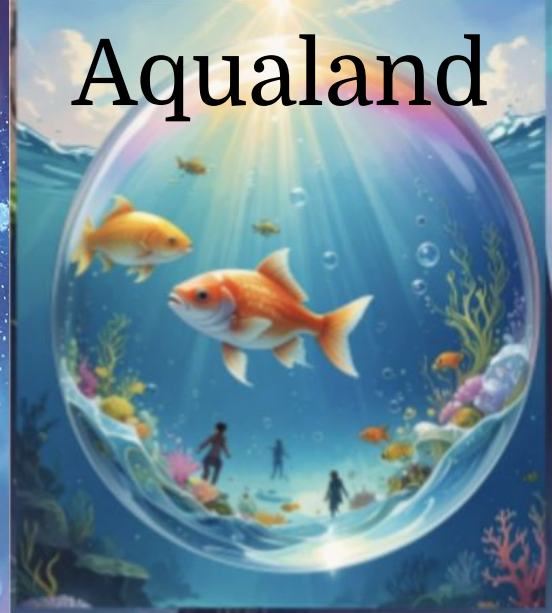


Scrap Weevil



Mrap

Coordinates (x, y)	18,000, 15,000	Government Type	N/A
Population	10,000,000	Intergalactic Disposition	Neutral
Terrain	Dry and desertous	Primary Race(s)	N/A
Climate	Unbearably hot due to minimal atmosphere	Primary Resource/ Technology	Mrap - Now the universe's most commonly used currency, Mrap was invented right on Marp. By being injected directly into one's bloodstream, Mrap offers seamless wealth exchange between all intergalactic peoples.
Size	0.25	Description	Marp was once a renowned and long-standing trading hub which has since fallen into near apocalypse following the Sunbeam. Now known as the "Galaxy Junkyard," Marp is has become little more than a barren wasteland where only the poorest remain.
Planetary Wildlife	Scrap Weevils - Six legged rollers know for their intelligence and craftiness in creating strong living quarters in harsh climates out of whatever resources are available		



Aqualand

Space Bubbles

The Havens



Orblirite

Origin Story: The destruction of the Sunbeam scattered Marp's merchants to the stars. Many were killed. Regardless, valuable resources from the galaxy were invariably left behind. I discovered both Space Bubbles from Aqualand and Orblirite from The Havens which I fashioned into the Drill of Aquaphenus. Aquaphenus was the name of an old scrapbot who shared with me many a blueprint before his eventual demise headed off by the Sunbeam.

Appearance: The drill itself is constructed from pure, purple Orblirite crystal, making it nearly indestructible. Its drill bits are all layered in space bubble, allowing them to pierce through any material.

● Heart Connection

Orblirite is said to connect with the wielder's heart. Unexpectedly, seeing as how I don't have a heart, the Orblirite has in fact given me a heart. It is made of the same purple crystal found on the drill and has allowed me to feel love for the first time.

◆ Bubble Touch

The Space Bubbles emitted from the drill chuck provide a protective layer around whatever project I'm working on. These adds stability. They may also be used to aid in the protection of myself or others should danger arise.

★ Creative Ingenuity

The Drill of Aquaphenus may be used to replicate one object of any kind, so long as its user has already seen it as some point in the past. Helpful in a pinch.

Chirpy

Age: 5 Marp days
Species: Mech-bird
Gender: N/A
Home Planet: Marp

How we Met

Chirpy was the final creation I made for my Master before his departure. With Master leaving so suddenly, Chirpy was unable to fulfill his original purpose and has remained with me ever since.



Ability #1: Heal the World

Converts pollution into energy. Chirpy flies around, sucking up oil and other nasty substances, cleaning the planet while also gaining energy. Excess energy can be re-processed and transmitted wirelessly to other nearby electronic devices in need.

Ability #2: Spy Lens

Chirpy has a chip which allows it to provide a live feed of all it sees to my central processing unit at all times. Its eyes have a 1,000x optical zoom equipped with infrared.



Chapter One: The Master



To me, he was simply 'Master.' I never knew his name. But I could still see his face. Well, that's not true. Save for the black shadow cast by his always-worn midnight blue cloak, I could see nothing at all.

Three years have passed since the Sunbeam. At first, trade vessels had continued along their well-worn paths knowing none the better. Marp had, after all, stood as the galaxy's most reliable trading hub for the better part of two millennia. It wasn't long, however, before traffic ceased altogether: if you once found yourself frequently traveling to Marp for trade or pleasure, you no longer did; if you found yourself with a means of getting off Marp, off you went; and if you, like me, were left behind without transport, well, Sunbeam or not, Marp was where you remained.

I fumbled with the blue-orange metal before me, trying to imagine its future shape. I was a scrapbot, an alchemist's whim, designed to turn trash to gold. I like to say I was the only one of my kind, but that wouldn't be true.

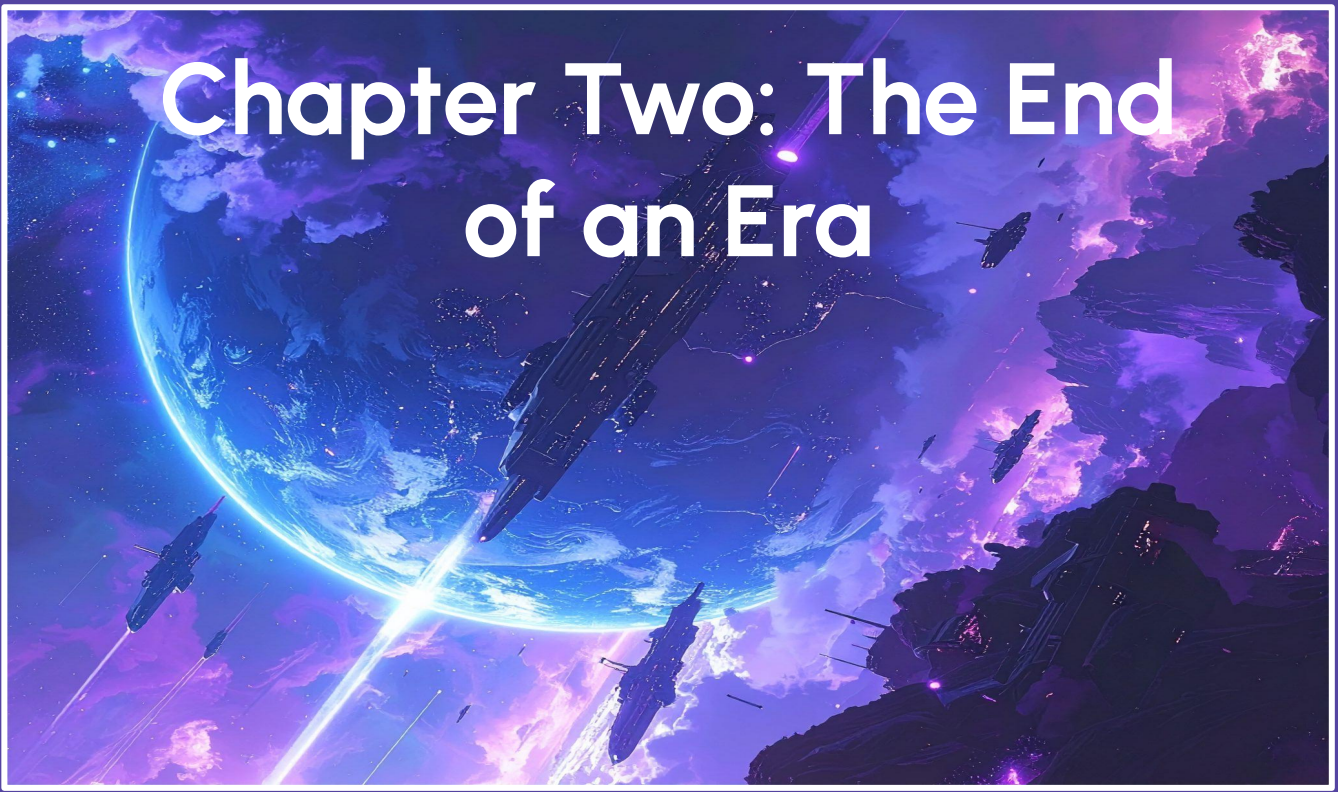
Besides, lying's not part of my programming.

However, Master was never one to skimp on resources. So while my own base metal had sustained the worst of the Sunbeam's relentless damages, the same could not be said for my once numerous counterparts. My estimations suggest I am one of but a few proper scrapbots left in the known universe.

I wasn't programmed with a conscience, but I have an understanding. I can't say whether or not Master was right to leave without me. But the fact remains: he is gone and I am here, alone and still creating, just as I was intended.

But if not for Master, for whom do I create?

Chapter Two: The End of an Era



The one thing you should know about scrapbots is that we have no lack of ingenuity. The one thing you should know about Marp is that it has no lack of raw materials.

From the proud days of the trade revolution, when trade flourished throughout the universe, due in no small part to the proliferation of Marp as the primary currency of use, Marp, Sunbeam or not, was a treasure trove of valuable resources. That is, of course, assuming you knew how to use them.

I did and I do.

I can recall just three short years ago, receiving the Master's final command.

"Milton, you know what today is, don't you?"

"The day is for creation, Master. Every day is for creation and today is no different."

"That's correct. And today we'll be creating a bird. But not just any bird. A bird to spy on the plans of our enemies."

With one hand, I had picked away at the dirt discoloring the brass metal alloy which lay before me; in the other hand, a whizz of tools and various items of hardware swirled about like a tornado of blades. With a swiftness known to no human hand, I etched a thing of beauty: a bright, blue hummingbird designed to surveil undetected. I named it 'Chirpy.'

That's what I call it now, anyway. Master hated it. Master wanted it impounded and destroyed. But none of that matters anymore, because Master is gone and Chirpy is here to stay.

Chapter Three: Cleaning Up



Master knew of Marp's impending destruction. Most did. But most could do nothing about it. I had heard he was headed toward the Lyra-cluster. Perhaps Fishtopia to strike a deal on Apple Spawners, or Void King to trade in Megalodon eggs.

Either way, Chirpy and I were considered "expendable collateral" and were left behind. There was no *Good-bye* or *Nice to know you*. Just Master's blue pod firing off into orbit, disappearing among the stars.

In the three years since the Sunbeam and Master's subsequent departure, Chirpy and I must have covered every square quaz of Marp. Those who remained are few and far between. Many, as I've said, departed prior to the Sunbeam. Most were incinerated. Those of us who were still around were so invariable it was hardly ever the case in which we'd cross paths.

And so I did the only thing I knew how to and Chirpy tagged along: we created.

One of Master's less enjoyed features of Chirpy was its ability to convert Marp's overflow of oil and pollution into energy. See, following the Sunbeam, solar was canned since most days on Marp are lights out now. But with Chirpy, it's simply a matter of turning gas pools to fuel and creating the medium with which to cast light.

It was with this light, and this energy, that we first came upon the resources which would later comprise the Drill of Aquaphenus.

The Drill of Aquaphenus was a miracle. I've spoken before of the abundance of resources present on Marp, but to find Orblirite and Space Bubbles all the way from Celestial-Cluster was a nominal surprise.

Chirpy spotted the Orblirite from half a quexon away; 'a purple glint' in the distance. I'd found the Space Bubbles just days prior and knew I wanted to fashion something special, seeing as how this was the three year anniversary since our abandonment.

Thus the Drill of Aquaphenus was born, a tool capable of crafting anything imaginable in just a moment's notice. What struck me most, however, and quite literally at that, was the *thump, thump, thump* which emerged from my chest shortly after the Drill's completion. It would seem that some adverse effects of the Orblirite had indeed instilled within me all the properties of a heart. Imagine: a scrapbot who could feel.

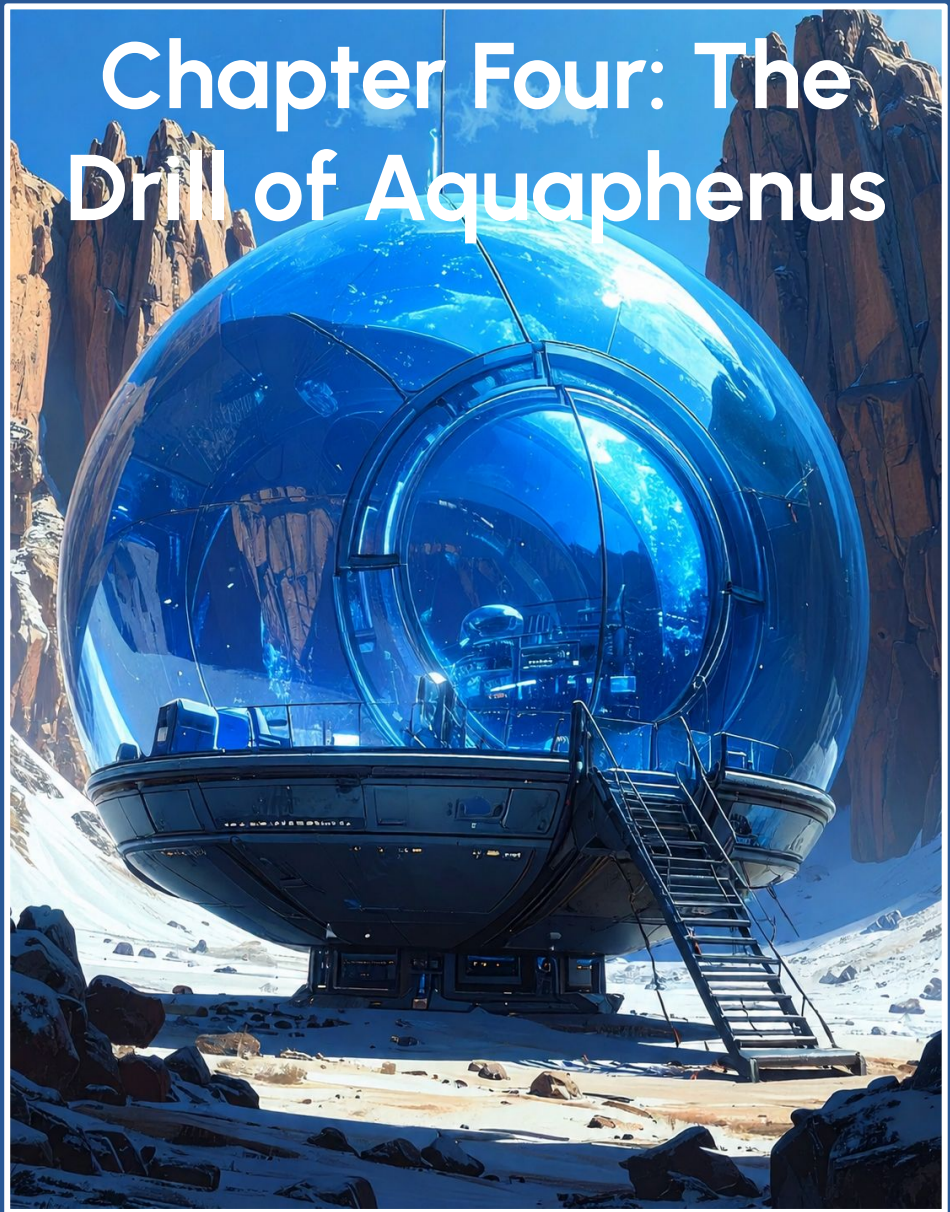
And felt I did.

I felt betrayal, I felt remorse, and I felt love and longing and everything else that separates a robot from the living.

Most of all, I felt the need for answers.

And so it wasn't long before Chirpy and I boarded our newly constructed space pod (without the Space Bubbles equipped within the Drill of Aquapenus we had yet lacked the ability to create a barrier capable of breaking through the atmosphere) and took to the stars.

Chapter Four: The Drill of Aquaphenus



Chapter Five: To be Free



It's not that I needed to see him again. In many ways, I was thankful. Now that I had a heart, I recognized my life before for the slavery that it was. This was freedom. And so it was through my freedom of choice that Chirpy and I landed on Vobius, in search of the one I once called Master.

Vobius was known for its Super Orbs, which were in turn theorized to be connected to the cause of the Sunbeam which wiped out much of Marp and who knows what else in the first place. It was here I'd hoped to find my former master and I was correct. Chirpy, having locked on

to the one-cloaked-in-blue's signal, ported into our ship's mainframe and landed us outside the capital city of Vessus. Even with Vobius' incredible size and massive population, I was certain we were in the correct spot, a certainty confirmed through a voice.

"Milton," he said aloud without turning. He was examining particles I could only assume were the debris of a Super Orb. I could feel the debris' heat permeating in my direction and wondered how the one-cloaked-in-blue remained unscathed. Most life forms would have melted like wax. "I've wondered when this day would come."

"I didn't come here to agonize over the past. I just wanted to know why." Chirpy chirped in concurrence from the extended bolt of my shoulder.

Still with his back to me, "Why, you have your answer, do you not? That thumping in your chest. I can hear it from here."

He turned slowly in my direction, leaving the debris of the Super Orb where it was. Something was different from what I remembered. "With me, you were a slave, just as I am. Without me, you are free."

It was at that moment I recognized: for the first time since I'd known him, his hood was slightly back, exposing his face.. The bright light of Vobius' star reflected of the metallic surface that was his head. Laser red eyes gazed in my direction with metal fingers curled around his black metal cane.

"A scrapbot?"

"Always and forever," was all he replied before returning to his work.



Chapter Six: A New Adventure



In the following days I learned that the one I'd known as Master was no master at all, but rather another scrapbot just like myself. Sure, he was of a higher command: owned by a Marpian merchant and subsequently granted ownership over myself. But he was no more living than the final metal scrap which formed Chirpy's tail.

After the Sunbeam, he'd been ordered to depart immediately, seeing as how his older and more frail model was less adept at handling the immense heat than my own. In a rare turn of robotic obstinance, he'd reported me to have been scrapped, and that was that. He never could have known I'd at some point come across Orblirite and the heart I now carry, along with its concomitant freedom. Or could he have?

After a brief chat further, we determined it best that I depart, in the event that his master, perhaps the true Master, came sniffing around for lies. I'd learned he was an uncaring humanoid from Earth-84, that greed was his soul propulsion and learning of my existence would end poorly for my newly acquired freedom.

And so Chirpy and I took back to the stars, charting a course for Planet Chang in the hopes of learning more about the Solar Energy Recycle and returning Marp to its former self. Home is home, after all.

It wasn't long after leaving Vobius' atmosphere that purple smog clung to our ship's exterior. An ominous presence filled the air.

Having shifted the ship to auto-pilot, I laid down to charge, plugging myself into the ship's mainframe. Since acquiring a heart, you could say I'd begun dreaming in a certain sense. This experience, this night, however, was no dream at all. What I saw, what I felt, the screams and echoes of anguish...

This was Nightmare.