

Ice Empire

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Prologue

Solidary positioning in the time and space...

Throughout millennia, scholars and philosophers alike have argued that it is life's destiny to prosper in every corner of the universe. Such is a maxim that sweeps even over the planet Crivăț (pronounced [['krivəts\]](#)) with its endless dunes of blinding white, an endless blanket of snow that spreads the wilting cold as gigantic spires of ice, enormous glacier formations that rise like mountains of glass from seas now turned to ice. By all means, this was a land where the bone-shattering cold spread its writhing veils, in the form of powerful winds, breath-taking blizzards, frost and more.

One would think that life would be nonexistent in this kingdom where the cold reigns with its tyranny of frost, however, the dunes have seen the mark of many dubious life forms: Serpentine creatures covered in white fur, with eyes as blue as sapphire gems, and gaping jaws with razor fangs. These creatures crawl underneath the dunes with the elegance of torpedoes as they approach their targets. There are also living balls of fur which exude a façade of utter fragility and innocence, only to conceal poisonous spines waiting to be fired at an unsuspecting prey or assailant.

These are only two of this world's deceitful and sadistic creatures, as there are many other animals of various shapes and sizes, all of them carnivorous and vying to kill one another: Survival of the fittest at its finest.

Remarkably, civilization too has adorned this apparently inhospitable place, and this civilization came to build its sprawling urban citadels upon glaciers and ice-spires in the form of numerous platforms built in the side of these monolithic contraptions of nature, just like coins hammered in the side of trees in a most Caledonian mannerism, as these certain people believed that civilization could only flourish upon these spires. Strangely, not a single artificial construct, or sign of technology ever came to set upon the dunes of endless snow, and whatever expedition sought to conquer the gigantic white, has never returned.

This civilization was built by none other but a bizarre species of tall humanoids, with a deep-blue translucent skin that rendered their organs visible, as well as their ramifications of thick, prominent veins that daunted their skins. Their body was completely hairless, and their eyes were completely transparent, like a gooey mass of gelatin resting in their eye sockets. They presented absolutely no organs that would contribute to hearing, or smelling, or at least, they had no such organs in the way we would deem familiar, instead, they hear and smell actively

through their skin. Apart from these differences, their appearance would cast an odd sensation of familiarity. This race of sentient beings has come to refer to itself as “Omgerii”.

They are the only intelligent beings who, through millennia of evolution, have tamed the impulses of their primal, animalistic urges and from the ashes of their wild nature, have erected pillars of culture and numerous settlements that crown the deathless winter.

This is the planet Crivăț: A planet where the quiddity of the barren wasteland has been conquered by the perseverance of life and civilization. And how these shall continue to manifest defiantly in this desolate empire of ice remains to be seen...