

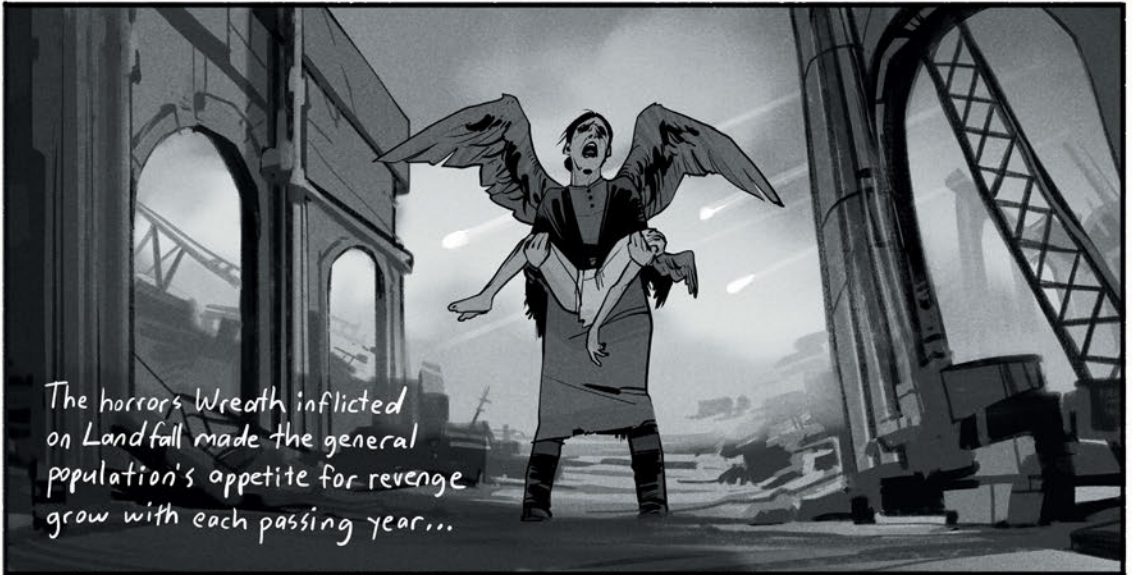




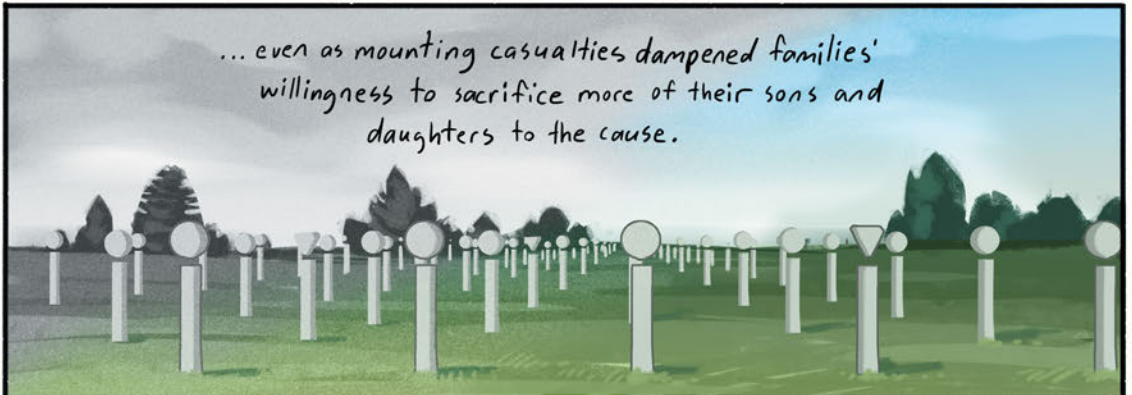
For centuries, my mom's planet had relied on a random selection of young people to wage its battles.



Ordinary citizens from all walks of life were called upon to risk everything in the endless war against their only moon.



The horrors Wreath inflicted on Landfall made the general population's appetite for revenge grow with each passing year...



... even as mounting casualties dampened families' willingness to sacrifice more of their sons and daughters to the cause.



In time, the draft was replaced by an all-volunteer force.



Many of those who answered this call did so out of a genuine sense of duty.



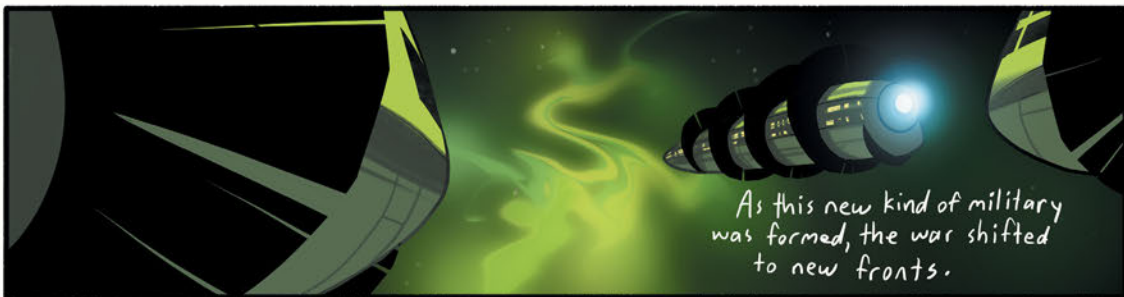
Others were merely looking for adventure.



Some were trying to escape a bad situation.



Almost all of them were poor as shit.



As this new kind of military was formed, the war shifted to new fronts.



Landfall and Wreath began clashing over strategic interests far away from their own solar system.



To augment dwindling armies, the two sides each enlisted (or outright press-ganged) foreign fighters to join their ranks.



Before long, almost everyone in the universe had skin in the game.



But as the conflict moved further into the cosmos, an unfamiliar quiet fell over the two worlds that had given birth to this bloodshed.



Civilians finally had the luxury to concern themselves with matters beyond life or death.



Everyone still supported the troops, of course, but in a more... abstract way than times past.



For most folks back on Landfall, war was something that would never directly impact their lives.