The Wallbreaker Cult

By Knight Aldaric

For once, Aldaric was glad to be given an assignment. He had initially rolled his eyes when he was told he was summoned to be briefed in the mission, but before he knew it he was leaning forward in his seat taking in every detail. He was told this was just another insane cult that needed to be eradicated; Aldaric however, knew there was a lot more going on. He had studied rumors of various cults during his time at the Chiss Expeditionary Library. That’s where he first noticed a pattern. There were mentions of this mysterious “Fourth Wall” again and again going back centuries. These stories were always similar. They spoke of the cult members speaking to their deity, or whatever it was, as if they were standing next to them. The details were vague, but there were too many similarities for it to be a mere coincidence.

As the Star Commuter touched down, Aldaric put down the datapad that contained all his notes from his last minute research and disembarked from his ship.

“Wallbreakers,” Aldaric mused as he casually walked towards the small encampment the cult had set up. It was downhill from where he had landed. The camp wasn’t anything more than a few tents in a circle in the middle of a flat rocky area. He wondered how and why the cultists had decided to live on this barren wasteland of a world. The cost of shipping in supplies had to be enormous.

As he approached, Aldaric noticed a dozen cultists scattered around the rocky terrain, armed and in cover. Two cultists and a droid stood directly ahead waiting for him to approach.

“Greetings,” Aldaric said while he gave a short bow. “What are you NPCs doing here?”

“NP… are you one of us? Do you know of the fourth wall?” One of the men asked as he looked at the other, obviously caught off guard.

“I have studied it, yes,” Aldaric replied. “My name is Aldaric, and you are?”

The other man spoke up, “I’m Cornag and this is Wyllah. The droid’s name is Bob.”

“BOB!” Wyllah cried out. “Who is writing this?”

“My writer isn’t too good with names,” Aldaric quipped. “You didn’t answer my question. Why are you here?”

Cornag replied, “We don’t really know.” “We thought we were here to put up a good fight and be wiped out in some spectacular fashion, but apparently whoever is writing this wasn’t in the mood for a combat scene.” “Wait! Why are you even here then,” he asked.

“To see this for myself,” Aldaric replied. “I have studied this phenomenon. Every once and a while a group likes yours pops up, causes a stir, and then mysteriously disappears. I **must** know why.”

Wyllah rolled his eyes. “First he named the droid Bob, and then he sends us this guy. Whoever wrote this is either a noob or is lazy,” he thought to himself. “We’re screwed he said,” as he turned to Cornag. “The writer is going to get bored and write us out.”

“He wouldn’t dare!” Cornag replied. “He will never place if he pulls a stunt like that!” “Do you hear me? You’ll never place!” he screamed as he shook his fist at the sky.

Aldaric stood quietly, taking in the spectacle. *This is crazy*, he thought to himself. *Is there really something different going on here or are they simply out of their minds*?” It did sound similar to the stories. The way they spoke and their mannerisms, they were so strange. A shared delusion couldn’t be that profound, but the alternative was beyond belief. They were suggesting that they believed in a deity, this “Writer” that could alter reality in real time. There were thousands, if not millions, of gods worshipped all over the galaxy, but nothing like this. Besides, this didn’t sound like your typical religion. Most beings that believed in such nonsense would never openly deride their particular god in such a way. Especially when you consider the power that this one is said to have. *This is too much,* he thought. *I need to ask more questions.*

“This writer of yours,” Aldaric asked the pair “How do you know he exists?”

“Our writer?!? We are talking about your writer?” They replied in unison. “Our fate is now in his hands,” Cornag said.

“But how do you know this? How can you be so sure,” asked Aldaric.

“I thought you were a believer,” Wyllah asked. “How can you ignore all the evidence? Are you blind?”

“What evidence,” Aldaric inquired.

“What evidence,” Wyllah scoffed. “It’s all around you! Just this morning Cornag suddenly learned droidspeak but was half deaf. All because his character didn’t have enough points to spend on the ability and had to trade some of his perception for it. Now he is fine! Then there’s the droid’s ridiculous name. Bob! I’ve known that droid since we were written into existence and I never knew he had a name, let alone one like that! Not to mention this wasteland he put us on! He wasn’t even kind enough to write us in a river for water! Do you have any idea what our shipping costs are?”

“But,” Aldaric began “how do you kn…”

“And you,” shouted Cornag “How did you even end up here?” “Who sent you?”

Aldaric realized that he couldn’t remember who it was had gave him the assignment. Though, he had been so focused on the details and ran off to study what information he could find in the Shadow Academy before he left that he must have forgot, and he had been drinking the night before. “I don’t remember,” he replied. “I was so excited to come here it slipped my mind.”

“No,” Wyllah replied angrily. “Your writer didn’t bother to say who it was.” “He was obviously too focus on describing your fascination with the fourth wall and didn’t think to even say who it was.” “I bet he started this story with you already here! Didn’t he?”

Aldaric had heard enough. These men were obviously insane. He turned back to his ship in the distance contemplating just walking away.

“Leaving already,” Cornag asked, obviously shaken. “Are we too boring for you?

“Please stay” Wyllah said in a frightened tone.

“No,” Aldaric replied. There is nothing to learn here. “This was a waste of time.” He began to walk away.

“You’re only leaving because your writer couldn’t think of an exciting way to end this,” shouted Cornag.

Aldaric turned around only to find the camp and cultists gone without a trace. “What the…” he exclaimed in surprise.

Aldaric jolted awake. He was at his desk with his face rested in the middle of one of the books on cultists that he had been reading. A sizeable puddle of drool had formed in the center of the tome, washing away some of the ink from the page. His head was pounding. He then noticed the empty bottle of Corellian whiskey lying on its side.

*Not the best bedtime story.* He thought to himself as he shut the book. He stood up and stood there unsteadily. *“*I need to get some water and sleep this off,” he said to himself as he slid he book back onto the shelf. As he walked past his desk he picked up the empty bottle. “I need to lay off this stuff,” he said as the chucked it into the corner. It flew across the room and shattered against the wall. Aldaric winced in pain as the sound sent a shock through his head. He then turned and staggered off to his quarters.