

The Legendarium



Image Credit (<https://www.marktplaats.nl/a/hobby-en-vrije-tijd/knutselen/a1299975477-de-da-vinci-code-alfabet-slot-mini-cryptex-collectible-ro.html>)

Your Excellence,

The Legendarium, at first glance, has the appearance of a *Cryptex*: a cylinder designed to hide an encoded message within unless its letters are aligned in the correct way. It has a width of exactly sixteen letters, and is a full twenty-six around, offering the option of any letter to be physically selected.

A prospective brute-force solution would be forced to attempt over 64 quintillion solutions, making any such attempt impractical. Unusually, nothing on the device suggests what its solution might be. Nor does the use of any scanning device offer any way to solve the riddle: Image scanning suggests that the device has no interior at all.

The device's documentation is sadly sparse. Beyond its name (listed as 'the Legendarium', it only suggests 'messaging'. Apparently, the accompanying files originally went on to describe said 'messaging' in some details, but these were unfortunately lost in the struggle to obtain the device.

Research, however, abruptly halted when we first ran a current through it. Upon doing so, the device first started to glow faintly, emitting various forms of radiation, after which its lettering began to spin of its own accord. Pressing the device to ink revealed the a message (following) in the Old Tongue. My colleague, Head of Language Studies Dresn Veris, has attempted to translate as accurately as he could, and would like to apologize for the text's seemingly irreverent tone.

Missive

They mocked us for our silly tales

Of cloned emperors and the Vong
"Oh that's so silly, that's so wrong!"
Just like our Solo Kids' travails

We will reluctantly admit
The Sun Crusher was rather odd
And most of our ideas were flawed
Our Galaxy had some weird shit

You had a chance to start anew
To throw out all our old mistakes
Sweep clean the board; and soothe our aches
With an all new writer's crew

And here we are now at the last
With Palpatine somehow returned
And all our history now spurned
Your Galaxy got stupid fast

Analysis

The message itself, in both the original and translation, is what is known as an *Enclosing Rhyme*, in which two rhyming sentences surround two other - likewise rhyming - sentences. It seems to be a missive about our history, or future, from somewhere *else*. The poem itself reveals a great deal of anger or resentment, as well as curious a curious fixation on the claimed survival of Sheev Palpatine, better known at large as the Galactic Emperor.

After this, the device promptly ceased working. We have attempted to prod it with current again at regular intervals, so far without success. Research continues, though we have stopped any attempts to open the device: It is our view that whatever place this device is linked to would not be happy with the state of our Galaxy.

Respectfully,

Head Researcher Aristan Tajani, Shadow Academy