In a dark, red room, a multitude of people in gray military uniforms stands around a table. On the table is a map of uncharted locations, the area just mapped out as what was assumed as water. A man is there with red on the edges of his attire, nearly silver hair, and aged skin. Though looking old, he still gives a strong powerful presence among the rest. His hands are firmly pressed against the fine wooden edge of the map they have laid before them. The men scatter across the room and chatter on between each other about the plan. All speak on the same subject, but none quite on the same track. The older man stands up straight, giving himself an even more powerful appearance. He speaks loud enough for them all to hear without sounding like he yells at them. “Many things we have prepared for this event,” his voice booms with force, “We all know of the land that stands not far from where our ship lies; we already know there are people who live there. We must be harsh and merciless about our decisions though. Our people cannot survive on the land we have anymore. Overpopulation and machinery has caused us to begin dying swiftly. This is our last chance at survival. The decision has already been made. In seven days, I expect that land to belong to us. The men amongst him cheer, some less than others knowing what they are doing is wrong but necessary. Some are full, heartedly ready to fight for their people; some are even joining just for the urge to kill.

There is a crowded street full of people shouting about food, apparel, decorations, luxurious items and necessities being sold and traded to one another. Many of the people happily accept various deals they are given and everyone smiles along with the deals. To the outside with little observation this small world, surrounded by water, is surely a Utopia. The people never leave their small perfection because of a lack of the need or want to leave. For that same reason they never really name this island of theirs, even though it is a rather large mass of land. They didn’t separate the land among factions; it is simply under one people, shared. It is a simple and, to them, a happy life.

A man walks past this bazaar and through multiple other streets until his feet land at the doors of a familiar place: his home. His skin, like the rest of his people, has an
orange tint to it because of the tropic-like region that the island exists in. His name is Torin, and he lives a simple life. He is a young man but old enough to teach the young ones. His specific age is unknown because they do not keep track of that. His build gives off that he is most likely a hunter of some sort, or maybe a builder, but it definitely includes manual labor. Though he is tough, he is still wise for his age. Though he helps with fishing and very little of the large animal hunting, his main job is to instruct the youth on how to help the community, themselves, and how to understand their world. He taught their religion: a belief in the force of nature more than powerful beings controlling over power. They believe there are certain spirits that can slightly influence society for better or worse but nothing catastrophic. Torin personally feels blessed for his life and believes peoples’ lives around him are good. He comes back home from multiple lessons with one large group of children and multiple personal instructions with the older children. He waves to the woman who lived next to him, Kahlista, a woman of similar height but slightly younger than him. Her main work is fishing. She is popular in this area of the town for almost never missing fish with a spear; though they have nets, she feels more efficient with the sharpened rock bound to the large staff.

Torin continues inside his house as his greetings are accepted. He lies down upon a small bed-like fixture made of a soft wool-like material on the ground with similar sheets over it to cover the body. His body feels the subliminal messages that command him to rest. His eyelids pull closer to each other, embracing what awaits behind them. The spirits of darkness embrace him and coax his mind with promises of images of the world the spirits live in, exciting adventures, and peace fulfilling meadows; these overwhelming possibilities put him to rest.

A flame rises from the center of a darkness, burning brightly. The fire looks miniscule compared to the massive expanse of nothing. Torin’s body pushes him forward; the fire increases in size as he gets closer, eventually growing too big for how slow he walks. The bright sparks of death and life before him push their borders and expand on their own. Torin continues to walk towards it. The colors of the flame are so large and bright; it manages to look enormous compared to the endless shadow behind it. He walks next to it and reaches his hand out; as he does this, he hears something.

Torin awakes to hear a sound loud enough to even scare away the spirits that are holding onto him so tightly. It brings vibrations that matched that of earthquakes. Red, orange, and yellow brightly cover the skies near the shore; he is not close enough to see what is happening. Voices chatter and shout outside his house, obviously, bellowing of fear. He rears outside and sees smoke as dark as black rearing into the clouds. People run towards them screaming and shouting loudly; the mangle of voices become unintelligible as each
voice grows harder to understand than the last. Torin manages to stop one of them by grabbing onto his shoulders; holding on is a struggle.

“Please calm down, if not for only a minute,” Torin struggles to yell without further scaring him. “Now, what is happening?”

The man he grabbed exclaims with fear, “There are large spirits with power over metal, fire, and smoke destroying everything and walking and rolling over everything they can! They appeared from a whale-like spirit and walked through the water!” Torin looks confused and scared, but he lets go of the stranger. In all of his teachings he had never heard of such dangerous beings, but one thing he knows is that he doesn’t want to stay to witness them. He runs inside of his house and quickly grabs food and his hunting weapons; he quickly yelling for everyone to do the same, only to notice that most already have the same idea. The young instructor now runs east, opposite of the giant steel beasts. There is a cave that most of them know about and Torin thinks this would be the most reasonable place to hide. He knows, even in rage, a spirit’s wrath never lasts long. He continues this way, not spotting anyone on his way, as he takes a smaller path. It is longer to his destination, but it keeps him from being found. He just has to stay on the path to reach the cave.

At the top of a large hill, they observe a destructive force coming from afar and inside a temple located at the center of their large island. It is built as an easier way for the islanders to contact certain spirits for help with certain problems or blessings. Its use is also for a building containing knowledge, stories, and medicine. Although it surely is not the only place in the city that offered these, it is the only temple. The leaders of the historical building are called the Guides which not only pray and learn from spirits but also keep research of their history and creations over the many years of their existence. These nameless Guides now have to consult with one another on what to do. They never deal with spirits this powerful and dangerous. They all work on what they know and how to communicate with spirits they can find to help, though they know it takes a long time to get their attention in this time of struggle.

Torin reaches the cave but is sad that it seems to hold no one; he hears nothing in the darkness. He pulls out a fire rock, a stone that glows red and bursts wooden material on fire, from his pouch. He hurriedly collects a large mass of sticks on his way to the cave. The makeshift fire pit quickly bursts into a slightly large flame as he drops the burning stone inside. The illumination quickly reveals a person lying on the ground of the cave, adorned in the person’s usual clothes: a color pattern of a dark blue, dark red and bright brown. He steps closer to see that it is a woman, and, by closer examination, he realizes it is Kahlista. He nudges her over closer to the fire; in the process, he wakes her
from sleep. She looks up in a daze, confused for a second, and then realizes who he is before she stands straight up.

“Wow, you're alive,” she says, still slightly sluggish from the rude awakening, “I thought everybody must have been dead by now at the rate those things were destroying things. I'm lucky enough to get away from their eye in time. They arose from the water and instantly started killing people. Those spirits shoot balls lit aflame at the nearest people, then continue their onslaught mostly by stampeding over the buildings and crushing them like a hammer on ore.” Her body begins to shake as she recalls the images that lay before her eyes. Her thoughts escape the grasp of Torin; he still tries to comfort her.

“What we need to do is hide in here,” he says, not knowing what else to say, “If we can wait out the anger of these strange spirits, we can leave. There have to be others who figure the same.” These words did not manage to erase what horrifying deaths of people she knew. She only wishes to fish late at night in order to receive extra supply to sell so she could have some extra money. She decides that Torin is right and that she should embrace sleep. She cautiously sleeps; if the terrors spirits had just brought her in this world, what horrors might they bring to her in their world? She slightly fights her eyes, but Kahlsta cannot ignore their pull and strength. The cave suddenly becomes dark, but the fire is still lit…

Metal feet crash into the human flesh like a child’s hand parting the sand in between his or her fingers. A burning sensation envelops many first as the machines stomp out flesh and the stone houses. Men, women and children’s bones splinter out of their bodies; their blood becomes a large mass of pools flooding together to create a red lake. People’s rib cages turn to dust along with many of their bones; others crack or point straight up. A deathly show from brute force has organs, over the weight of at least three elephants, explode. Suddenly everything becomes slightly darker, and Kahlsta’s body forces her to look up; a metallic object hovers over her, slowly approaching her body.

Kahlsta jumps up, covered in sweat and drenched with a scent of fear. Torin stands at the entrance of the cave. “Good, you’re finally awake; I think we should head out and see how bad things are,” he suggests, jumping from the ground and standing straight up with his hand against the cave’s wall. She slowly stands up and grabs what little she has. She wishes to bathe but pushes the thought away, because she knows the situation at hand is a little more important. She follows him outward toward the city.

Inside the Temple, the man with silver hair and white skin walks around thinking of what to do to scare the people into submission. He tries speaking to the strange men in robes whose clothes obviously give off that they are important, but they don’t speak the same dialect as him. He knows that is probably going to be the case but trying wouldn’t hurt. He ties their hands behind their backs and hangs them from their arms outside the
door. He decides that they must be leaders of theirs in some way and wants to use them as an example. He is delighted that these strange Islanders have literally not fought back. It is easy as stabbing a sponge with a knife. He walks outside ready to display his show of power, even if the Walkers had already handled it. He already has his men gather the leftover people. He would say he is surprised by the large amount of survivors, if he hadn't witnessed for himself just how fast they took flight from his metallic army. He slams the door open with a thrust and stands before the Guides. He knows he has these people in the palm of his hand, and, in just one swift flick of the hand, they can be crushed. He would rather use them as a labor force, but he'll do what's necessary. Even if necessary, he does not deny this enjoyment.

As Torin and Khalista re-enter the city, they hear a large commotion, so they know there are plenty of survivors. They quickly sneak towards where the sound is coming from: in front of the Temple. They take steps back behind a building that is, surprisingly, fully intact, although it, obviously, has explosion marks and footprints around it. As they come closer, Torin nearly vomits in his mouth. Most of the nearby ground is stained red, like a fire rock without the glow. Thousands of bones are sticking from the ground, crushed into the stone; other bones are white dusts that fly in the air, some make large piles, looking like disgusting sand. Flesh parts like skin and the inner meat scatter almost as if an army of vultures shower whatever remains they find across the land. They know that they have to walk through this ocean of loved ones and strangers alike. They quickly run from one point to the closest remains they could find, gladly stepping out of the hellish sands. They jump onto the stone left of the house. Khalista can taste the food she last ate, to her demise, that was a large combination of fish which could have been one of the worst tastes she’d ever tasted. She swallows down the small, disgusting mixture and looks over to the large crowd of their people; at least seven spirits stand surrounding any possible escape. The islanders shift around talking in fear of what might happen to them. The large, mechanical beings plume a light gray smoke out of cylindrical holes in their backs; each time one moves, more smoke fire into the air. Its chest is made of rectangular, steel wrapped around pentagons on both sides. On top of them rest heads, resembling the curve of the thumb, capable of spinning 180 degrees around. Both the arms and legs are huge and blocky. The end of each arm reveals ginormous, circular holes that fire the flaming orbs that crush their homes and people. The legs bend inward; the knees end behind the body, and the feet are large, trapezoidal prisms.

A loud bang fires; the sound veers into the clouds, making everyone look towards the source: the entrance of the sacred Temple. A man with a strange lighter shade of skin and longer-than-supposed aged hair yells so loudly and calls the people to silence. He speaks words that, obviously to him, have power and strength but strikes fear. But to these
other-worldly citizens, all he does is yell gibberish angrily. He then points his hand towards the head of one of the Guides. He shouts loudly, and the sound they heard earlier repeats. This time it is muffled by the flesh of the Guides brain and skull, and a metal capsule quickly falls down after flying away from the old man’s body. Parts of his mind are lost to the sky. The small, powerful metal flies through him like the speed of an eagle flying through a desert.

“We have to stop that!” Torin quietly exclaims pointing towards the man with the gun.

Khalista retorts, “And how are we supposed to stop him and those things?” She points back towards all of the nearby giant steel and iron spirits.

“He’s got to be the one controlling those goliaths. If we kill him, they should return to the the spirit world through the water,” Torin says, proud of his brilliant idea, and then pulls a knife he used to recover animal hide and flips it in his hand. “We can sneak up on him; you are fast enough from all those fish and can catch him off his guard and stab him. If he’s gone, we can save our people. We must make haste, before he kills more of our people.” Khalista looks at him with doubt but considers this their best chance. They need to stop this menace before he does more damage. They agree on the plan and begin making their way around crushed stone and broken humans: alive and dead. They don’t have to worry about being quiet over the sand made of dead ones because of the large confused commotion everyone is making.

Khalista makes note to Torin: “We can head from the back; there is a second door that is used. Hopefully, he won’t be on that side.” Torin shakes his head in agreement trying to keep speaking to a minimum. She leads the way trying to avoid being seen by anybody, even their fellow island population. They know that they can accidentally give away their location at any moment. They continue towards the back entrance of what is supposed to be holy ground. It would take them some time to get the back entrance at this pace.

The white-haired man walks inside with a large smile across his face, happy to have so much power. “We can recreate this land to our benefit and use the locals as work so everything will come together easier,” he states towards a soldier standing before him, “this is a lot easier than I expected. We now own it all just by simply having our Walkers move forward!” He raises his arms in the air swishing the air as he even owns domain over the sky itself. The soldiers leave the room as this military leader looks over his plans for this land and its people. He decides to work the citizens to death and have his people inhabit a brand new city they discovered, of course, with a fee to come. This utopia would become his money-making paradise. Riches await in this land, and this is only the beginning. One soldier down. He walks in circles basking in his ingenious scheme. He walks onto the third balcony to take a good look at his new playhouse of land. Two soldiers down. His raises his arms in
the air once more to take in the scent of the destroyed lives; it is the last time he can smell this hidden world before it becomes a steel city of money to fuel his power. His hand reaches out over the streets, pretending to hold string and playing the world like a puppet show. He looks back and sees how easy this was to accomplish: the people had an overpopulation problem; the white-haired man discovered an uncharted island that no one knew about. From there, his plan fell into place and convinced his soldiers it was for the greater good. He can’t help but admire himself. Three soldiers down.

Torin handles killing the soldiers and getting them out of the way. It is now Khalista’s time to shine and to save them. Once he dies, the large spirits will return to their world, and they could rebuild. She knows he has to be on one of the higher floors, so she continues up a flight of stairs and sees nobody. She quickly walks up the second flight of stairs which leads to the last floor and is spotted by a surprised, third soldier. He swiftly grabs her arms as she tries to subdue him. Torin jumps the soldier is jumped and thrashes at him with his fish-cleaning blade. Torin shreds at the soldier’s uniform and tears a large line down his arm which causes him to pull back and grab onto his own arm, squeezing down hard on the gash. Torin quickly smashes into the whimpering guards face and knocks him out. Khalista looks at Torin with slight amazement by how fast he is ready to kill these men. She thinks it makes sense, seeing as they kill plenty of people he probably knows. Torin stands up over the man; the danger surrounding him makes him seem taller in a way.

“Hurry, we must destroy the man controlling the giant steel spirits, before he does something else drastic,” Torin stated wavering his hand for her to come along. Khalista readies herself and follows along.

“Yes, it is time to stop this madness; we see what he can do in one night. With any more time, the island will be gone,” Khalista states, mostly to help her prepare for killing something other than fish. “Let’s go.”

They both continue in hopes that the white-haired man does not hear the short struggle going on in the other half, silent building; though, nothing seems to be happening. They continue to the other side of the Temple to find their target standing on the balcony; his hands reach out over the edge, and his fingers twiddle towards the ground. Khalista questions what he is doing but then figures he is probably commanding his spirits. She hastens her pace before he could finish, so it all can be over. She starts sprinting towards him; her footsteps are not heard, because of her years of remaining quiet from hunting. She swiftly pounces onto him. He begins to turn only to have the blade running straight through his spine which stops him mid-turn. The man’s eye turns blank with his mouth wide open in shock; his expression freezes like a photo. Blade glides slice through flesh and break parts of his bones in the process. Khalista lets go of the large dagger and leaves it plunged inside the lower half of the military leader which pierces through multiple vertebrae. He is most
certainly dead as his body crashes against the stone railing of the balcony. She falls to her knees, staring at the body just in relief, and sees a quick end to this quick destruction. She stands up on her feet and looks outward from the balcony with Torin right behind her but not soon enough.

One of the Walker’s flaming metal spheres crashes into her and Torin. Their bodies burn from the surrounding aura of flame as a steel ball, weighing enough to destroy some of the largest animals in existence, quickly obliterates them. Together their flesh is quickly destroyed; two large holes form straight through the front and back of the Temple; it amazingly still stands. In an instant, the two die without a second thought. The people begin to panic and attack the machine spirits in desperation to fight back. They pull at latches they find on the machine, only to find them locked. They throw stones, fire rocks, blades, spears, and whatever else they can find. The giant Walkers quickly snuff out the people fighting them by smashing them down with their feet and firing their cannons. In the end of it, all of the islanders are killed except a few that run away in fear at the beginning stomping. Only one of the Walkers is destroyed because of another Walker accidentally blasting straight through its chest with one of the flaming spheres.