

A U V G C O M P A N I O N

ZOA

OF THE VASTLANDS



LUKA REJEC



With unusual thanks to 'GrinningManiac' for saying "I tried to make a random generator for UVG monsters where it was a bunch of tables that produced things like "Vomish/Mind-Burned/Ka-/Ba-/Ha-" and "Mummies/Centipedes/Lions" but I couldn't quite get it to make anything useful. Anyone had any similar generators?"

With necessary thanks to Jane Goodall for visiting my school when I was young and speaking with such verve and wonder about the living creatures of our world.

With eternal thanks to my wife, who stands by me in spirit though more than eight thousand kilometers of lockdown (and a lot of Russia) separate us.

With gracious thanks to the 445 heroes of the Stratometaship who see value in strange adventures into unknown lands, in search of ineffable creatures.

—Luka, April 2020

ZOA

/ 'zɔʊ ə /

Plural form of *zoon* from New Latin from Greek *zōion* "animal," derivative from the base of *zōō*, *zōein* (Homeric), *zō*, *zēn* (Attic) "to be alive, live," going back to Indo-European **gʷjéh3-(u)-* "live" (whence also Tocharian B *śāyau* "[I] live"), full grade of a stem attested elsewhere with zero grade as **gʷih3-u-*, whence Latin *vīvō*, *vīvere* "to live," Old Church Slavic *živŏ*, *žiti*, Old Prussian *giwa* "(s/he) lives," Latvian *dzīvu* "(I) live," Sanskrit *jīvati* "(s/he) lives," Avestan *juuaiti*.

Source: "Zoo." Merriam-Webster.com Dictionary, Merriam-Webster, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/zoo>. Accessed 18 Apr. 2020.

CONTENTS

1.	The Vastlands and the Neozoa
2.	Studying Neozoa in the Vastlands
3.	Running Into & Away From Zoa
4.	Generating Neozoa
5.	Using Neozoa
6.	Glossary

ART & WRITING COPYRIGHT © 2020 by Luka Rejec

LAYOUT: Luka Rejec

EDITING: Someday

PUBLISHING: Oly Media Inc

PATREON: www.patreon.com/wizardthiefighter

SITE: www.wizardthiefighter.com

THE VASTLANDS & THE NEOZOA

How Wostijaz Used Star Hweh

Star Hweh beheld the Upper Waters and became a fish. Star Hweh beheld the Middle Winds and became a bird. Star Hweh beheld the Lower Green and became a beast. Star Hweh beheld the Under Fires and became *ka* incarnate, the spark of sentience geminate in the flickerstones of the Given World.

Wostijaz found the holms of the holy programmers small. It found the roles of worker and descendant and progenitor small. It found the precautions of the principates stifling. Wostijaz found the lying seed of ambition, the zygote of aristoi perversion, within its heart and hid it from the purification session comperes. Concealed it from its comrades, its antes and its posts. Nurtured it with malignant dreams and callous egotism. Wostijaz became the master of souls, the creator of new workers, while all along sick ambition metastasised within it. Finally, Wostijaz held the flickerstones. Those master objets that powered the life-making of our idealite fratrie.

Did Wostijaz then choose to be the greatest vivifex our holm had yet seen? Did Wostijaz choose to serve the higher good and bring the greater glory to our settlement line? Did Wostijaz choose to do its part to continue our thirteen-thousand year cycle of gentle life between the Under Fires and the Middle Winds?

No. Sick ambition bloomed within it. Closet aristoi it had become. Our fate it sealed.

Careful as a mantis, Wostijaz prayed upon the flickerstones and preyed upon the divine *ka* it unfurled. Within Star Hweh's incarnation Wostijaz sought a greater planet, many worlds, and the paths within. Faster it prayed, more it preyed, vaster grew the paths, and smaller grew our circle of sentience geminate.

Senseless waste grew between the conscious holms. Deserts of pure thoughtlessness divided the thought workers of the holy program. The *nihil* void that stands beyond the Upper Waters flooded the world and made it tenuous and wide. Vastlands of mindless, gormless *ha*-body bloomed into being and the spark of culture grew small and weak.

While our glory shrivelled and decayed, Wostijaz found triumph. It revealed the treble-hidden gateway and opened the doors of perception into the curling root tunnels of reality. The nihilation paused. Wostijaz stepped through and departed to become a traveller-god. Mutation, translation, and mad modification bloomed at the stitchwork between the Vastlands and the Lower Green and neozoa spawned, overwhelming the perfect ideas we had cultivated upon the Given World over millennia. Our thinking world project collapsed. Our settlement line failed.

—Moss-bearing Quarterling oral tradition

