

Diary of John Tritony

A Tale of the Warsurge Omniverse

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February 31st, 1940

After four long days I finally got to see something other than the Medical wing. Just like Franklin had told me, this place was practically a city. Every hallway and room lead to five or ten more, this whole place was made of the same blueish metal of the Hospital, despite being entirely inside, it didn't feel cramped or claustrophobic at all. On the contrary, the high vaulted ceilings and glass domes made me feel quite small. The abundance of glass also made something else very obvious about this place, there was no doubt about it.

I was in Atlantis.

Or at least "an Atlantis", I still have a hard time wrapping my head around this whole "Omniverse" concept. Heck if I didn't spend the last four days in an infirmary being treated to by literal wizards I'd probably have just written off the events of the battle as just a hallucination. Or madness, maybe it is madness though. The only reason I don't think it to be my own insanity is the fact that I doubt that even if I was crazy, my own mind isn't creative enough to come up with half the stuff I've seen these past few days. Golden warriors with angelic wings, a salt shaker holding an egg whisk and plunger screaming about "eggs", medieval soldiers with magic guns, and steam powered tanks to name a few.

After a bit of wandering, I found the portal station Franklin mentioned. All of them seemed to be in a different style. From stone archways to bone, shining steel to polished brass and a few materials I don't even feel comfortable guessing at. The floor had a mosaic image of the Unified Realities Federation (URF): a giant Omega or "Gate" with a star in the middle.

Many of the folks here are mighty strange as well, a couple having odd skin tones, pointy ears, horns, wings, tails, extra limbs or even just what they're wearing. Many looked mostly human but dressed themselves in uniforms that belong in the history books or armor from a sci-fi serial. I saw one group of men in hulking black cockroach looking powered armor as they surrounded a man in a tan uniform with a black cap with an "E" printed on it surrounded by stars. The fellows didn't seem too friendly so I kept my distance.

As I write this, I'm sitting in my new room. My roommate gave me the basic history. Apparently the original incarnation of the URF was actually started by five different parallel universe Atlantises that managed to come to an agreement and trade technology, they chose the Star to represent them as the founding members. He seemed a bit hazy on what happened next, but this is apparently the third incarnation of an organization like that to use this base.

The mission of the URF is to unite and protect the more stable and reasonable worlds, from the ones that want to tear everything apart or just keep conquering with no real end game. How could I say no to joining such a noble cause? Especially after they saved my life when one of their wars spilled into mine.

By the way, my roommate is another version of me. Odd I know, but apparently there are quite a few of "me" running around this base; "the way we think" is apparently special for some reason.

In case you're wondering what the difference between our two realities is, apparently, in his world, President Rockefeller was never assassinated.