

Diary of Sheriff Johnathan Tritony

A Tale of the Warsurge Omniverse
By: Ethan Thomas

June 12th, 1866

Unlike most of the entries in this here diary, today was actually pretty darn eventful. It all started early in the mornin when I put down another bloodsucker. Ugly bastard was trying to hide his fangs underneath his bandana, like I hadn't seen that trick before. Can never tell how old they are really but I'm think'n he was recently turned, giv'n how panicked he was and the fact he didn't use any of his powers during the shootout. Still the law is the law, and I am the law round these parts.

While his barbecuing corpse was stinking up the town square, three more strangers blew into town dressed in skin tight black outfits with omega symbols and a star in the middle on their right shoulders, one was carrying a black box. Claimed to be from far away and needing to get back real soon. Frankly, they could'a just come on out and said they was time travelers, lord knows I've met enough in my time here in Red Gorge, 'specially now all them portals started openin' everywhere. Once we got that all sorted they introduced themselves, one even using my own name which I did not find amusing. We had a few drinks after that and I determined they was decent enough folk to help out.

I then directed them to the cog smith, since he would know the most about time travel and getting them back home. Never did see them again but I assume they made it back all right if that's the case.

After that some miners returned home from the night before and me and my deputy got to work checking them for bites or signs they had been replaced. Or course three had and they killed four of the miners before we put them down. Undertaker took the bodies as usual to put to work in the fields and on the still unfinished railroad. After that, I received a telegram that a fresh wave of settlers is coming in next week. Just what I need, more work.