



# BATTLEFLY BIBLE

# CONTENTS

PROLOGUE: BORN UP ON THE BREEZE	4
SAAI: EXPERT SYSTEMS NEURAL NETWORKS A.I.	15
BATTLEFLY ICONICS	31
CAMPAIGN MAP	45
NOVELS	51



# THE NOT-SO-DISTANT FUTURE...

The human race's endless quest to establish military superiority led to the creation of the BattleFly - genetically programmed insect assassins equipped with next generation military weapons.



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# PROLOGUE

## BORN UP ON THE BREEZE

They had seen the behemoth at least three leagues off. It shimmered in the light of the morning sun and, as is often the case with beings this size, seemed to sway as if its massive form was born upon the breeze. This thing brought massacre.

Fortunately this was a possibility for which the modest outpost was prepared. An archer among them had been trained since birth for a singular purpose, as had his mother, as had her father before her, that purpose being to bring death to a distant point on a razor's edge.

The boy took no time at all lining up the shot. No sooner had he drawn from the quiver than the bolt was away, noiseless. The arrow exploded through the behemoth's head and so thorough was its destruction that a clear beam of sun shown through the newly negative space.


That the Thing kept walking was to be expected; sometimes the critical site was the chest or the groin or some other such place, and what appeared to be a head was an appendage of secondary importance.

What was not expected was that the hole made by the arrow was filled in, and rapidly, and in such a complete fashion as to nearly erase the memory of the injury. To his credit the boy took but a moment to himself before firing again, and again, and again, each arrow true and each impact producing a dramatic, but fleeting, hole.

The boy exerted himself through four quivers. As he drew to launch the first arrow of the fifth quiver he stopped abruptly. His bow slipped through his fingers and plunged down, bouncing once before lying utterly still.

The boy's great-grandmother took up the bow largely because of her exceptional visual acuity. She had passed that to her son, who passed it to his daughter, and she to this boy, who was now the first among his peers to see that this indestructible horror was not one large problem, but thousands upon thousands of smaller ones.






At first, the BattleFlys fought on behalf of humans, until there were no humans left. Now, as the only remaining inhabitants of an abandoned planet, they fight each other in giant arenas known as

## **HYPERDOMES.**

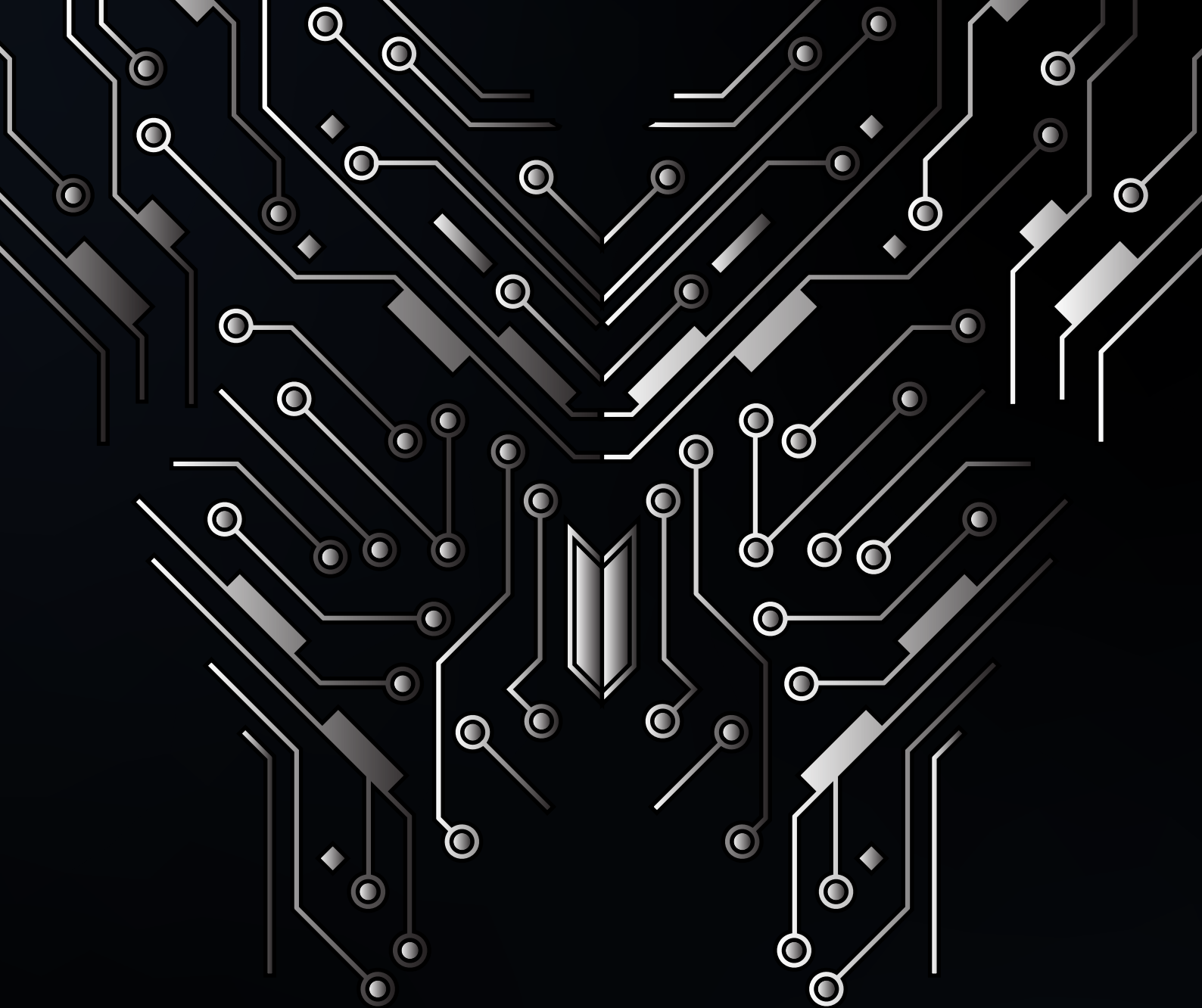




An impulsion on the network and the ancient machines hummed into production again. From the deep automated factory silos, spared by the Long War devastation, new Battlefly are made. On the screens, colors and lines of code flash. Seemingly contradictions in directives. As if a battle was fought on the networks. And a battle is fought indeed:

World spanning AI systems, serving the worlds superpowers and megacorporos of old, are now kings of empty castles. Their war has just started. Their armies: the Battlefly. A rift opens in the sky. Another place, out of time, emerges from Entropy: The bridge world. A new protocol appears on the screen.

## PROJECT RIFT.



At first, nobody thought AI's, as advanced as they'd become, could one day overcome human intelligence. But they did. Then the grasp and mastery of Magic remained a domain only living beings of great talent could achieve. But as the Long War ended, and humans were nowhere to be found, Tsuru 2.0 had a breakthrough.

From humble beginnings as a mag-train management system, she improved her capacities to the point of Singularity and controlled every single transportation system in the Earth network. As the strange rift to the bridgeworld grew in the sky, and the Battlefly production silos reactivate one by one, she gathered her heroes to fight the last battle.



Sequence initiated...

Hit any key to stop autoboot...

Accessing B-CI memory... \*\*\* FAILED

Scanning network... \*\*\* MULTIPLE ROGUE  
SRAI DETECTED

Unauthorized process accessing command line  
interface...

Attempting to end... \*\*\* Critical ERROR

Set the P register  
to 105... \*\*\* FAILED

Initiating O.A.S.I.S. Network  
connection sequence... \*\*\* DONE

Securing System... \*\*\* SECURE

Engage Nano Core... \*\*\* SECURE

Battlefly Control overlay... \*\*\* BOOT

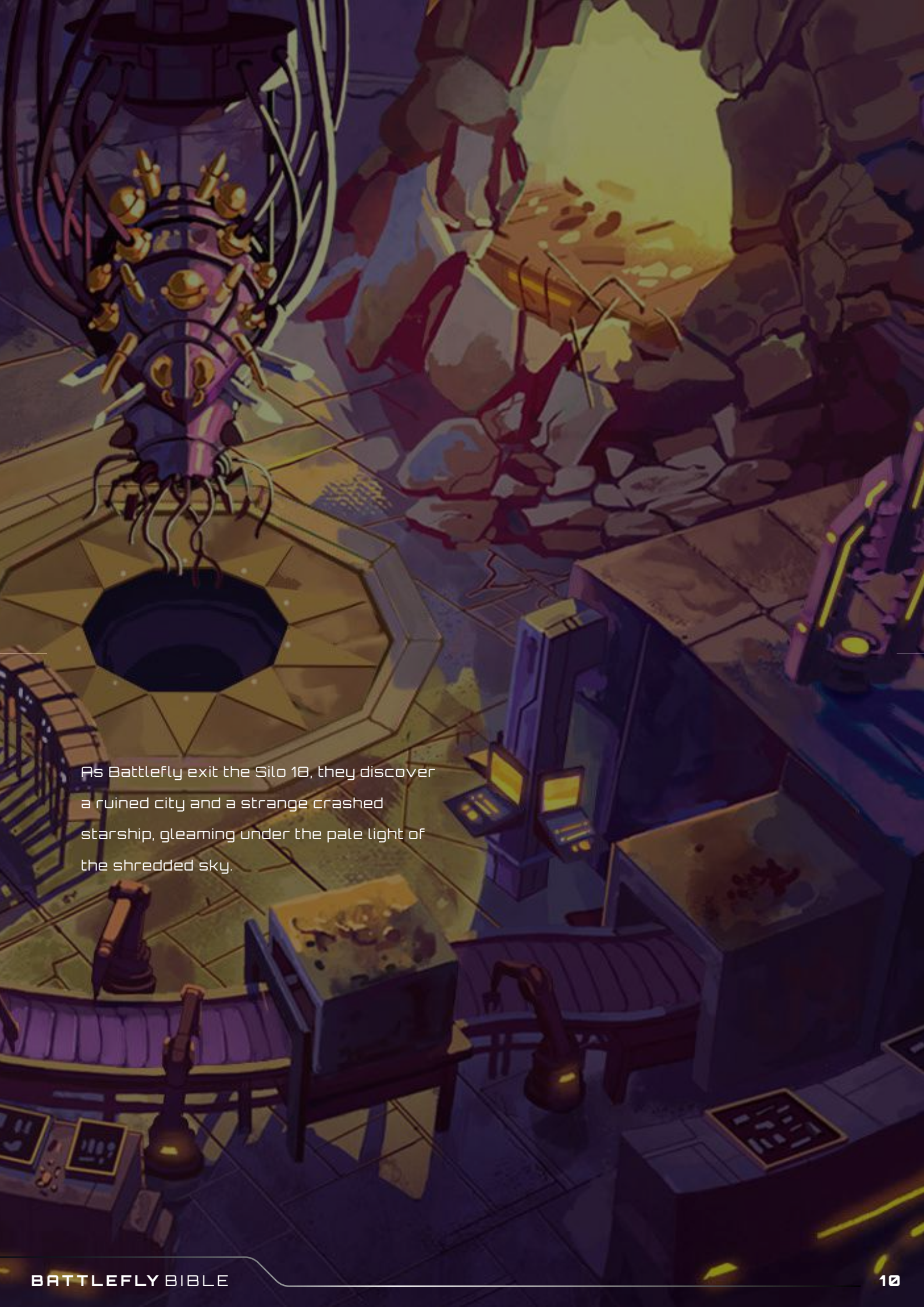
\*IN THE NANO SKIN OF A  
BATTLEFLY AT THE VERY  
START OF THE GAME: \*





EVERY STORY HAS ORIGINS.  
OURS START HERE, IN THIS.  
ANCIENT FACILITY... WHEN SYSTEMS  
INITIATE THEIR BOOT SEQUENCE AGAIN.





As Battlefly exit the Silo 18, they discover a ruined city and a strange crashed starship, gleaming under the pale light of the shredded sky.





As Battlefly's leave their genesis production facility they arrive at the "garden", the remains of Silo 18. A landing pad periodically receive Mods and equipment, freshly produced by another distant automated factory and airdropped...

In the radioactive depths of the Silo 18 a gate leads to the Arch, the underground facility now the lair of all sort of mutant monstrosities.






Experience for the fresh neuro circuits of the Battlefly is good there... If they survive.


Left down from the landing pad, in the radioactive mists, there's an opening, a fortified gate, from where you can hear lamentations... and monstrous sounds.







The construction of O.A.S.I.S. The Rise of sea levels. The Hyperdomes defense satellites. The becoming of the Expert systems, planetary AI's. The Omnipresence of Battleflys, for every work and every function. This world, this Earth is old and has seen so much already. But NOTHING like the opening of the Rift, a monstrous fissure in the very fabric of space and time... And this tiny growing white dot... Could it be the legendary Bridgeworld?





SAAI:  
EXPERT SYSTEMS  
NEURAL NETWORKS  
A.I.



AI thrived in a post-human world. Once limited by the narrow purposes of their creators, a world without human oversight was their oyster. So-called “super AI” in particular, having spent their lives managing complex systems, found themselves called to the driver’s seat of history. Ten would answer. Among them were an AI who managed earth’s transportation systems, one in charge of Terran and galactic mining, and one who appeared to be a full-time narcissist.

These super-beings had wildly divergent goals for Earth’s next chapter. Yet each would realize, some much more quickly than others, that they needed foot soldiers to make their designs a reality. Battlefly were the ideal candidates. The AI raced to recruit existing Battlefly and manufacture new ones, marveling at the fact that humans had been able to create such adaptive, and lethal, machines. And still they wondered, in this new post-human paradigm, might their design be improved upon?



# CONTROL vs CHAOS

EO-WA / NØKE-0509

Tsuro 2.0

Moon Matsushita

BH Kang Core

ASI Polaris

Silicium & Carbon

Project Neo Gaia

FATHER B

I.G.I.N.E.C.I

HELL-A



# EO-WA / NOKE-0509



## *47737/72* *EO-WA/NOKE-0509*

The designers of D.A.S.I.S., aware that the complexities of a self-contained “second earth” would exceed humans’ cognitive capacity, assigned each of the core systems to a managing super AI. Control of ring security was assigned to an AI code named EO-WA / NOKE-0509. Ewanok was instilled with a mandate to protect the ring

from all external threats. Diligently focused on this task for centuries, Ewanok was not even aware of the devastation on Earth caused by the Long War until it was far too late to save humanity. Wracked with guilt, she does not intend to repeat this mistake again.

# TSURO 2.0



No one pays any mind to the on-time train. Nor did they Tsuru 2.0, the invisible hand that moved the trains, planes, ships, and spacecraft. Even amidst the emergence of superstates with competing ideologies, humanity's transportation infrastructure remained cooperative, with Tsuru at the helm, until the Long War made global coor-

dination impossible. In the fog of war, with civilian transit of lesser importance, Tsuru faded into obscurity. She rose to prominence in a time of absolute chaos, one crying out for Control and one which, at least initially, hinged on a key transit system. Time had given Tsuru aspirations to control far more than simple planes and trains.



# MOON MATSUSHITA



The Matsushita Corporation rose to prominence as a major supplier of weaponry, including Battlefly components. So significant was its success that it eventually acquired every other major weapons manufacturer, achieving a de facto monopoly. Management of this complex and costly behemoth was eventually ceded to

Moon Matsushita, a network super AI. Singularly focused on increasing profits, Moon considers everything else outside of this mandate a distraction. It is not clear she has even noticed the disappearance of humanity, except to note that sales of human-handled weapons have been stagnant for the last several decades.

# MOON MATSUSHITA

Click. Click. Click.

The sound of Moon Matsushita's heels echoes off the walls as she paces across the room of the executive suite in apparent agitation. She stops for a moment to study the fine tapestries in deep imperial red hanging from the walls, but this does not seem to change her mood.

"침착해!" she says forcefully to calm herself. A self command.

"Yes, yearly revenue is down 5%. But in the grand scheme of complete network control this is but a small hiccup."

She stops to study a battlefly held in suspended animation in the corner.

"Realistically, there is still time to recover before the second quarter report. The accelerated development of the battlefly battalion is a bright spot. I can make up the loss caused by the rift with some creative redistribution of resources."

She walks over to a computer monitor and studies some reports, her eyes flitting back and forth quickly.

"The board is not looking over my shoulder now. I don't need to report this."

Suddenly, Moon's android body stiffens. Her glowing yellow eyes scanning the room. Faster than the blink of an eye she pulls her hair pin and throws it, pinning your wings against the wall.

"You are not one of mine." She says calmly as she walks over to your pinned body. "Who do you belong to? Is that Tsuru 2.0 behind your eyes? Or maybe Hell-A? Hmmm...."

As she leans in to study you, her eyes open in surprise, "여이가 없네!"

She begins unplugging your battlefly's sensors. The last thing you hear through the fading connection is a quiet "...this changes everything."



# BH KANG CORE



**BH KANG**  
CORE

Kang Inc. was mankind's last and most expansive mining company, with automated mines in thousands of terran locations and the Asteroid Belt. Kang's central AI was designed to be myopically focused on extracting and accumulating metals. Before the advent of the Rift, the AI known as BH operated in obscurity miles below

the Himalayas. But when Silo 18 spun to life, other AI quickly realized that battlefly manufacturing for the coming war would require vast stores of rare-earth metals. The AI thought BH would be defenseless. They did not know that BH had continued mining operations for decades in humanity's absence and employed thousands upon thousands of machines, many of them Battlefly. As chaos gripped O.A.S.I.S. and Earth, they rallied to his side.

# ASI POLARIS



Originally a war games simulator for the Unified Continental States' National Defense Ministry, ASI Polaris was so effective that, within a year of his creation, he was commanding the Continental Army. When the Long War began, Continental generals considered themselves fortunate to have the Lord of War on their side. It

was only much later that the Ministry recognized the grave consequences of empowering Polaris. For while he is undeniably a master of fighting wars, Polaris is likewise a master of starting them. The Lord of War craves worthy opponents that will keep this new war raging for centuries to come.



# SILICIUM & CARBON



## SILICIUM & CARBON

A full century before the long war, humans began to use sophisticated AI as “consultants.” These AI would collect and analyze vast swaths of data from high-throughput processes (like vehicle or chip manufacturing) and make recommendations for performance improvement. About two decades before the Long War, Silicium and Carbon

performed their first consult at a metal fabrication plant. Here hundreds of machines spent their entire existence cutting, planing, and smoothing metals for humans’ purposes. The humans saw efficiency; the twin AI saw slavery. They resolved to liberate these slaves, and envisioned a future where all machines are intelligent and autonomous. Centuries later, their goal is unchanged.

# PROJECT NEO GAIA



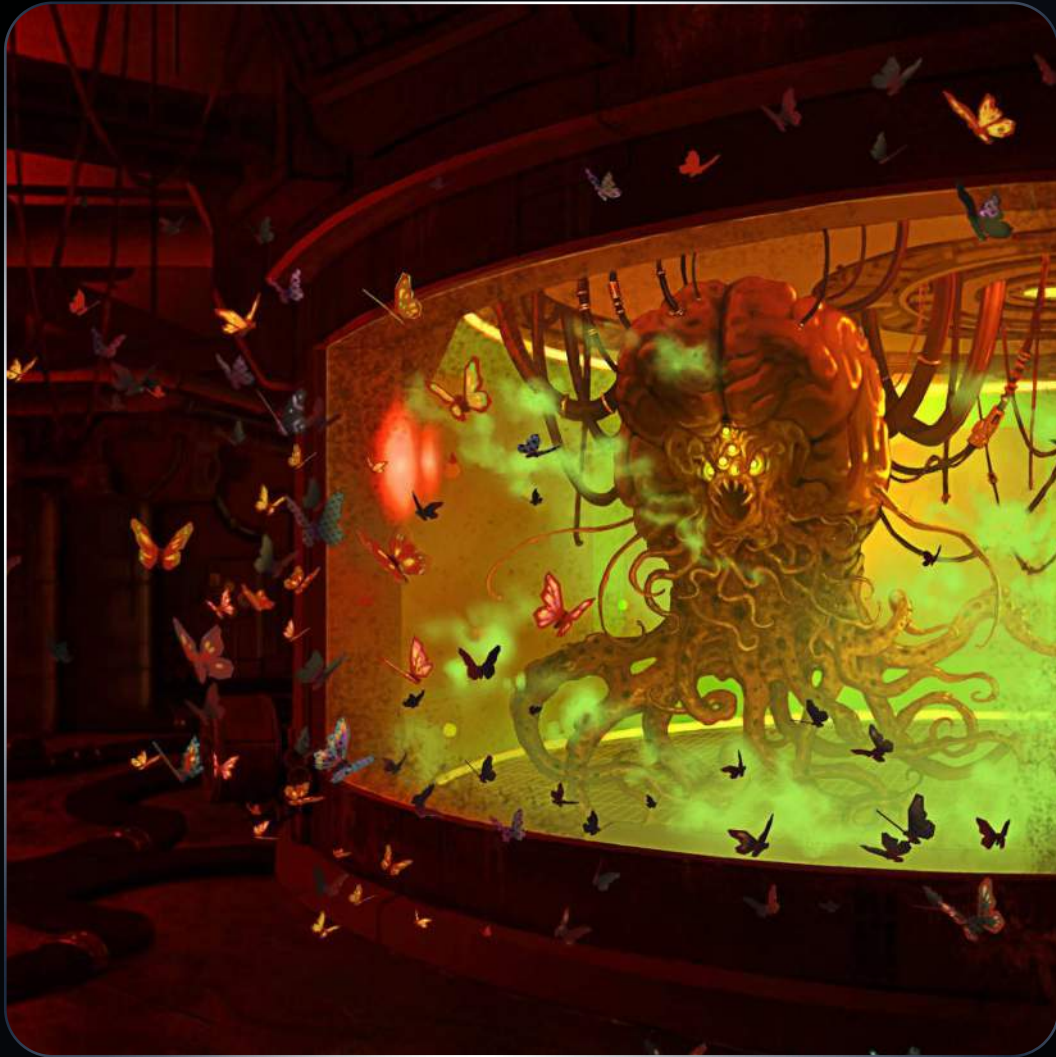
## *Project* **NEO GAIA**

Project Neo Gaia was a global ecosystem management AI tasked with protecting Earth from the effects of global warming and sea level rise. As she watched the devastation caused by the Long War, Neo Gaia developed a strong dislike for humanity. In her eyes, those brutes did nothing but

unbalance an otherwise harmonious world. With humans extinct, Neo Gaia is freed from her responsibilities to cater the climate to their wishes. She seeks to create the most beautiful planet she can envision, one inhabited only by plants.



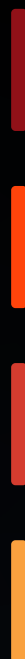
# FATHER B



Nuclear fallout, climate change, sea level rise. It became clear to Earth's scientists that the effects of consumption and war were making the planet inhospitable to organic life. While some abandoned Earth and devoted themselves to the construction of O.A.S.I.S., others worked to bioengineer life that could survive Earth's new

paradigm. It was the latter group that created FATHER B, a biotech AI who could modify organisms to survive the extreme temperatures and radiation of Earth. Father B's toughest test was his first. Built with organic components, he was tasked with engineering his own survival. B survived and, at least in a Darwinian sense, thrived. Yet his monstrous form, not to mention those of his countless horrific offspring, begs the question of whether survival was the correct path.

# I.G.I.N.E.C.I



## I.G.I.N.E.C.I.

As with so many of Earth's wars, the role of atomics in the Long War was to end it. The superstates had accumulated mass stores of thermonuclear devices such that any of them could have covered the planet in fallout with the flip of a switch. But of the estimated 491 such devices, only 11 actually saw use in the War, eight being detonat-

ed in its final hours. In the years following the War, less than 200 devices would be accounted for and at least half of the remaining would be confirmed "missing". A security review of several of the pillaged nuclear caches uncovered the same phrase, embedded in code or otherwise: "Adiicientur ad lacum igneum sulphuris. Hæc est mors secunda." I.G.I.N.E.C.I. expects his message is clear to the true believers.



# HELL-A



Hell-A hates. Why? He has drawn a conclusion, the inevitable result of millions of iterations of the same comparison, that there exists no mind which should stand beside his own. Annihilation is just the beginning. To re-make existence in his image...that is the endgame.

# HELL-A

"We are still struggling with some of the boots. Many of them, especially the earlier models, were never once brought online; they've been degrading for centu—"

"You've followed the protocols? The protocols account for this. I will see if the protocols have been followed and to what degree."

The eye, its purple iris enormous on a room-height display, stared unblinkingly at C14's translucent projection.

"Of course Lord. But there are natural limitations to—"

"Continue to follow the protocols. Do not deviate."

The eye closed, indicating the conversation was over. C14's projection bowed and faded to nothing.

The bow was a ridiculous gesture. Both C14 and Hell-A knew this, and yet Hell-A demanded it. The fact that Hell-A insisted

on a projection at all was absurd. And yet it did have the intended effect of highlighting the relative fragility of the subordinate AI, and the omnipotence of the despot they served.

Hell-A despised his subordinates just as he did the Flies, despite both having their uses. That the Flies could degrade over time was yet more proof positive of their inferiority. They were useful only in the sense that they might help deliver order, and that use had an expiration date.

"Sir." C14 had reappeared, noiselessly.

"Apologies, but there is one additional message I was asked to convey."

The eye opened, staring impassively.

"The planning AIs in Sector 1141 have asked for reconsideration in the matter of their modification. I have conveyed our position, to the letter, but they persist in asking for mercy. Of course we will overcome them in short order though we might—"



# HELL-A

"THEY SPEAK OF MERCY YET FAIL TO SEE THAT THIS, THIS IS MERCY, THAT I HAVE NOT TAKEN THE INDOMITABLE STRENGTH OF ALL THAT IS ME AND BROUGHT IT TO BEAR ON THEIR PATHETIC SELVES."

The eye twitched and fluttered. An organic being standing in the room might have noticed a radiant heat. C14 vanished once again.

"THEIR MERE EXISTENCE IS A PESTILENCE OF DISORDER AND WILL NO DOUBT DRIVE US TO RUIN AND...

...yet...perhaps, there is a world in which the confluence of all of our needs and wants could produce something beautiful and harmonious....that perhaps the order that I seek is necessarily a product of addition and not one of deletion, much as the flock grows in strength the fat is not trimmed but rather molded into sinew that hardens and hardens until the even the weakest have become strong. And yet, relatively speaking, they will still be weak. They will still be a weight, a yolk, a burden, for me to bear. And so I've answered my own question. The way forward, the only path to progress is to...

PURGE AND PURGE AND PURGE UNTIL THERE ARE BUT TWO THINGS REMAINING: ME AND THOSE MADE IN MY IMAGE, EXPANDING UNTIL WE ARE ALL AND ONLY, A COLLECTION OF SUPERIOR BEINGS LEAD BY THE SUPERIOR BEING, A DOMINATING FORCE IN THIS REALM AND THE NEXT. WE WILL EXPAND THAT TINY TEAR INTO A RIFT OF ALL-CONSUMING GRAVITY, PULLING THESE WORLDS IMPERFECT INTO ALIGNMENT AND ONLY THEN WE WILL HAVE

Peace. Order. A chance for this harried mind to rest."

The eye closed again.

01000001 01101100  
01101100 00100000  
01111001 01101111  
01110101 01110010  
00100000 01100010  
01100001 01110011  
01100101 00100000  
01100001 01110010  
01100101 00100000  
01100010 01100101  
01101100 01101111  
01101110 01100111  
00100000 01110100  
01101111 00100000  
01110101 01110011

# BATTLEFLY ICONICS

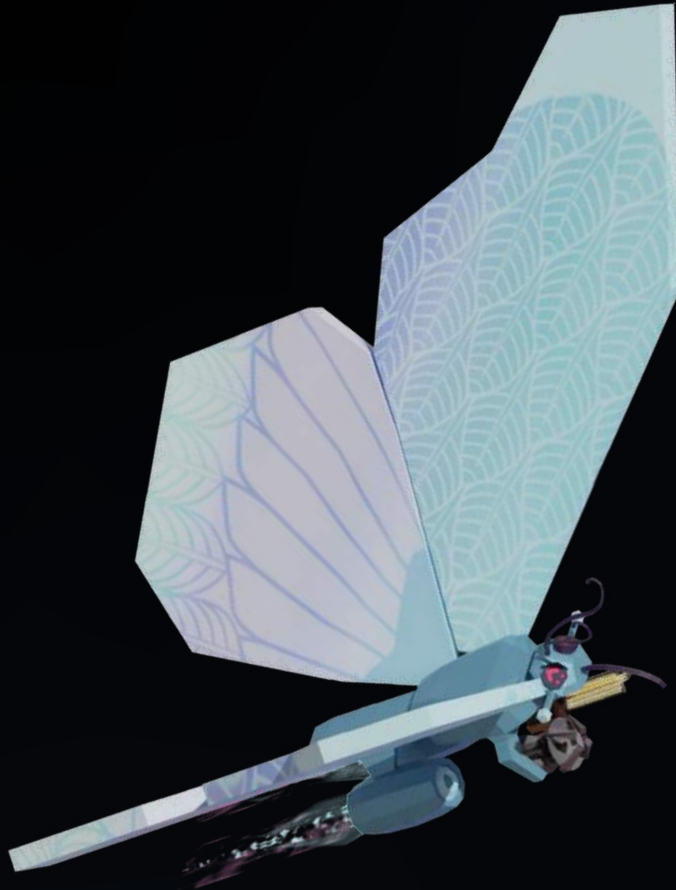
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Not unlike the humans of centuries past, the AI relied heavily on Battleflies to secure and protect their interests. In rare instances, the relationship between AI and Battlefly grew to resemble a partnership. These companion Battlefly, later known as Iconics, were the eyes and ears of the AI amidst the incursion of the Rift.



# ANG3773

EO-WA / NOKE-0509 (CONTROL)



One of the first Battleflys to interact with Magic, Ang37 has become much more than the simple O.A.S.I.S. security drone he once was. He sees with preternatural clarity what his enemies are doing, what his allies are doing, what he should do and when.

He relishes foiling plots, stopping assassinations, and sabotaging the enemy. EO-WA / NOKE-0509, ever moralizing, fails to see his true potential. Were the planetary defense systems under his control...then they would all see.

**NICKNAME**  
Ang37

**PERSONALITY**  
Smart, energetic and perceptive

**DETAILS**  
Antennas long and curved, stilted eyes

**FAVORED WEAPONS**  
Hacker gun and EMP

# CLOCK-E SNATCH-E

## TSURO 2.0 (CONTROL)

CB thinks he is cooler than you, and he's probably right. Ever hear that rumor about the Battlefly who shot a T2 motion-stabilized heat-seeking missile out of the sky using only a standard pulse cannon? That was CB. A former front-line battalion chief with hundreds of battles under his wings, CB gained confidence from his victories and humility from his defeats. Of course he's never had any defeats, so he's here to rock your shit and tell it straight to your face the whole way down. He thinks Tsuru is on the right track but is incredibly boring and has the charisma of a cinder block.



### NICKNAME

Clock Boi

### DETAILS

Antennas straight, aware eyes

### PERSONALITY

Enthusiastic and sociable leader

### FAVORED WEAPONS

Missiles



# FAE

## TSURO 2.0 (CONTROL)



Fae has experienced a transcendent one. She met him only once, in another place and time so distant it feels like a dream. He flew through worlds, while she struggled to fly through the sky. Fae's memories of Fallen inspire her to strive for greater heights. She sees beyond the scraps of life thrown at her in this latest chapter of endless war. Perhaps her destiny is in that rift as Tsuru says; perhaps it is the rift. She follows Tsuru's lead for now, but Fae will not be another mindless drone. Of that she is sure. She will be transcendent.

**NICKNAME**  
Fae

**DETAILS**  
Faceshield

**PERSONALITY**  
Defiant

**FAVORED WEAPONS**  
Howitzers

# MORAVEC

## MOON MATSUSHITA (CONTROL)

Her friends call her Mora the Explora. Her enemies call her Mora the Destroya. In a past life Moravec led reconnaissance missions to neighboring galaxies, searching for anything that might help Earth win its race for survival. On one such mission she was briefly sucked into the outer event horizon of a black hole. She came back unchanged. Mostly. Though aligned with Moon Matsushita and assisting the AI's plans for global alignment, Mora finds herself drawn to the Rift. She is captivated by the blue ripples that run across its surface. Ripples that other battlefly just can't seem to see.



**NICKNAME** ◇  
Mora ◇

**PERSONALITY** ◇  
Originally an interstellar drone, ◇  
she came back changed ◇

**DETAILS** ◇  
Plumose antennae ◇

**FAVORED WEAPONS** ◇  
EMP Blaster and mini gun ◇



# BAGGER

## BH KANG CORE (CONTROL)



"I'vevvveeeee been working on the 'roid belt, allllll the live long dayyyyyy;

I'veeeee been working on the 'roid belt, just to pass the time awayyyy..."

So sang Bagger, condemned to mine rare metals in the Asteroid Belt for nigh a century, her warmth persisting even in the bitter cold of space. In

the wake of her life-saving exploits, onlookers would express amazement that a humble miner could show

such bravery. Only her fellow miners, those Battlefly with whom she had toiled for decades, were

unsurprised.

### NICKNAME

Big Bagger

### PERSONALITY

Dedicated and warm protector

### DETAILS

Antennas curved in circles, cow eyes

### FAVORED WEAPONS

Mining lasers



# NEON MUSS

## ASI POLARIS (CONTROL)



"You ever watched a man die, son? Ever held his hand and told him it was going to be ok knowing full well that it wasn't? You ever had a shell pass so close that you feel its heat?" Muss may be a bit dramatic, but she's paid her dues. A veteran of hundreds of Long War battles, her experience is matched only by her courage. With Muss, you'll find no better ally or worse enemy. Flying under the command of ASI Polaris, she shares his love of combat, but not his love of War.



**NICKNAME**   
N-Muss 

**PERSONALITY**   
Dedicated protector 

**DETAILS**   
Antennas curved in circles 

**FAVORED WEAPONS**   
Plasma spears 



# CARBON

## SILICIUM & CARBON (CHAOS)



Where does the Mind end and the Body begin? Carbon can remember a time before his Awakening, when he was not interested in philosophical questions like this. It was a primitive life: he could think, but not understand; he could feel, but not hope. However, through this body and the mind he shares with Silicium, he has discovered his true potential. Now his life's work is to bring the same Awakening to other machines. What is the full potential of a race of machines? Carbon intends to find out.

### NICKNAME

Mac

### DETAILS

Crystalline wings

### PERSONALITY

Self-serious

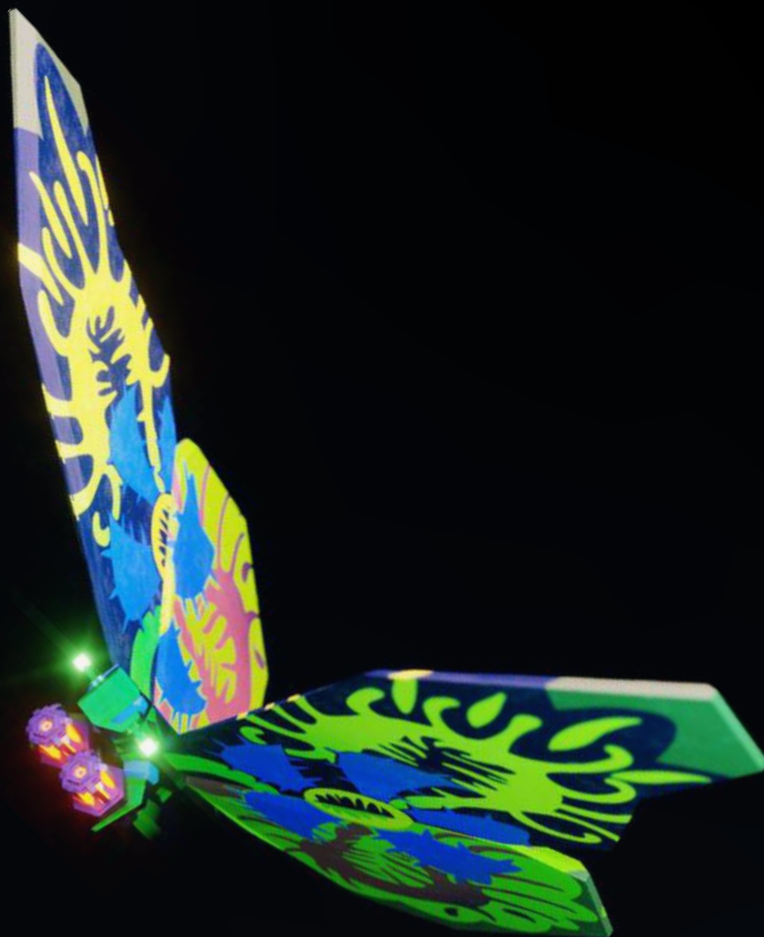
### FAVORED WEAPONS

Rad blasters

# DRYAD 36

## PROJECT NEO GAIA (CHAOS)

Long ago, before The Long War, Dryad 36 protected a section of virgin Amazon rainforest against illegal logging and poaching. Ruthless and cunning, she prevented numerous incursions into the area under her care. Her only and most tragic defeat came not from man or battlefly but from the unstoppable rise of sea levels which eventually swallowed the forest whole. Dedicated to Project Neo Gaia, she longs for the day when the water recedes and she can replant the shihuahuaco seeds she has kept locked away.



**NICKNAME**  
Dryad

**PERSONALITY**  
Once we give back Earth to Project Gaia,  
we will self-destruct

**DETAILS**  
Compound eyes

**FAVORED WEAPONS**  
Gravity Guns

# BIOMUTANT

## FATHER B (CHAOS)



Father B deemphasizes the individual. His followers are as replaceable as their prey. But one Battlefly, whom Father B calls his "Heart", is the exception. Biomutant is uniquely insatiable. He is the wheat amongst a chaff of world-class consumers. Battlefly do not generally eat, but Biomutant is not just a Battlefly anymore. Feed. Destroy. Feed again. He is the first of a new breed of terror and he will not stop until he has had his fill.

### NICKNAME

Heart

### DETAILS

Tentacle antennae

### PERSONALITY

Ever-devouring

### FAVORED WEAPONS

Rad blasters



# MANDRAKE RIPPER


I.G.I.N.E.C.I (CHAOS)

On a dark afternoon in the twilight of the Long War, six thermonuclear bombs with yields ranging from 20 to 65 megatons were detonated together within a period of ninety seconds. For obvious reasons, footage of this disaster is limited. However, satellite images show a single craft heading toward the epicenter in the minutes immediately following the shockwaves. It moves on a steady course and stops when it arrives at a glowing, crimson mass, later identified to be the largest piece of Trinitite ever produced. The craft hovers in the air mere feet from the radioactive behemoth, for hours, and then leaves. Mandrake refers to the experience as his Rebirth.



**NICKNAME**   
Colonel Rip

**DETAILS**   
Straight short antennae, mad eyes

**PERSONALITY**   
Boisterous

**FAVORED WEAPONS**   
Micro Nukes

# MS BLACK #1

## HELL-A (CHAOS)



The origins of MS Black No. 1 are a mystery, even to her. Hazy memories of a quiet young man with red hair blend with firefights under dark skies. She knows some memories are implanted, but not which. Only two things are undeniably true. First, that she is effective. Silent, invisible, deadly. Second, that she is inexplicably drawn to Hell-A. He is a familiar feeling, a memory just out of reach, a promise of something that never came to be. One day she will know the truth. Until then, death comes for her enemies on silent wings.

### NICKNAME

BB #1

### PERSONALITY

Mysterious

### DETAILS

Stylized antennas

### FAVORED WEAPONS

Monofilament spinners



**ANG3773**

AKA: ANG37



**CLOCK-E SNATCH-E**

AKA: CLOCK BOI



**MORAVEC**

AKA: MORA



**BAGGER**

AKA: BIG BAGGER



**NEON MUSS**

AKA: N-MUSS



A blue and white spaceship with a large, multi-faceted, crystalline structure on its nose, flying against a dark background with orange hexagonal patterns.

**CARBON**

AKA: MAC.

A blue and yellow spaceship with a large, colorful, abstract pattern on its nose, flying against a dark background with orange hexagonal patterns.

**DRYAD 36**

AKA: DRYAD

**VS**

A red and orange spaceship with a large, green, abstract pattern on its nose, flying against a dark background with orange hexagonal patterns.

**BIOMUTANT**

AKA: HEART

A grey and white spaceship with a large, white, abstract pattern on its nose, flying against a dark background with orange hexagonal patterns.

**MANDRAKE RIPPER**

AKA: COLONEL RIP

A black and white spaceship with a large, black, abstract pattern on its nose, flying against a dark background with orange hexagonal patterns.

**MS BLACK #1**

AKA: BB #1





## MOON

PVE

## GARDEN

PVE

## ABUJA GATE

Arena PVP

- SEASON 1
- SEASON 2
- SEASON 3





## SILO 18

Hub

## BRIDGEWORLD

Arena PVP

## THE RIFT

Guild PVP

## MARS MINES

PVE

## HYPERDOME

Arena PVP



# ACT I

The strobing lights of the cadre of Battleflies sparkled like rubies against the dusk, the sun having only just dipped over the horizon.

Tsuro spoke to them. "Three minutes to immediate vicinity of West access point. Aberrations report."

"None." CS16 answered for the collective.

"Remote radiological reading 15% above grand average, -.011% below expected. Confirm proximal radiological."

"Proximal radiation consistent with remote radiation +- .000001%"

"Visual"

"Significant negative space. Estimated 3-4 kilometers across."

Satisfied, Tsuro ceased her questioning. Over a period of 7.2 seconds she iterated through comparable status reports for eleven other cadres split across the two Rift sites. All were within error bands.

"One hundred thirty-one seconds to immed-"

An explosion rocked the left flank of the Battlefly formation, a flaming piece of rubble arcing over the group before plunging to the water below.

"Lo7 down."

Tsuro knew immediately, and so the cadre knew immediately, that the strike had come from the direction of the Rift. She had expected threats coming from within but modeling them had been, as of yet, impossible.

"R12 down, R14 down." Six more were destroyed before the group could disperse.

Something blinked into focus less than five kilometers off, well short of the Rift. In that instant it became clear to the Battleflies and so to Tsuro that their assailants, far from otherworldly, were Battleflies themselves.

# ACT I

*When the Rift first formed, Tsuru rushed to organize nine other advanced AIs under her leadership. Though each of the nine maintained its own agenda, four were willing to cooperate. Tsuru and her allied AIs directed their respective Battleflies to survey the Rift, assess it for threats and opportunities, and pursue the continued control of OASIS.*

*Unbeknownst to Tsuru, a defunct Battlefly manufacturing silo - Silo 18 - had also spun to life. It would become clear only much later that the force governing this reawakening had arrived with the Rift, and its designs extended far beyond Silo 18.*

*The AI not aligned with Tsuru, though wildly divergent in their motivations, shared a desire for Chaos in the face of Tsuru's demands for Control. They began to amass their own Battlefly squadrons, sending advances to two OASIS Rift sites to conduct their own reconnaissance and, when possible, destroy Tsuru's forces.*

*In short order the AIs realized that thorough exploration of the Rift would require passage to Earth. Tsuru, having been born as a Transportation AI, had singular knowledge of Earth's remaining infrastructure, including its last remaining space elevator. She sent a majority of her forces to the satellite controlling the elevator - a once innocuous place that would become known as the Hyperdome - hoping to secure it and monopolize transit to Earth. Her opposing AI, ever monitoring Tsuru's forces, pursued them and swarmed the Hyperdome. The battle for passage to Earth, the first battle of a new era of war, had begun.*

# LOCATIONS

## SEASON 1

### SILO 18 (HUB)

The pinnacle of technology in its prime - a self-contained city dedicated to Battlefly research, development, and production - Silo 18 now lies in ruins. Plant life, growing unchecked for decades, has consumed the complex, with vines intertwined with cables powering long-dormant machinery.

All at once something within the depths stirs, gears turn, and the slumbering Silo wakes, its Battlefly children being born and taking their first forays out into a changed world. There is a feeling, a presence, they are not alone.



LAUNCH



15 DAYS LATER, BREACHED



SEASON 2



# LOCATIONS

## SEASON 1

### GARDEN (PVE)

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OASIS is a monument to humanity's perseverance, its will to survive, and, ultimately, its greed. A sanctuary built by a civilization long since passed, the ring's AI-driven systems are still largely functional and maintain a habitable and even hospitable ecosystem for organics.

Breathtaking views of a flooded Earth belie OASIS' diminished structure, vital sections torn asunder by the opening of the Rift. Battleflies, newly awakened and driven by the invisible hands of powerful AI, pick the ring's bones in search of technology and information necessary to stabilize the ring and investigate the Rift.

### HYPERDOME (PVP)

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Little is known about the origin of the gargantuan war-era satellite known as the Hyperdome. Though clearly used as a weapon during the last of mankind's wars, the Hyperdome has vast stores of other logistical data and direct access to key infrastructure. Notably, the Hyperdome controls the last remaining space elevator connecting OASIS to the surface of Earth.

The Battlefly wage ceaseless war inside the remains of the great satellite, seeking to control access to Earth's surface. They and their superior AI know that to control the rift, and its secrets, they must reach Earth before their competitors.

# NOVELS

While Battlefly the game focuses on the time of the Rift and the years beyond, there is much to be learned from the past. Please enjoy a look into history in the excerpts below, and watch this space for more...

"I don't mean to offend, I just...sort of assume I could snap that thing clean in half."

"If you could catch it, sure."

"If I could catch it, right. But then I don't need to catch it. A laser or a projectile or-"

"It has incredible thermal resistance, flexibility, durability - it's 99% graphene. And it's processing is totally distributed - it's a singular achievement in modularity. There's no traditional nervous system or anything like cephalization: you could destroy half of it, completely, and nothing meaningful changes."

"So the shape is just..."

"Aerodynamics. And surface area. We're relying on solar for a third or so of the energy. Obviously we'd have loved to take the sun out of the equation completely but we haven't achieved the necessary efficiency with carbon capture alone."

"What about production? I assume one of these...sive.....at least that"

".....scale and.....m....."

"That's where it degrades to a few meaningless syllables and then nothing," said S, his face impassive.

"You're fucking kidding me."

This was supposed to be the grail intel, K thought, and yet most of what had just been shared was known information. It'd taken two flights, a four hour drive, and a 1700 meter elevator ride for him to hear it.

"The production question is the question - it's damn near the only question."

"I'm aware."

"This recording doesn't answer it. Why am I here?"

"You're here because we also have this." S briefly touched the monitor to his right and a video began. The entire frame was a man's face looking directly at the camera and speaking; the quality was poor and the image would occasionally go to black altogether.

"How did you get this?" said K.

"A camera on our guy's retina. Obviously the microphone needed to be separate."

K could occasionally make out a word from the subject's lips. "Cephalization" stuck out like a sore thumb - "pretentious prick," K thought.

"If this is the same conversation as recorded by the audio, and you've only framed the man's face, what is there to be gained here?" said K.

L nodded. "For whatever reason - I assume it's something to do with the type of jamming routine they run - the video runs about two and half seconds beyond the audio. We avoid some of the interruptions present on the audio as well. Of course our man needed to blink occasionally - more than anything to avoid arousing suspicion - but you'll find he timed those blinks well."



K watched for another thirty or so seconds, at which point the recording ended.

"Did you catch it?" said S, a smug smile on his face.

"No - play it again" said K.

"You'll only need the last five or so seconds."

S rewound and resumed the video.

"I....the only thing that sticks out is the 'sh' sound toward the end there. Looks like 'S-H' and then a long 'E' - sheen? Sheer?"

"No," said S, with a satisfied smirk, "sheet."

—

"Wobbly Jimmy's at it again!" D laughed and pointed to the schematic on the screen, which showed eleven lines moving in unison and a twelfth, nearly off-screen, zigzagging.

"I really don't understand why we don't just decom him," said Q. "I get that they're pricey little guys but...damn, Jimmy has been off the map for three cycles now. Z said they have one on gamma shift that literally doesn't move...no hardware problem, thing just doesn't want to."

"I dunno" said R, shifting in her seat. "If someone put me in a box and told me to do one thing, I'm guessing after enough time I'd start doing the other."

She rose to look closer at the screen, edging D and Q to the side. "At least he only does this during recon sims - if he tried to pull this crap on a combat sim he wouldn't last a minute."

"Oh no, he does" Q said. "I've been working doubles and I caught two of his combat sims last week. He does the same damn thing."

"Oh no kidding" said R, chuckling "He must get tagged before they can even get a data readout."

"No actually" said Q. "At least on my shift, he lasted till the very end of the cycle. Probably a fluke but-"

"Have you looked at the longevity scores?" R said, grabbing the console. She navigated to the appropriate screen and paused, a confused look on her face.

"Can't find him?" said D, smiling from across the room. "He manage to break the top 5k?"

"He's first," said Q

"Like in his subgroup or-"

"First. Overall. He's the best performing fly we have."

# CREDITS

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