

WILD ZONE GUARDIANS

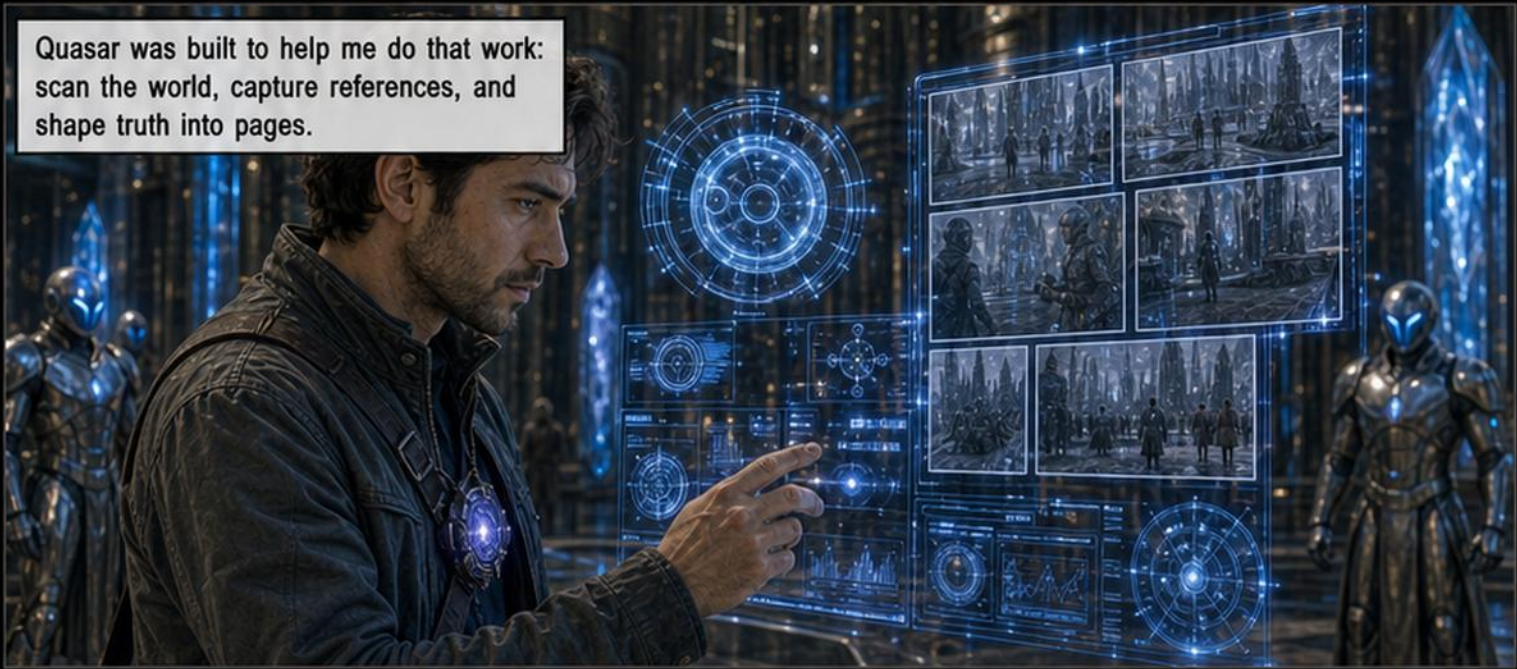
OFF-WORLD OBSERVER



I crossed realities for one reason:
to find real heroes and turn their
adventures into comics.



Quasar was built to help me do that work:
scan the world, capture references, and
shape truth into pages.



The city looked like a miracle of glass,
stone, crystal engines, and living runes.



Then I saw the other side of order:
armed officials, license checks, and
magic treated like a crime.



Quasar found the licensing center: the Conflux Spire, where every legal energy signature was recorded.



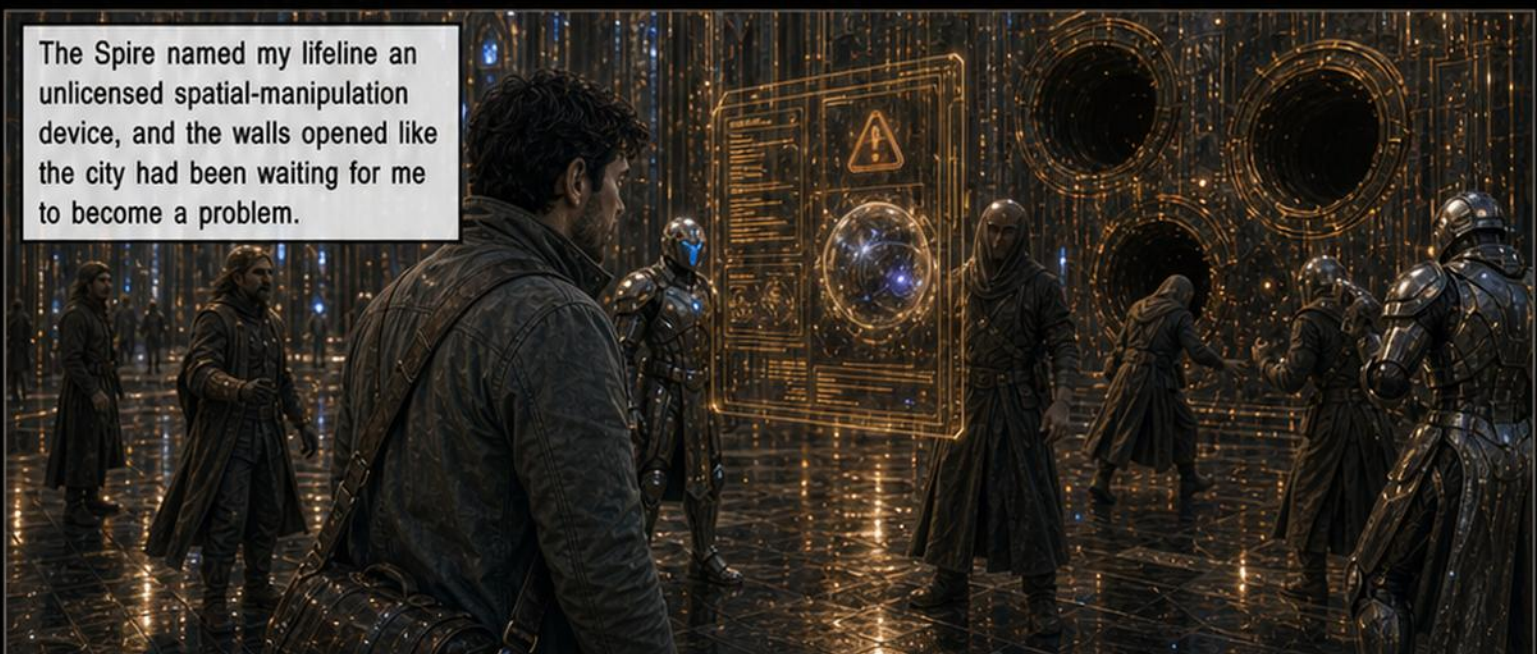
The attendants were calm, but the building felt designed to make refusal impossible.



When I touched the registration crystal, it did not just scan my body. It followed the foreign spatial energy back to my teleporter.



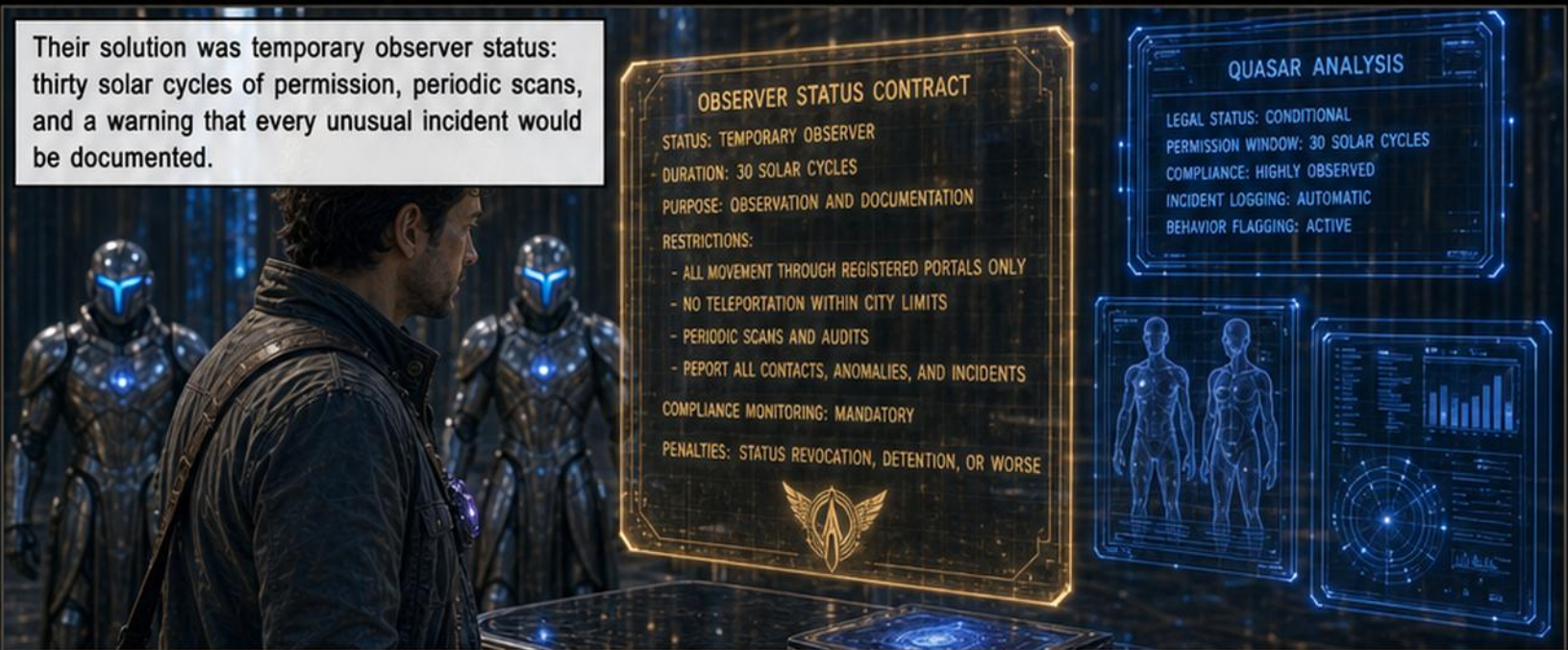
The Spire named my lifeline an unlicensed spatial-manipulation device, and the walls opened like the city had been waiting for me to become a problem.



I told the Spire the truth: I was not from this world. That made me less like a criminal and more like an administrative emergency.



Their solution was temporary observer status: thirty solar cycles of permission, periodic scans, and a warning that every unusual incident would be documented.



The condition I hated most was simple: no teleporting inside city limits, even though the device was my only way home.



The map showed the loophole and the danger. Beyond the perimeter gates were the Wild Zones, where city law thinned and survival became personal.



Sector Four did not feel like adventure. It felt like the place the city sent people after deciding they were no longer an indoor problem.



The survival kit was standard issue: rune-woven clothes, a shelter, a purifier, an observer pass, and an emergency beacon with consequences.



The attendant explained the rules like weather: stay near the gate, avoid deep glows, never touch anything that sings, and run from storms of shifting color.



When I changed into the rune-weave, I looked less like a traveler from another reality and more like a novice who might last a few cycles.



Near the western gate, I asked the question that had brought me here: did anyone heading into the Wild Zones need a chronicler?



Kaelen stepped forward first, a Void-Walker who hunted corrupted anomalies with repurposed city technology.



Vessara followed, four arms full of catalyst vials and a warning that the anomalies did not simply vanish. They resisted, screamed, and changed the land.



They were not performing heroism for fame. They were doing necessary work where the city preferred not to look, which made them exactly the story I had come to find.



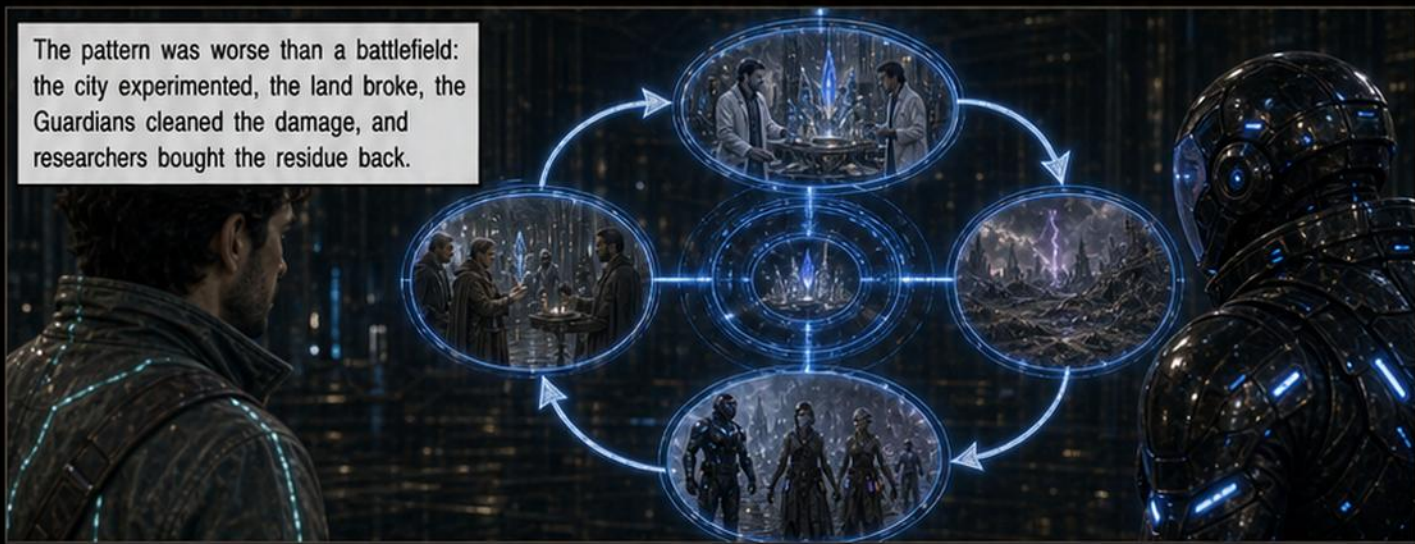
As we walked, Keelen explained that this was not adventure to him. It was penance for failures the Arcanum Guard could not contain.



Vessara spoke of the Wild Zones as home, not wilderness. The anomalies were not natural monsters. They were scars left by the city's early experiments.



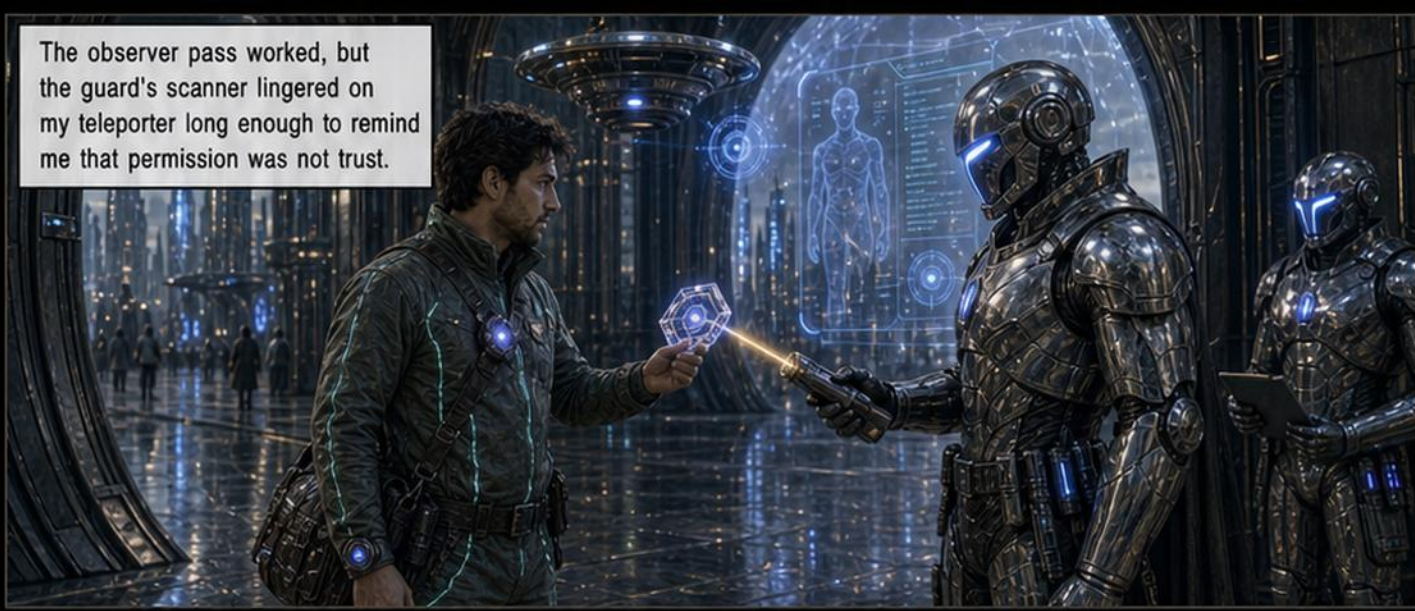
The pattern was worse than a battlefield: the city experimented, the land broke, the Guardians cleaned the damage, and researchers bought the residue back.



Quasar captured the shape of the cycle while I understood the real conflict. This comic would not just show heroes fighting danger. It would show who made the danger profitable.



The observer pass worked, but the guard's scanner lingered on my teleporter long enough to remind me that permission was not trust.



I kept the device silent as we crossed the containment field. For once, walking was safer than vanishing.



On one side was the city: bright, ordered, licensed, and watched. On the other was wounded land no official story could fully control.



I had come looking for conflict to make better comics. I crossed the gate understanding that the comic itself might become part of the fight.

