

THE SOLERNOID SAGA

A STORY OF THE SPECTRUM



The Spectrum was a world divided by light: one face beneath an endless sun, one beneath permanent night, and a narrow twilight band between them.



Phototrophs flourished in the sunlit fungal jungles, vampires ruled much of the darkness, and ordinary humans crowded into the twilight where crops and livestock were never plentiful enough.



Every people needed something another people possessed. Survival created alliances, raids, bargains, and hatreds that no simple border could contain.



Some human villages ate fungus and fought phototrophs. Others rejected fungal food, allied with phototroph communities, and joined an underground mycelial communications network.



Humushes were born between humans and phototrophs. Daywalkers were born between humans and vampires, carrying both vampiric hunger and a greater tolerance for sunlight.



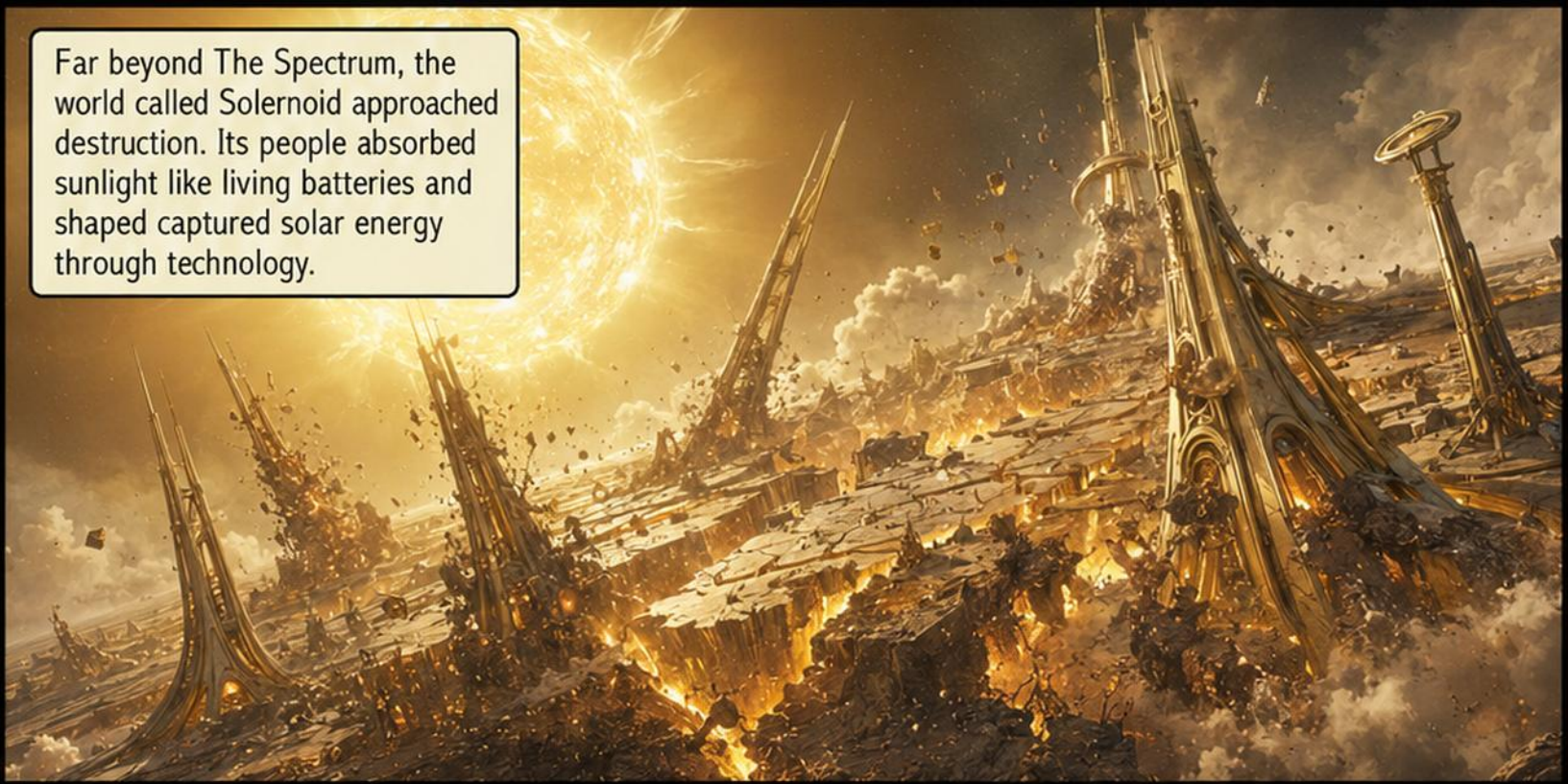
Brightwalk harvested fungal jungle and accepted protection from a nightward vampire lord. Nearby, humans and phototrophs shared a settlement called the Network.



Those neighboring communities distrusted one another long before anything fell from the sky.



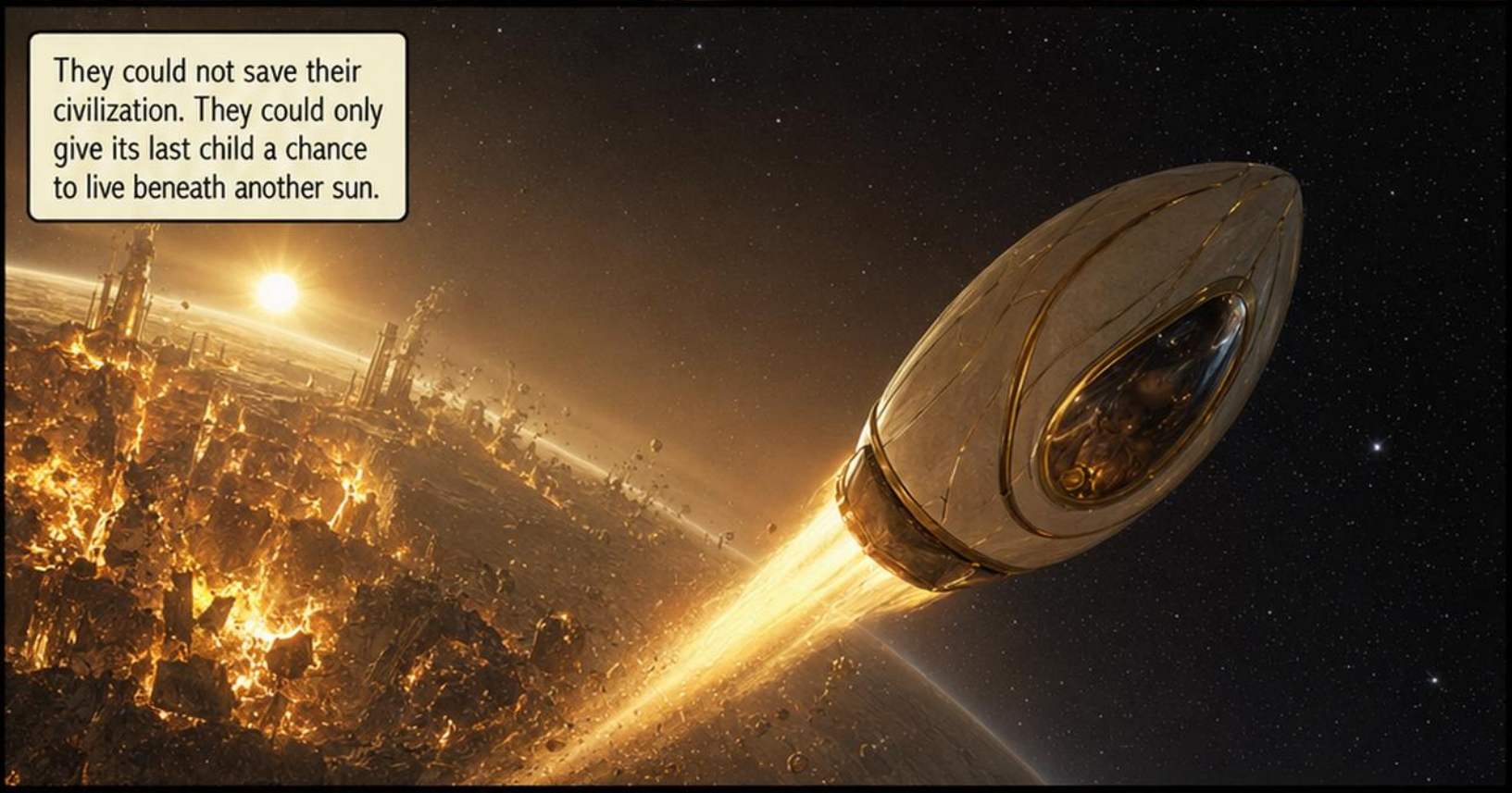
Far beyond The Spectrum, the world called Solernoid approached destruction. Its people absorbed sunlight like living batteries and shaped captured solar energy through technology.



In their final hours, one family sealed their infant inside a pod designed to feed him solar radiation throughout the darkness between worlds.



They could not save their civilization. They could only give its last child a chance to live beneath another sun.



The pod reached The Spectrum, but it missed both the eternal sun and the safer twilight band.



It crashed deep inside the vampire lord's nightward territory, radiating stored solar power so fiercely that the vampires could not approach it.



Inside the impossible machine, a human-looking infant glowed with the same hostile light.



The vampires waited in the darkness, uncertain whether they had found a child, a weapon, or both.



As the stored energy faded, the infant's glow disappeared. The vampires decided that the dangerous light belonged mainly to the machine.



They did not normally feed on infants; young humans had to survive if future generations were to sustain vampire life.



The lord gave the strange child to Brightwalk, where human parents raised him openly as their adopted son.



The pod remained hidden in the darkness, leaving the boy to grow up knowing who loved him—but not where he came from.



The vampire lord became obsessed with a machine that did more than survive sunlight: it captured, stored, and reshaped the thing vampires feared most.



His tinkers could not truly reproduce Solernoid science, but years of experiments taught them principles their world had never imagined.



They learned to charge compact devices in sunlight and project that power as solid-looking swords, axes, shields, restraints, and cages.



The crash of one alien child had begun a technological revolution without anyone understanding its source.





Solar cloaks allowed vampires to endure daylight while harvesting energy for their weapons. The village became known simply as Hardlight.



In Brightwalk, Hardlight fighters were protectors who drove phototroph raiders away from human homes and fungal harvests.



Around the Network, the same vampires used stealth, glowing restraints, and calculated raids to capture humans without exhausting the population.



One village cheered when golden weapons appeared. Another taught its children to fear their glow.



Hardlight carried a fatal weakness. If a phototroph tore away a vampire's solar cloak, the vampire could be burned by the very weapon in their hands.



The lord found safer soldiers among Brightwalk's daywalkers—hybrids treated as impure by vampires and never entirely human by humans.



Daywalkers could wield Hardlight directly beneath the sun. Brightwalk began celebrating the people who had once belonged nowhere as its greatest defenders.



The adopted boy watched Silverfang and the other golden warriors and dreamed of standing beside them.

During adolescence, sunlight began feeding the adopted boy in a way no human body should have understood.



Golden light returned beneath his skin, matching the radiance that had once surrounded his pod.



Hardlight devices charged faster and struck harder whenever he stood nearby, so the daywalkers invited him on patrol as a living battery they promised to protect.



For the first time, the mystery of what he was felt less important than the team willing to make room for him.



Battle proved that he was more than a source of power. He possessed tremendous strength, unnatural durability, and legs capable of carrying him across the battlefield in a single leap.



Then golden fire erupted from his eyes with enough force to break an armored phototroph charge.



Every blast consumed the light stored inside him. His glow dimmed, his strength failed, and enemies saw their chance.



Silverfang and the daywalkers always closed ranks around him until the sun could fill him again. His greatest power worked only because he was not alone.



The daywalkers wondered whether he represented some unknown evolution of their own kind. Later, phototrophs would imagine an equally mistaken answer.



Only the vampire lord recognized that the young man's glow matched the ancient pod hidden in his territory.



The lord remembered smelling blood in the infant and knew he was no machine, yet he still had no name for what the man had become.



The stranger protected Brightwalk, strengthened Hardlight, and loved the people who raised him. For the lord, loyalty made the mystery tolerable.





Stories of Brightwalk's glowing champion traveled through the mycelial network far beyond the battlefield.



Phototrophs knew that Hardlight vampires imitated solar power with machines, but this warrior looked human and sunlight strengthened his body directly.



Without knowledge of Solernoid or the hidden pod, their thinkers concluded that he must be an extraordinarily rare humush.



If a human-phototroph child could inherit full solar strength, the Network believed it could create defenders capable of stopping him.

Phototroph factions began deliberately pairing humans with foxfire lineages—bioluminescent fungal people capable of producing intense light and heat.



Most children were ordinary humushes with unusual luminescence. A selected few developed stronger light-based abilities.



Those children were trained from youth as anti-Hardlight soldiers and named the Firefoxes.



Their lives became a biological answer to vampire technology—and to an alien hero their creators mistakenly believed biology could reproduce.



When the Firefoxes attacked Brightwalk, they believed they were defending the Network from a vampire weapon that could grow stronger beneath the sun.



Brightwalk saw warriors deliberately raised to destroy its protector and proof that the Network had escalated an old border war.



The Solernoid faced young fighters whose entire lives had been shaped by frightened stories about him.



Both sides entered the battle certain that the other had chosen aggression first.



The Firefoxes struck with heat, force, and bioluminescent fire. Their attacks could injure him through impact and numbers, but the light itself poured new energy into his body.



The weapon created to counter him repeatedly restored the strength it was meant to overcome.



Among the Firefoxes, he was not Brightwalk's beloved guardian. He was an unnatural monster allied with vampires who hunted Network humans.



Because he had heard only Brightwalk's history, he blamed that hatred on the communications system carrying the Network's stories.





The Solernoid convinced himself that peace would become possible if the Network could no longer spread fear between villages.



He did not ask Silverfang to join him. He went alone, believing that destroying a system was different from attacking the people who depended upon it.



To him, severing the mycelial connection meant freeing communities from a lie. To the Network, an enemy superweapon had arrived to blind the world.

The Network's humans and phototrophs defended their home together.



Cordyceps controllers reached for his mind. Armored fungal giants blocked his path. Agile slime-mold fighters attacked from every surface.



The Solernoid tore through them with strength, leaps, and carefully spent beams, insisting to himself that he was destroying machinery rather than a community.



Every fallen defender made the difference between his intention and his actions harder to deny.



The Firefoxes surrounded him and poured their accumulated radiance into the fight.



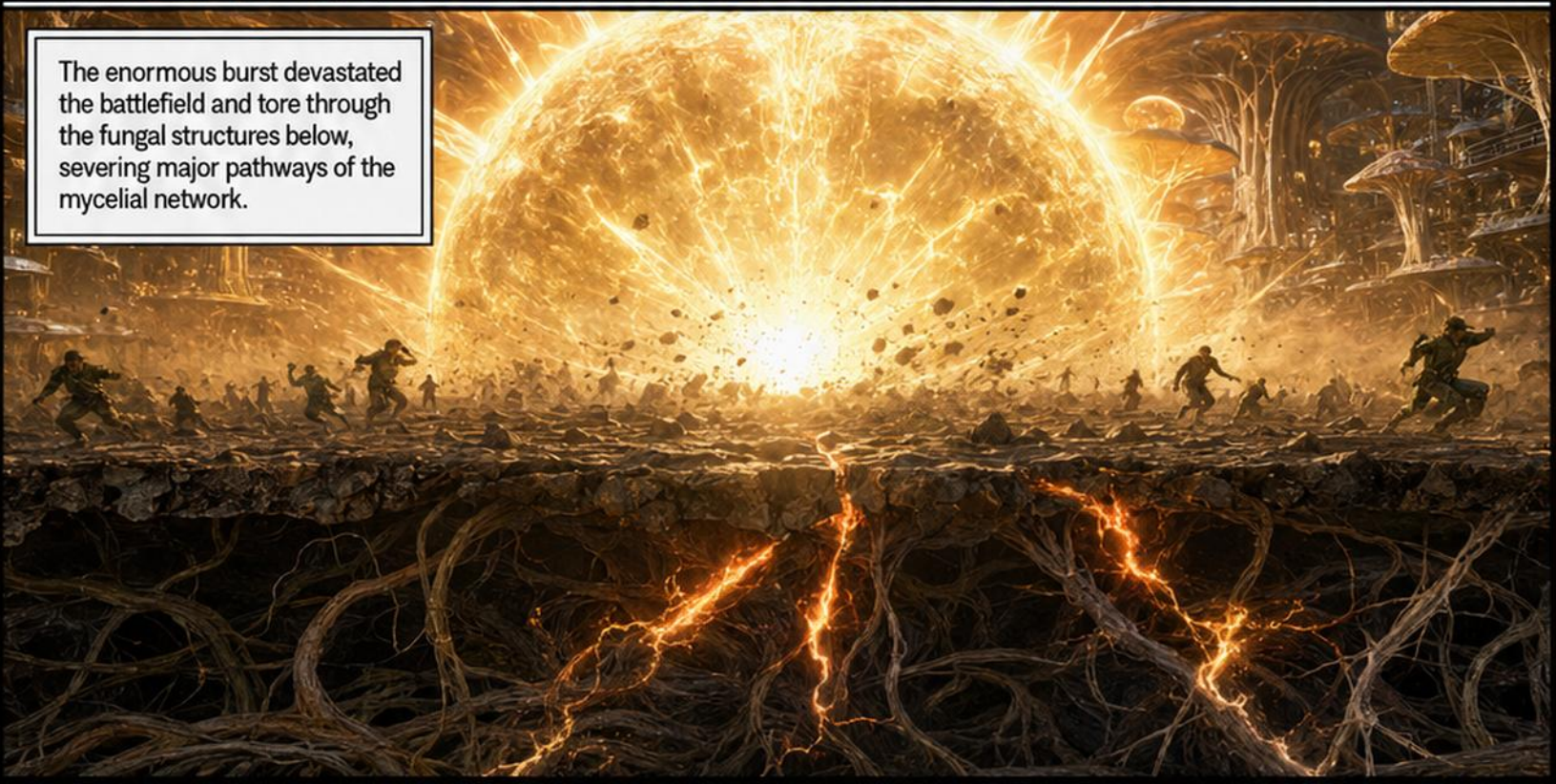
Their force drove him to his knees, but their light refilled reserves they had spent their whole lives trying to overcome.



Surrounded and desperate, the Solernoid released every measure of sunlight stored inside him at once.



The enormous burst devastated the battlefield and tore through the fungal structures below, severing major pathways of the mycelial network.



The silence spread farther than he had imagined. Villages accustomed to constant contact suddenly lost every signal from their allies.



Because silence had historically meant attack, communities sent warriors to investigate emergencies that did not exist. Garrisons emptied across the twilight band.



Nearly dark after his discharge, the Solernoid looked across the ruined Network and saw ordinary humans staring at him in terror.



Disconnected from every message he had blamed, they still feared him. At last he understood that to people outside Brightwalk, he truly could look like a monster.



Vampire clans recognized the opportunity immediately. They crossed into villages whose defenders had marched away and captured humans by the hundreds.



The raids became known as the Taking—a catastrophe born indirectly from one man's attempt to force peace.



Across the twilight band, families vanished into the nightward territories and surviving settlements learned exactly what the Network's warnings had tried to prevent.



For the vampires, the same night was a feast and a strategic triumph.



The destruction of nearby phototroph forces and the vampires' new captives left Brightwalk safer than it had been in generations.



The Hardlight lord praised an unintended victory. Brightwalk celebrated. The daywalkers welcomed their exhausted teammate home.



None of their love erased the faces he had seen in the Network or the suffering unleashed beyond his village.



He still did not know his species or birthplace, but he knew where people had made room for him. Brightwalk was his home—and its survival would never again be simple proof that he had been right.



Silverfang had protected him whenever his stored light ran dry. After the Network, she also stood beside him when certainty failed.



She understood what it meant to belong to two bloodlines and feel fully claimed by neither. She reminded him that identity did not have to begin with ancestry.



The Network would rebuild. The Firefoxes, the vampires, and every village touched by the Taking would carry consequences into the future.



Years later, the Solernoid and Silverfang held a child of their own. He still did not know the sun that had sent him away, but he finally knew the family that was truly his.

