

MORNINGSTAR

The Liar's World

Dossier

Modine - Dooty



2025

Introduction

The following is the dossier of the planet Nisimion, a world in the Protean system at the heart of the ExeCor. Nisimion provides another layer to Project Morningstar, showcasing a particularly unsettling aspects of early 1900s eldritch themes.

An element we wanted to expand upon is how big space is. While the ExeCor is heavily settled with *billions* of Consumers, both human and near-human, there are still dark sectors on the galactic map of Known Space even close to home. Nisimion is called the *Liar's World* for a reason, and we hope you enjoy exploring it as we expand on the original Index.

~Management

DataLog: 034

The month long slow-burn voyage from Protea has been immensely enjoyable, even with the Second Class ticket my patron was willing to extend. The passengers are predominantly laborers from all over the system, even Jov, hoping to fill positions in Nisimion's resort towns. This kind of on-the-deck research is exactly what I hoped for as we complete the update for the education module for Protea.

The information available on Nisimion is limited, generally focusing on tourism and amenities with barely a mention of the rest of the planet. The work bulletins hold even less information, centering mostly on job availability and pay which are the highest rates in the system! Based on the turnover, it seems like most laborers spend one or two contracts planetside and then leave, although I can't find many examples of former Nisimion workers, so perhaps they go out-system. You could certainly buy property on the Frontier with these kind of salaries.

Those that I did find still work for the travel agencies that I booked passage with. They were tight-lipped but explained that for the package that I purchased, Nisimion would be an experience like no other. There are no visutel recordings of the planet readily available, and it seems like the Corpos that manage the resorts lean into the mystery of their world. That, and being a Mkklonite colony means sharing information will always be complicated.

But it works. Thousands of people every day reserve the limited passage available to Nisimion and need to pass rigorous testing before they're allowed to purchase transit. I was able to bypass this, at cost, and expedite my own screening to prevent the spread of contagion. I passed with flying colors of course.

As we achieve orbit the excitement becomes palpable on all decks. I have bribed several porters to game the shuttle lottery so that I'll be arriving first with the First Class passengers. I've chosen the Crescent Court Resort in Baharna, the first and oldest human settlement on the planet. I'll begin my journey there, then book passage to the Navidson Crater where I will see if I can charter an expedition into one of the trenches.

As I've stated earlier, I have been given an almost limitless credit line from my Patron for all things that will offer more insight to the planet Nisimion. This is the opportunity of a lifetime and I mean to impress my benefactors!

NISIMION



The Liar's World as seen on approach aboard my vessel, the Ashton. Despite its proximity to Protea's star, almost no light reaches the surface. I am told this as a result of the unusual opaque nature of the surface composition, the thickness of the atmosphere and the density of the electromagnetic field which creates constant borealis. Its beauty is dark, savage, and yet stunning as it welcomes us.



Protea 2: Nisimion

N1.C11.H2

The primary orbit for gatesphere creation in the Protean system is Nisimion, the second planet from the sun, sitting perfectly between Mkklon and Protea. This makes it a major location for in- and out-system trade lanes resulting in dozens of major trade stations although no vessel is permitted to enter Nisimion's high orbit. Nisimion landowners and Mkklon will only issue travel licenses from special locations on the other planets of the system, and these must be obtained in person or through a representative. This heavily regulates the population to Mkklon citizens, tourists, and those holding work visas.

Interestingly, the planet is also a newcomer to the Protean system, having its rogue orbit captured in 7/84 without interference. Its arrival disrupted the leyline network for several years and caused earthquakes throughout the Protean and Jov systems. However, when it settled, dozens of new leylines had shifted into place. The rush to adapt Portolan Charts ultimately contributed to a schism in the MassTrader Union and the outbreak of the Leyline War of 7/88.

Prospectors and private explorers from across the ExeCor had a land rush of their own. A planet so close to The Market with no ownership was too ripe a treasure to ignore. These efforts were brushed aside when a vast Shield Ship of the Mkklonites arrived, shooting down or chasing off the would-be claimants to Nisimion. As the planet was closest to their own world, their claim was strongest, but few have ever challenged the power brokers of Mkklon and lived.

They found a planet shrouded in thick electromagnetic fields that birthed sickly borealis above endless black mountain ranges, void-cooled lava flows that led to miles-deep trenches crisscrossing the surface from pole to pole. Strangely, its atmosphere and gravity were both sufficient to operate in with minimal gear.

Brightlord Gamal Mernieth V, master of the Shield Ship and part of the Mkklon aristocracy, declared he would be the first to grace the world and claim it for his people. He arrived with several hundred of his court and positioned his Shield Ship in stationary orbit, watchful for interlopers.

His initial recordings tell of deep excavations, left glass-smooth by artificial tools far beyond even Grade S capabilities on a planetary scale. What appeared from orbit to be natural formations were, in fact, a surface sculpted into a piece of art with no sense or discernible meaning—typical of Exogen pointlessness.

Mernieth's original camp suffered from power outages, equipment failures, and several suicides, but the Brightlord was not bothered, choosing to launch an expedition into one of the trenches. No record exists of the three weeks spent beneath the surface, save for Mernieth's own written accounts.

Mernieth claims to have braved tunnels that somehow shifted and rearranged themselves, sometimes contracting so that one could barely squeeze through, only to expand wide enough to fit a crawler. Many were lost or driven mad, sometimes turning their weapons on one another. The expedition was encountered by strange, troglodyte Exogens that quickly learned the Mkklonite dialect, luring explorers away from their fellows and devouring them.

At the end of their journey, Mernieth writes that they discovered a vast dead city, which he claims was close to the planet's core, that he named "Pnak." There, he ordered the sacking of tombs and vaults, recovering several relics and, most importantly, the fragments of a tablet he found in what he described as a temple.

Keep in mind, the Mkklonites are a society ruled by a sun-worshipping cult, and many of Mernieth's descriptions are those of one weakened by superstition. It is highly likely Mernieth contracted a cognito-virus, either of Exogen origin or, more likely, Old Humanity origin.

Mernieth attempted a settlement of Pnak, but on the third recorded day, his people were suddenly attacked by an unknown species that drove them from the city back to the surface. He and a single concubine were the sole survivors of the two hundred who had gone with him into the trench.

Obsessed with returning to Pnak, Mernieth relinquished ownership of his Shield Ship and spent his entire fortune on the colonization of a large plateau he called Oriab. Such an initiative was inexhaustibly expensive, and Nisimion itself had no discovered value, save for its position in the Protean system.

The comfortable gravity did not offset the lack of breathable atmosphere, which required the construction of barnacle-like habitats that could not be anchored to the semi-transparent surface of the planet, often ending in disaster. The Oriab colony faced enormous hardship, but Mernieth continued to pay any cost without consideration. Mernieth himself lost psychological coherence, putting bounties on any artifact, no matter how small, to build a kind of museum where he continued his studies of what he calls the "Oriab Fragments."

Esoteric societies and skiptracers surged in record numbers to Nisimion, drawn by wealth and interest. Where there is the possibility of profit there is always opportunity. The small port city of Baharna slowly took shape with the help of the MassTrader Divine Alphia Mysovnia who used her fleet's matric beams to finally breach the planet's surface to lay the necessary foundations.

Shortly thereafter, ambitious explorers, xenoarcheologists and thousands of entrepreneurs that opened taverns, inns and casinos. At the center of it all was Mernieth, financing further expeditions in the hope of finding a path back to his beloved Pnak. Other ancient ruins were found, but so too were Nisimion's fauna.

Tentacled, sightless things, drawn by these explorers treading into their habitats led to the loss of dozens of expeditions. Rather than deter efforts to explore Nisimion's tunnel system, this made it wildly popular for decades.

As to Mernieth himself, whenever he was not scouring the surface of Nisimion, he would publicly recite his mix of philosophy and supposed revelation on the planet's datasphere. Many of the planet's growing population became avid listeners, even become proselytizers. With the planet's proximity to so many ley lines, these broadcasts begin being picked up by ships travelling in and out of the Protean system.

Mernieth's popularity grows exponentially and quickly, causing an investigation by the Commission into an unsanctioned religion-subscription. Mernieth does not allow the Commission vessels to land on Nisimion citing Mkklonite law.

At the start of the Ninth fiscal century, Mernieth contracted a little-known Corpo known as the Synod to construct a device similar in function to an ansible. When completed, Mernieth broadcasts his message across the ExeCor.

Mernieth's broadcast describes that the Protean system's ruling elite for millennia has perpetuated a 'great lie' going so far as to accuse the Clans knew of a deception that had "re-written the spheres." While it is unclear at this Grade level as to what exactly such claims amount to, what is pertinent to Nisimion is the almost immediate response by the Sajiwar Clan.

The Protean Minarchy lodged a formal protest at the Summit meeting of 8/39 for a Mkklonite colony's disruption of licensed FTL communication, inciting discordance and willfully attempting to hinder trade. At the same time, Sajiwar vessels from Lhunarca arrived over Nisimion. After a brief firefight with the few Mkklonite guards and private parties, Mernieth was apprehended and the city's population scattered representing a rare instance of violence from these mercantile peoples of Protea.

Mkklon, affronted by the arrest of one of their royalty, no matter how deranged, launched their own attack on Lhunarka, enacting their tradition of killing a hundred-for-one. Their Shield Ships blocked out Protea's star as Mkklonite Shayét Guard battled with Clan security forces, executing Consumers and abducting Clan members while ignoring the protests from the Protean Minarchy.

Sajiwar Clan leadership sued for peace and offered to pay for the reconstruction of Baharna with the release of Mernieth, which was accepted by Mkklon. Baharna was rebuilt and repopulated with Grade 1 Indentured and Mernieth reinstalled as its ruler, with the promise that his broadcasts would remain planetary.

Nisimion, reclaimed by Mkklon as a vassal world of their Theocracy, was resettled. Furthermore it has been reinvented as a popular resort planet for the ExeCor. With the high number of trained individuals and the infusion of development by the Sajiwar, several new cities have been built in the last century. Major industrialization has remained too expensive but a daily supply of freightliners ferry every possible resource to the planet.

Nisimion staff come from all over the Hegemon where they are paid top tier contracts and have become, by reputation, the finest wait staff in Known Space. Guests expect and receive spa treatments, rejuvenation therapies and stellar class food by chefs that rival those of Prime Orbita.

DataLog: 038

The Oriab Plateau is incredible, but then, everything on this planet is a wonder. Unnerving, yes, but once you realize that the surface is a seamless, obsidian-like material, and that it took heavy matric beams to set the anchors of Baharna City, you begin to realize how alien this world is. The plateau overlooks a thousand kilometer gorge that goes so deep into the planet that sunlight cannot reach the bottom.

The Crescent Court has been... interesting? Finding words to describe upper-class Persons is difficult, and enjoying their preferred activities is even harder. My inferior credit origins are made obvious as they discuss topics I know nothing about and have no interest in my exploratory mission. My bought status makes me feel cheap and the elite lounges I visit are daily reminders of my shortcomings. Everyone is beautiful, many in the Protean style, but I feel like I'm lowering their standards as I sit with them, staring out windows at the Nisimion surface while we all listen to someone named Mernieth talk on the intercommunication system.

It seems like the Persons mostly came to this city for him, which, I'm surprised since his 'revelations' are not dissimilar to any habplex level nihilist. Mernieth drones on about Ur for hours and says he knows a way to reclaim it by travelling somewhere called Kyn'arth. He talks about how the Protean Clans rearranged the planets and stars... which... I've met my share of Clanners and, while they're impressive, I don't think anyone could move a planet... I'm not finding out anything new here.

I travel into lower levels of the city and the saloons overlooking the chasm itself meant for laborers and other Basics. This has lead to me meeting one Benett Gabor, a man who claims to know the tunnels and has even seen Pnak! In the brief daylight of this world, he has brought me to the bazaars that are not on my tourist map, and I have enjoyed the true Nisimion. Strange food, always served cold made from gel-like meat, eaten to music sung by haunting femmes who wear shrouds over their faces. Soothesayers and cheap magic tricks are next and the night devolves, as we breathe fumes and dance into the night.

I love this Nisimion.

The morning after, Gabor tells me I am one of them, a true Nisimionite. He says he trusts me and that his family will bring me to the true tunnels. The cost is sizable, but this is worthy of my mission to understand this world on behalf of my Patron.

Details

Orbital/Rotational Dynamics: High axial tilt, elliptical/erratic.

The planet's northern pole points sunward for long intervals, producing multi-year "polar day" and "polar night" at opposite extremes and extended twilight bands in mid-latitudes fit for habitation. Even during direct-sun periods, the surface experiences persistent cloud decks, electromagnetic interference, and a pervasive atmospheric gloom of unknown origin (ongoing climatology inquiry).

Day/Night: The planet rotates atypically making day/night cycles erratic.

Economy & Resources: Tourism, Tchotchke/Trifle (local wares)

Primary industry: Tourism.

Extractives/industry: None.

No manufactories (imports cover all goods save several food and water distillation sites which do not export) per mandate by Mkklon.

Logistics: Fully reliant on off-world shipping.

Revenue: Generates billions of "deben" (Mkklon capital/currency) per fiscal cycle.

Government & Status: Vassal state of Mkklon.

Representation: Governed locally by Brightlord Mernieth V on behalf of the Mkklon Theocracy

Population: 4.5 million (*one-third tourism*).

Labor force is always declining, indicative of high turnover and/or net outflow. Transport records show few listed passengers on outbound vessels beyond leaving tourists, which is anomalous relative to the turnover signal and merits investigation.

Demographics: Less than 1% Mkklonite, 50% Protean, 24% Jovian, 25% other

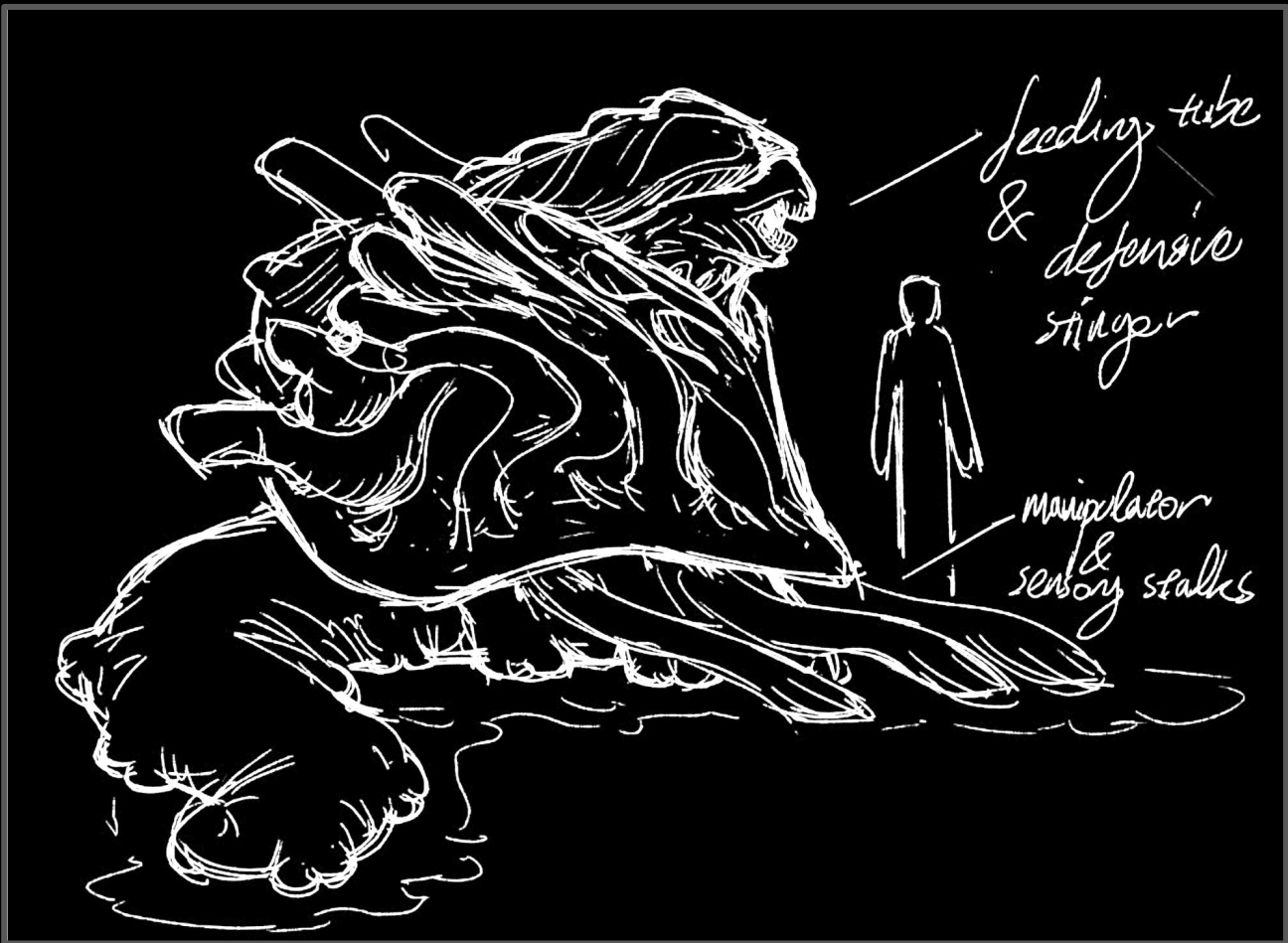
Note: There are no children on Nisimion, and there has never been a registered birth.

Places of Interest

Baharna City: The largest city and *de facto* capital situated on the tallest inhabited plateau. A series of luxury trains connect Baharna to the other settlements and cities. Mernieth governs from here.

Sunset City: An equatorial city known for hunting predatory Cabiri which are lured out by trackers. This is purely for entertainment but laborers are known for using the corpses for various trinkets and tools.

Outpost Kochab: The world's only polar outpost, site of a Lhunarca massacre of original populace.



Cabiri Megafauna

The only Nisimion fauna recorded are the large, tunnel-dwelling carnivores which are attracted to movement in the long nights of the planet. They are hunted for sport by tourists and eaten by the locals who often wear carved shell, polished teeth, stingers, and 'Sui' pearls.

Locals respect the Cabiri and will not overhunt them despite Mernieth's decree that they be exterminated.

DataLog: 060

I didn't think it would be this cold. The wind hits you from every side as we make our way down the cliff face, using pathways only Gabor seems to know. There are ten of us, myself and two other Basics. The rest are friends of Gabor who have made the journey before. We wear light expo-suits which are comfortable and have plenty of air and water for the week Gabor says it will take.

We pass through colonies of vibrantly glowing worms that somehow live inside the black glass. We see Cabiri trails where they leave behind thick, sticky, slime that the Nisimionites gather and use to help us climb down sheer surfaces. We make camp and I notice that there are signs of previous human habitation.

Gabor says that where we go are the same pathways that the Old Folk use. When I ask who they are, he only smiles.

We continue now, downward, and the days and nights become one long kaleidoscopic journey through glowing patches that fractalize through the glassy surface. I can hear music or animal calls. I try and record them but my recorder only plays back static. It sounds something like "Tek-alli" or "Tak-eli-eli" and drifts through the tunnels but never gets closer.

Broeda, one of Gabor's people, often walks with me. She asks me about Atropa, where I'm from, and I tell her stories from a childhood I barely remember. Broeda has taken to sleeping near me, and she whispers stories of heroes and monster and of old kingdoms under Nisimion's first sun. She tells me how Gabor brought her to the waters of a secret lake deep beneath the deepest chasms.

These stories are for children; everyone knows there is no water on Nisimion.

Sometimes she urges me to come with her ahead of the rest of the group or slow down, trailing behind them where she can hold my hand. I worry, but Gabor doesn't seem to mind. The group seems to be splitting as we go deeper. We all find ourselves alone, in the dark. I wonder. Why? Am I down here?

If it weren't for this recorder, I would forget that my Patrons expect me to be documenting this but, for what, I can't seem to remember anymore.

DataLog: ???

I don't know where I am— I got lost somehow; Gabor told me to collect something, but I've forgotten—

My headlamps are going in and out, but my logicor says I still have power for the suit? Something's wrong; my valve says I ran out of air an hour ago. The compass won't work and the glow paint I left as a trail just keeps leading me back to the same spot where she is—

[incoherent screaming]

Can you hear that? The music is so loud, but I think I know whose singing, they're just ahead of me.

[static intensifies]

I've made my way down the side of one of the cliffs. It's been days or maybe weeks? I can't believe how far down I am. The gauge says we're ten kilometers down. I wish she wasn't so heavy, but he keeps telling me "just a little further, and we can rest." I can't see anymore, but I don't need to.

I can understand the music now.

[static]

Yes, sir... no, no trouble. I've been making good progress with the locals... I think that once I get to the bottom of this trench, I'll have the proof you need. I know why they call it the Liar's World now. Mernieth is an idiot and a fool. With proof we'll be able to change everything, know everything! Know what they knew and why they left us!

[inaudible voice]

My mother helped bake the loaves for the entire level, she'd wake up early to do it. I loved my mother; she'd do anything for us. Five kids to two opti-units, but we were happy. I'd do anything to see her again. It's coming now. I can see it smiling in the glow of the walls. The singing stopped. I know why.

[incoherent screaming]

FILE: NIS-MLE_473/sec23.7827

File: NIS-MLE_473/sec23.7827

Subject: Disappearance of Field-Researcher Ynold Hui (Affil.: Wanvath Underwriting)

Location: Inner District, Baharna City, Nisimion

Investigating Authority: Mkklon Lex Enforcement

Summary

Last known materials from Field-Researcher Ynold Hui were recovered from Waste Compactor 47. No verifiable evidence indicates the subject departed Crescent Court Resort at any time prior to disappearance despite claims made in the recordings.

Evidence Reviewed

Audio/Visutel Logs: Sequentially numbered but forensically timestamped to the same local day, despite internal references to “seventeen days post-arrival.”

Access/Transit Records: No egress events, gate passes, or shuttle embarkations attributable to Hui.

Witness/Staff Statements: Inconclusive; no sighting of departure.

Environmental Testing (Compactor 3/26/382.7): Biological trace consistent with unknown organism*, indeterminate; may indicate undocumented fauna or unregistered stowaway origin. Such contamination is not uncommon, especially on Nisimion, hence the high degree of psychological and biological screening imposed by the Mkklon government. Despite this, there are regular breaches that range from rampaging cheken instances to Exogen incursions. The cellular objects recovered from the compactor have been sent to Mkklon Lex enforcement for further analysis.

* - see attached imprints

Notation

Hui's recordings were not contemporaneous with their numbering; internal chronology is unreliable. There is no record of Hui leaving Crescent Court. Presence of an unidentified biological vector is plausible (undocumented fauna or stowaway exposure), but not proven.

Determination of Responsibility

Administrative fault is assigned to Wanvath Underwriting on the following grounds:

- Failure to properly inform/educate/prepare employee for intraplanetary travel
- Lex investigation fees: see attached receipt
- Guest contract violation fines: see addendum

Disposition

Status: Case closed by Mkklon Lex within four (4) shifts.

Classification: Non-criminal administrative incident; no Lex escalation pending new evidence.

Closure

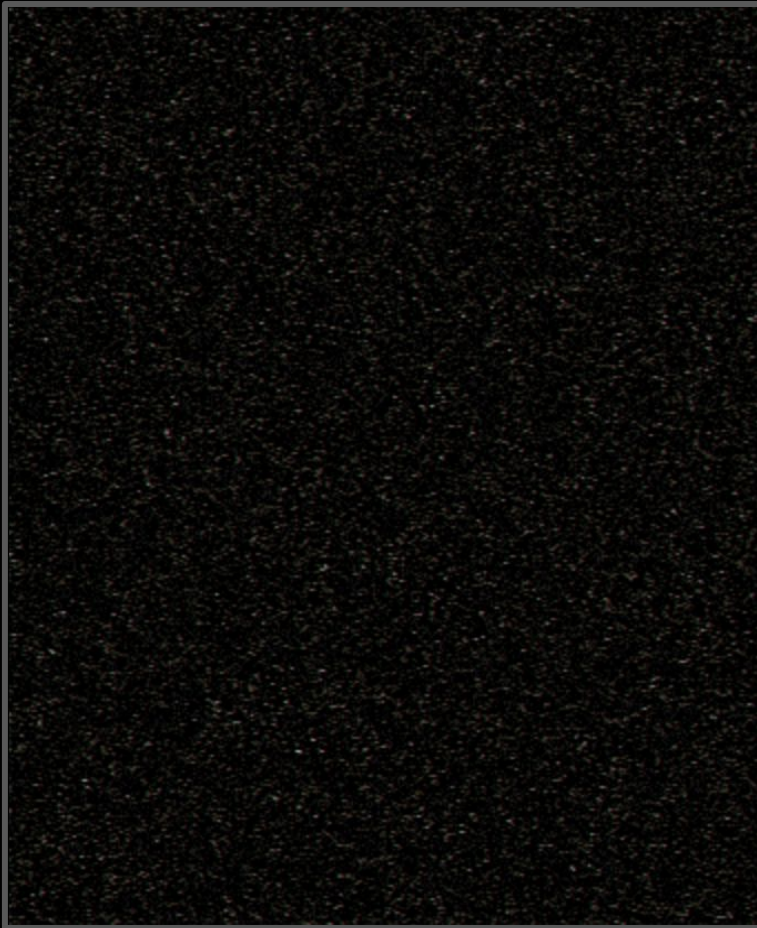
Travel licenses for Wanvath Underwriting and **all** affiliates suspended and under review by Mkklon Theocracy. Absent new material evidence, no further Lex resources will be allocated to Hui's case. Records sealed to Grade 1 access; release only per Mkklon disclosure policy.

Authorized by:

Mkklon Lex: Nisimion District Adjudications Unit

By the Authority Brightlord Gamal Mernieth V

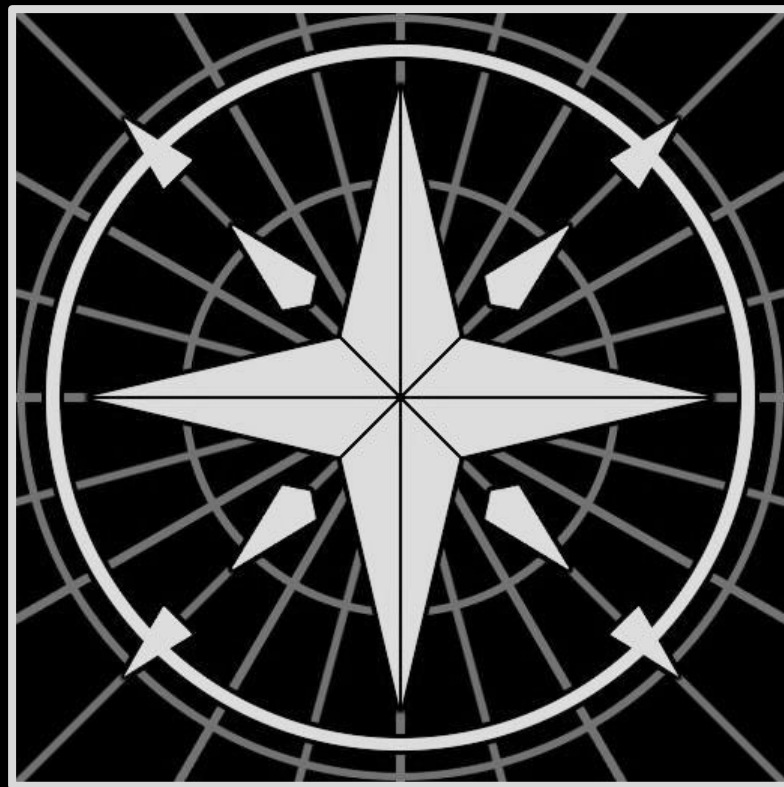
Effective Date: [insert date]



[recording ends]

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR SUPPORT AND INTEREST
IN THE MORNINGSTAR UNIVERSE!

Be sure to join our Discord and follow us on Socials for more!



Project Morningstar© All Rights Reserved, 2025, by Morningstar Enterprises
Corporation

This written work or parts thereof may not be reproduced in any form, stored in any
retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means—electronic, mechanical,
photocopy, recording, or otherwise—without prior written permission of the
publisher, except as provided by Canadian and United States of America copyright
law.