

# CRAVE

3/26

PERIODICAL

## UNIONIST DOSSIER

WHAT MAKES A UNIONIST?

## STATUS UPDATE

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS

## UNIONIST MINIATURES

READY TO STRIKE BACK

NOTHING TO LOSE  
***EVERYTHING  
TO GAIN***

Issue 005

## **Welcome to CRAVE — the Project Morningstar Newsletter**

Thanks for being here. CRAVE is our once-a-month update from the team as we continue to expand the MORNINGSTAR universe.

Whether you're brand new or already following along, you'll get:

- Progress updates on what we're building next
- Announcements (releases, live streams)
- Discount codes and subscriber-only offers
- Lore Developments

### **Two things that help the most:**

Stay subscribed so you don't miss drops and discount codes.

Join our Discord to talk lore, see behind-the-scenes,  
and catch updates between issues.

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**Hello again!**

Welcome to our fifth newsletter.

We've been prepping for the launch of the Unionist dossier, which is releasing at the end of this month. To accompany this, included in this issue are two Unionist shorts from both Mr. Greebles and Zavule, as well as a pair of snippets from the document itself.

There's also a slew of updates from several of our team members on the state of the project, and of course, your first look at the much-anticipated Unionist miniatures.

As per the usual, remember to sign up for our email drive in the "[ENLIST](#)" section on our website.

You'll be kept up to date with all things Project Morningstar, including discounts, upcoming news, and the latest announcements.

Thank you, and enjoy ***CRAVE!***

~ Admin



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## THE HUNT: UPDATES



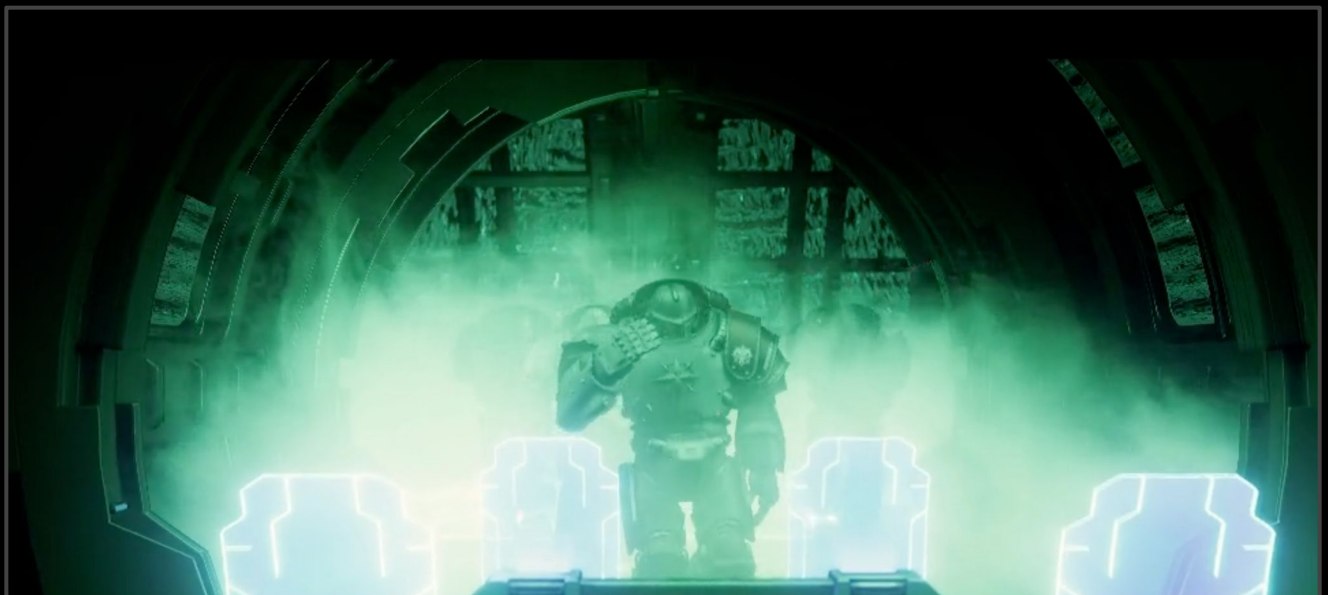
Evan

This is Evan, speaking on behalf of the cinematics team.

Steady progress is being made on Part Four of The Hunt. In the last public update, we had storyboards and animatics for most of the script. Since then, we have moved production fully into Unreal. We've recorded motion capture for all of our heaviest scenes, and begun cleanup and implementation.

Placeholder voiceovers have been recorded for the entire script, and we are on track to make this episode the longest one yet!

One part of our episode is nearing completion of its first draft. As we dial in the shots and get it closer to the final look, we will start releasing previews to our patrons.



## TEAM UPDATES



Zavule

Hey folks, it's Zavule. I've been continuing the push to get the Unionist lore document out the door. It's almost ready for release, and I think you'll all be pleased with the results.

I've also been working with some of the other folks on the project to judge your Brand War contest submissions. Now, before I go back into seclusion for another month, I didn't want to leave without giving y'all something, so I wrote up a new short for you. Hope you enjoy!



Thimble

My most recent project was the Warliner advertisement. Using Joazzz's exceptional 3D model, I lit, composited, and rigged a scene that gave use full-frontal video tracks of the Warliner in all its glory, in the spirit of the Morningstar universe,

I then wrote up a script that seemed fitting for how a maniacal MacroCorporation would pitch selling you a leviathan starship like it was a family sedan, voiced it, and Greebles and Veriphae then weaved all the footage and audio together. The project was great fun, and I hoped you all enjoyed watching it as much as we enjoyed making it.

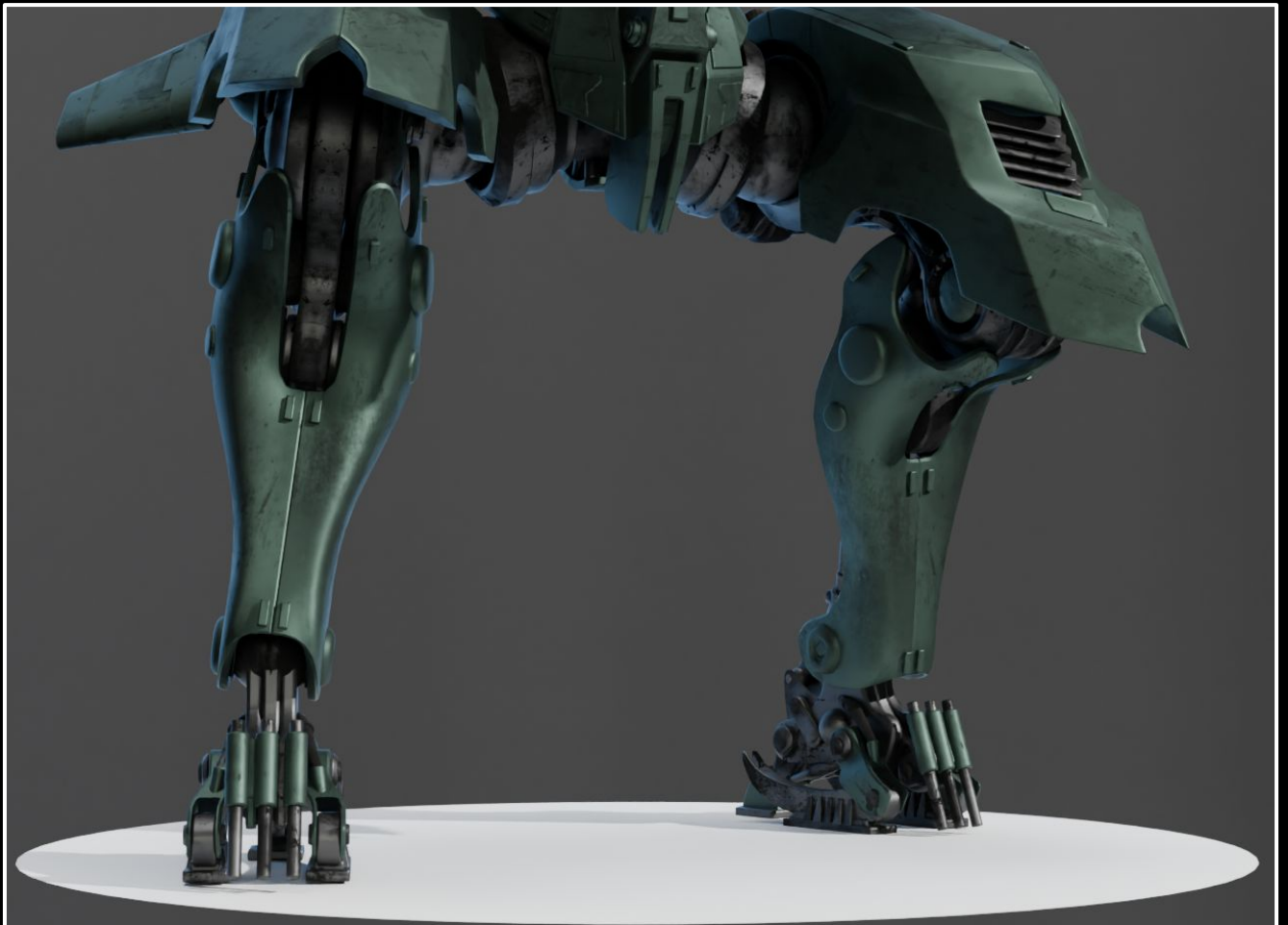




**Joazzz**

In addition to illustrating, lore development and the other usual stuff that keeps me busy, I've been collaborating with Dooty and Mr. Greebles to design and model something quite interesting for The Hunt part 4.

That's really been my main thing lately, and to give a hint of what it might be and for which faction of the ongoing conflict, well, here's a peek...



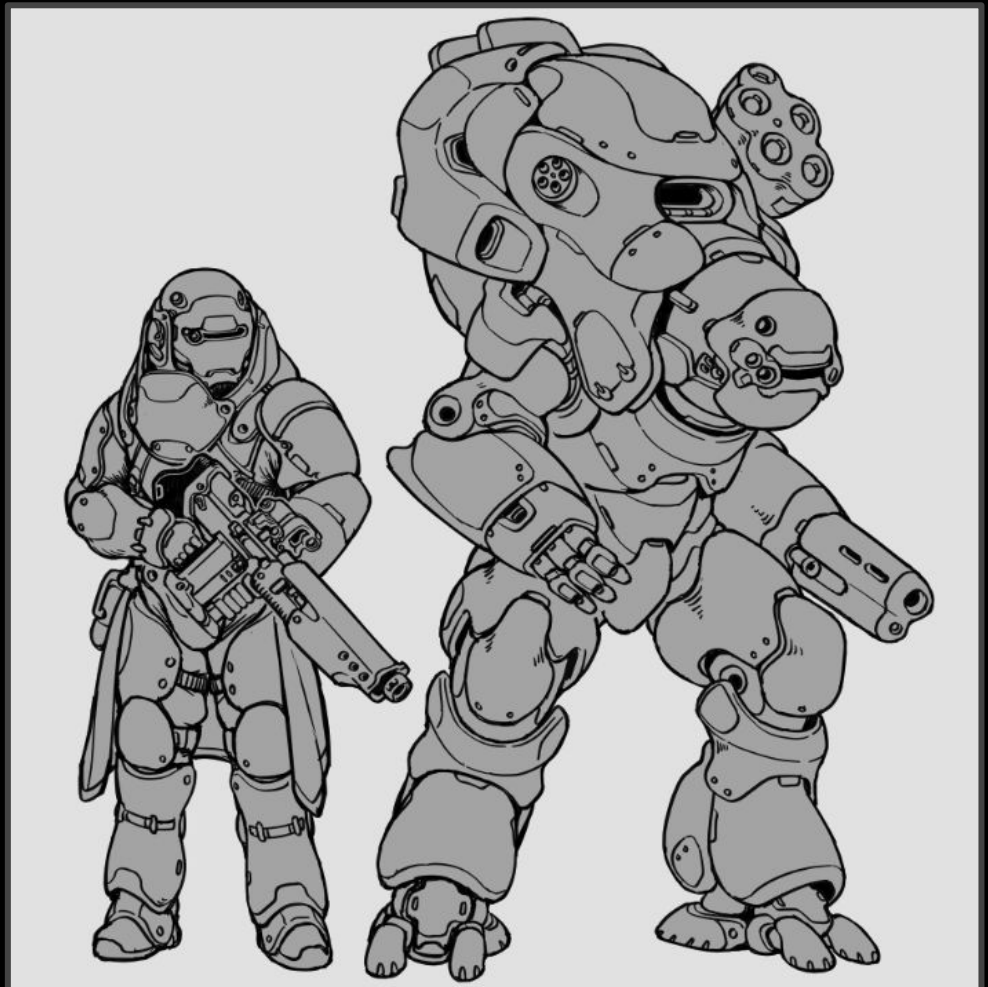


**Dooty**

Hello all, I'm Dooty, Morningstar's concept art lead. I've had my hands full recently, between curating material for social media release, and working on Shigue and Unionist concepts (especially the Karanovans!)

You've all probably seen the Karanovan Sentries, but not the *Ishigamak*-class Sentinel Assault Harnesses, manufactured by Karanova's answer to Armasyn, Wynter Foundries.

You might also remember the Switchskins, featured in both the *Two Shadows* short story (on our Discord) and the 2026 end-of-year Summit. There'll be more on them later as well.

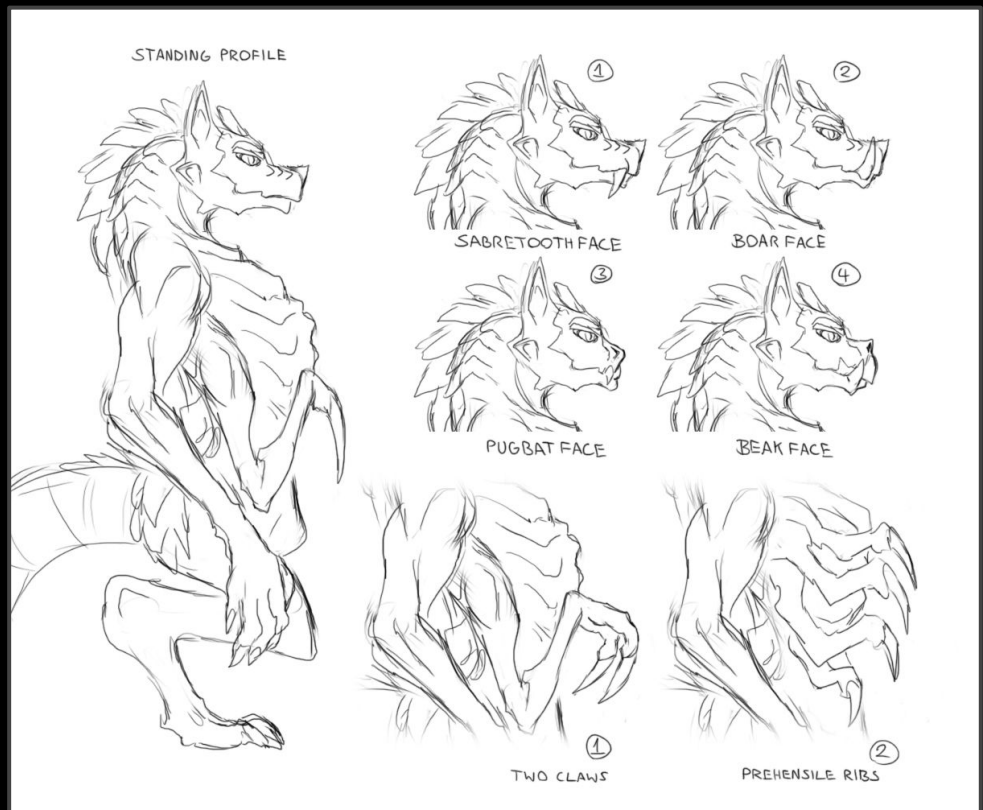




**Blazbaros**

Heyo Morningstar! I'm Taylor, aka Blaz, I've just recently been added to the 2D art team. I've been tasked with exploring some Shigue designs, specifically the Coegi. Dooty and I have been trying to nail down their form to make them suitably alien without making their biological niche unrecognizable.

We've got one in a quadrupedal stance, what they could look like standing and a few head choices that could take us in a few interesting directions.



## Dossier Preview – Hexetica: Faith and Betrayal

We have mentioned before that there are certain regimes, such as the Karanovans, that should not be regarded as Unionist, despite what the Hegemon brands them as, as they are in no way interested in the wellbeing of the people who exist under their control. We have already noted that Catraeth was one of those systems, and the remnants of that empire is no different.

The Remnant is not a Unionist organization; it is, in fact, a religious cult. Its wants and needs are dictated less by the desire to help destitute members of the Indentured and Indigent castes than it is to recruit, radicalize, and use such individuals in an ongoing attempt at revenge against the MacroCorporations that destroyed their theocracy. Any benefit to the Indigent and Basics who join this cause are purely coincidental, as the glory of their discredited Catraethi “Mother God” is the first and only concern of those leading remnant forces.

The Catraethi Remnant first attempted to foment rebellion against the Hegemon in Buchtel, and if not for the Barakan, they likely would have been successful. The use of a neotyne as a symbolic rebirth of the Mother God was an especially potent symbol to those converted to the Catraethi religion, which they had been slowly expanding through the use of charity to assist the Indigents on the world ring. When food prices began to rise as a result of a blight affecting growth tanks, it took very little effort from the clergy to push much of the general population to war.

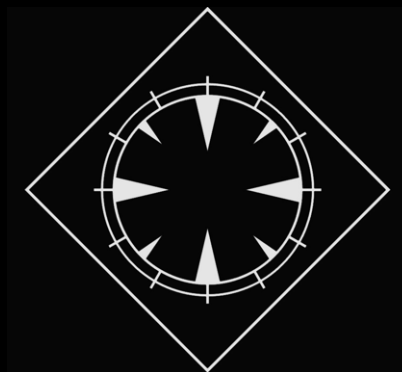
Fiscal Cycles later, the Remnant was ready to try again. From what information we were able to obtain, it appears that the project which initially created a neotyn child in Buchtel had moved on to a fully provolved child created from samples of relic tissue and hair samples from the last living God Empress of Catraeth and gestated in a willing member of the cult. To properly obtain the support needed to hide themselves while the necessary research and infrastructure was built out, the remnant began by tapping into preexisting dissatisfaction with the existing government and the way they pandered to the inner paradise ring...

## Dossier Preview - Karanova: False Hope

There is good reason that Karanova was not included among those rare instances when the Hegemon lost to Unionist forces. While it is certainly a fallacy to disregard an example simply because you don't like it, Karanova is, regardless of what the Thousand Empires say, not a Unionist stronghold. They may finance Unionists, and they have even broken with the Hegemon, but one must look at their history and the fate of their Consumers (a hint as to why they should not be considered Unionists) to understand why they are not what they claim.

The best way to understand this is to look at the behavior of the Karanova Republic. Founded originally by Post-Humans and Near Humans that the Summit Council deemed no longer part of New Mankind, Karanova was not created, as the Kropot Collective was, in response to the plight of workers. Instead it was made by members of the Patron class of Persons in response to suddenly finding themselves as part of an out-group. Avarice will inevitably feed on its own, and Karanova was an attempt by the wealthy to preserve that wealth.

One need look no further than methods by which Karanova governs itself. The old caste system of credit ratings remained unchanged, and Karanova continues to follow the dictates of The Manual. The only real difference is a slightly broadened definition of what is considered human and the acceptance of psychoactive substances, both of which serve to benefit the wealthy near-humans and narcotics manufacturers who fled the Thousand Empires...



## Ambush by mr\_greebles

The Tx-200 heavy troop carrier rolled through the burning wasteland, flattening autocar wrecks that had been arranged in an attempt at a defensive line. Distant, almost constant, anti-air fire strobed in the night sky like man-made lightning. The transport's velanite furnace revved, producing a cloud of chemical exhaust, allowing it to unceremoniously roll over the final wreckage of a tank that had died in the last assault.

Bodwo and Jhanna crawled through soot and the grit, thick like black snow in the ruins of the city they had both grown up in. Forty million people had once lived here, most of which were now the ash Bodwo was crawling through. Human ash and the inert remains of nanoid vantik countermeasures that looked like coal dust. Covered in this filth they were almost invisible to the Directorate's thermals but they still had to watch out for motion sensors as they stalked the Tx-200.

They crouched behind a shattered formacrete column, useless K-5 autosubs gripped in their hands. They wore pilfered gear, taken when the Union had overrun the Corpo merc positions a few weeks ago, but they hadn't stopped with just

being thieves. Everyone had known the Directorate, stationed on the outskirts of the star system, would be coming. They'd skivved the firewalls, breaching into the Corpo manufactory's logicors to produce replacement parts and cast construction protection out of bullet-resistant plasta grades. And, of course, high-grade demolition explosives.

Bodwo pulled the shaped charge out of his satchel, trying to calm his ragged breathing through the gas mask. Jhanna got up too, her eyes wide through the lenses of her goggles, but she pulled out her own charge.

The Tx-200 cleared the tank in a shriek of tearing nusteel, jostling back and forth as its enormous weight leveled back onto the ground. It passed them, its sledge thick treads barely a meter from Bodwo.

He stood—

There was a sickening moment of doubt as Bodwo remembered that, barely a month ago, he'd been a simple pressman working on the line making tractor parts. He'd gone to the hidden meetings in speakeasies and the larger rallies underneath the city in the abandoned metro tunnels. But he never thought it would be real, that anyone could stand up against the Corpos and the Directorate and, if he really thought



about it, stick it to the government that had joined the Hegemon back in his grandfather's time.

But here he was, a kilo of explosives in one hand and a gun in the other. He'd killed people, mostly Corpo scum and the people that had been paid to protect them but then he'd also been part of the firing lines that had shot traitors. They must have been traitors because there had been trials, but he knew when he pulled the trigger it had felt personal and, markets curse him, he'd felt good wasting the rich bastards.

Were they right? Was this right? It had to be... right?

And then it didn't matter.

He tossed the charge and ducked back so that Jhanna had room to toss her own.

The motion cluster on the Tx-200 caught her and the mauler cannon on top of the transport twitched and fire a burst that eviscerated Jhanna before she could dive for cover. Fist sized gobbets of flesh hit him in a wave. He started crawling away, teeth clenched, as the Tx-200's gunner continued spraying into cover.

Three agonizing seconds and the charges went off, driving explosive cones up into the transport's double tracks and shattering the internal mechanisms. The treads unspooled, rolling off the wheels of the track and the behemoth stopped, its flanks wreathed in smoke.

Bodwo got up, skirting the rest of the ruins and coming up behind the Tx-200, his automat aimed and ready. Four others, caked in soot, but clearly Unionists emerged from their own cover, scatterguns and mismatched rifles all aimed as the transport's hatch opened to form a

ramp. More smoke was pouring out and they could hear the packed Tributary soldiers coughing and yelling to get out.

"Ready?" Their cell's Union steward clicked off the safety of his ATR battle rifle.

Bodwo nodded, because of course they were in the right. This was their world and these Heg bastards needed to remember that.

"Ready, boss."



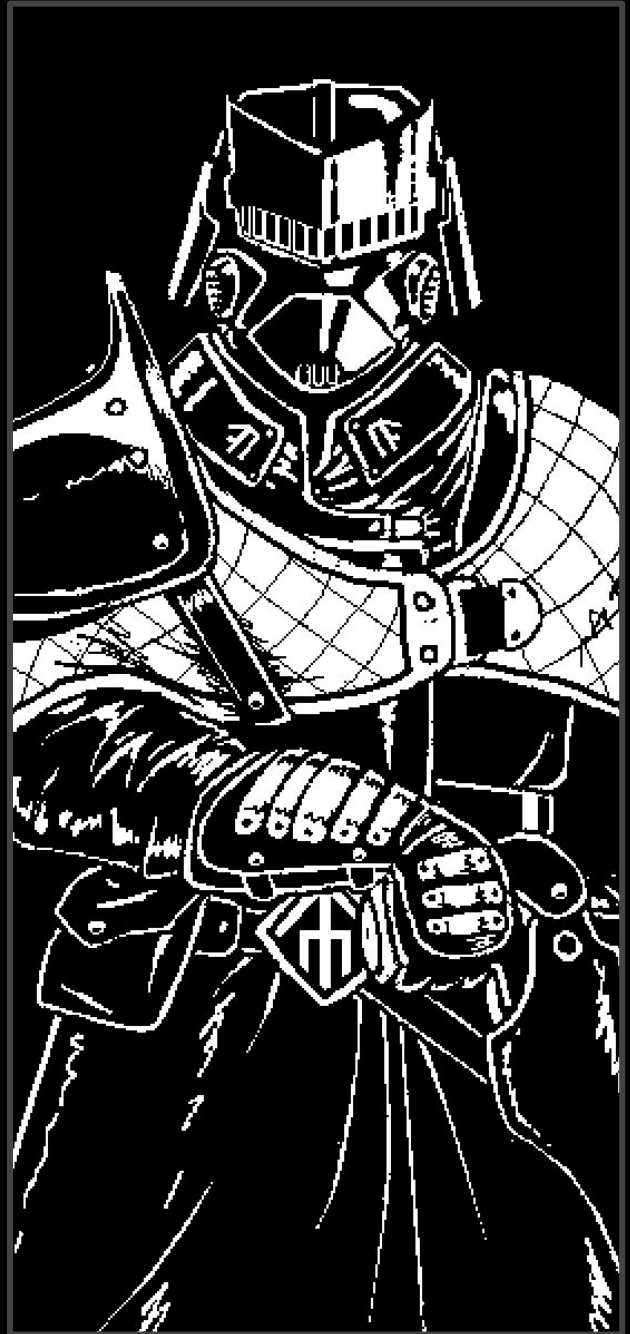
## Structural Safety by Zavule

At some point Cons started calling the cheap hab-plexes “charnel houses.” These “budget-conscious” structures were built with grade 4 materials by Uur’s endemic population of indigent workers still paying off generational debt to the MassTrader’s Guild for services rendered during the initial wave of colonization to the mineral rich planet in the Cygnus Frontier.

One of the first to be constructed collapsed when a shipment of substandard materials used for support beams buckled under the weight, killing most of a work crew installing the plumbing. Bodel and Sons kicked up a fuss, not about the workers mind you, just the shoddy materials and the delays. But Wanvath paid out the assurance claim, and the Alik Foundry refunded the cost of the building supplies after a Wanderman threatened to intervene, so the next batch of Indigent were hired to finish the work within a few spans.

What no one told them was that the charnel houses were meant to house offworld Dents brought in to replace them in Alik’s manufactories and Bodel’s construction crews. There were riots when the endemics learned that, and Dilmun City Constab were brought in. Shock batons and clouds of yellow-white lachrymator gas cleared the streets, but the Dents kept working.

That wasn’t the end of it though; two city blocks worth of cheaply made, overcrowded hab-plexes burned to the ground, and Wanvath sent out adjusters to investigate. The superintendent of the building where the fire started claimed it was faulty wiring, but his hands shook as he said it, and he kept his eyes on the floor. Hundreds of Dents had died, but Wanvath paid the claims, and the damage was fixed just in time for the first batch of endemics to move in. They’d been out of work just long enough to find themselves insolvent, and they replaced the Dents they had tried to drive out.



These new Dents were put to work for Bodel and Sons who had bought their debt. Perhaps the worst of it was they knew exactly what the buildings were. The paint was pigmented with white lead, and after the fire, fibrocrete, cheap formaccrete mixed with asbestos fibers was used at Wanvath’d request to prevent another fire. Both were locally sourced and cheap. And so the newly Indentured sickened and died alongside what remained of their off-world counterparts, even as they built more of the same, endless rows of Grade 4 housing on the outskirts of Dilmun City, near the foundries and

It was only a matter of time before Unionist sentiments took root.

\*\*\*

Len coughed, hacked, and spat a thick gob of phlegm and blood onto the rubble.

"By the Balance, that was too close."

Thick clouds of dust and smoke rose from the ground below them to them as he lifted himself up on his forearms. Nearby, Jakka made a sound that was something between laughter and thick wheezing noise.

"Does it matter? If the milisec grunts don't kill us, this shit will."

They were both covered in a thick coating of off-white grime, sweat mixed with the powdered remains of the charnel house. Jacca raised her drummer, pointing it out a shattered window and ripping off a burst.

"Hah! Got the little bastard." She cupped a hand to her mouth screaming into the street below, "To hell with you and your hazard pay, you Muskov whores!"

Len crawled over, grit and broken glass crunching as he levered himself up onto his knees. Jacca

glanced back and grinned at him. Rounds puffed up around the window and she ducked back into cover.

Len spat again and said, "They're gonna make it in here soon."

"So? We've lived in this death trap since we were kids. We can get out down out the back while they're trying to figure out what to do with the collapsed staircase"

Len nodded. "Just saying. I don't think we last much longer. I heard the Directorate was too expensive. We're not even worth minting as Instants. Too many assurance complications if anyone wanted a proper stint after they clear Dilmun, so they'd have to ship in proper tribbs."

Chuckling, he began fiddling with the timer on the Velanite satchel charge hanging off one shoulder.

"So how bad is it, Jakka?"

The drummer rattled away, a pause, then sounded off again.

"Give it five minutes. I think they're working up the nerve to rush us."

"Great."



The bomb had not been hard to make. Dangerous, certainly, but not hard, and when everyone around you is already dying, suddenly dangerous is less of a hindrance than it might otherwise be.

The class B fuel bar had been ripped out of an Alik foundry generator, flaked and stabilized into a kind of paste. One mistake could have resulted in deadly fumes spreading through whole city blocks. Jakla laughed, near to hysterics, until it finally dissolved into a rattling gasps when Len told her that. Who could tell the difference?

Jakka was reloading her drummer, back to the wall, watching out the window below out of the corner of one eye.

"Gonna be close, isn't it?"

"When this goes off it'll collapse the whole building on top of them. Probably take a bite out of the one next to us too, so yeah. It's gonna be close."

As Jakka leaned out further for a better look her eyes widened.

"Oh fuck, they've got a Kermody set up!"

Machine gun rounds from a broken window across the rubble strewn streets ripped into the room, tearing holes in the cheap fibrocrete.

Len dragged her away from the window before pulling her to her feet, smearing himself with blood as she hissed through clenched teeth.

"I was wrong... they're coming in now!". Half carried towards the shattered entryway, Jakka swore over and over, before finally snarling, "Leave me, you idiot!"

"We're dead whatever we do, so shut up and run!" He threw the charge down the hallway, towards the center of the building.

Floors below, Muskov forces cleared the main lobby of the charnel house, searching for a way up.

\*\*\*

Dents labored, clearing the rubble in the summer heat. Some wore the cheap respirators they were given; others had torn theirs off, sweat leaving tracks in the thick dust that coated every inch of them as they gasped for breath. Months gone by, and the Unionists were all dead, but the fighting had destroyed rows and rows of the charnel houses. Spring winds had turned into dust storms, exposing the whole city to clouds of poisonous grit.

The Basics and Persons working in the admin districts could afford to wear protective suits over their work clothes as they made their way through the streets, but no one was much worried about the long-term health of anyone too incompetent to manage their finances.

And so Dents worked away in the toxic debris. One of them, a thin man with a leathery, weathered face stood up, massaging his back before waving the foreman over. "We've got bodies under here! Not sure how many."

The foreman, an indigent woman still wearing her respirator, picked her way through the chunks of low grade formacrete. "Unionists or..."

He gestured at the ragged remains, "Looks like Muskov uniforms, ma'am."

She sighed, massaging her temples. "Just my luck. Aright. Get a proper crew together; don't just dump them in the hopper with everything else. Dig them out." She glanced back at the mercenaries watching them work, Directorate surplus Epics slung over their shoulders. "Muskov Milisaya will want the bodies back for identification and life assurance payouts."

## UNIONISTS ADVANCE!

Long awaited, labor militia Unionists are finally making their debut on the tabletop with a modular five-unit kit.

Fiercely committed to their cause, Unionist revolts are under no illusions as to the level of resistance they'll face from the Hegemon.

As such, they make use of every piece of arms and equipment they can muster to their cause; hard hats, welding visors, Tributary surplus... even weapons like the Ax-98 Chalak, raided from the armories of local corpo security outfits.



Unionist miniatures are fully compatible with Tributary Footsloggers for all your kitbashing needs.



## UNIONIST LABOR MILITIA CELL

Sculpted by ThatEvilOne

Physical minis will be available for order in the coming days from all our digital storefronts.

STL files will be briefly exclusive to the Consumer tier and above on our Patreon as part of our monthly offerings, for a limited time.



[Website](#)



## BARAKAN ELITE UPGRADE KIT

Sculpted by ThatEvilOne

Physical minis are available for order from all our digital storefronts.

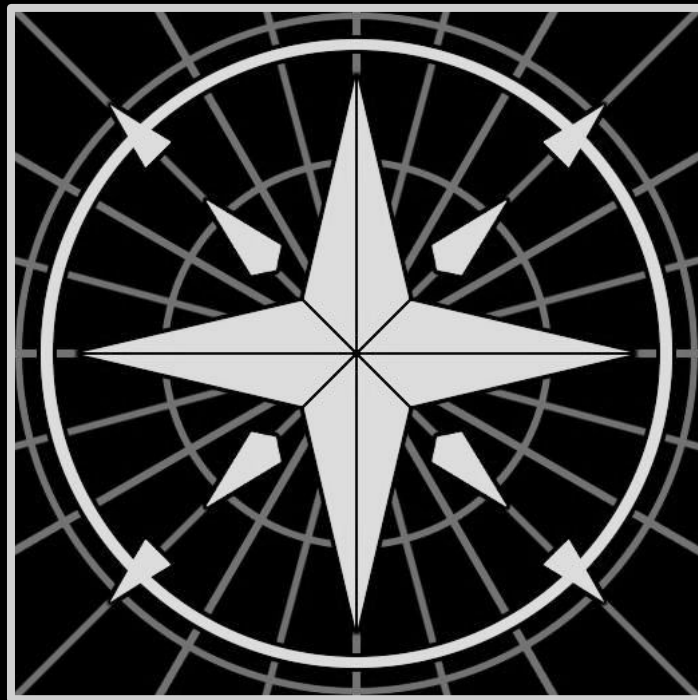
This STL release can be downloaded for **FREE** from our Patreon, just make an account and join the free tier for access!



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