

# Sandstorm Conscience

*Red Book 2*

Written by  
Thomas Holden  
Illustrated by  
Justin Allen



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*Eindring Soldier  
pictured here, looking  
to the left*

*Yarboa rebel  
pictured here, looking  
to the right*

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Written By Thomas Holden

Illustrated By Justin Allen

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*Small doodle of well  
in this corner*

*Aerial shot of the city. Three crows are flying  
in circles in the foreground.  
Sandy color scheme, lots of dull yellow.*

*Overhead shot.  
Two Yarboa arguing in front of building.  
Buildings are generally yellowish, like the sand.*

*Rooftop shot of relatively quiet street.*

*Camera look down at well water. We can see a blurry reflection of a soldier in the water.*

*Camera at eye level.  
3/4 shot of soldier's head,  
we see a small word balloon  
of Einding text coming  
from his headset.*

*Shot of a square with a small stone well in the middle of it.  
There is an armed Einding soldier guarding the well, who  
sticks out a lot because of his metallic hues.  
Note: Yarboan 'squares' are really H shaped connections  
between parallel streets.*

*Camera pull back and down  
into a shadowy alleyway.  
A Yarboan is crouched down  
behind a crate, leaning over  
to look at the soldier, who  
is still in frame.*

*Camera pull back a bit more,  
showing more of the alley.  
First Yarboan say something  
to three more Yarboan, gestures  
at the guard: we can now see  
that they are armed.*

*Camera rotate 180°.  
First Yarboan stands, cocks  
gun. (Click SFX)*

*Camera pull back into square,  
same angle as previous.  
Shouting, the Yarboans jump  
out and begin to fire on  
the Eindring guard.  
(Ratatatata SFX).*

*Camera closeish to soldier,  
same perspective as Yarboans.  
Soldier dives behind well with  
a bold, splotchy curse in  
Eindring.*

*Camera close to soldier,  
looking at his face.  
Soldier holds hand to ear,  
says several things into  
his comm (small,  
dense Eindring text).*

*Sitting eye level shot.  
We see an Eindring operator  
sitting in front of a hologram,  
speaking into a headset.*

*Closeup of soldier cocking his  
gun, a single short word at  
top of panel.*

*Camera just above well,  
pointing back at the alley.  
Locals firing, facing camera.*

*Camera behind subject,  
looking at well again.  
New Yarboan firing pistol from  
behind a crate, different  
vantage of the well than the  
other Yarboans  
(45° difference).*

*Camera facing soldier again,  
further away than before.  
Soldier is firing with his right arm,  
but getting hit on his left side.*

*Camera back in alley, looking  
into square over subject.  
Yarboan getting shot, arching  
towards camera. Blood coming  
from mouth.*

*Camera looking from square  
towards the alley, but bit to  
right. Yarboan yelling  
something, looking to  
his left with concern/anger.*

*Camera pull back to show most  
of square.*

*Two Yarboa are cheering,  
arms raised shakily.*

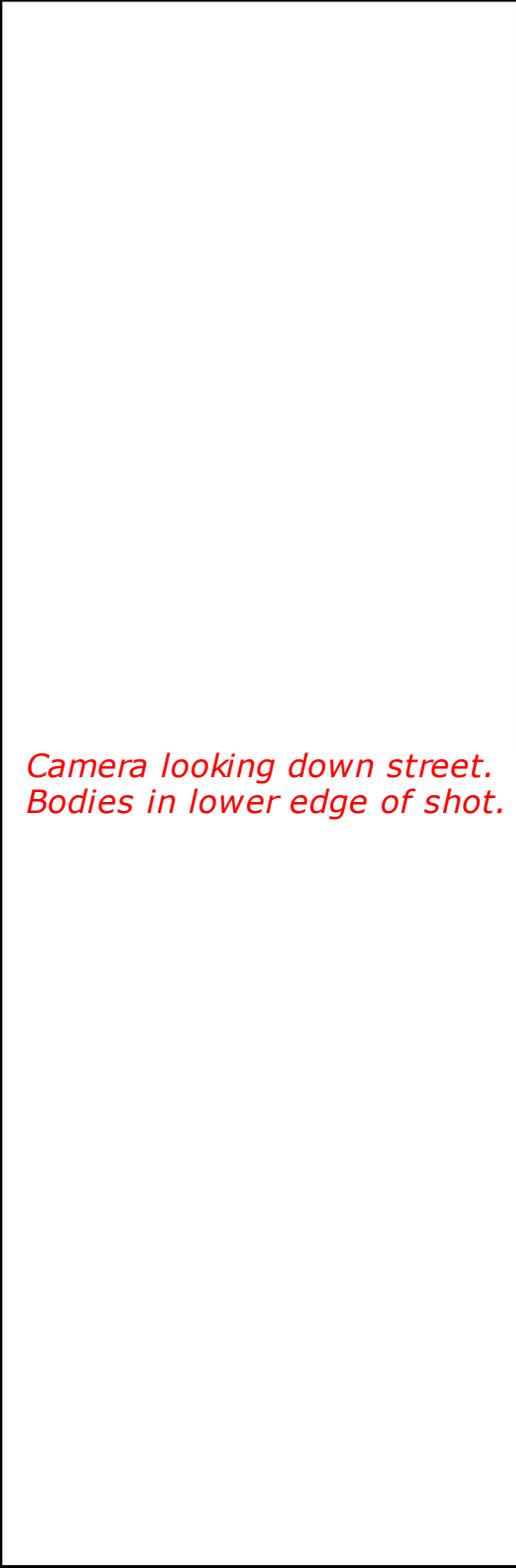
*Camera in building  
overlooking square, looking  
down from ceiling.  
Several soldiers are in  
building, near a broad  
window. In addition to  
metal of soldiers, the  
palette is darkened by  
crates of ammunition.*

*Camera close to subject, looking  
down over shoulder.*

*Third Yarboan is crouched over  
fallen comrade.*

*Camera pull back a bit  
from subject.  
Kneeling Yarboan whips  
head around, looking towards  
the camera.*

*Camera rotate 180° and and move to  
other side of kneeling Yarboan.  
Soldiers in building firing down on  
remaining Yarboa from windows.*



*Camera move down street.  
Buildings on each side of posters  
on them, which have a political  
propaganda sort of appearance.  
Posters are predominately black  
and a steel blue.*

*Camera looking down street.  
Bodies in lower edge of shot.*

*Camera still moving on.  
Buildings are now largely bombed  
out, empty shells or rubble.*

*Camera looking down into street from second-story level.  
Yarboan leading a harnessed musk ox down the street.*

*Camera move into street a bit,  
still pretty high up.  
Looking at a merchant stall  
(round arrangement of wooden  
crates covered by a canvas  
umbrella). The stall is  
positioned in a corner between  
two rounded buildings. The  
stall is quite colorful.*

*Camera shift to the side.  
We can now see that there  
are two guards in the  
shadows of the stall.*

*Camera drop down to eye level, pull back to side of street.  
Tank drives by, kicking up dust. Tanks are same steely blue  
as Eindring armor, have Eindring writing on them.*

*Camera rotate to look above and behind tank.  
Multiple phalanxes of soldiers are following it, bristling with  
weapons. The formation is unnervingly precise, and extends  
out into the distance (actual length obscured by curvature of  
the street). Blue haze effect makes it look like Eindring  
are bringing their color scheme with them.*

*Camera drops down to eye level behind tank.  
Row of 4 identical faces, each with almost no expression.*

*Camera pans to side of street.  
Yarboan mother is reaching out  
from the side of the street  
for a child. The child is standing  
in place, pointing at the  
soldiers passing two  
meters away from him.*

*Camera switch to mother's  
perspective, looking at child.  
Child is pointing at his own  
face and asking a question.*

*Camera switch back to previous.  
Mother carrying child off street,  
child staring back over mother's  
shoulder at the soldiers.*

*Camera switch to child's  
perspective.  
One soldier turns head to glare  
at child from formation.*

*Camera looking down street towards a walled complex.  
Phalanxes are entering through a large square gate.  
Walls are made out of a grayish concrete.*

*Camera high in air.  
Wide shot of complex, emphasizing the angularity  
of the buildings and their layouts. Most building are made  
from concrete and steel.*

*Camera still high in air.  
Side shot of guard tower.*

*Camera drop closer to ground  
(about 8 ft above ground).  
Open crates with guns in  
them are being unloaded  
from a truck.*

*Camera looks up a bit to show us a large door on the side a building. There is a large label painted on the building in thick black paint.*

*Camera moves inside building. There are some soldiers inside, standing or sitting on/beside a long row of bunkbeds. Beds have blue and white covers, grayish blue lockers at their feet.*

*Camera gets close to one of the soldiers. He has his back to the camera, and is having a semi-transparent conversations with another soldier. His hands are to his helmet.*

*Camera moves to get a profile shot. There is a faint click and the soldier's face suddenly has a network of ridges on it.*

*Camera stays. The ridges become more prominent as the mask is folded upwards, exposing a rather different face beneath. Soldier continues to talk in meantime.*

*Camera pull back to behind shoulder of now helmet-less soldier.  
Other soldier has his hand to his chin.*

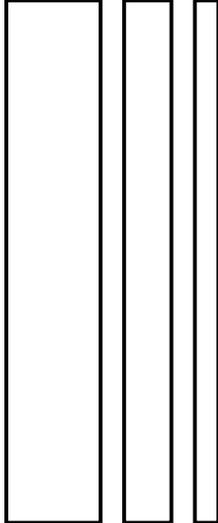
*Camera stays.  
Now have front view of mask being collapsed.*

*Camera stays.  
Second soldier says something, with his helmet still on, but mask completely folded.*

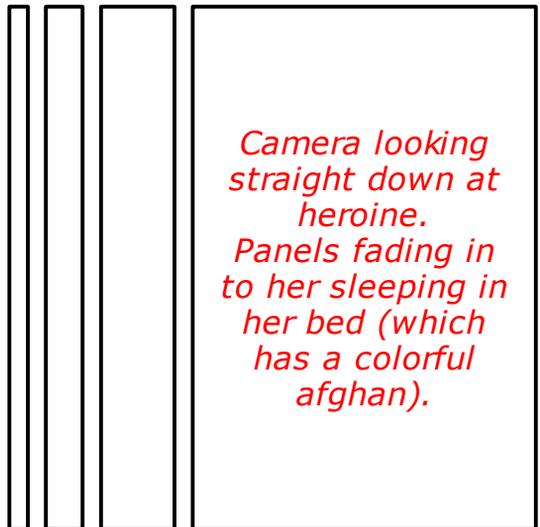
*Camera looking down at foot of bed.  
Two helmets resting on two piles of folded military-issue clothing. Emphasis on the darkness inside empty helmets, and play of shadows from them.*



*Blended shot  
of sun setting  
over compound.*



*Camera looking horizontal from guard tower.  
Yellow city lights at night, juxtaposing with the colorless  
LED lights of the compound.*



*Camera still directly above girl.  
"dong dong dong"  
sound effect at top of panel, girl open eye, groan.*

*Camera rotate to behind girl, shoulder height.  
Dong sfx continue from previous panel.  
Girl rubbing face with clothe in front of a circular mirror.*

*Camera stay height, rotate to keep girl in frame.  
Girl in front of shelf, pulling on her hat.*

*Camera slightly above eye level, looking at stairwell.  
Girl entering a room full of people. There is so much talking (in Yarboan) that we can't tell if donging continues.  
All the people have similar tuques on (the color scheme is generally consistent).*

*Camera move down & look horizontal.  
Girl leaning over to kiss cheek of an old man, and say something to him.*

*Camera stay.  
Two small children run past girl, between her and elder.*

*Camera rotate left.  
Girl sitting down at table beside others of her age.*

*Camera move up and look down at table.  
Whole family is at table, putting their hands together  
and saying one word in unison. (Except for one small  
baby, who is waving a spoon energetically).*

*Camera back to  
table shots.  
Older members  
passing food  
around.*

*Camera rotate.  
Small children  
playing with  
loaves of bread.*

*Camera rotate.  
Girl & other middles  
drinking from mugs.  
Mugs not in use  
are steaming.*

*Camera looking from eye height at door. Girl waving at elder as she walks out. Note: Yarboa doors are typically circular with an single step cutting into the circle. A couple of feet inside the door, long strips of heavy fabric hang. In this shot, the girl has one arm pushing through those strips.*

*Camera at eye height, looking horizontally into street. Girl is walking through colorful crowd.*

*Camera stay at eye height. Girl setting up booth on side of a market street. Her booth is mostly green and brown colored, with streaks of bright yellow.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl selling bread to  
youngish couple.*

*Camera move out a bit.  
Girl waving goodbye  
to couple.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl standing and  
waiting around.*

*Camera move back out.  
Girl trying to sell bread to  
a middle aged man.*

*Camera stay.  
Man walking away.*

*Camera move out to  
emphasis smallness.  
Girl sad face.*

*Camera stay.  
Sudden alarm (!)  
over girl's head,  
change in expression.*

*Camera stay.  
Two guards enter from from left.*

*Camera stay.  
Guards walk past stall  
without incident.*

*Camera move in.  
Girl breathe sigh  
of relief.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl make determined  
face, clenched fist  
of willpower.  
(See Yotsuba&! for  
perfect example).*

*Camera zoom out farther than before.  
Girl chatting energetically to lady,  
making hand gestures.*

*Camera  
very high.  
Aerial shot  
of the city,  
sun is in sky.*

*Camera stay.  
Same as before,  
sun is half-set.*

*Camera stay.  
Same shot as before,  
sun is barely peeking  
over the horizon.*

*Camera at eye height, same angle as  
when girl was setting up her stall.  
Girl closing down stall (meaning she's locking  
boxes, packing money into a pouch, lowering  
the umbrella cover, etc). There is a small lamp  
sitting on one of the crates, providing yellowish light.*

*Camera move backwards  
down the street.  
Girl walking towards the  
camera, away from the  
closed stall. Note: there  
are streetlights built into  
the walls of the buildings,  
so this panel has equivalent  
depth of light as any other,  
just flatter color.*

*Camera at eye height, looking  
at door.  
Girl is walking in through the  
inner door (the cloth part of  
the door), elder is  
greeting her with a wave.*

*Camera at eye height,  
looking at girl's back.  
Girl is rummaging through  
the kitchen.*

*Camera hovering above  
table again.  
Girl is sitting down with a  
bowl of soup.*

*Camera stay.  
Older brothers walking  
behind girl with shovels  
on their shoulders, very  
dusty.*

*Camera stay.  
One brother stop and lean over girl's  
shoulder, ask something with an  
encouraging smile.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl point towards kitchen with her  
thumb, while drinking directly from  
her bowl.  
Brother make pitiful sad face, say  
something faintly. (little broken  
heart in speech bubble?)*

*Repeat of 17.1.  
Camera directly  
above girl.  
"dong dong dong"  
sound effect at  
top of panel, girl  
open eye, groan.*

*Repeat of 18.4.  
Camera above table.  
Girl & other middles  
drinking from mugs.  
Note: clothes may have  
changed somewhat in  
color, but shape has not  
changed much if any.*

*Repeat of 19.2.  
Camera at eye height, looking horizontally into street.  
Girl is walking through crowd.  
Crowd is different people, but same general appearance.*

*Repeat of 20.1.  
Camera stay.  
Girl selling bread to same  
youngish couple.*

*Repeat of 20.2.  
Camera move out a bit.  
Girl waving goodbye  
to couple.*

*Camera at ground level, looking up at extreme angle at girl. Girl is talking to customer, holding up one finger. On the left side of panel, we can partially see a Yarboan rebel, with guns drawn. Rebel is wearing a lot of red.*

*Camera stay. Girl leans down, whistling cheerfully.*

*Whistling fades and shatters.*

*Camera stay. Rebel holds one gun up to his mouth, indicating silence. Girl seems to be in shock.*

*Camera stay. Rebel nudges loaf at girl his gun, other gun still to his lips. Girl is still shaken but extends hand to loaf.*

*Camera pull up to eye height,  
looking from behind customer.  
Girl standing up, handing loaf  
to customer with a very  
forced smile.*

*Camera rotate slightly  
to the left.  
Customer exit frame to the  
left, girl wave goodbye.  
Girl is visibly sweating.*

*Camera zoom out.  
Girl glance down (heavy  
simplification of detail).*

*Camera stay.  
Girl look back up, still smiling,  
but now has angry eyes.  
(Maybe little scribble over  
her head?)*

*Camera turn almost 90° to the left.  
Girl's pissed profile in right side of panel.  
Two soldiers are approaching on the left side.*

*Camera switch to opposite of previous, looking at  
girl on the left with soldiers on the right.  
Soldiers are slightly closer in this panel.  
Girl has noticed them, "oh shit" face now in full swing.*

*Camera stay.  
Soldiers are closer, girl is staring  
forwards fixedly and sweating.*

*Camera stay.  
Soldiers are now just a few feet from girl's stall.  
Girl is looking down with great alarm (!).*

*Camera is down at ground, looking up at an extreme angle, and everything is slanted 30°. Rebel is jumping out from behind counter at soldiers, yelling (frame is silent), with guns cocked. Soldiers are in the lower left corner, pulling up their guns. Girl, in background top right corner, is freaking out.*

*Blood splatter across page.*

*Camera looking straight down.  
Soldier is lying on the ground, dead.  
Pool of blood indicates he was shot in the chest.*

*Camera looking straight down.  
Rebel on the ground, with arm at  
weird angle. He too has a bullet wound  
on his chest.*

*Camera looking straight down.  
Second soldier curled on ground, dead.  
Appears to have been shot in the stomach.*

*Camera at shoulder height, looking very slightly up.  
A third soldier is standing in a cloud of dust,  
facing the camera with his rifle drawn. There are  
subtle differences in his equipment from the  
soldiers we have seen previously, indicating that  
he is a marksman and an officer (ie, extra rifle  
ammo strapped to his legs, a different chestplate,  
touches of bronze in his armor).*

*Camera stay.  
Marksman steps forward, and  
slings his rifle under his cloak.*

*Camera pull back to show the  
corpses on the ground.  
Marksman crouches down  
next to the dead soldier  
furthest from the camera  
(the one lying facedown).*

*Camera zoom in a bit, look  
down at marksman.  
Marksman puts his fingers to  
the dead soldier's neck.*

*Camera look at marksman's  
profile, horizontally from  
his eye level.  
Marksman saying one word,  
quietly, with his head bowed.*

*Camera pull back and up,  
still looking at profile.  
Marksman stands and steps  
forwards, over corpse.*

*Camera look down at 45°.  
Marksman is crouched down  
beside second soldier, again  
with fingers to neck.*

*Repeat topright frame.  
Spoken word is slightly  
italicized and bolder.*

*Camera move to normal  
height, looking at  
marksman from behind.  
Marksman is standing,  
relatively little can be  
gleaned from his posture.*

*Camera at ground level, looking up a bit at rebel's hand and marksman in the background. (Marksman is out of focus). "Twitch" sfx, motion lines coming from fingers.*

*Camera stay, but switch focus to marksman in background. Marksman's head whip around to glare at hand.*

*Camera look straight down from moderately high up. Marksman swinging bayonet over his head and right into stomach of rebel. "Sssllllccchhhh" sfx. Lots of motion lines.*

*Camera look over  
shoulder of the  
marksman.  
Marksman straighten  
up and turn to  
look at girl, who  
is horror-stricken.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl is holding out  
hands in a warding  
gesture, babbling  
in a panic.*

*Camera lower to  
behind soldier's  
waist.  
Marksman is holding  
a pair of handcuffs,  
saying two large,  
bold Eindring  
words.*

*Camera rotate to look at girl's face, soldier is now  
standing behind her.  
Marksman has mouth open and is presumably handcuffing  
the girl, who is now clearly on the verge of a breakdown.  
Background is filled with precise, almost pixellated  
Eindring characters.*

*(Repeat of outset on page 15).  
Aerial shot of Eindring compound.*

*Camera still in air.  
Looking at a very plain,  
unmarked building.*

*Camera angle down and  
zoom in on ground.  
There is a small,  
horizontal slit of a window  
near the base of the  
building.*

*Camera at about eye  
height, wide lens.  
Empty cell made of  
concrete, no bed or  
anything, just a door  
to one side.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl being flung into cell,  
towards the camera.*

*Camera above door, looking  
down a bit.  
Window slit is visible at the  
top of the opposite wall.  
Girl looking up from where she  
landed on the floor at the  
window. Light is going ↘*

*Camera stay.  
Girl leaning against left wall.  
Light is going ↓*

*Camera stay.  
Girl sitting on the right.  
Light is going ↙*

*Camera stay.  
Girl lying on the floor.  
Light is diffuse, very dim  
(moonlight).*

*Camera in front of window,  
looking at door.  
Clanging sfx.  
Soldier is silhouetted in  
the doorway.*

*Camera behind soldier's hand.  
On left girl is half-sitting up.  
Soldier is gesturing upwards  
with his thumb.*

*Camera still behind hand, but  
the hand has moved (which  
isn't really of consequence).  
Girl's hands being handcuffed  
by the soldier behind*

*Camera stay, slight angle shift.  
Soldier is pointing his rifle  
at the girl's back.*

*Camera behind both, slightly above head height.  
Soldier is escorting girl down a very utilitarian hallway.  
Wiring is visible on ceiling, color scheme is very blue.*

*Camera looking at door from normal eye height.  
Girl is a lonely silhouette in the doorway, kinda small and fragile looking.*

*Camera looking down-ish at a local man sitting in the middle of a bare metal table. The table is continued in the next panel. The translator's face/expression is made hard to read by deep shadows, but what can be made out is strict, hard.*

*Girl is sitting at left end of the table.  
Our marksman (still looking scuffed up) is on the right.*

*Camera about eye height,  
looking at table & girl in profile  
Girl talking, translator speaking  
Eindring over her.  
Translator's trails go to  
the center panel.*

*Camera pan to marksman's end  
of the table.  
Marksman say something short,  
translator repeat in Yarboan  
immediately after.*

*Repeat of above,  
but more fear  
in her face.*

*Camera looking down at  
the translator, same  
angle as previous page.  
Lighting is still very  
harsh, expression is  
difficult. His hands are  
clasped before him.*

*Exact repeat of  
panel 2,  
except words.*

*Repeat of above,  
but now girl is looking  
very upset.*

*Exact repeat of  
panel 2,  
except words.*

*Camera behind protagonists,  
looking at door.*

*Marksman is escorting girl  
through door. Note that he has  
not bothered to raise his rifle,  
like previous escort.*

*Camera ahead of protagonists,  
looking at them.*

*Girl and marksman are walking  
down hall, girl two steps in  
front of marksman.*

*Camera up in air, looking down at 45° at protagonists in center.  
Girl and marksman are working their way through a relatively  
dense crowd of soldiers, including an armored truck in the  
top left corner.*

*Camera looking up at sky.  
Three crow silhouettes are flying serenely in a circle.*

*Repeat of last panel on previous page,  
except that the background is being blown apart by  
rockets (ie, truck is being flipped through the air,  
smoke trails going across panel).*

*Camera looking over girl's head at the compound wall. Girl's brothers are standing in the bombed remnants of the wall, holding assorted heavy weapons. Note that most of the brothers are wearing red shawls now.*

*Profile shot of one of the brothers, kneeling in the rubble and holding a rocket launcher on his shoulder, pointed to the right.*

*Mirror of previous panel, but with marksman kneeling with his rifle drawn up to his eye, looking to the left.*

*Closeup of girl. Mixture of relief, gratitude, and alarm on her face.*

*Camera looking over girl's head at the compound wall.  
Brothers are rushing forwards from the wall, some heading for  
nearby cover. One is shouting something, arm forwards.*

*Profile shot of the brother with  
his arm forwards.  
"Bang" sfx.  
Brother is falling backwards,  
blood trailing from chest area.*

*Profile of marksman kneeling  
with his rifle to eye.  
Shell is flipping through the  
air, coming from his rifle.*

*Closeup of girl,  
who is looking anguished.*

*Camera behind marksman,  
looking same direction as him.  
Marksman is firing at brothers,  
who are obscured by muzzle  
flare from rifle.*

*Profile shot of girl, looking  
down at marksman.  
Hands at her mouth help  
indicate horror.*

*Camera looking at protagonists, opposite their orientation.  
Rocket is bottom-center of panel, headed straight for  
protagonists (motion lines?).*

*Shot of marksman's hand on  
girl's arm.*

*-- Panel behind --  
On left, soldier's head snapping  
upwards towards camera.  
On right, girl looking at  
marksman with fury / disgust.*

*Camera looking between protagonists from above the girl.  
Girl is being shoved towards the camera, falling backwards.  
In the background on the left side of the panel, we can see  
the marksman's extended arm.*

*"Boom" sfx.  
Edge of an explosion.*

*Camera looking straight down.  
Rocket is flying straight up  
through the panel, towards  
the remnants of the truck.  
The smoke trail goes right  
under the marksman's arm.*

*Camera at waist height, looking  
down at marksman.  
Marksman is lying facedown in  
the rubble, and is smoking  
from numerous burns on his  
armor.*

*Camera looking sideways at marksman, who has not moved. Misc gunplay sfx in the background, and smoke.*

*Camera stay. Soldier beginning to get back up, painfully. Sfx have faded to only Einding guns.*

*Camera looking slightly up, girl's face on left side of panel. Girl is looking bewildered. Plume of smoke in the background on the right side of the panel. No more sfx.*

*Camera return to sideway angle. Marksman is standing, tossing his ruined rifle away from him.*

*Camera gets a closeup of hand being offered to girl. Girl is in the background, slightly out of focus. Note that there is a fair bit of blood on the back of the glove, which is towards the camera.*

*Camera at eye level,  
looking at the pair.  
Marksman helping girl  
get back up. Note that  
girl is still handcuffed.*

*Camera rise a bit.  
Marksman and  
girl walking away  
from the rubble,  
marksman is  
supporting the  
girl.*

*Camera  
rise again.  
Pair is  
further  
from the  
camera.*

*Blank.*

*Camera behind pair, looking upwards.  
Pair is in front of large metal doors.*

*Camera inside building, looking back at doors.  
Lighting is very harsh. Doors are sliding open,  
pair is standing in the doorway.*

*Camera looking at top-left of the building interior. Several soldiers are standing on a catwalk, heavily armed.*

*Camera mirror previous.*

*Several large, commanding Einding words.*

*Camera looking at the rest of the room, completing the above panels into a single scene. More soldiers to left and right, and one officer is standing in clear focus in the center. The officer is the one speaking the above words.*

*Camera rotate around to look at marksman. Marksman is asking a question.*

*Camera stay. Answer comes from off-panel, makes our soldier look pretty unhappy.*

*Camera looking up at girl.  
Girl is asking marksman a  
question, who is in background.  
Question is probably based  
around the other soldier  
grabbing her arm.*

*Camera stay.  
Girl shouting something at  
marksman, who stays mute  
and unhappy. Girl is being  
pulled away by other soldier.*

*At eye height, looking at girl.  
Girl is being forced through side door  
of building, screaming at the camera  
(reader should hopefully infer that they're  
seeing what the marksman is seeing).*

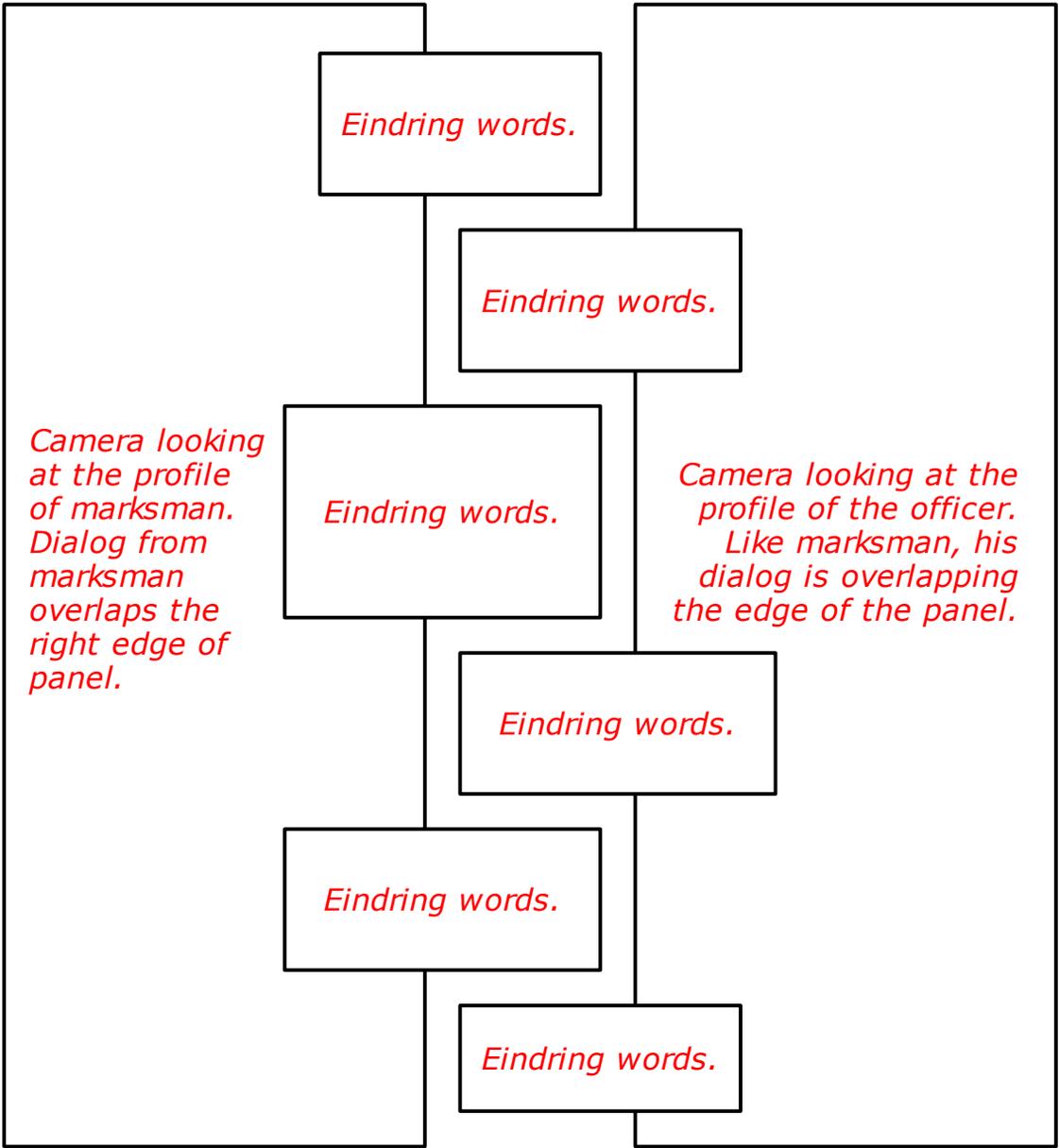
*Camera over marksman's shoulder, looking at officer.  
Marksman is in the lower left, looking at the  
officer in the upper right.*

*Camera over officer's shoulder, looking at marksman.  
Officer is in lower right, marksman is in the upper right. Officer is asking a concise question.*

*Camera looking at marksman from in front of him.  
Marksman pulling a salute, but is still glowering.*

*Camera stay, marksman on right side of panel.  
Marksman fills the rest of the panel with Einding words.*

*Camera back behind marksman's shoulder.  
Officer asking another short question, looking at a small device that is casting a cold blue glow on the officer.*



*Closeup of marksman's eyes.  
Response to last question is italicized and short,  
across the bottom of the panel.*

*Camera looking at officer, who tosses something up and at the camera.*

*Camera looking at side door that the girl was forced out of, which is still ajar.*

*Camera looking down steeply at marksman's hands, which are held in front of him.  
Marksman has caught an Einding handgun, and is staring down at it.  
Note: handgun has a bulky and powerful design, with an angular blade running down the underside of the barrel.*

*Camera looking at marksman from officer's perspective.  
Marksman is looking up, his face guarded.*

*Camera looking at officer from marksman's perspective.  
Officer is gesturing towards door with his head, his expression blank.*

*Camera looking at the main door, from about the catwalk level.  
The soldiers are beginning to exit the building.*

*Camera look horizontally at soldiers as they leave, marksman  
on the right side of the panel.  
Marksman is looking opposite direction of the others.  
This panel should emphasis that the marksman is very red  
compared to the other soldiers.*

*Closeup of officer's  
face, looking left.  
Officer is saying  
several words.*

*Closeup of marksman,  
facing right.  
Marksman says one  
word, facial expression  
is impassive.*

*Camera looking at marksman  
from behind.  
Marksman is standing in the  
doorway of the side door,  
hand holding the gun down  
by his side.*

*Camera turn to look at his  
front, up from knee level.  
Marksman has a very dark  
and imposing presence.*

*Camera looking down from marksman's perspective at girl.  
Girl is handcuffed to a pipe running along the side of wall,  
and she is in a complete mess. Tears run down her  
face as she looks up at the camera (marksman).*

*Camera look slightly down at marksman.  
Marksman's head & shoulders are visible, heavily shadowed.  
Blood splats and bullet wounds make up the background.*

*Closeup of marksman's hand,  
held down at his side with  
the handgun in it.*

*Camera follow gun.  
Marksman whips the gun up,  
cocking it at the same time.  
"ch-click" sfx.*

*Camera stay.  
Gun recoiling from firing.  
"Bang" sfx.*

*Camera looking down from marksman's perspective at girl. Girl's handcuffs have been shot apart, leaving a steaming hole in the pipe. Girl is flinching away, hand still held up.*

*Camera look up from girl's perspective at marksman. Marksman is pulling off his helmet.*

*Camera stay.  
We finally see the marksman's true face- kinda scruffy, bearded, with piercing eyes.*

*Camera look up from girl's perspective at marksman. Marksman is saying something short and gesturing with his gun hand.*

*Camera switch to marksman's perspective. Girl is eying the gun and looking confused.*

*Camera back to girl's eyes. Marksman has one hand to his head, frustrated expression, and gesturing more widely. Repeat of previous speech.*

*Camera switch back. Girl is looking cautious, pulling her arms in.*

*Camera look sideways at the pair, down the alleyway. The two are staring at each other at a loss, with a heavy ... in between them.*

*Closeup of marksman.  
Marksman suddenly seems to  
have an idea, holding one finger  
(and the gun) up before him.*

*Closeup of girl.  
Girl seems to be quite dubious.*

*Camera looking at an odd angle at the wall, with the tip  
of the gun pulling back on the right side of the panel.  
Scratched into the surface of the wall is a simple map, with a  
dashed line running through it. The line skirts around little  
Xes strewn throughout the map.*

*Side shot of the pair.  
Girl is standing beside the  
marksman, with the map on the  
wall in the background.  
Girl is offering raised hand to  
marksman, saying one word  
at bottom of panel.*

*Camera stay.  
Marksman grips the girl's  
hand, says one word at the  
bottom of the panel.*

*Camera looking down alley from ground level as girl dashes off.  
Marksman's legs are in the foreground, to the side.  
The light at the end of the alley seems very yellow.*

*Camera behind marksman, as he watches  
the end of the alleyway. Yellow is more faded this panel.*

*Camera stay.  
Marksman looks down at his hand,  
which is still holding the gun.  
There is very little color in this panel.*

*Camera stay.  
Marksman puts the gun to his temple,  
we hear the "ch-click" sfx.  
This panel is true grayscale.*

*Camera looking up at the blue sky, where three crows  
are flying in circles.*

End.

# About the Eindring

The Eindring are an aggressive, industrious people that strongly believe in the virtue of their own government. Their conviction of their own morality and intelligence has led them to begin conquering and occupying foreign nations and imposing their legal systems upon these other peoples, with little to no regard for the local cultures and customs. Nothing is more indicative of this than their stubborn refusal to learn the local languages, despite the horrendously violent results this has produced.

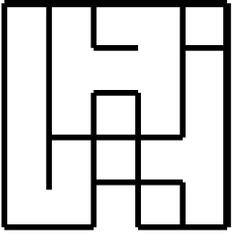
**Military:** The economy of the Eindring nation is largely driven by the spoils of war, so their war machine has become tremendously effective, modeled after the ancient Roman designs. Extremely high discipline and high-caliber communications allow the soldiers of the the Eindring to act in unnerving unison, an effect that is heightened by the identical masks that all the soldiers wear, even officers.

**Helmets:** The identical masks of the Eindring military have proved to be a tremendously effective psychological tool against their opposition. The masks are built around a flexible (but very durable) metal framework that will echo facial expression to a limited degree, and can be folded upwards for storage. The eye sockets are deep, with shaded lenses inset, which manages to remove most of the humanity from the face. On the inside of these lenses is a high-definition backlit display, allowing additional information to be overlaid onto whatever the soldier is seeing by a small but effective computer nestled in the side of the helmet.

Also on the inside of the mask is an array of microphones that 1) record everything the soldier says and relays it all to communications, 2) listens for voice-commands to the helmet computer, and 3) are used (via low-pitch echolocation) to determine the user's expression, which is then partially mirrored in the mask in real-time. The helmet has two digital video apertures on the righthand side, one for smoke and nightvision (based around thermal imaging), the other using a more traditional video technology with a high optical zoom (eliminating the need to issue binoculars). A third camera can be connected to the helmet via a bluetooth-like technology, usually a camera mounted on top of a rifle: this allows snipers to aim very accurately without having to press their head up to their weapons, or even show their heads at all when firing around corners.

On the lefthand side of every mask is the computing unit itself, and a small solid-state hard drive. Most officers are required to carry a spare hard drive, and make frequent backups of their video data. Also on the left side is a telescoping tube that fits underneath the mask, which can be hooked up to a water bladder.

# The Eindring Language



The Eindring have developed two precise, mathematical languages that can accurately express data but is not as emotive as some languages. One is used for common speech and commands, while the other is more formal in usage and common in government. Both are notably short on synonyms, and the rules of the languages are very consistent, making them an easy languages to

learn... if you can manage to memorize the arrays of characters.

Every word in the government language is a composition of 6x6 lines, with two of them dedicated to metadata. Or, in other words, the first vertical line and last horizontal line are dedicated to showing part of speech and punctuation. The remaining 5x5 lines form the body of the word.

Each body line is really a binary encryption of a 5-digit word (in the computing sense). This means that each line has 5 segments that, by their presence or absence, add up to an individual character. The first 10 combinations represent the vowels (including long vowels). The 11<sup>th</sup> combination represents a long r (similar to a rolled r), and then the remaining digits 11-30 represent the remaining consonants common to English, with the exceptions of W and Z. A non-combination of no lines or one solid line is treated as either a pause in the middle of the word or a full stop, respectively.

Lines are read top-to-bottom and then left-to-right, with the punctuation line coming at the end and the part of speech coming at the beginning. This means that in order to properly understand and pronounce the word, you have to read the whole thing and then say it, because most of the punctuation marks affect the entire word. If a word has less than 10 body characters in its body then the last sound would be followed by a solid line, and then no lines, clearly indicating the separation of words. Not having the solid line is usually read as a typo or degradation of data. By default there is a full stop between words, unless you have the hyphen punctuation in the next word.

Inside the comic, punctuation has been included outside the words, and sometimes we've laid the dialog out in a □□□□ format. Both of these are very incorrect, but we judged it to be worthwhile to help make the story read smoothly. In actual Eindring writing, words are always laid out in a square grid, reading left-to-right starting at the top . If you have an odd number like three then the last one is aligned to the left on the bottom. A number like 5 (considered bad luck, by the way) would have three on the top and two aligned to the left on the bottom.

A note about Eindring writing tools: most of the time, Eindring is written using a cuneiform stylus about the width of a man's pinky finger (writing with one's actual fingernail is considered barbaric). Single lines are pressed with the flat end, while long lines are dragged out using the corner. The stylus is used for both writing in ink and writing on wax, clay, or a silicon-based material that has become common. Most Eindring students always carry a small wax tablet around with them, much like a scratch pad, in addition to a small ink well.

# About the Yarboa

The Yarboa (zhyair bow ah) are most notable for their unique language and location. Living in the Khongoryn Els (about 43°N by 104°E) means that they have have been free to develop as a culture unbeknown to most of the outside world. Unfortunately for them, their recent economic surge (thanks to glass trading and ceramic engineering) has gained them some international attention.

**Family:** The Yarboa usually live in extended families: living by yourself is usually considered an indication of insanity or criminal activities. Living with just one other person is also considered weird. Most families are organized by seniority: the eldest living (and non-senile) family member generally wields the greatest executive power. However, a family member that failed to make much contribution to the family during their working life will not receive much power. Gender is generally disregarded within the family hierarchy, which has proved to be a boon to the political world of Yarboa, because family position is closely tied with eligibility for public office.

**Headgear:** The Yarboa all wear tuques in public, even when inside. Their tuques are a point of pride, and a useful way to convey information to others (besides being warm and convenient). The hat encodes five basic items of information into standardized patterns.

- Family: each of the families has a distinct pattern that is woven into the crown of the hat.
- Age: years are represented by bands that are added to the ear flaps (or *ushi*). Whenever a person reaches an interval of 20 years, their old ushi are completely replaced, with bands doubled up (so a 24 year old would have ten double bands and then 4 bands... a 55 year old would have have 20 double bands and 15 bands following).
- Education/Profession: whenever a band is added to the ushi, the color/pattern is used to sum up the previous year. The color of the thread used to attach the new band indicates what the person was generally doing (school, work, travel, etc), and then the main color/pattern indicates what field they were mainly focusing on.
- Family/Political position: the color of the front brim (really more of a thick hem) shows the person's current position in their family, and the pattern shows whether that position is echoed in political office as well.
- Memberships: any fraternity, club, and even gang will have their own braided cord that can be attached to the tip of the cap, in place of a pom. Having a very large number of cords on display (more than eight) is generally considered vain.

# The Yarboan Language

The Yarboa speak what is usually called "The Circular Word", due to the fact that the written structure is based around circles (though most Yarboans actually write in a sort of double helix). There is a fair amount of variation among the Yarboa, especially among the Yarboa that live outside the city limits.

Any given word starts with a punctuation mark contained by a circle in the middle: if the circle is missing then it means that the word is a continuation of a overly large word preceding it. Arching around this center in a clockwise pattern, starting on the left side, are the actual characters, which generally take the form of a semicircle with a nub at one end curving out from the center of the word. Each character is accompanied by three lines radiating towards the center (much like the starting nub of the character), each 45° apart from the others. These lines indicate tone: the combination of these lines covers the 7 notes on a scale, no lines meaning that tone is unimportant. A pair of lines indicate a sharp note, a V indicates a flat. (Note: flats usually point inwards, because it's easier to read, though some handwriting styles switch it around. Most flats curve a bit, making them more of a U shape than a proper V). Only one of the lines needs to be a V or || in order for the note to be considered sharp or flat: redundancies or conflicts following are tossed out and ignored in favor of the clockwise-most line.

Though not very commonly used, timing can also be encoded into Yarboan words. Small circles can be added to the intersections of tonal lines and the main helix lines: the two intersections on the clockwise-most side indicate an acceleration of a half note and a eighth note, respectively, while the other two intersections represent a deceleration of a half and eighth note. Timing can be erased or negated by filling in the circle. This allows for the *extremely* rare sixteenth note change, which is done by using the opposing eighth note circle in the presence of a half-note, usually filled in.

Yarboan words are written top-down on long scrolls or other vertical surfaces. In order to indicate which way is up (and which line to read first in case of multiple lines), they will almost always add a 'dogear' mark, even when it is not strictly necessary. A dogear is a small triangular mark positioned above the first word. If the dogear is on the top-left of the word, you're supposed to read this line first and then the line to the immediate right of it next (starting on the same row). A dogear is usually filled in, sometimes with ornate knotwork, a simple circle, or just a fill (many authors develop a special dogear as an additional signature: government dogears are always bisected by a single line). Occasionally there will be an 'anti-dogear', which is an unfilled triangle in the opposite corner from the dogear. These are most commonly seen on inscriptions wrapped around columns and the like.

It is important to note that the Yarboan language does not use personal pronouns very often- it is considered disrespectful, even if addressing a person socially lower. Outside of friends and family, Yarboans always address each other by their last name and a title. Etymologically, most titles are a number and then a color: there are some peculiarities, but most titles, even for strangers, can usually be deduced by their tuques.

# Sandstorm Conscience

*Red Book 2*

Back cover goes here (maybe some reviews  
and stuff?).