

The Eleven-day Empire

Let's be honest: it's the stupid questions in life that get the best answers. For example, here's some history for you. See what you make of it.

On September the fourteenth, 1752, the English lost eleven days out of their calendar. It had to happen, sooner or later. England's calendar was eleven days out from the rest of Europe, so the great thinkers of the day... that'll be the philosophers and the civil servants, you know the type... they decided to put the date forward by a week and a half. The people went to bed on September the second, and when they woke up it was the fourteenth. Simple. So, the obvious question - the stupid question - is: what happened to the missing eleven days?

Those great thinkers I mentioned probably wouldn't have had an answer to that, which is a shame, because the answer's this. The missing days were taken by Faction Paradox.

Well, that's not really a big surprise, is it? Out of all the Great Houses... the Great Houses being the ones who've made it their business to look after space-time in general, the ones who've insisted on running history behind the scenes since before us poor human sods crawled up out of the oceans... out of all the Great Houses, Faction Paradox was the only one that really knew how to step over the line. I mean, while the others were all busy with their time machines and their nice shiny bits of technology, the Faction was busy calling on the spirits of eternal darkness and sacrificing raw virgins, just for a laugh. So when the Faction's people got themselves thrown out of polite society and kicked off the old homeworld, they needed somewhere else to set up shop. Which is why they took those eleven days out of English history, and locked them in a little bubble of time outside of the rest of the universe, where almost nobody else could get at it.

And of course, that was where we all lived. In the Eleven-Day Empire. In a little ghost-city that - back in the real world - would have been called London. In a timezone all to ourselves, where the buildings were made out of shadows and the sky was the colour of blood twenty-four hours a day. Cut off from the other Houses, and cut off from the rest of history, at least until the elders needed to pop out and recruit some new family members from the universe outside. - Godfather Morlock

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