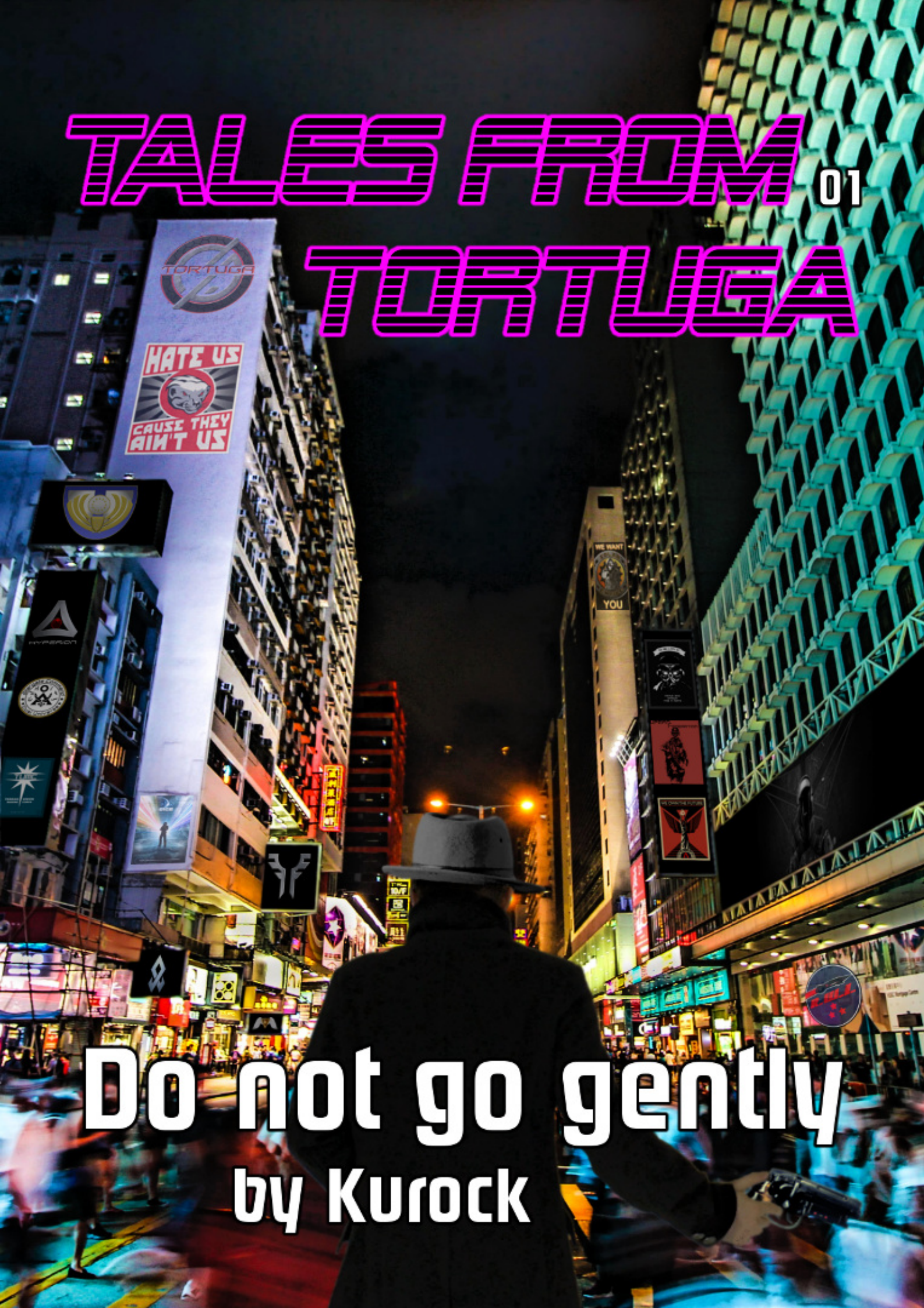


# TALES FROM <sup>01</sup> TORTUGA

**Do not go gently**  
**by Kurock**



### ***Tortuga & Tales from Tortuga***

*Tortuga City* is a community city building project in the world of DUAL UNIVERSE. The city is a place for trade, manufacturing and shady business. You'll never find a more wretched hive of scum, villainy and dashing rogues. Separated from the shackles of organization affiliations and political agendas, the cyberpunk world of Tortuga with its skyscrapers and neon signs will be home to adventurers and agents, artists and militarists, traders and thieves.

*Tales from Tortuga* is a series of fictionalized stories set in this world, created for the entertainment of the colonists of Alioth and abroad. Our adventure doesn't take place in the actual Tortuga of the game, it only takes inspirations from it. The story you will read is not part of the official lore of DUAL UNIVERSE, it's a story within a story.

We love feedback.

Contact the writers and artists on the [Tortuga Discord](#).

DUAL UNIVERSE is a MMO game developed by Novaquark.

Visit the website [dualthegame.com](http://dualthegame.com) for more information.

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**Kurock** is one of the more popular authors writing for Dual Universe. Between juggling his children, he lives behind his keyboard in South Africa and says he doesn't want to go outside. Going outside would mean not playing pen and paper RPGs, boardgames, and most importantly Dual Universe. Two time winner of the NovaWrimo Community Vote, Kurock encourages other authors to enter their stories in the next *NovaWrimo*: Just DU it.

You can find Kurock everywhere in the community. But if you want to know more, you can read Novaquark's [Community Spotlight](#).

### *About the Artist*

**Agilulf** doesn't usually do art, he writes: His organization *[Serious Spaceship Drama](#)* publishes the *Novean Dreamers Almanac*, a magazine about the Dual Universe community. He is also one of the administrators of Tortuga City, that's where *Tales from Tortuga* got started. In the real world he is a journalist from Germany.

The art for this issue is a photo manipulation with Dual Universe references, the source picture is by Florian Wehde on [Unsplash](#). *Tales from Tortuga* will showcase different artists and art styles over the coming months and is still looking for contributors. Get in touch.

# *Do Not Go Gently*

A story by Kurock

Hello. My name is Humphrey Shamus, but most call me Joe. I am 56 as of last week, a mere 16 when the Novark landed. Of all the things I regret in the last 40 years, I regret not having that drink in the bar. It's strange how the regrets haunt me as I clutch to a cold iron girder 37 stories above the ground while a punk aims my own blaster at me. At least the view of Tortuga at night is... aha... to die for.



Through the yellow haze of sunset, red neon signs reflect on glass and metal megaliths that advertise bars, girls and casinos. Passers-by keep their spacesuits done up against the pink cumulus clouds threat of rain, their visors closed against the biting wind. I should have worn my own as rain starts to fall, dripping off my fedora and down the inside of my trench-

coat. I flip the collar up and continue my watch over the bar as the rain clears the streets of pedestrians. Soon the streets are empty, the way I prefer it.

In the bustling city of Tortuga, an empty street is a rarity. Something to be savoured. It is strange how I feel less lonely when I am alone on an empty street than when I am pushing through the faceless crowds. Crowds that try so hard to stand out, with their shockingly bright colours and outrageous ornamentation. Some decked in chains and sporting mohawks, some in fancy glowing mechanical armour, and others compensating with oversized weapons. Their quest for individuality blend together and make them seem the same. Yes, I definitely prefer the streets empty.

Why am I here? I have been asking myself the same question since taking the subway from the racetrack. Better solve this case to make the quanta back I lost betting on the races. I was so sure the new sleek black Hyperion special would beat the public favourite from Objective Driveyards. I was wrong. Better luck next time.

I rub my left eye with the back of my hand, willing the augmented reality implant to do its job. With reluctance, a bar sign materializes in my vision, exactly matching the sign across the street: a palm tree dropping dubious liquid into an exploding beer mug: The Palm Boom Bar. My only lead.

A lead forced on me by the frightened administration of Tortuga city. Scared clients are jumpy clients which are bad for business. Which, in turn, is bad for my health. But not accepting the job is far worse.

A pair of women stop below the flashing palm tree sign. I didn't expect the ladies of the night to be out in this weather. Then again, it is Tortuga. If I was younger and had the quanta, I would have asked them for a dance.

One wears a helmet with a nightmarish rabbit motif and a blazer with “Quit Staring” in bright green across her chest. The other is more nondescript in dark helmet, jacket, and tight pants that would fit in almost anywhere on the streets of Tortuga. I mentally file her away under Nice Legs. The first, Scary Bunny, seems a bit jumpy\*, looking over her shoulder constantly. Nice Legs calms her with a hand on the shoulder and walks her into the bar. I follow.

Maybe I should have a quick drink.

The walls, covered with scenes of tropical islands, clash with the booths and barstools replete in expensive dark wood, and plastic looking maroon cushions. A disinterested moustached bartender behind the polished wooden counter serves a brown-haired tough in a stylish (if I may say so)

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\* *Pun completely intended.*

black trench-coat. The women claim a booth in the corner, visors still closed. I take a seat by the bar, not too close to the... soldier... Soldier Boy, judging from his athletic build, cybernetic arm, and the sawn-off slugger\* strapped to his leg.

Legs. My eyes drift over to where her legs are poking out from the booth. I wonder if they're natural. Focus. Get the job done. Get paid. Don't die. The last is more the inconvenience of having to pay for the shuttle back to Tortuga than being afraid of death itself. The resurrection nodes in the Novark on Alioth have ensured that ever since the landing, anyone unfortunate enough to die will immediately be brought back to life. Except from old age\*\*. At least they did until recently when they started failing. At first a nobody, a disposable systems engineer, was written off as an unfortunate accident. Aphelia herself said it was an anomaly. Then more died. Just a handful of prominent people in Tortuga. Not enough to get into the public eye, but enough for the higher-ups to sit up and take notice.

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\* *As the name suggests, this weapon fires metal cylinders that have a massive amount of stopping power. The benefit of the weapon is that it does not penetrate through a target but still can punch a hole through a decent amount of armour.*

\*\* *With medical advances over the past few centuries, "old age" is a very subjective as failing organics can be easily replaced with younger or cybernetic versions. I have only had my left eye "upgraded" so far and besides the night vision augmentation, I have not very impressed by it so far.*



A scrawny purple mohawked man wearing chain and spike studded black spacesuit rattles out of a back room and slouches in front of the women, hand outstretched towards them. His face is a morbid mask of piercings that look quite painful.

Scary Bunny hands the Purple Punk a piece of paper. Curious. In this digitized world, sheet paper is quite uncommon, more often seen in the hands of eccentrics as organ sheet music for some fancy new opera. The punk nods towards the door he appeared from. He motions the women to follow, his chains emphasizing each step as he lopes away. Hurrying, the women disappear after him.

I contemplate a quick shot of courage before deciding against it. I reassuringly pat the blaster in its underarm holster as I slip through the same door, unnoticed by the three in front or those behind. At least, that is how it was supposed to be.

The Purple Punk can definitely not see me as his back is to the door I entered through. The women face him with their visors open, giving me a view of their rather beautiful faces. Scary Bunny has the youthful look of a teenager, yellow skin, green innocent eyes, black unruly hair. Nice Legs appears older, with olive skin, black hair, and a mischievous gleam in her hazel eyes. Additionally, one of those things they can see, judging from the widening of their eyes, is me.

Purple Punk notices and starts to spin around clutching a laser pistol. Something behind me shoves me to the ground. Soldier Boy points the business end of his slugger at the punk. For a big man he moves very silently: I didn't hear him at all. With a squeeze of the trigger, Soldier Boy sends Purple Punk to his rez node, leaving a very ugly corpse behind. I could have sworn a faint smirk of satisfaction briefly flashed over Soldier Boys face after the body hit the floor.

“Easy money,” Soldier Boy says to no one in particular, “Carry on. Don't mind me.”

He waves his slugger around while talking, so I do what any sane man would do in this situation: I hold my hands up in surrender.

Scary Bunny makes a swiping motion towards the soldier, the universal gesture of opening a private trading dialogue. A few seconds later Soldier Boy, reaches into a pocket and pulls out a hand-held communicator. After glancing over the communicators screen, he nods and holsters his weapon with a flourish. The room breathes a collective sigh of relief.

“I was planning on celebrating another job well done tonight, but I am sure I could baby-sit for a few hours,” Soldier Boy says as he pockets his communicator.

Nice Legs ignores him and bends over the corpse, checking for a pulse. “Dead.” She confirms as if the gaping hole in his chest wasn't a giveaway.

At my unintended snort, Nice Legs turns on me angrily.

“Why are you here?” she demands.

“We got off on the wrong leg...I mean foot,” I say, actively looking anywhere but her legs, “I am Humphrey Shamus, private investigator,” I hold a hand out to shake her hand, which she ignores. “They call me Joe,” I let my hand fall with a shrug.

“Why are you here?” she repeats.

As if I am going to tell some strangers I am investigating the resurrection node deaths.

“The rez node failures?”

Vark\*.

“Looks like you are,” she adds smugly.

Lying is not one of my talents thanks to my too-varking-honest face. Which is why I always lose at poker.

“I could ask you the same,” I say, “but introductions would be dandy.”

“You may call me Eli. This is Ignis. And you are?” the last, Nice Legs Eli addresses to the soldier.

“John Harker”, the teenage Ignis blurts out. Definitely too enthusiastically,

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\* *I don't know where I first picked up this versatile swear word. It might have been from the urchins in the slums. I believe it stems from their jealousy of never having afforded the trip to the Novark. Since in their minds, “No Novark” is a double negative, they simply shortened it to “Vark”. From there it became used for everything. Or I might be overthinking it.*

“I have bought his services until later tonight.”

Harker nods, “I’ll keep you safe, but doesn't mean I have to like it.”

While they are distracted, I take the opportunity to pat down Purple Punks remains. The not-so-bloody parts anyway.

“Oh my. Is that a databank in your pocket or are you happy to see me?” I ask the corpse.

I victoriously hold up the small cubic piece of hardware I found in the punks pocket. I press a small button on the side to access its contents, “A shipment manifest to an address in the industrial district. Suspiciously vague contents.” I look up realizing everyone is watching me.

“Old habit,” I say, pocketing the databank along with the miraculously unbloody pamphlet signed with the symbol 大. “Say, why were you so interested in speaking to...him” I offhandedly wave at the corpse.

Eli looks like she is about to answer when Ignis gushes, “Eli was helping me get stuff done and I thought this guy could help? I know, I know - he can't, but I can't go home now. Dad will kill me if I get him into a mess again. I needed to go with you. Please! Eli and Harker will come too. I want to help my family. You would do the same in my shoes. I don't mind dead people... Really!”

No.

No is what I should have said, but there is a determination in her eyes. Something in her manner that does not allow the use of the word ‘no’. So I just reached under my fedora and scrubbed my short greying hairs. “Fine.” Is all I could say. Eli and Harker don't look the least bit surprised.

Realization hit me like the Novark hit Alioth: that girl is going to be trouble.

Knowledge? Arts? Military might? Commerce? Lies! Mere shards, fragments, of what was once considered humanity. What made us humans is the will to survive. That is the instinct that drives humanity forward. Can we still call ourselves human if we no longer fear death itself? What are we now? Robots? No! My brothers and sisters! Let us reclaim our humanity! - 大



The rain has turned into a fine permeating drizzle that gives the street lights and neon signs of Tortuga a fake halo. The few space-suited people on the streets hurry along minding their own business. The nearest subway entrance, as is usual for Tortuga, is not far.

The subway trip is fast, efficient, and most of all, dry. It didn't take long to arrive at warehouse 13. On the way I watched the girl, Ignis, work her charms on Eli and Harker. I want to congratulate myself on being impervious to her manipulative ways. But then I remembered how she talked her way into a ride along to a raid on some shady organisations base of operations. If I was drunk it would be sobering. I should have had that drink.

The warehouse stands dark and the front door hangs open, unlike its neighbours that are well lit with floodlights and locked up tightly. Those that stand open have some guards watching for trespassers. One guard is chatting with a girl clutching a black bunny helmet. Ignis. I sigh. Ignis waves at the guard as she hurries back.

“This place has been empty for a few weeks now, but the guard did see a suspicious character messing with the door. He might even still be inside,” she smiles eagerly as she gives her report.

Harker readies his weapon and I do the same.

“No shooting unless they shoot first,” I grumble at Harker.

“I wonder how you survived for so long,” Harker shakes his head, “The trick is to not let them shoot first.”

Harker moves quickly, deliberately, and infuriatingly silently through the door, sighting any potential hiding spots as he goes. Definitely a professional. I cover him as best I can. Besides, his military movements make me a little nervous.

To my night-vision cybernetic implant, the warehouse, almost disappointingly, is empty. The rows upon rows of empty shelves are lined with excitingly\* empty pallets.

A scream, followed by a thump, echoes from an office overlooking the warehouse floor. A little out of breath, I run after Harker as he takes the steps in twos and threes and bursts into the office lit by the eerie green glow of a single monitor. In front of the monitor is very scared looking pale man, tightly tied to his chair with power cables. Eli stands over him finishing up a knot in a much too elaborate bow.

“Took you long enough,” she teases.

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\* *That was sarcasm. I do not find empty pallets in any way exciting. Though I am sure there is a place in Tortuga that caters for that sort of thing.*

I flip a switch flooding the office with white fluorescent light. The office is a mess. Opened boxes sit on every surface, spewing their contents of wires, components and widgets onto the floor. A few old looking databanks have been wired to the terminal that seems to be running a program, judging from the scrolling text on the screen. One of the screens has fallen to the ground, cushioned by a coil of wires.

“And who might you be, sir?” I ask our blue-eyed captive. Is he wearing a lab coat? Harker raises the butt of his weapon as the captive hesitates.

I quickly interject, “Whoa, there is no need for that. We are just asking a few questions. Why are you so quick to jump to violence?”

“Violence works fast,” Harker says with a deadpan face.

The door to the office is slammed shut by Ignis as she awkwardly joins the party.

Ignoring Harker and Ignis, and with Eli looking on, I ask our captive, “You were saying?”

“Windsor,” he swallows.

“Are you part of this humanitarian group?” I ask holding the advertising flier signed with a 大 for Windsor to see. Humanitarian? What am I saying? That they eat only humans?

“What falsehoods are you uttering? No, I would never involve myself with such a group. I thought this place abandoned. I came here only to obtain parts. More specifically rather unique spare parts. May I take my



leave now?” Windsor asks expectantly.

“Parts, you say? Looks like quite the setup here if you are just looking for some spare parts,” I say pointing at the merrily beeping terminal with green numbers rolling over the screen.

“You are observing the recompilation of the warehouse directory from erased databank. They carelessly neglected to perform a hard erasure of their data,” Windsor carried on, “I surmised the inventory would lead me to the correct receptacles containing the parts I sought. However, the monsters threw everything into unlabelled boxes! I had to search through each one manually. Manually! I should have left hours ago!”

“Um. Ok.”

“However, I have seen that stick figure symbol in some files. It can be found on this terminal. Could you cut my restraints so I may show you?” Windsor asked.

Eli starts shaking her head but I interrupt, “Sure. I doubt you can out-Harker Harker. He will be watching you. Carefully.”

Harker continues to watch, no less or more carefully than before.

I untie the brown-haired technician with a bit of difficulty. Eli’s knots are formidable. Finally free, he spins in his chair to face the terminal and taps a few keys. The screen fills with the symbol.

大.

Below it the bold words ‘A New Hope’ are all that I can understand (and even that is questionable), the remainder being filled with lines, boxes,

meaningful arrows and lots of technical mumbo-jumbo. If I squint the mess almost looks like a column that swallowed a ball.

“These are the schematics for a disrupting device,” Windsor half explains half reads, “it is comprised of the parts I require.”

His eyes go wide.

“This,” Windsor half-whispers, “is a resurrection node disruption device. If the description is to be believed, anyone within its activation radius will activate this device rather than their designated resurrection node.”

Silence.

“It means,” Windsor tries again, speaking slower, “if you die, you are not brought back.”

Shocked I look at the others. They look suitably shocked as well, except for Harker that looks entirely unphased. I would bet Harker would not blink at an army invading Tortuga and he was the sole defender.

Windsor taps away furiously at the terminal before giving a small “Eureka!” and turning back to face us.

“Having successfully discerned their location, I would be most grateful if my small request to accompany you on this endeavour would be granted,” Windsor pleads.

I open my mouth to protest as Ignis, from where she is standing by the door, exclaims, “Deal!”

My mouth still hangs open as I look to Eli and Harker for some support, but they just look bemused. Correction: Eli looks bemused. Harker simply

looks like Harker.

“Fine,” I sigh, “What's one more firework in the burning ‘munitions factory? Where are we headed?”



“Why the bunny?” I ask Ignis as we are slowly rocked by the subway train, the lights of stations flashing by. I point at picture of the long-eared creature on her helmet.

“It's not a bunny. It's a rabbit,” she replies, “a black rabbit.”



We were headed to the inner city. The city centre made up of skyscrapers and connecting sky-bridges, neon advertisements on their sides stretching into the misty darkness high above. Our destination is a skyscraper still under construction. Once it is completed it will be nearly as tall as Central Administrative and Governance Tower, better known as the CAG Tower.

Until then, the construction is little more than a multi-story rectangle of concrete with steel girders stacked to form grids near the still incomplete top. And unlike the warehouse, it looks guarded, if you can call the five slouching punks with studs in their spacesuits matching those in their faces

“guards”. If the five of us want to get in, we will need to do something about them. One for each of us...

Before I can let the others know of a cunning plan I came up with on the spot, I notice Harker almost casually walking behind the nearest punk. They are oblivious to the deadly shadow in their midst. With a swift blow to the neck, Harker drops the punk, catches him and silently lowers him to the ground. After doing the same to the remaining ‘guards’ he returns to us, dusts off his hands and says, “Times up. That's all you paid for.”

“But there are more inside!” Ignis protests.

“You are confusing me with someone that cares,” Harker says over his shoulder as he disappears around a corner into the street.

“Will we be alright without him?” Ignis asks worriedly.

“We’ll be fine. We’ve come too far to turn back now,” I say.

Windsor murmurs, “Procuring his aid in the interior may have been most advantageous.”

“A shame, certainly. He did clear the way for us at least,” I say as Eli, Ignis, Windsor and myself head up what will eventually be a grand staircase into the incomplete foyer.

Gaping holes greet us where the future elevators will eventually be. Vark. I had hoped the elevators would be already have been installed.

Windsor fiddles with a box on a wall. It's not long before he announces, "There is a substantial power draw on the 37th floor. The probability is high that the disruption device is being kept there. It also means it has been activated."

We take a moment to digest this little nugget of information.

"So don't die. Got it," I say more merrily than I feel, "It would be very rude of them to kill us after we walked up 37 flights of stairs. After you, ladies."



And that's how I came to be dangling from an iron girder in the small hours of the morning. A punk with a face covered in multiple holes for missing piercings, pointing my own blaster at my head. Thirty seven stories below, I see a swarm of the punks reinforcements climbing the floodlit stairs to the entrance and disappearing inside. My arms burn from the strain of holding on to the bar of metal sticking out of the incomplete skyscraper.



After we finally set very tired feet on the 37th floor, we hide behind the stairwell to catch our breath. The chilling night wind cuts through the still

incomplete walls of this floor. Cables with the thickness of a human torso snake from the stairs to the centre of the concrete floor. The cables connect to an oblong metal monstrosity I first mistake for an obese column but then I recognize it from the blueprints. It is much bigger than I thought it would be. Naturally, the device is surrounded by thugs.

After my lungs decided they were no longer going to cancel their lifetime contract and look for a better air supply elsewhere, I come up with a plan. I would distract the punks while Eli, Ignis and Windsor snuck to the device and disabled it. Simple. In hindsight, I think my brain was starved of oxygen.

I run for the edge of the building. And trip over an unseen cable.

My dropped blaster clattering away certainly gets the attention of the punks. I get up in time to make a mad dash on rubber legs to the edge of the building, luring the punks at my heels away from the stairwell that hides my companions. I turn to see how they are doing. Ignis and Windsor were fiddling with the device while arguing with each other. Of Eli, there was no sign. The punks have almost caught up with me when I trip again. This time over the edge onto the girder.



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Death from above in the form of a punk holding my own blaster and death from below in the form of a very very long drop. I consider letting go for a nanosecond, but here's the thing: dying varking hurts. And with the device around, I wasn't sure I would be coming back. A final drink would have been nice.

“...”

What? Oh. The punk is trying to shout something at me. The wind whips his inaudible words away. So I shout back, “Do your worst!”

“...,” the punk mouths at me again.

For the first time, I recognize this punk. He is the one that died in the Palm Boom Bar: Purple Punk. He must have a resurrection node nearby. I start laughing at the irony.

“...”

I still have no idea what Purple Punk is trying to say.

Clearly fed up, he takes aim.

A red dot appears on Purple Punk's head. It snaps back as he slumps to the floor. I hear the crack of the gunshot moment later. Followed by a few more pops. I crawl onto the girder and back to the safety of the concrete floor now covered with the bodies of the remaining thugs. Motion on the CAG Tower catches my attention. By one of the suggestive neon signs



stands Harker clutching a high powered rifle in one hand. With the other, he snaps a loose two-finger salute and melts into the shadows. As I wave back someone grabs me from behind.

“What are you doing?” Ignis shouts into my ear while pulling me towards the stairwell, “Are you deaf? We have got to go. There are more of them coming up the stairs.”

“No need to shout,” I inform her, “I can hear you well enough.”

Did Ignis just roll her eyes at me?

“Listen,” Ignis continues, “Windsor got what he came for, and left. I don't know where Eli is either.”

When we reach the stairs, Ignis starts heading upwards. Upwards leads to stairs, more stairs, and then nothing. I hesitate.

“Trust me,” she says.

I follow.

As expected, the stairs end. They open onto air and a view. This high up, the building is little more than a skeleton of metal bars and girders.

“This will have to do,” says Ignis as she takes out a small box with a consequential red button on it, “Windsor gave it to me, after a little persuading. He said to get at least ten floors away and press the button.”

Before I can protest, she presses the button.

Nothing happens.

I feel the rumble before the light. Orange flames erupt around the sides of the building below us. A wall of flame surges up the stairwell, followed by a low roar. I hold Ignis, attempting to shield her from certain death. The flames dissipate centimetres before they reach us. Silence is followed by quiet metal plinks as the building settles.

I let go of the teenager awkwardly. She doesn't notice or pretends not to care and walks slowly back down the stairs. The thugs I saw earlier are burnt to black crispy humanoid forms, all very dead.

On one of the floors, Ignis finds someone and motions me to help her remove the rubble covering their body. Eli. She looks a bit worse for wear but she is very much alive. Eli tries to talk but I hush her into silence. Judging from the cuts and bruising covering her, she put up quite a fight. At Ignis's worried expression, I unthinkingly pick Eli up from the ground, throwing her arm over my shoulders and encircling her waist with my own arm. It doesn't feel like she broke anything. I give the pair my best smile. They don't seem impressed by it at all. Regardless, they have done enough for now.

A blinding light falls in my eyes. For a moment, I am afraid we been discovered by someone's flash-light. A very high-powered flash-light.

Dawn. The ever-present guardian cumulus clouds part, allowing rays of light to play off the reflections of the glass and metal skyscrapers of Tortuga, their usual neon colours dismissed along with the night. For a moment, in that beautiful sunrise, the weight of loneliness I didn't know I carried, lifted.

Even the spotlights and blue flashing lights of the arriving Peacekeeper Corps flying assault craft are overwhelmed by that fleetingly hopeful morning sun. The Enforcers are not the fastest route to my pay-check, but we work for the same boss, so they will have to do. I just hope they don't dock too much for damages. So, again, I do the only thing I can do:

I surrender.

*To be continued.*

***Next on Tales from Tortuga:***

"What do you need it for?" Morrow asked.

"Knowing its purpose will not increase your ability to obtain one for me," Windsor said.

"No, but I'm curious, so it'd be nice to tell me." Windsor responded to this with a frown, so Morrow added: "I already know more than enough to get you in big trouble, so what's the risk in telling me why you want it?"

"That is reasonable. It would seem best to begin by showing you what I have already accomplished. Remember its capabilities are currently very limited." Windsor tapped several keys on the programming board. One of the screens lit up, repeating in text the words he had spoken. "Morrow, this is Nova, the artificial intelligence I am developing."

Hello, Morrow.

# *The Artful Affirmative*

A story by Ben Fargo



# Tortuga Talk

Now that you have experienced the fiction, let's talk about the vision. A dedicated team is working on making Tortuga in Dual Universe a reality.

TALES FROM TORTUGA interviewed the current boss: **Alethion**.

## *What is your role in Tortuga?*

My role, i suppose, could be compared to that of a CEO. My main purpose will be to help steer the course of the city's development with the help of our Staff team and community members. A city cannot run itself and a single person cannot manage every aspect of a city, especially when the goal is that of it being a community project.

## *What is the Tortuga team working on at the moment?*

Presently we have been and are working on the main part of the city: to know what we can do and where we can go, working with the voxel shapes and the tools we have been provided with by Novaquark.

***How has the feedback of the community to the project been?***

The overall feedback is quite positive. We have many people and parties interested in being a part of the city. There are lots of ideas to work with.

***I'm not a pirate, is Tortuga the right place for me?***

The pirate thing stems from Band of Outlaws' influence in the city's creation and the intended look and feel of the place. But it has grown from the BOO project it originally was and its scope has changed to it being a community project. We want to help create content and take a more active approach in shaping Dual Universe, giving people more things to DU.

It helps to have a theme or frame of reference to work from when building something. As there are many changes and tweaks still happening, we can work out the finer points later when we know more of what we can do.

Everyone can take part, pirates included.

***If i want to participate in Tortuga, what do i do?***

Simply join the Tortuga community organization and drop by the Discord to say Hi. We are always open for new ideas that we may or may not have considered. After all, even Rome required many skilled people and wasn't built in a day. Keep your ears open for opportunities, if you are interested in having a more active role when things get rolling. It is a city after all.

***How will Tortuga look and feel like, once it is built?***

Our aim is to have a cyberpunk, Blade Runnersesque feel to the city. How close we will come to this depends on many factors from the community and the tools we are provided. We hope all will join in creating the look.



***A word from the author:***

"The Tales from Tortuga issues are written by a few different authors, each with their own characters. This first issue was interesting to write as it takes a few of the other authors characters and gives them each a short introduction while simultaneously introducing the city of Tortuga and also attempting to have a coherent and (hopefully) entertaining story.

I wonder if the readers can match the characters to their original author: Agilulf, Ben Fargo, Cybrex, Einu Vei (Atherios), Empress, Lethys and myself.

Fedoras off to Agilulf for spearheading this project and literally putting the issues together."

*Kurock*

# TALES FROM TORTUGA

## Released

**Episode 1: *Do Not Go Gently* by Kurock**

## Coming on October 19th

**Episode 2: *The Artful Affirmative* by Ben Fargo**

## Planned

**Episode 3: *The Hunter, And The Hunted* by Cybrex**

**Episode 4 by Cybrex**

**Episode 5 by Einu Vei**

**Episode 6 by Einu Vei**

**Episode 7 by Ben Fargo**

**Episode 8 by Agilulf**

**Episode 9 by Lethys**

**Episode 10 by Kurock**

**Episode 11 by Empress**

**Episode 12 - The Finale**