

# Metal Mine of Xalox 9



## *A Hammer of the Godz Chronicle*

The **Hammer of the Godz** was already angled toward home when Alissa finally crossed her arms, tilted her head, and delivered the look.

“The heaviest metal in existence,” she said. “You’ve mentioned it... what, a hundred times?”

Harkin Zor didn’t turn from the starfield. He smiled the way people do when they’ve been waiting for this moment.

“And?” he replied.

“And I want to see it.”

Silence stretched. The ship’s engines purred, sensing destiny being nudged off schedule. Then Harkin laughed. Not defensive. Delighted.

“Challenge accepted.”

The Hammer veered, carving a new line across the cosmic map. Earth could wait. First stop: **Xalox 9**.

But between them lay the **Interstellar Aegian Cosmic Sea**, a vast nothingness where stars thinned out and reality felt... negotiable. A void that didn't look dangerous until you were inside it. Like calm water with teeth.

That's when the pirates arrived.

Rusty frigates. Mismatched hulls. Amateur flags flapping in vacuum like they were trying too hard. They circled the Hammer, weapons charged, bravado set to maximum volume.

Harkin chuckled.

Every time.

Because Harkin Zor was not just the Hand of the Order.

He was **Honky Kong One**.

The most infamous Intergalactic Space Pirate in recorded, unrecorded, and deliberately erased history.

The pirate channels lit up. One by one, ships powered down weapons. Some dipped their bows. One actually played an old transmission hymn from the Outer Reaches. Reverence replaced aggression in real time.

Alissa noticed it immediately.

"They're honoring you."

"They're remembering," Harkin said. "Big difference."

The pirates peeled away, leaving the Hammer alone again in the sea of black.

Then space *changed*.

Xalox 9 emerged like a secret finally deciding to be seen. The planet glowed emerald, not reflected light but generated. Alive. As if the world itself was breathing. An entire armada rose to meet them, flawless and silent, forming a living gate.

No threats.

No warnings.

Just recognition.

As they crossed into planetary space, Alissa felt it before she could name it. A pressure in the chest, not heavy, but *true*. The kind of sensation that bypasses thought and goes straight to the soul.

"This place..." she said quietly.

“Doesn’t lie,” Harkin replied.

Touchdown was gentle. The land shimmered underfoot. The journey to the mine was not a march but a procession. The air carried tone rather than sound. Every step tuned something inside her, like a string being tightened to its perfect pitch.

Then they saw the entrance.

The mine was embedded in a cliff of emerald crystal, vast and precise, as if grown rather than carved. Symbols etched around the arch pulsed softly, ancient and patient. Not warnings. Not decoration.

Language.

Alissa paused. “What does it say?”

Harkin didn’t answer right away.

The vibration rolled through them, a frequency so deep it felt older than fear, older than ambition. It wasn’t loud. It was *certain*. The kind of resonance that doesn’t ask if you’re ready.

Finally, Harkin spoke.

“It says: *Only those who carry their weight without crushing others may enter.*”

Alissa exhaled, slow and steady.

The mine wasn’t about extraction.

It was about curation.

About forging truth under pressure until it could endure fire, time, and scrutiny without losing its edge.

She smiled. “So this is where the heaviest metal comes from.”

Harkin nodded. “Not because it’s loud. Because it *lasts*.”

And standing there, on the edge of Xalox 9, Alissa realized something important.

There was far more here than met the eye.

And the mine had already begun listening to her.

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Revision #3

Created 2026-01-02 16:47:41 UTC by the Hand - Harkin Zor

Updated 2026-01-02 18:27:57 UTC by the Hand - Harkin Zor