

1: The Galaxy Gathering for Mecha Galaxy

Reissued here for the first time, The Galax Gatherers is a fascinating look at Guerrant's beliefs, prejudices, and vision for a people left behind by the modern world. His interest in Appalachia began when he served as a soldier in the Confederate army, during which time he traveled the mountains of southwestern Virginia.

Curtis was down in the hanger deck swearing and throwing parts across the bay. I have IT techs that need to get in and run diagnostics, but are too afraid to enter the bay. Curtis stopped just long enough to see who it was, then threw a spanner at a group of loaders just for good measure. Just what in holy Hockey Sticks is going on down here! I want to know just why you all of the sudden feel like tearing up our bay when the Colonel has some eggheads coming in! Actually, these are pretty handy. What are they, what do they do, and what are they good for? Too small for an Inferno, but perfect for a Cindrons, another good use would be specialty builds on Nephs, Ogguns, Daemons, or any other mech up to 70 ton that you want to give some fire damage and some trample to. Cupping his cigarette to hide the glow, he remembered his dad telling him the story of the Cogwerk Industries, and how they used to actually care what happened around here. Several of the colorful Clan Banners would wave over multitudes of troops who had trained to keep the peace. That was then and this is now. Now the Clans seemed to be all wrapped up in portals, looking into something called a Meta something or other. Gang wars rage back and forth with no control. The only ones left, are those who only want their damn planet back. Resistance fighters, usually not very coordinated, certainly not well armed, try and take on the Pirate Gangs, trying to make the planet too expensive to care about. And ordinary folks with hunting rifles and farm supplies get used up quick when fighting the gigantic Mechas that roam the countryside. The Ballista had seen better days. Skull and crossbones painted with white wash across the front of it, rusted holes where bullets had entered at some point in its existence. On its left armature was the faded insignia of the old Overlord Clan, now but a distant memory. Still, even in its state of disrepair, the pilot inside caught movement on his sensors. Looking at the size and speed, it could be a deer, or just a big dog. He should check it out anyways as he might get a meal out of it, if it is a deer, or even better, get to shoot one of the frakkin farmers that have been sabotaging their equipment as of late. The Ballista topped the hill and stood still, waiting for his foe to make a move. Johnny was crouched down in another muddy foot print. Into the sock, he poured equal parts of gunpowder and fertilizer, then using the fermented oranges to bind it all together. For a makeshift ignitor he reached into his cargo pocket and pulled out a thin flask full of magnesium shavings. Very carefully, he squeezed the socks between his numb fingers mixing up the odd mixture. Once this was done, he tied the socks off, then thickly coated them in axel grease. Once done, he reached into his other pocket and pulled out a small, silver dog whistle. Putting it to his lips, he blew in the direction away from the mech. In the Ballista, the Pilot saw his audio signals peak on the high end, somewhere near the tree line. He then caught movement scuttling around. Time to cook some farm hands. The pilot shown a spot light around his mech. Seeing the frozen prints, he reasoned that his hydraulics made a funky adjustment on the frozen mud. Time to go light up the tree line. Johnny was sweating bullets. This was not good as the sweat trickles turned to ice in the most inconvenient places. The sense that a giant had just punched him right in his babymakers with its giant fist. Johnny cracked his right eye open. About fifty feet down the hill the Ballista lay in ruins. Johnny thought hard now, because he was pretty sure he only heard one soul-sucking explosion. To emphasize the point, Johnny could see a piece of his leg about ten meters away. He looked at it with clinical curiosity. Watching as it spasmed, but just a little. Wait, oh yeah, was there only one explosion? Johnny looked over towards the Ballista with his only working eye. Sure enough, most of the mech was splintered and in pieces, but the left leg and fuselage was still intact. On this cold November night, a second eruption of flames and carnage erupts, disturbing the countryside. Then all was silent again. And so it goes.

2: The Galax Gatherers : Edward Guerrant :

The Galax Gatherers is the story of the mountain missionaries in the words of one of their own and an absorbing record

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of early twentieth-century Appalachian life.

3: The Galax Gatherers | University of Tennessee Press

The Galax Gatherers: The Gospel Among the Highlanders. Edward Owings Guerrant, Grace Owings Guerrant. Onward Press, - Allegheny Mountains - pages.

4: Home Base – The Galaxy Gathering

Reissued here for the first time, The Galax Gatherers is a fascinating look at Guerrant's beliefs, prejudices, and vision for a people left behind by the modern world. www.enganchecubano.com's interest in Appalachia began when he served as a soldier in the Confederate army, during which time he traveled the mountains of southwestern Virginia.

5: The Galax Gatherers

The Galax Gatherers The Gospel among the Highlanders Edward o. Guerrant With an Introduction by Mark Huddle Appalachian Echoes Durwood Dunn, Nonfiction Editor.

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