

Letters:

A crossover fanfic by Stan Bundy

Note: If you know my writing, then you know that this isn't going to be a normal fanfic.

Dated 14 November 1906

Nadia:

I hope this letter finds you and your family well and healthy. Through correspondence with Samson and Marie (I still find it hard to believe that those two ended up together), I heard about your growing family. Two children, and a third on the way? I envy you; all I have is your half-brother, and memories of your father. I have chosen to stay anonymous, in case Gargoyles' allies among the human nations would try to seek us out, but it would seem by your life with Jean that I may have overestimated the danger. Still, I am a bit more detailed than you in those old records, as it was late in that conflict that he discovered Neo wasn't the last child of the royal family, so I choose to remain safe, using a Swiss go-between for correspondence.

Your brother is doing well in studies, with my tutoring him in the sciences that humanity hasn't quite rediscovered yet. I have not yet decided when to tell him who we are, and about your family, but it will probably be after he finishes college. He already wishes to work with the great French inventor Jean Coq de Raltigue, and I cannot help but laugh at the irony of it all. When the time comes, I will send you the means to recognize him, so you can welcome him when he shows up on your doorstep.

Hanson is currently negotiating with the American brothers who produced the first publically acknowledged aeroplanes, using some of the mechanical knowledge picked on the Nautilus to provide them with better engines. His competitors in the automotive business are constantly trying to pressure him into selling them his secrets, or at least to go into aeronautics alone, but as you know, his heart will always be with the Gratan and its descendants on the ground.

Hanson has tried to convince Jean to let him fund his next rocket, but Jean has refused. Given your current financial situation, I cannot believe that Jean's told you of these offers. Convince him that it's an investment, not charity - though Hanson would gladly give the two of you the shirt off his back, in gratitude. All Hanson wants in return is Jean to help with the new Gratan, which is to be Hanson's private yacht (and auto, and portable vacation home - you get the picture...). He's long believed that the two of them together can build things that will stand up better than either working alone - he specifically referred to the mechanical failures the original Gratan suffered before Jean and the Nautilus crew helped, but he credits Jean more than our long-absent friends, as Jean shares his quest for innovation.

Time is short, and I must drop off this letter, so I can take the train back to Italy from Geneva. Until next letter - Electra.

19 August 1917:

With the war, I cannot be sure this will reach you, though my courier assures me that he has finally managed to track you down. It is good to know that you were able to move your family to the south of France, three years ago, as the war started. It seems to be as I feared. Several of the people involved with the alliance-building prior to the war were members of the Neo-Atlantean circle, and one can only wonder if the assassination wasn't planned by them to cause the war.

By now, you've heard of the new "tanks" being used on the front. To an extent, they are the doing of our old friend Eaton, funding design work by Hanson. They are hardly anything to compare to the Gratans, but the tank cover name was certainly Hanson's idea. The newer models came with the Americans, and are even more powerful than the designs the British had come up with, as they use Hanson's engines. As much as I dread seeing this technology turned to war (which I know the two of you share), they have helped break the impasse brought on by the trenches.

I was all set to send your brother to meet you, when the war started. Instead, he has found a job away from combat, working on seaplane designs for the Italian government. He also has friends who let him see pictures of the undersea craft used by the Central Alliance to sink ships, and though he doesn't know why I described such fanciful vessels to him, he dutifully reports that none of the ones seen match the descriptions I gave. So, it would seem that the Garfish are truly a thing of the past. But, one can never be too careful.

Electra

9 February 1940

Electra:

Jean, our children and their families are leaving for America. It is not safe to stay, with the Germans so close. The films I have seen scare me. Hitler is only the age of our children, yet he appears to be cut from the same cloth as Gargoyle's elite. In fact, while Gargoyle's captive, I saw a film of a rally Gargoyle had, and one of the Nazi rallies I saw a newsreel of was almost identical. I am afraid - is Hitler part of a reborn Neo-Atlantis? Is he even really Adolf Hitler - if the Neo-Atlanteans still exist, they could have replaced him with one of their own children during his incarceration, and orchestrated his rise.

Jean's work is coveted by the Germans, and my appearance (and my daughter's) as something other than a European jeopardizes us all. Hanson is bringing the Gratan V to the coast near Marseilles to pick us up - it can outrun any U-Boat, and its countermeasures can stop any torpedo made using current technology. All we have to fear once we are away, are the ghosts of our past. If your family wishes to leave, tell Brother that his friend Pagatto still flies free, and can get any of you to the rendezvous that wishes to come.

Nadia

28 March 1945:

Aunt Nadia:

Grandmother sends her regards. We have managed to survive the war here in Trieste, though Father will never be the same, having lost his right leg. He was in a hospital recovering from a near miss from an American bomb, when the government folded, and the Germans took over. He was thrown to the streets to make room for German wounded, and an infection led to the loss of the leg, which would have recovered had he not been so mistreated.

My younger brother is still missing, and we fear the worst. He was drafted, and was last assigned to a group that Mussolini had put in charge guarding Italian Jews, that il Duce had refused to turn over to the Germans, as Jewish or not, they were still Italians. When the Fascists fell, his unit was attempting to get their charges south, to the American lines, but they disappeared en route. We fear the Germans found them.

We're sending this message through Jonathan Ravenbroy, who looked us up after his unit of engineers were assigned to civilian aid nearby. He's the second son of your old friends Samson and Marie, and he actually came to us without official leave from his unit. Since your arrival in America, no one has heard from you, but they're hoping The Hanson Corporation's vast efforts towards the war effort will be enough leverage to have it forwarded to wherever the American government sequestered you.

Your Nephew, Marco.

23 November, 1963

Marco:

As you may have heard, we had some excitement here yesterday. Someone attempted to assassinate President Kennedy, but failed. One of the byproducts of Father's work with Von Braun and the others here at NASA allowed him to recreate the transparent material used on the Nautilus without too much notice. As a demonstration, he fashioned a set of covers that would fit on convertible automobiles, such that the riders would be protected from the elements. His aim was to impress the President and his wife, by allowing them to travel in such a motorcade, without a single hair being misplaced by the wind. After the trip, he was going to show them its uses for defense. Fate intervened, and the latter demonstration occurred as they were traveling through Dallas.

A sniper fired on the car, but the cover stopped the bullet. Father's recreation wasn't as good as the original, and broke apart from the impact, but it gave the President, his wife, and the local governor the time to dive for cover, to where the next shot only resulted in a flesh wound to the President. Father was taken to see the President, and in gratitude the President offered to reward him. Father, being who he was, asked for more funding for NASA, instead of anything personal (besides, Mother & Father are almost 90 - they may only look like they're in their 60s, but they never let us forget it - especially since mother looks younger than I do - must be from the pure

Atlantean bloodline).

Anyway, Father is pulling out all the stops, if the funding comes through. He wants you to bring your family over to Florida for one of the moon shots planned for 1969. Father's been helping out Hanson Industries' Stonewell Aerospace Division in developing the Apollo systems, and they're a good 20 years superior to what any of the others could come up with - and well before the others can get mock-ups built. Then again, what do you expect from a Hanson company, seeing as Father and Uncle Hanson had a Mach 2 jet prototype flying in 1942, before the government abducted him for the Manhattan Project. That, combined with the work he's been doing with the Saturn rockets, will allow them to move system exploration to more than just the Moon, if the President keeps his promise.

Your cousin in the great secret Atlantean counter-conspiracy,
Mylene de Raltigue Lasalle

2 February 1998 (email)

Cousin Bruno:

What is it about these milestones that convinces people to pass on? Shortly after the New Frontier became operational, Grandfather died. Now, less than a month after his last life work is realized, with the fusion reactor success, both Mother and Grandmother die, having lived long enough to see it through. My granddaughter Claudia is taking it hard - then again, she was close to both of them, and they told her all the old stories we remember from our own childhood, about our special place in the world. Of course, being a century removed from the events, she's the only one of the children after our generation to take the stories seriously. At least we got to actually see the final resting place of the Nautilus III when Grandfather took us on the Gratan IX on that deep-dive expedition to make sure it was still there. I almost think that, if he could have boarded it, Grandfather would have raised her, and restored her back into space service, but the pressure would have been too much for a hull docking or even to open the shuttle hatch, and raising it any other way would have brought too much attention.

In 2013, the Gratan IX will be released from the will-mandated waiting period. I suggest then that we refit her with newer tech, and raise the Nautilus III then. Enough time has passed, and 120 years should be plenty long enough wait for the world to get the truth about what happened in the 1890s.

Samson

28 March 2003

Cousin Claudia:

I'm taking time from my honeymoon to send you this letter - I only recently discovered that you had survived the time of troubles that accompanied the arrival of the Visitor.

Despite all the kidding that your siblings and cousins put you through, you alone believed the stories told by your "Nana Nadia" - I believed them, too, getting them from my grandfather, Nadia's brother. You should know now that the stories were true. Trouble is brewing - and not just from the anti-unification factions. There's reason to believe that others will come looking for that ship, and they won't necessarily be friendly - it was, after all, to leave behind a war that our ancestors came here, to start over.

The time has come for us to put our inheritance to use. I need the only other person who has the slightest inkling of the dangers ahead to be where she can do the most good. To that end, I've used my connections to secure you a position in the UN forces, with a transfer to the SPACY when you've completed training. I hope to see you in space, soon - maybe even aboard the rebuilt fortress.

Your Cousin,
Bruno J. Global