

ECNN

ECHO CITY NEWS NETWORK

**And now, live from Echo
Towers in Central City,
this is your daily:**

**THE “DAILY REVIEW”
WITH MAX DANGLER
AND SASHA GOLD!**

With our in-studio team of Dangler & Gold helming the headlines...and our local boots on the ground: Delilah Thorn & Percy Nuggets...& our eyes in the sky: Kip Kipinski & Julia Panavadavitch... We triangulate the news, meaning you always get the facts! And with our very own Chesterfield Mathews with the weather - keeping up to date is a breeze!



Cultural Note (3)...

ECNN is a daily staple in most Echodian's lives, with the presence of Maximillian Dangler and Sasha Gold having been beamed into their living rooms for nigh over fifteen years now.

ECNN is itself located in Central City at **Echo Towers**, a large high rise building consisting of 30 floors, built at the beginning of the millenium, which comprises a number of companies but has the top 10 floors given over exclusively to the ECNN. With **recording studios** on floors 26-28, **corporate management** on 29-30 and the rest of the company housed on floors 21-25 (including legal, accounts, admin, editorial division etc), the company is a **media powerhouse**, although it has recently divulged itself of its print media, namely the **Echo City Echo** newspaper. Although not exclusively owned by the company, the heli-pad located on the south east side of Echo Towers rooftop is used mostly by themselves, and they do have exclusive ownership of the rest of the roof top which houses the famous **Echo**

Broadcasting Antenna, which piercing the skyline can basically be seen from anywhere within the city. Although a tourist observation tower is present half way up the antenna, the experience is famous for tourists to come away from it feeling strangely ill - itself the basis of a ECNN news report - so in recent times it is no longer a popular destination.

MEET THE 'DAILY REVIEW' TEAM!



**Maximilian 'Max'
Dangler (Anchor)**



**Sasha Gold
(Anchor)**



**Delilah Thorn
(Reporter)**



**Kip Kapinski
(Reporter)**



**Chesterfield Mathews
(Weather)**



**Percy Nuggets
(Reporter)**



**Julia Panavadavitch
(Reporter)**



**Ken Kennistow
(Cameraman)**



**Abdul Abdullah
(Cameraman)**



**Anabel Chan
(Studio director)**



**Levi Routh
(Sound and video
editor)**



**Steve Grius
(Studio assistant)**



**Trisha Duval
(Hair & make-
up)**



**Chip Meyers
(Helicopter pilot)**



**Delores McVay
(Network van
driver)**



**Kate Corales
(General assistant)**





Maximillian 'Max' Dangler

"I ain't bluffing - you
know I've got the
balls!"



The onscreen rivalry between **Maximillian 'Max' Dangler** and **Sasha Gold** is nothing short of legendary, and widely regarded as one of the primary reasons **The Daily Review** maintains such consistently high ratings. For years, viewers have been left wondering: do they genuinely loathe one another, or is the animosity a meticulously staged performance—sharp-edged banter delivered with the precision of seasoned professionals?

Speculation runs rampant. Some claim the hatred is real—an ancient cold war of ego and ideology barely held in check by studio lighting and FCC compliance. Others insist it's all for show: a toxic kind of chemistry rooted in mutual resentment, but spiced by an undercurrent of grudging, unspoken respect. Either way, the network leans in hard—very hard—knowing full well that conflict sells better than news.

Their clashes are frequent but controlled, never descending into full-blown argument. Sasha, for her part, is visibly dismissive of Max's "legacy broadcaster" bravado—considering him a relic from a time when men like him could coast through prime time on baritone alone. Max, meanwhile, has described Sasha (off-air but on a hot mic) as "a primped-up nobody" who "got lucky on a wave of politically correct applause." The fact that she holds a **Pulitzer Prize** is, in Max's eyes, just part of the joke.

Perhaps the most notorious moment in their shared broadcast history came during a tense Friday night, when Max—clearly a few drinks into a very long day—meant to offer Sasha his usual passive-aggressive compliment on their signature sign off: "(Sasha) **Thanks a million Max.** (Max) **It's Maximillian Sasha,** and thank you, working alongside you, as ever, is pure gold.(Both) Goodnight"...except, he said: "...is pure golf...I mean gold...no... I do mean golf. Goodnight. (leaving Sasha completely non-plussed and speechless) "

The incident, now known inside ECNN as the 'Par for the course' Affair, launched a storm of memes, op-eds, and a week-long network-wide "wellness pause." Max claimed it was a slip. Sasha claimed it was Freudian. ECNN's legal team claimed they'd prefer not to comment.


In the end, Max made an insincere on-air apology but then spent the next hour on his own personal slot (Dangler Unleashed) using an entirely random golf segment to make what seemed to be snide offensive comments through the medium of puns.

Ultimately the feud remains unresolved, unfiltered, and dangerously good for ratings. Whether they love, hate, or simply tolerate one another, one thing is certain: Max Dangler and Sasha Gold need each other—if only to have someone worth scowling at across the desk.



"Could everyone just
SHUT the FUCK up!
I need a moment."

SASHA GOLD



Good evening. I'm
Max Dangler. And
tonight... everything
is deeply, irrevocably
fucked.

...and I'm Sasha
Gold...thanks for the X
rated synopsis Max. Yes,
if ever there was a time
to panic, it would be now.
So, if you're that way
inclined...

Kekaaaakek
akekaaa!

ership emits green gaseous sl

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Wave 0: Biotoxin



Humanity's fall!

A tragedy beginning not with fire from the sky, but mist - green and mysterious - pumped from strange alien craft: deadly biotoxins, unleashed without warning or mercy.

Panic and mayhem!

Chaos! Workers flee from their work places. Offices abandoned. The city's roads choked with traffic and cloying green fog. Trains deserted by drivers...and where not: too overcrowded to move. The city ceases to function. Looting abounds...but something more sinister begins...

Aliens amidst us!

Sporadic reports of aliens in mechanical suits rampaging through sections of the city, tearing through buildings and concrete as if sponge. Strange bot-like machines capturing humans before rocketing into the sky. Hovering helmets attacking the populace at random and where successful melding with their heads, converting them into mindless automata, or where not, leaving them as twitching lobotomised masses.



Silence...then more dreadful things to come!

The army are deployed...but just as quickly as our uninvited visitors arrive, they vanish, leaving those that have survived in a heightened state of fear and paranoia. But within that echoing silence something dreadful, made worse with the passing of time...

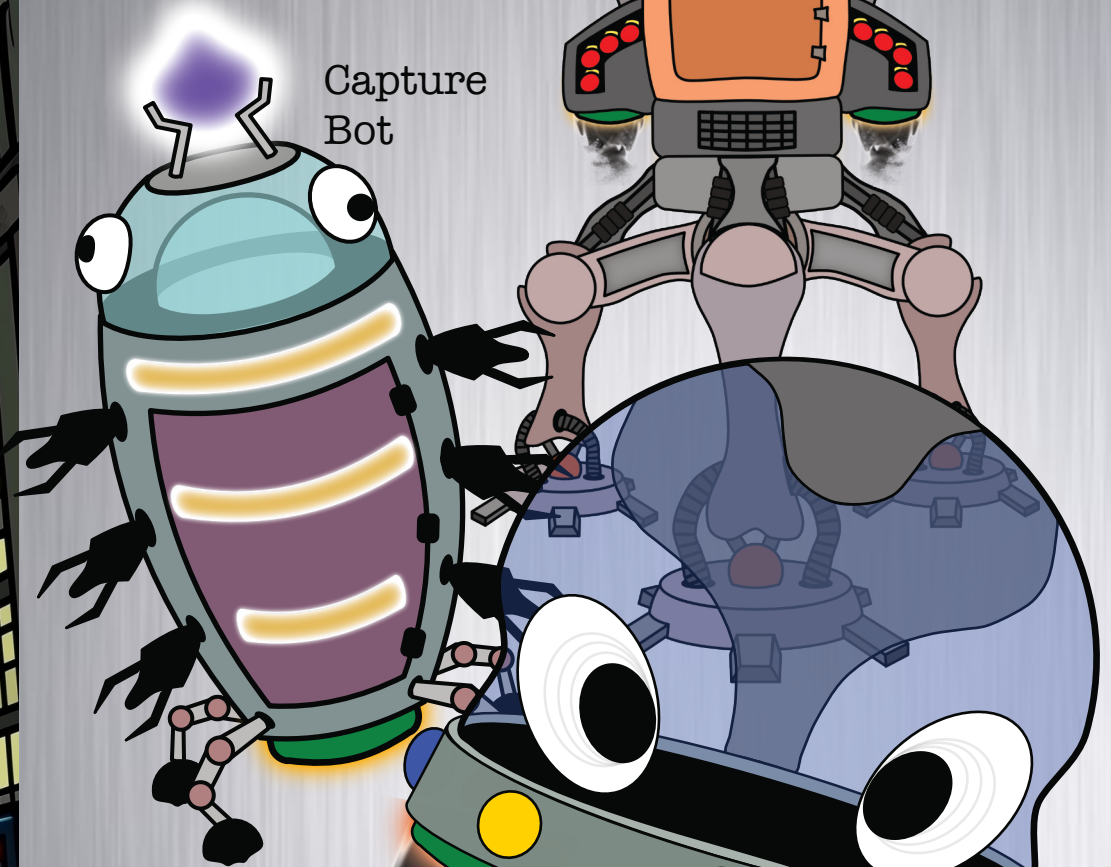
Symptoms are manifest...

First an intense itching of the eyes. A dry throat followed by a rasping cough. Pains and cramps, then vomiting and a sickly grey palour that spreads from the finger ends to cover the whole body. Hair loss! A sinking of the eyes into their sockets before expanding and bloating to twice their normal size. As the grey turns to green, teeth fall out and the nose begins to run, then rot, and finally drop off: death. The sickness spreads...

Mega-mech
Bot Suit
- with Fuku-Glee Pilot



Capture
Bot



Bot-headed
Hypno Helmet

