

**Chapter 1 : Weapon Shop series (The Weapon Shops of Isher, The Weapon Makers) - A. E. van Vogt**

*The Weapon Makers is a science fiction novel by Canadian writer A. E. van Vogt. The novel was originally serialized in Astounding Science Fiction from February to April. The serial version was first published in book form in with a print run of 1, copies.*

Scanning around the orderly clearing in front of entrance to home There were several outdoor forges around her, although only two of the five were blazing with heat and light, having been going all night. Rera was in front of one, she had very little armor on at the moment other than the integrated base level to stay cool. One at a time she was slowly joining and turning them into the assorted weapons Marok had assigned her as a test. The two forges were stationed on either side, spaced apart so not to interfere with each other. One was for the work and the other for cooling down the blades in sections. Somehow his faded green armor seemed to have lost more of its shade from earlier that morning. Marok looked more tired than ever before and he was sitting on top of a creature that was loosely curled up, the Sand Stalker craning its neck and head around to chirp worriedly at her master. She reached up to lift her over-shield away from her face as Kiku started unburying himself on the far side of the clearing. Marok had to use the handle of his upside down hammer for more support, his body trembling from the force and gasping for air, any air at all. Hot hands caught his shoulders, hot but not unbearable. He squinted at the blurring forms of Rera, heard her voice yet not the words. Another breath was dragged into his lungs, and another Kiku," She whistled for attention, motioning the Vorox out of the way with her free arm as she lifted the Agori, half caring, half leading him back into their underground home, "Get some water for him. When he came sliding back into the entry chamber, both Glatorian and Agori were missing, Kiku gave a protesting yelp, clasping a gourd container of water in his forepaws. The runted Vorox chattered before lifting up on his hind legs and sniffing, Kiku moved, following the scent of his two favorite persons. He tracked them to the closest of the sleeping chamber, a place costumers stayed while waiting. Rera was pulling the last of the detachable armor off Marok where he was now laying on the bottom bunk, his underlying skin pale under its natural dark pigments. The big blue and green box, in the medicine room, the big blue and green box. Once free he scrambled off on all fours to retrieve it with all the speed he could muster without crashing into any walls. Well, nor more than two walls. Rera turned back to her mentor and father figure, taking a moment to catalog what was wrong with him. She paused and started at the carving in one wall, a basic outline of the area, with painted on smaller details. There was her shared home, the three bone yards beyond the avalanche, the different paths up to Iconox and down the mountain Tesara the twin village, one of the very few places that echoed Bara Magna that was with underground rivers to feed the trees and plants in the half jungle. The pale green of her armor was already starting to wash out from the sun and heat of the forges, but from what Marok had said a few times after the evening meal, was that he used to be from Tasara. He had found her on the way back from his last trip there. The gears turned as Rera moved to put the blanket on the Agori, folding a second one over his feet just the way Marok preferred normally. She had plenty of time to start up a fire in the cooking pit in the other wall, fetch a pot and water and started it simmering when Kiku pulled the semi large box from the medicine room. Opening the box, or maybe small crate would be more of an apt description for it, Rera took out the book inside while looking over the shelves of small glass bottles and jars that lifted with the lid. Kiku chirped a question, hovering by Marok as the old Agori seemed to finally drop in to true unconsciousness on the bed. The runt Vorox looked back to Rera, muttering his worry in his native language, not wanting to lose the thorny yet beloved elder. Rera traded the jars out for others, repeating the action of adding things into the pot from the case. The Vorox snorted, his tone taking a thoughtful inflection as he whistled. The Vorox grew more agitated as the only female of his pack closed the case before rising, looking back at the map on the wall. He chirped a half hearted comment, getting a soft chuckle in return. It was easy enough to use the forges for that, and they had done that before by putting a large stew pot on the top of the smaller forges and on the front shelf of the larger ones. Rera stood, ready to send all the raptors out hunting but found the whole pack, even the chicks were gone already to do just that. They had left as soon as they understood one of their extended family members was sick, to hunt of their own

accord. That left Rera to pull out some of the desert melons and drops she had gathered not a week ago as well as the larger of the cooking pots. I need to organize myself, Rera thought, stopping everything and stood, "Okay, first; I need to start the forges on their cool down. Second, food for Marok and Kiku, provisions for myself and the raptor. Third, go through the debt logs. Your review has been posted.

Chapter 2 : THE WEAPON MAKERS (A. E. van Vogt/1st single US pb/#1 Weapon Shop) | eBay

*The Weapon Makers was originally published in and may seem a little dated now, but this is a classic story of the battle between the immortal Hedrock and Empress Innelda over the Weapons Shops and "The Right to Buy Weapons is the Right to Be Free."*

The Weapon Makers by A. So you should read the best ones, and this is probably the best of the best. It is really a sequel to The Weapon Shops of Isher. But I read this one first, and it stands alone quite well. The protagonist, the Van Vogtian superman, is Robert Hedrock. He was made immortal through an accident. But being extremely altruistic, he has spent over five thousand years trying to duplicate the accident, and thus make immortality available to all mankind. Being of a libertarian nature, Hedrock founded the Weapon Shops. In these shops, common citizens can acquire powerful weapons that can only be used in self-defense, to prevent them from being oppressed. Furthermore, we find out in this novel, that he also is responsible for the ruling Imperial dynasty. Thus, he is involved in both ends of the government. A strong love-hate relationship here. He finds out that the Empire is close to discovering an interstellar space drive. Innelda sees this as a threat to Imperial power. Hedrock sees it as a way for mankind to progress and grow. Almost as an aside, aliens appear on the scene to evaluate humankind. The challenge here is to make Hedrock seem as intelligent as he is supposed to be. An IQ of around is mentioned, so high as to almost be meaningless in another story, I believe van Vogt mentions an IQ of around But van Vogt brings it off very well. From his actions and wit, you can almost believe that the guy is super-intelligent. He keeps one step ahead of both the Weapon Shops and the Empire in terms of technology, because he is so smart, and to protect his identity. Along the way, we are treated to great ideas in terms of dimensional travel, limited time travel, and "magnifiers" to make things giant-sized, although at a huge cost in aging which is less of a problem if you are an immortal. Sure parts of it are stilted and melodramatic. But gosh, the sweep of it. The intellect of the main character. For a story from the forties, it has really held up.

Chapter 3 : The weapon makers (Book, ) [blog.quintoapp.com]

*out of 5 stars Weapon makers Isher book 2 The super man concept taken to the nth degree. Finale is a little contrived but everybody loves happy endings, well almost everybody.*

The world of the Weapon Shops A. The Weapon Shop was in a glade of green and floral vegetation; it made a restful, idyllic picture between two giant buildings. The great, universal sign of the store told its old, old story to all who cared to see: The letters were smaller, but the words were just as positive: The Finest Energy Weapons in the Known Universe Neelan stood very still, staring at the gleaming display of revolvers and rifles. For years he had carried one of those marvelous, defensive guns. The weapon was in place now, fitted snugly in its holster under his left shoulder. Seven times, in the days when he had lived by his remarkable gambling luck, that supergun had flashed its abnormal power. It was that the very sight of a Weapon Shop always gave him an eerie sensation. It required a distinct mental reaching to realize that every Weapon Shop was an impregnable fort. And that bloodily earnest attempts had been made by the Isher government in long-gone years to smash the entire organization. In the above quotation from early in *The Weapon Makers*, the peaceful glade, all leafy and flowery, has its ambience trampled underfoot by the writer as by an uncaring giant: It is symptomatic of these books that the physical environment is as bare as a minimalist stage-play. More about giant trappings later – in the flesh. The curse of surprise The atomic engineer Neelan, one of three main viewpoint characters in *The Weapon Makers*, suffers to the full what I call the van Vogtian curse of surprise. Not only is Neelan often startled by events, and struck dumb by realizations – sometimes twice on the same page – but he is even surprised, confused, or dumbfounded by things he already knows. You would think that any half-wit, having carried a Weapon Shop gun for years and used it to save his own life seven times, ought to be able to look into a shop-window full of them and simply admire the display. The even older Isher Empire dominates Earth and the Solar System and has for over years; the current hereditary Empress is the young woman, Innelda. She is an active, personal administrator and autocrat: Hedrock founded the Weapon Shops long before to create an enduring opposition to the Isher Empire, lest imperial stability turn into oppression without recourse. Hedrock and Empress Innelda do a little better than Neelan and the secondary characters in *The Weapon Makers* at absorbing the slings and arrows of conversation and daily activities. But these constant startlements and realizations suffuse both novels; even as a teenage reader I found this uncomfortable and annoying. Assembling the Weapon Shop series A. It is the awkward reaction of characters who do not live in their own world, rather have been dropped into it by the author. Initial publication and revision history of the two novels suggest this authorial surprise; they have an unusually complex history, even for van Vogt, so I give the early details at the head of this review. The Weapon Shops of Isher components appeared in *Astounding Science Fiction* in and , and in *Thrilling Wonder Stories* in ; and were rewritten into a novel for book publication in *The Weapon Makers* was conceived as a novel, serialized in *Astounding* in and revised for book publication in The events overlap to a degree – and in the case of events in the time-travel subplot from "The Seesaw", to an infinite degree. These novels have rewards and frustrations not readily found elsewhere. Structurally free or libertarian? The Isher Empire and the Weapon Shops organization between them rule the world and the Solar System, and are curiously intertwined, and in the person of immortal Robert Hedrock even interpenetrating. Despite the vaunted Imperial stability, van Vogt portrays the Isher world as full of ignorance and corruption; a little plot byplay depends on the fact that Imperial officers must buy their commissions or otherwise bribe their way upwards. The Weapon Shops are run by a secret council, a shadow government essentially hidden from the population at large. Nor, for that matter, do we have much sense of conservative tradition, nor liberal empathy for the downtrodden, nor radical impulse to make major improvements. We do have armed ignoramuses from the lowest peasants, soldiers, and crooks, to the very highest level of Empress Innelda, Robert Hedrock, and the Weapon Shops Council. This is perhaps accidentally symbolized by the fate of one innocent present-day fellow originally in the story "The Seesaw" who does pass through the grinding mill-wheels of Isher and Weapon Shops, and is rewarded with a quite horrific off-stage fate in *The Weapon Shops of Isher*. Imperial stability, with personal rule and the

attendant corruption, throughout the Solar System and enduring for millennia. Time travel is important to the plots of both books; but always seemed to me as mostly a gimmick here, allowing Robert Hedrock to be a deus ex machina for trick entrances and exits, rather than an integral part of the Isher events. Robert Hedrock, founder of the Weapon Shops, is immortal. Considering that Hedrock is as busy as Hercules juggling his Twelve Labors — including wooing the young Empress Innelda — this is almost essential. The Weapon Shops have the secret of instantaneous transportation, even between Earth and Mars; this means no individual shop can be blocked from setting up, nor successfully besieged. A tremendous concept; less of a wild card in the plot only when we compare it to immortality and time travel. The Weapon Shops also have the secret of personal magnification, so at the metabolic cost of five years of lifespan, a man can bestride a city like a colossus for half an hour. Effectively, only an immortal such as Robert Hedrock can make much use of this. And Hedrock deploys as a giant only to smash up some cities as a distraction to the Empress Innelda, and an offstage tease to the reader. There are available psychological training courses of great sophistication. Taking a hint from such training, even the van Vogtian curse of surprise could have been worked in positively — perhaps as a symptom of, and clue to, psychological manipulation. One of these with time-travel-loop self-help turns gambling riches into immense business holdings, and is termed a callidetic giant. The OED says that callidity means craftiness or cunning, which may be what van Vogt thinks about successful gamblers and financiers. The Isher Empire has developed the secret of invisibility. And independent inventors have stumbled on the unreproducible secret of faster-than-light interstellar travel. I write a story with a full and conscious knowledge of technique. Whenever my mind blurs, no matter how slightly, on a point of technique, there my story starts to sag, and I have to go back, consciously think it over, spot the weakness, and repair it according to the principles by which I work. Readers may be surprised creatively; but characters should live in their world. E. E. van Vogt has more sympathetic characters elsewhere, as in *Slan*; does a much more thoughtful job of suggesting a futuristic psychology in *The Voyage of the Space Beagle*; and neatly portrays subtle out-of-phase menace no giants and instantaneous transportation in *The World of Null-A* and *The Players of Null-A*. Well, for reliant, armed, thoughtfully libertarian cultures, Robert A. Heinlein's *Gunpowder, Gears, and Handguns* could the Weapon Shop novels have been written differently? The effective demigod Robert Hedrock gives it the old immortal try, and the wildly straying dream-plot ends do wrap up, more or less. In both *The Weapon Shops of Isher* and *The Weapon Makers* we have important characters who are staggeringly innocent and uneducated concerning their own milieu, both wholesale and detail. And of course, educated or not, they all are surprised almost every time they see a man, a building, a thought, or a memory. These are not good references for the nearly five thousand years of Isher civilization, tempered by the Weapon Shops. If millennial Imperial stability plus resolute armed individual freedom can do no better than this, they all should have tried something else, at least four thousand years earlier. The Weapon Shop novels are a flawed cornucopia, yet in their own way sparkling, quick-paced, and fascinating; and despite my complaints have brought me back for multiple readings. These novels may surprise you; sometimes they still surprise me.

Chapter 4 : List of modern armament manufacturers - Wikipedia

*Title: The Weapon Makers You are not logged in. If you create a free account and sign in, you will be able to customize what is displayed.*

Van Vogt Before Hedrock could explain the simple elements of human nature involved, the titanic thunder raged down again at his mind: I guess what matters is that the events recounted in *The Weapon Makers* take place seven years after those described in *The Weapon Shops of Isher*. This is a revised edition; apparently the text is different from the text in the serial and the hardcover edition by Hadley. This week, immediately after reading its predecessor, I cracked open the year old volume. In *The Weapon Shops of Isher* we met Hedrock, a relatively minor character who was, secretly from everybody, immortal. Hedrock is a big wig in the Weapon Shop hierarchy, and in *The Weapon Makers* he is our main protagonist. We learn he became immortal thousands of years ago in a freak accident related to a technique that physically enlarges living things. Over the course of *The Weapon Makers* we learn some of the many things Hedrock has been up to in his long life, each of them dedicated to the purpose of guiding the human race to a finer future. Hedrock, for example, founded the Weapons Shops which have served to limit the excesses of a tyrannical government, and has often married and fathered members of the House of Isher, the rulers of that government. Hedrock, who in the novel often performs as a super spy and super detective, has insinuated himself into the court of Empress Innelda, but in the first chapters of the book both the Empress and the Weapon Shops become suspicious of him--Innelda orders him executed at once, and the Council of the Weapon Shops eventually comes around to her belief that Hedrock must die. Hedrock finds himself on the run from both of the powerful institutions that dominate the Empire of Isher. That artillery piece is a mere "ninety-thousand cycle unit" Our main plot concerns the fact that a small team of scientists, independent of both the House of Isher and the Weapon Shops, have developed an interstellar drive. Innelda wants to stifle this development, because she knows that her subjects will flee her rule as soon as they can get out of the Solar System. The Weapon Shops want the secret of this invention revealed to the people. Hedrock makes use of the interstellar drive and escapes to the far reaches of outer space, where he meets powerful aliens that look like spiders. These aliens are totally lacking in any emotion and absolutely selfish, and send Hedrock back to Earth in order to study him. As the incredulous spider people observe, Hedrock, Innelda, and other people take risks and make sacrifices in the interests of abstract causes and their fellow human beings. In the Earthbound climax of the story, Hedrock uses that growth technique to make himself feet tall and, reminding me of my favorite sequence from *Little Nemo in Slumberland* as well as my beloved *Godzilla*, marches through dozens of cities, smashing buildings and demanding that Innelda release the secret of the interstellar drive. Libertarian readers take heart: And he attacks on the weekend when nobody is at work! This scene took me by surprise, even though Van Vogt had cleverly foreshadowed it and it appears on the cover of Italian edition of the book. Hedrock the Immortal is probably a better title for the novel than *The Weapon Makers* Perhaps just as startling, in the same chapter as the kaiju scene it is revealed why Empress Innelda has been making so much trouble for everybody by launching her costly attacks on the Weapon Shops: Determined that the bloodline of Isher continue to hold the throne, she dies that her child with Hedrock might live. At least I think that is what the mysterious final sentence of the novel means. Full to bursting with ray guns, rocket ships, time travel, space aliens, mental powers, declass political and psychological theories, and bizarre plot twists, *The Weapon Makers* is very entertaining. And I have to admit that, having read and seen so much SF that argues that humans are a bunch of jerks and aliens or elves or even Neanderthals!

**Chapter 5 : The Weapon Makers by A. E. Van Vogt**

*The Weapon Makers by A. E. van Vogt Following the success of the stories that formed The Weapon Shops of Isher, van Vogt wrote the novel, The Weapon Makers, in , to enlarge the story of human immortality, the conflict between a controlling government, The House of Isher, the mysterious Weapon Shops and man's place in the universe.*

By Sonny Zady Reprinted with permission of the author. Originally printed in the summer issue of Model and Toy Collector Edited for this magazine. Prices given, no longer honored. One of the earliest and most favored reproductions was the phaser. Early phaser bodies were constructed of either hollow fiberglass of vac-u-form plastic and metal. Detail pieces were made from lathed aluminum and acrylic rods. Many models featured a nice electronic strobe effect from the pistol emitter. This however, especially in the early models, required the Type I hand unit to be permanently mounted to the Type II pistol body due to circuit space requirements. These early reproductions tended to be very inaccurate, but with few close up pictures and no video tapes to freeze frame and examine at the time, their overall appearance was acceptable. But, with increases in material costs as well as labor, more and more replicas began to appear in solid fiberglass and urethane resins with metal and acrylic details. Newer, more elaborate models contain a digital chip which plays back various messages like "Enterprise here, how many to beam up? Hypo reproductions are usually made of aluminum and come with 2 interchangeable glass vials containing colored liquid. Current medical scanner replicas usually come with a rubberized body and aluminum end caps. The clear inner and outer scanning assemblies are usually made out of acrylic. While not as sought after as their classic counterparts, they are still popular with many avid collectors, The most common replicas found are the 3 types ofphasers. Almost always these reproductions are of solid urethane with the latter type having a cast metal nozzle and rear heat sink. The Next Generation prop replicas are some of the newest reproductions available to the fan market. Many of the above mentioned prop replicas are available from various sources in kit form, but their quality in sometime questionable, Most prop replica makers refuse to sell their reproductions in kit form, so be aware that when you are purchasing a prop replica kit the following is most likely true: It all depends on the skill of the modeler and whether the finishing time is worth the money you will save over a completed replica. Whether you are looking for a finished replica or a kit, it pays to be assertive, These reproductions do not come cheap and you should get what you pay for. Ask if the replica is solid or hollow, what, if any, working features it may have, and if it has any metal parts such as nozzles of heat sinks. Verify that the item you are purchasing is what you expect it to be, It should be pointed out that these replicas are hand crafted and do have minor imperfections, but there is no excuse for excessively bubbled surface, warped castings, or a poor paint job, The only way to insure that these reproductions remain on a high caliber for the fan market to enjoy, is to make sure that the "make-it- for-a-quick-buck" operators are not allowed to take advantage of a fan who shells out a bundle for a poor quality item. In Louisville, Ky and Southern Indiana area for prop replica info visit:

**Chapter 6 : The Weapon Makers - Wikipedia**

*The Weapon Shops of Isher is a novel created from the three original Weapon Shop stories (see below for full list). The Weapon Makers is a book-length sequel to the original stories. Both books were later included in an omnibus volume.*

It is space opera at its best especially when you throw view spoiler [ in an interstellar drive, telepathic twins and an alien spider race hide spoiler ] Both this book and its predecessor are relatively short which is such a shame as the storyline is excellent and the Oh gosh, this was so nearly 5 stars, around a 4. It is space opera at its best especially when you throw view spoiler [ in an interstellar drive, telepathic twins and an alien spider race hide spoiler ] Both this book and its predecessor are relatively short which is such a shame as the storyline is excellent and the main characters are enthralling. I think it is this relative shortness that stops me giving it 5 stars. I mentioned in my review of TWSOI that I once went on a van Vogt reading marathon and this excellent book has tempted me even more to do that very soon. Hmm the 3 books of Null A??? Now what vV books do I have???? Read this gosh knows how many years ago. I need to scour the used book store and get reacquainted. Apr 17, Steven Peterson rated it liked it A. He was not so good with creating real human characters; his words do not soar. Here, we have a book that features the Weapon Makers as a check on the empire. The balance between the two forces prevents the empire from overwhelming human freedom. Feb 20, Lisabet Sarai rated it liked it My husband has raved about the Weapon Shops books for decades. A popular article on the ways in which technology might help reduce gun violence finally motivated him to dig his paperback edition out of the boxes in the attic and share it with me. The book offers some inspired ideas. An e My husband has raved about the Weapon Shops books for decades. An empire whose absolute power spans the solar system is kept in check by the existence of the Weapon Shops, purveyors of irresistible energy weapons that are tuned to their owners and can be fired only in self defense. Only ordinary citizens may purchase these weapons; the doors to the shops will not open to police and Imperial soldiers. Hence a delicate but peaceful balance has reigned for more than four millenia, between the powers of the Empire and the individual. The invention of an interstellar drive threatens this balance, and only one man can stop the worlds of the empire from crumbling into devastating war. Robert Hedrock is not just any man, but an immortal, with intimate relationships to both centers of power. However, both the Empress and the shadowy organization behind the weapon shops believe he is a traitor. Both forces strive to destroy the only man who can save them. I have the same complaint about some paranormal books. When magic or in this case, technology can do anything, I lose interest, because the outcomes become totally predictable. Indeed my favorite type of sci fi posits one single societal or technological change, and then explores its effects. This book is exactly the opposite, full of spy rays, matter transmitters, devices that temporarily turn rats or men into giants, and more. I also found the style to be rather wooden. Most of the emotion such as there was feels flat and one dimensional. Furthermore, I sometimes had to read the convoluted sentences two or three times before I could figure out the intended meaning. One of the main characters becomes pregnant after a few hours with Hedrock. On the other hand, this book has a fabulous alien encounter sequence, in the reaches of deep space. His attempts to understand and utilize their modes of thought as weapons against them were perhaps the most convincing aspects of the book. To me, it felt immature, far less rich and subtle than many more modern novels.

*The Weapon Makers By Sonny Zady Reprinted with permission of the author. Originally printed in the summer issue of Model and Toy Collector #*

Email Copy Link Copied The process of creating a stunning, reliable, beautiful weapon comes from a combination of art and design; science and craftsmanship; experience and intuition. The most famous weapon makers of all time often improved the work and design of previous masters, and eventually outshone their predecessors. Like it or not, war and weapons have been around since the dawn of time. Cavemen realized rocks could be sculpted into edged weapons. Thousands-year-old cave paintings show archers raining hell on their enemies. And while there are hundreds of names that could be mentioned as the most famed weapon makers in history, here are 10 who revolutionized the craft. He became best known for inventing the Gatling gun, the first successful machine gun and precursor to modern-era machine guns. He was also a prolific inventor of things besides weapons. At the age of 21, he created a screw propeller for steamboats, though the invention had been patented just months prior. He created the Gatling gun, surprisingly, after he realized that many lives lost during the Civil War were due to disease, rather than gunshots. When he replaced the hand-crank with an electric motor, his Gatling guns achieved a rate of 3, rounds per minute. His works are widely considered some of the finest blades ever created, and are often compared to other great swordsmiths such as Soshu Masamune his teacher and possibly adopted father , and Muramasa Sengo. Sadamune is believed to have had four students of his own, who in turn formed a long lineage of swordsmiths under the name Nobukuni. His swords are known for the intricate horimono images - or carved images - on the blades. One signed copy of his work exists: Remington and Sons company now the Remington Arms Co. He developed his first flintlock rifle design at the age of 23, developing the barrel himself, using a firing mechanism bought from another gunsmith. After bringing his gun to a shooting match, the rifle impressed competitors so much that by the end of the day he had received so many orders that he was officially in the gunsmithing business. Remington began to manufacture them in high quantities. His company ended up being the primary suppliers of weapons to the United States and other Allied powers during both World Wars. After starting out as a machinist at a textile mill as a teenager, and then working at a tool factory in Rhode Island, his fondness for target shooting turned him on to designing guns as a hobby. He was appointed to the US Bureau of Standards, tasked with perfecting the weapon. The resulting M1 Garand began mass production in , and it became the first standard-issue semi-automatic rifle for the US. It was also standard-issue in the Korean War, and to a limited extent in the Vietnam War. Many historians regard him as one of the preeminent firearms designers of the 20th century. In , Stoner became a design engineer in the aircraft equipment company, Whittaker. None of these saw significant production. His revolutionary AR, selective-fire infantry rifle was submitted for rifle evaluation trials by the US Army. The AR was smaller, lighter, and easier to fire than its competitors, but was entered late in the testing cycle, and was rejected by the Army for the M His AR was designed from the AR model, with a slightly smaller caliber to meet minimum Army penetration requirements. In all, he designed 10 weapons for ArmaLite, and 10 for other companies. Originally designed between and , the AK remains the most popular rifle in the world because of its ease-of-use, its reliability under harsh conditions, and its low production cost. In , the AK became the official assault rifle of the Soviet Armed Forces, and was used by a majority of the states of the Warsaw Pact. During his career, Kalashnikov designed approximately models of small weapons. He started the Muramasa school, and was believed for a while to have been a student of legendary weaponsmith Masamune. That claim has since been debunked, as Muramasa crafted swords nearly years after Masamune. His first signed work was dated in , and by , Muramasa blades were recorded in the hands of Daimyo and generals. In , his swords fell out of favor after Tokugawa Ieyasu became shogun. It was said that Ieyasu lost many friends to Muramasa blades, and had cut himself badly on one, and thus forbade his samurai to wield them. Characteristics of his blades include a unique mirror-image created by the hardening process.

### Chapter 8 : The 10 Most Famous Weapon Makers In History | TheRichest

*A group of Anomid weapons merchants has approached certain Republic parties, offering prototype armaments. Have your companion check up on the Anomids. ~ Star Wars: The Old Republic, The Weapon Makers mission description.*

The Weapon Makers "Blamph. Marok glanced behind him as the only other being that was of a higher intelligence within many leagues. She was nursing the her left arm where the most resent part of the under, or base armor was implanted. She had most of that base armor as well as the internal reinforcements. Once, long ago he had, but that was centuries past when Bara Magna had been whole. Well, not a lot that is. By the sands of Bara he was getting soft. He had made most of all the vital armor first this time after implanted that first bit of base armor on the shoulder. He had even knocked her out before the slow process of controlled braking of bones and fusing metal internally. Why was he even bothering with all this? Marok was getting old. In addition, Marok had come to realize one cold night when scavenging and after nearly freezing to death saved only by the fact that his sand stalkers liked him because he kept them fed and had curled up to share body heat that his knowledge had to be passed onto someone. Then Marok had found a confused, dazed and lost female in the desert not three days later. He still thought it had been a gift from the Great Beings. Not in any sensual way, far from it, this was a blank slate of a person willing to learn for the sake of learning. Yet a purely organic being had drastically lower chances of living for long in Bara Magna. Not with threats from the harsh elements, to the predators, to the rouge and banished Glatorian, and that was not even including the Bone-hunters and Skrall. So Marok started the semi long process of turning his new charge into a biomechanical being. It was pure luck he found he could turn her into a Glatorian. A smaller than normal Glatorian, but still a Glatorian none the less. It was going to be another long night for both and for the one, very painful as well. The old Agori was watching the new Glatorian as she relearned how to move. Having a new body tended to make a person be off kilter in the balance department. It was a good thing the Vorox, Kiku, was tamed as much as it was, not to mention tolerant. He was putting up with being clung to in one form or another and helping the new Glatorian keep her balance as she took wary steps. Currently the two looked over, Kiku holding onto a gray, uncolored arm and shoulder to keep the girl from falling over sideways as she attempted to change her stance without really lifting a foot. Marok rolled his eyes, "A Glatorian is a type of warrior, not a name. Marok did catch the one repeating word, and he thought about it. Marok nodded his chin, "Not bad at all. Your review has been posted.

### Chapter 9 : The Weapon Makers (Isher) by A E van Vogt

*The world of the Weapon Shops. A. E. van Vogt's two Weapon Shop science-fiction novels, The Weapon Shops of Isher and The Weapon Makers, give us multiple flashes of van Vogt's creativity at its best, but these flashes gleam fitfully through wisps of undeveloped background, shallow characters, and frequent really painful failures of style.*