

PURPLE LAND

"Life, death, rebirth. An ascending spiral. The cat its apex."
—traditional Purple saying

The Purple Land is odd. It stretches across the crater-laked land between the Indigo and Rushing Rivers. It reaches deep into the West, across the Circle Rim, into the grasslands of hazy skies, out of God's Eye, where the gods' gentle phylakes weaken. It looms grand in the politics of the age; the Violet City a center of learning new and old, bidden and forbidden.

Yet, the origin myths of humanity fail to mention it. It is a lacuna, its history a dark stain stretching into the Long Long Ago. Perhaps, it is simply a new land, of little age.

One city rules here. The Violet City. The city of cats. The city of magic and luxury.

Three regions form the Purple Land. The Core, the nuclear lands within the Rim. The New Veldt, west along the Low Road and High, soon to be reclaimed. The Secure Zone, north among the Mountains of the Moon, always to be held fast.

There are no factions in the Purple Land. Neither poverty nor politics, no vulgar human excess, only peace. For everyone sentient must love the splendid cats. Everyone needs admit the superiority of the feline intelligence.

Visiting the Purple Land

Dry uplands and lush round valleys, amethyst lakes and dark sand beaches, unfurled like a tapestry between the deep round Sea and the high glazed Rim.

A timeless land of plantations and happy peasants, refined thralls and sleek felines, living machines of strange design and ill define.

A visitor might nearly suspect this land was not designed for humans, but the friendly locals would surely disagree.

Travel

The scrubby uplands invite the lone rider to wander, but the carefully incised roads promise easier, more controlled travel.

Portal

No portals officially exist in the Purple Land. A precaution to guard the Circle against the Haze.

Right Road

A week to the Ruins Azure from the Violet City. Another week beyond to reach the Emerald City. Buses and road trains ply this busy route.

Catamaran

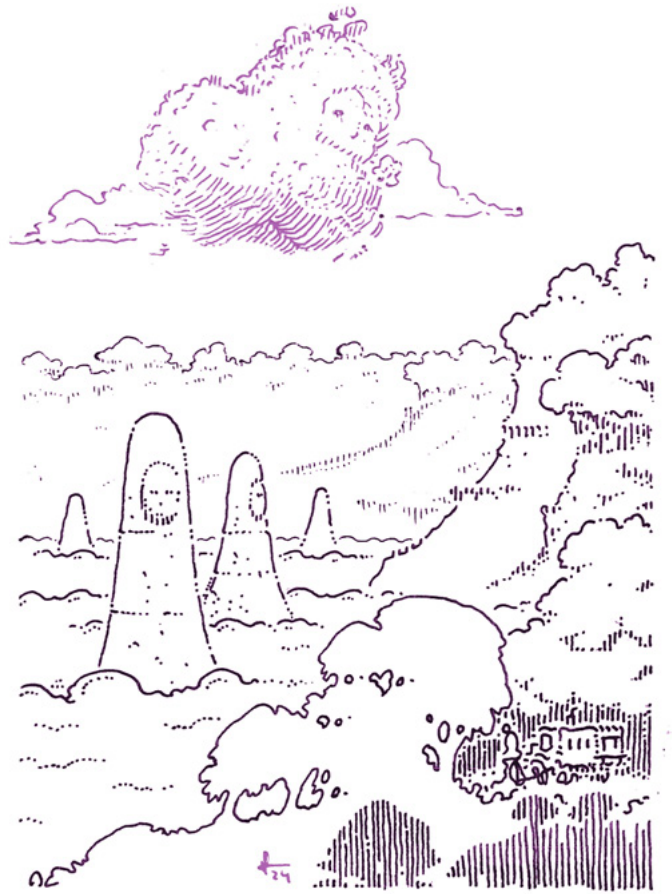
Licensed navettes ply the exclusive economic zone of the Violet City and keep the seas surprisingly free of pirates. A week to the Red Land District or the Ruins Azure. Beyond the Ruins Azure, only vessels with Inquisition sigils are allowed.

Air Travel

A single air lane is cleared from the Violet City and patrolled by the Flying Fox squadron. For the rest, razor sharp stuckforce fields make the sky lethal to the unwary. Locals recount how this arcane debris tore the Error Dragons to shreds during the Grand Invasion of '86. Expats believe the invasion never happened.

Local

Registered golem buses ply the old roads, but biomechanical vechs carry most goods among the plantation towns of the Purple Land and even out beyond the Rim, where locals whisper of wild vomes.



Weather

Between Sea and Rim the climate is mild, with rainy summers and winters greening the stuckforce islands and crater paddies, while the springs and autumns dry the land and invite gentle visitors.

Out beyond the Rim, the harsh rhythms of the grasslands assert themselves. Icy winters, muddy springtimes, blistering summers, and gloomy autumns. But, we speak not of those remote places here.

Winter

- 1-3 soft rain and gentle fog
- 4-5 mellow grey and shades of brown
- 6 swirling, sparking flakes

Spring

- 1-3 growing things and blazing suns
- 4-5 cool with rolling cloud ships
- 6 overcast with glowing stuckforce

Summer

- 1-3 chirping stillness and heavy damp
- 4-5 heavy rain and rushing torrents
- 6 rushing winds and steppe dust

Autumn

- 1-3 beige skies and dry grass
- 4-5 ripe reds and fat fuchsias, harvest glory
- 6 flickering skies and error eclipses

(Mis)fortune

The traveler without a cat companion rolls d4+cha. Cats and their companions roll d8+cha.

1. **Violet Wormhole.** An old timefield frays, snaps, and swirls through the plane. Roll 1d6: (1–5) you lose the number of days the die shows, (6) a hidden extratemporal shortcut saves you 1d4 days.
2. **Glitterbloom.** Amethyst minerals condense out of the soup-thick haze, coating leaf and shoot and resting people in a gemstone glaze.
3. **Heavy Haze.** The purple haze lingers today. Deep void radiation blinds machines and burns skins.
4. **Lavender Labyrinth.** A tranquil field of airjelly symbiotes. Rest for a day to instantly remove one burden and recover all lost thought and endurance. Then save or sleep another 1d6 days.
5. **Purple Puddles.** Careful, or you'll stain your clothes. Drink if you want glow-worms.
6. **Music of the Spheres.** The wind through the stuckforce reminds you that you are at the civilization's edge. Save or lose yourself in melancholy reverie (burden).
7. **Reflections of Times Past.** The sky's lensing effect reveals a crystal city out of the Utter West, out of Long Ago. Inspired, you gain one hero die. Beware the pickpockets who prey on tourists here.
8. **Steppestorm.** The grit blinds you. The dust makes you cough. Easy to crash in these conditions.
9. **Fairy Cats.** Translucent, glowing winged cats offer a shortcut. It saves you 1d6-3 days.
10. **Purple Toe.** You find a huge jade toe (worth €300). It's just lying there. Maybe it's a good omen?
11. **Plantation Tour.** It's free, they say, free coffee, too. A place to rest, recover, learn ... and perhaps be enthralled by a lovely cat of silver and cream?
12. **Dead Cat.** Strangled and hung on the gate post of a burned high house. Its heads daubed azure. A soul pearl in the cat's neck holds its mind (worth €1,000).

Encounter

Colorful characters for a vivid land. Roll d8.

1. **Charoite Chimera (L8, chaotic).** A fearsome, three-headed beast with scales of swirling purple. One head tells only gnawing lies, one only harsh truths, and one ... one eats souls with its breath. What is it doing here, in civilization's realm?
2. **Purple Jade Juggernaut (L6, implacable).** A massive stone human blocks your path and challenges you to a contest of wits and strength. You didn't even know stone humans existed. Still, the juggernaut abides. If you best the juggernaut, he gives you a jade finger (worth €200). If you lose, you must work in his swamp garden for a night and a day.
3. **Azure Anarchists (L3, explosive).** The bridge is mined, the toll booth barricaded, the high house burning. They are (roll d6): (1) murderous, (2) melodramatic, (3) monotonous, (4) ideological, (5) cannibals, (6) mind-controlled.
4. **Monkey Gatherers (L2, chameleonine).** These para-humans are (roll d6): (1) looking for a job, (2) returning home, (3) singing high-flying songs, (4) winged, (5) scouting, (6) infested with biomachines.
5. **Feral Scavengers (L1, bestial).** Hardly human or sentient, they might be (roll d6): (1) dog-faced, (2) rat-tailed, (3) bat-winged, (4) skink-skinned, (5) curly-toothed, (6) hole-bottled.
6. **Mad Merchants (L2, alien).** They are not human, and neither are their wares. They are (roll d6): (1) masked and identical, (2) concealed in rubber and crystal suits, (3) pearly and translucent, (4) made of glass, (5) human skins filled with swirling void, (6) dead bone alive beyond its term.
7. **Invisible Cataravan (L3, grinning).** A troupe of cats, invisible save for their wide grins and swirling eyes. They peddle potions and test thralls.
8. **Catter Patrol (L4, mounted).** Their metal steeds burn with pride, their rifle thralls laugh at danger. They are (roll 6): (1) tattered, (2) tired, (3) grim, (4) vengeful, (5) victorious, (6) mind-controlled.

Shopping

At first glance the Purple Land seems a fascinating place for commerce, but the multiple currencies in operation make it a little challenging for outsiders. Cash (€) transactions are restricted to high-ranking cat-friends, and accredited representatives of outland incorporations and city-states. Local humans and common travelers are restricted to using license bells (lbs), a category of local currencies. Meanwhile, the cats themselves only trade in favor-stone credits (P), with all the original stones held in the Felicitous Butchery Bank, Violet City 2nd Island. Tourists using foreign currency may find themselves taken advantage of. As usual, all prices are per stone, unless specified otherwise.

FOOD		€	ACCOMMODATION		€/WEEK
Human Kibble	Not really people, ha ha. Get the Qlonvet brand! 20 xp.	50 mlbs (€1)	Coffee Castle	A plantation-style hotel inside an enormous sungwood coffee tree! Reviving coffees on tap.	900 mlbs (€15)
Snake Frites	Made from a local string potato. Absorbs radiation. 10 xp.	12 albs (€2)	Cheeseater Caravan	Traditional bluelander caravan carriages in the pre-rebublic style. Once a month, your carriage can join ye olde plantation bus run.	200 albs or 1.2P (€10)
Haze Cake	Crushed condensed haze, flowers, and bone meal. May produce groovy visions. 50 xp.	1P (€7)	The House of We	A Long Ago vertical human storage facility converted into a luxury monastery slash hotel. Wonder at the ancients preserved in plasticite!	300 albs or 6P (€50)
Pet Slurry	Traditional human food. Restores 1d6 life, reduces initiative and thought by 1. 50 xp.	100 mlbs (€4)	Stuckforce Skyscraper	Cells anchored into a vertical pane of force with immovable rods. Trust your slumber to incomprehensible technomagical devices! 50 xp.	450 mlbs (€8.5)
Cat Coffee	Narcotic from pre-loved megacoffee berries. Sleep to restore lost mental attributes. 75 xp.	100 albs (€20)	Tent Mo-Ville	Steppe-style glam yurts. Sentient horse servitors! Shaman sauces!	7.2P (€75)
Steppe Burgers	Saddle meat, war bread, slices of bug-repellent onion. So edgy! 30xp.	1.5P (€10)	UV Halls	Originally designed for alien visitors, guests use special goggles to see navigate the UV-only space.	80 albs (€20)
SOUVENIR		€			
Anarchist Skull	A reminder that all things must pass. Mounted on fordite.	2P (€15)			
Catopoly	Buy, sell, and trade the most famous plantations and pets!	150 mlbs (€2)			
Shapepaw Scarf	Traditional cat scarf that is said to pick up brainwaves and serve as a telekinetic third hand. Use it to amuse your cat master!	67 albs (€13)			
Stuckforce Chimes	These pieces of razor sharp magitechnical decay sing with the tritonal music of the spheres.	6P (€35)			
Vortex Globe	A bit of living purple haze trapped in amber glass. Totally safe!	24 albs (€5)			
Synthrat	Acts like the real thing, but it won't die and there's no gore or guts when you play with it!	1.8P (€11)			

Purr-Purr Exchange Rates

The FBB may adjust currency exchange rates without notice. Not all currencies may be interchanged. Fees included.

Sell

1 cash (€)	1d100 x 10 mlbs
100 brass bells (mlbs)	1d6 albs
100 silver bells (albs)	1d6 x 0.1 P
1 favor-stone credit (P)	€5

Buying

For those who prefer things simple, 1 cash buys 500 brass bells, which buy 20 silver bells, which buy a quarter and dime of favor-stone. High-cat credit individuals may trade one favor-stone credit for €5, others get €2.

WEAPON		€
Cat Claws	Get your vorpal slap on. Close, 1d4, unarmed, 5 sp.	6.9P (€50)
Fairy's Death	This illegal glass blade deals double damage to fairies and cats. Report and turn in if seen. Close, 1d6, concealed, 5 sp.	NA (€350)
Force Grenade	Creates a 3-meter cage of decayed forcefield on impact. The forcefield is about as restrictive as an inch of rubber. After a few rounds, it explodes dealing 2d4* damage to all nearby.	11.2P (€60)
Groom Breaker	A circlet that deals non-lethal psychic damage to mammals. Deals double damage to apes. Short range, 1d8, reload 3, 2 sp.	39.8P (€249.95)
Monkey Wingblade	Spirit-infused shipmetal makes the wielder lighter than air for 1 round per 1 life spent. Illegal. Close, 1d8, 1 st.	NA €200
Violent Cat Rifle Mk II	A sturdy caseless rifle that slowly grows its own bullets, like steel coffee beans. It doesn't look like most other oldtech, but that's probably fine. Long range, 2d10, reload 4, 2 st.	77.8P (€649.95)

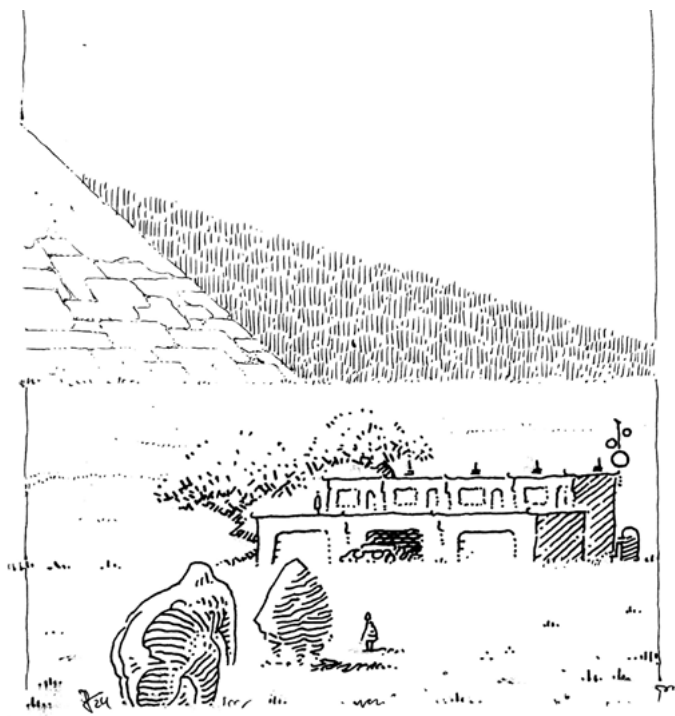
ATTIRE		€
Pet Receiver	This fluffy cap lets you tele-empathically receive your pet's needs and wants. Bonus versus mind-control. Ward +2, 5 sp.	60 albs (€15)
Floron Dress	The living fibers self-repairs in the hazeglow. Ward +2, 1 st.	2.8P (€17)
Manambulator	A synthetic human body of fungal sinews and chitin-plate skin. For operation by one cat-sized person. Golem 10 life, +1 strength, Armor +4, powered 5, 7 st.	225P (€NA)
Steppe Windbreaker	With anti-radiation fibers! Resist energy attacks! Armor +1, 1 st.	2.5P (€14)
Clockwork Exo	Configurable plantation exo-skeleton. Double skill bonus with heavy labor. Armor +4, +3 strength, heavy, powered 6, 3 st.	2,995 albs (€159.95)
Fairy Fur Boots	So soft, they'll make you quiet as a cat! Illegal. 2 sp.	NA (€65)

TRANSPORT		€
Catamaran Navette	A sleek, legal twin-hull. Comes with feline navigator for safe-passage. L4, carry 10, fast.	69.5P (€800)
Golem Bus	A lumbering biomech fueled by a blend of alchemical fluids and passenger memories. L5, carry 20, slow.	24k albs (€1,200)
Amethyst Palanquin	Regal, carved from a single amethyst. Powered by the meditative purr of its passengers. L3, carry 2, slow, hovering.	99.5P (€1,800)
Vortex Kite	A terrifyingly unsafe kite powered by the haze. Used by arboreal humans and adrenaline junkies. L1, carry 1, gliding.	300 albs (€60)

SUNDRY		€
Chaos Compass	Points to the nearest active portal or gate. Range 5 miles. 1 st.	13P (€75)
Haze Condensator	Compresses the air into a liquid. Allow an hour per liter. 1 st.	6.9P (€35)
Subconscious Serpent	A furry synthetic snake that attunes to your subconscious and gives you painful insights into yourself. Ward +2, 1 st.	1.99P (€20)
Grey Sponge	An alien macrobacterial sponge that filters one substance out of a body. Could be a toxin. Could be all the lymph. 1 st.	39.95P (€224.95)

The Nuclear Lands

The core of the Purple Lands, the magitechnical heart of the Rainbowlands where the soul mills still run, where the streets are day-bright even in darkest night with the spiritual decay of unworthy souls. A wonderful place, a delightful land where the worship of the Cat, associated with Violet Cat Hedra, has stanchd the inevitable entropy of knowledge, has created a post-human bulwark against decay and even recreated some of the glories of the warmest days of the Long Long Ago. Recreated? Surpassed, even, say the friends of the cat.



Shatterjones, The New Nefra

fortress disaster zone, pyramid analysis site, 100xp

This catlord frontier was destroyed by the sudden appearance of a New Pyramid within living memory. Researchers and civil defense units continue to study the situation, but local entrepreneurs have also begun to organize tours of the New Pyramid zone. Pack a reality-affirmation blanket (just €10 at the entrance!).

The Shatter: gravity slants at an angle, the light bends unpredictably, and half-there creatures sneak through shadow and eye-corner. Beware the giant mandrakes.

The Jones: the New Pyramid is named for the first researcher to die inside. An unfortunate fellow who ate a bad salmon mousse and died in the third chamber, fusing with the rubber-fungus wallmatter there. Please, do not feed the undead Jonesmatter.



The Mostcat Omorimo

human generator facility, revived oldtech center, 60xp

Simple minds say this complex of para-elemental roseate glass and azure living flesh explains the northward thrust of the Purple Land under its feline masters. Every educated person will tell you this is nonsense, the cats are our friends not masters. The complex itself is nothing sinister—it uses perfectly safe and well-understood technology to birth fully-grown humans (so-called orimonates or ripe-born) from a beast-seed matrix.

The complex café-and-gift-mall explains why this is a boon for humans. Free soothsay coffees available now!

Matrix: the rippling blue flesh trapped within the labyrinthine pipework of roseate glass is certainly not an avatar of the Blue God. Haha. Why would you think that?

Vocatron: a magnificent adaptation of oldtech vidy technology! Condenses a decade of upbringing and education into a single month of high-density cultural and skill training. With just €50 and 24 hours to spare, a guest can acquire a useful human skill, like cat-petting, house-cleaning, master-grooming, coffee-picking, or dialectical subservience and mental hygiene.

The Cat Plantations

The *pyanurs* of the Purple Land stand apart from the old human towns. Unlike those decrepit husks, the pride-run plantations are models of life, conviviality, and growth.

Crater Approach

Depend from the dry uplands and enter the round bowl.

1. An electromagic fence. Humans hear an unpleasant hum when they try to leave.
2. Painted gates and advertising totems promise the finest coffee and the best synthetic porpoise flesh.
3. Cracked walker shells and attack vechs warn visitors that more than mere phylakes guard this place.
4. Guard posts and observation towers, coiling razorvine hedges and pox-seed fields.
5. Haze tendrils coil about the switchback road, thicker down in the bowl, promising damp and daze.
6. A new town, in the modern Post-Potemkin Style. The citizens all look well-fed, well-maintained, and very similar to one another. All praise the cat lord and their pride of *grandes chattes*.



The Big House

This is where the cat lord dwells, the true friend of all humans here.

1. A great, gnarled baobab, scratched by a millennium of sharp claws, heavy with nests and pearches.
2. A republican era wood-and-bone house on brachiosaur legs. An archaic walker?
3. A repurposed church of Alfatuštra, the prayer generators still in place, the machine mind still keen to offer mathematical perfection.
4. A cat café labyrinth. Enter at your peril. A great horned cat is said to dwell at its heart, the failed offspring of the cat lord and a swan song.
5. A hermetic palace, accessible only through screens and noöspheric projection, home to a verdant biome from the True Soil of the Cats.
6. A black bunker, cubic, inaccessible. All communication is telepathic and enigmatic.

The Cat Lord

Feel its mind, stroke its fur, know its perfection.

The Valley Promises

More than cat coffee is produced here.

1. Beast eggs grow in profusion, fed by nutrient slurry from a functioning foodmaker.
 2. Mycelial factories churn out sheets of chitin for the human artisans of this plantation.
 3. A soul mill, a relic of an older age, grinds damned spirits to entice life once more into shipmetal discs.
 4. An original U.S.H.A. daemon inhabits the lord's microscalpel golem, working biomagic as has not been seen in a hundred years.
 5. A pleasuremaker tunes and plays the brains of the cat lord's willing self-sacrifice to procedurally generate synthetic memories for vidy and sale.
 6. Six ultras call the rubber-carp pond home. They repair human minds, restoring loyalty and virtue.
1. Tantan, the hairless perfection, its six scorpion tails carry six psychedelic poisons. It knows no greed, only gentle all-consuming desire.
 2. Vicky Twoheads, with four eyes to explain your mind to you. She offers clear insights and empty dreams.
 3. Widdle Tums, with fur so long and silky none can see his face. He demands grooming and products.
 4. Red Colossus, a distributed feline sentience controlling a hundred and twelve russet cats. Some say they are in league with a foreign power.
 5. Lady First Star, an ancient cat, almost mummified, who claims to remember the time of the Builders.
 6. Kara Cat, a black cat with claws like glass and a mind like diamond. Convinced a great war with the dogheads is coming.

The New Veldt

The territories west of the Rim are still ruled by the lords of the Violet City. Nothing has changed here in the last millennium. They have not been nor are abandoned. The lack of permanent patrols is a sign of how peaceful the region is, not that it has slipped out of central control.

Third Ant - Nefra Trinukleär

*temple of a pre-feline saint,
four, five days from the Violet City, 120xp*

A temple haunted by the monks of Saint A.N.T. who defied the soul-burning catlords. At the last, they released the heart of the A.N.T. and set fire to the very air above their ancient ruin. Following an extended purification ritual, the A.N.T. is now a storage facility for spent soulmatter.

Old Reactor: an off-limits area, said to still be inhabited by unreconfigured A.N.T. units. Fortunately, the hazefield barrier is perfectly confusing to those scuttling horrors.

Storage Facility: the old gardens of heresy now house the ashen pearls created by the soul mill generators. These summon ghosts and apparitions from the subconscious of visitors, making these abandoned and overgrown gardens popular with a certain gothic sort.

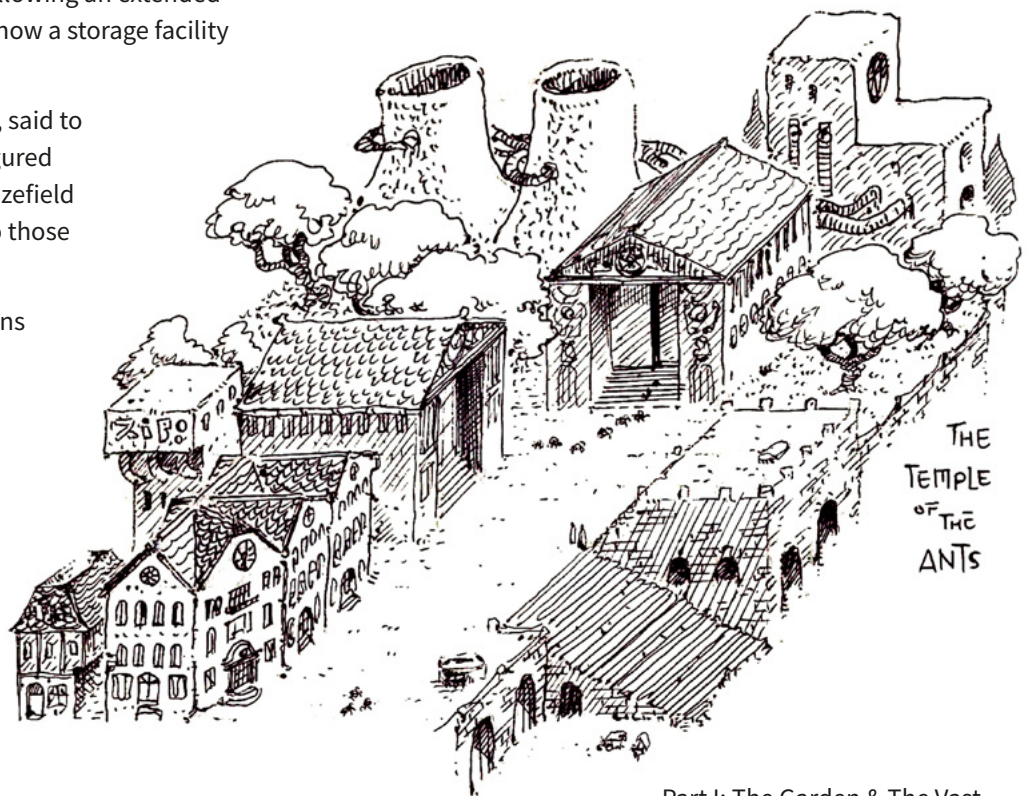
Splintereye - Nefra Vlindoxé

*shards of beanstalk suspended in stuckforce,
five, six days from the Violet City, 150xp*

A biomechanical ladder of heaven, it seems, destroyed and fractured long ago. Perhaps the Gnaws themselves, that broken massif, is its old base station, fallen into itself. When winds whip through the undead stalk segments, glowing haze balloons break off and fly with the wind, sterilizing machines and rewinding memories.

Curling Pillar: a segment of the biomechanical leather, curled upon itself like a caterpillar. This aerial fungus-forest habitat serves as a safe island for its arboreal humans. Pulleys and baskets offer access for those who are welcome. Razor force fields block those who are not.

Anchor Pit: lined with no-stuff that even the master scholars of Long Ago never explained, the deeper one descends, the weaker all forces become. A grey terminator conceals the bottomless depth. Thence, sometimes, strange people ascend. Pearly, translucent, yet quite there. In the middle reaches, where haze and sun alike are weak, a trading station serves those who would sell parts of themselves for the souls of pearl.



Flying City - Kivita Volá

*ancient metal mine and villages,
a week from the Violet City, 200xp*

At the head of a wound in the Gnaws, at the source of the Rosesparkle river, stands the great layer-cake metal city. Inhabited on and off over the aeons by feral quarterling tribes, catless refugees, and gutless synthetics. Their rugose pueblos and rusted insulas stud the old megastructure like barnacles and limpets on a derelict coasthugger. Over it all, the knotweeds and thorn trees of the dusking scrub proclaim vegetable dominion.

Mines: centuries of scavenging have not removed even a tenth of the shipmetal and other rare voidstuffs that make the hull of this titanic, dead city. As for the inner tunnels, one would be mad to tempt the Admiral Errors (L7, lamarckian) that dwell therein.

Category Outpost: golems and cats run the modern mining operation from the abandoned Flying City Museum. Monthly, their armed convoys truck shipmetal ingots down the Rosesparkle to the Sculptor Docks.



THE DEERHERD FELL BACK IN FEAR AS A
GIANT MATERIALIZED IN THE YESTERDOOR.

Nova and Nova

*two necropolities, twinned in mirror misery,
two weeks from the Violet City, 250xp*

What disaster befell these star-towns? Within their sphere perimeters time move slow, but entropy moves swiftly. A day within is as an hour outside, but ages by a month. Few flesh humans make the sacrifice of youth and health a proper exploration would require. Reports say the outer buildings are sealed plasteel boxes. Rumors say that deeper the novas expand into portal-space with crystal monolith buildings. Tall tales say the central districts hold pyramids of bones and worms of skulls and fur-clad humans trapped in amber.

North Nova: Soul-rich flesh that dies here decays into dust and reappears as mind-numbing sand and iridescent scales in South Nova. The Brothers of Many-Bodies control this process.

South Nova: Soul-rich flesh that dies here decays into slime and reappears as vision-granting pins and translucent buttons in North Nova. The Sisters of Many-Minds control this ritual.

Yesterdoor: A wrong portal dwells in the heart of both Novas, a gate without a portalspace, a hole in spacetime that sometimes manifests outside the bounds of the necropolities. Hunting for someone to survive its strange geometries? Perhaps something worse?