



Silver Ship Wizard

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Silver Ship Wizard

*a synthetic dream machine
one-shot heist adventure.*

Art and writing
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For every long-dreaming
soul who would recall the
long, long ago.

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Introduction

Readers, you hold an unusual document in your hands. It is addressed to two, perhaps three, audiences all at once. I have tried to ensure it does not confuse, but I may fail.

You see, this is a roleplaying adventure, a module in the jargon of that subculture. However, it is also a collection of fantasy stories and vignettes that anyone might read, be they player of games or lover of fictions. Further, as a roleplaying module, it has two audiences: the game's referee who mediates and presents it to the other players, and those other players themselves.

I dislike game jargon when it intervenes in my reading, and I am annoyed by narrative when it overwhelms the information I need to run a module. So, I have decided to disaggregate the two messages, story and instruction, much as a play separates the actors' lines and the stage directions.

In black, the story and the narrative. If you are here for the stories of the undying wizard's visit to the city far too old to see, this is all you need read.

In firebrick, the game information and instructions for the referee. When you run the game of swellswords stealing away a prisoner from the wizard's silver ship, this is where the action is.

Whichever reader you are, I hope you will enjoy your sojourn in this little world.

—Luka, Spring 2023, Seoul

Frame

Dear lector, imbiber of our memories, ghost of the ash-grey future without whose mind we would be forgot; we the manifold reflected scribes of New Increase, that place the visitors from the westerling lands of the two suns would call Many-Mirror or the Ghostlight City or the Chronopolis of Ten Hundred Centuries, this multiplex we thanks you. Your attention, the sunflower turning of your mens entier upon our tale, is as the warmth of the sun upon a long permafrozen seed. As you trail across our story, we awake and dream once more. Yes, dear reader, you are our resurrection and life.

We hark and hear. You ask how we came to be, spiritscribed into the reflecting memory palace you call Many-Mirror. It is a tale of sibling love and duty and hubris. Perhaps a tragedy, but this moment we walk in your thoughts and feel the doubled sunlight once again, so a passing tragedy it was.

You would give us a name? Call us Felon, for this is the story of a felon's redemption and a city's destruction, and thus Felon will be as good a name as any for the compound life-memory daemon we have become.

Now, hear the stories of the Rebel, the Wizard and the Lady.

These stories illustrate the setting, offer a look into the three main non-player characters of the game, and setup the backstory. You can share them with your players beforehand to simulate their characters' in-world knowledge. In play, feel free to deviate from anything and everything suggested in these vignettes.



The Rebel

“...finals! Stakes couldn't be higher, citizens.”

“That's right Eolfred! Sixteen rounds of election games all comes to a head here and now in the ball court of the Hylodrome.”

“It's been an exciting election year, Nemora.”

“The teams are coming out now, look at them in their golem armors. Red-and-gold for the Carbon House, black-and-gilt for the Iron House. Those must cost a fortune, Eolfred!”

“Well, it's the election finals, Nemora! No expense spared by either house. But yes, each of those suits would feed a thousand first circles for a year.”

“They don't make them like that anymore.”

“They certainly don't. Silver Ship work, custom made for our great city by the undying wizard Idrago himself.”

“Look at them go, finest athletes of each house and the cyber patriarchs themselves, Eolfred!”

“Yes, they didn't come out for all the other games, Nemora.”

“Well, there was the third round upset, when Sharl of Polyvinyl faced Wit of Carbon.”

“You know, Eolfred, that's when I first started thinking House Carbon might have a chance of taking the title and the throne at these election games.”

“Oh, here they are now, lining up to salute the centimillennial mirror whence the Builders watch over us and our games.”

“Glory to the Builders, Eolfred.”

“Glory to the Builders, Nemora.”

“But I still favor Jorxe of the Iron House for this match, Eolfred.”

“He does have the pedigree, and the finer hereditary augments.”

“And he does have that classical marble cast to his features.”

“Yes, a beautiful plastic face. Mind, Wit's record in these games has been astonishing, Nemora.”

“Indeed, quite the underdog story. Unusual to have a house patriarch play in every match.”

“Wit's very old school that way.”

“He's risked going through the mirror to meet the Makers in seven matches! Brave, that's for sure.”

“But those augments. More wire than man, very uncouth.”

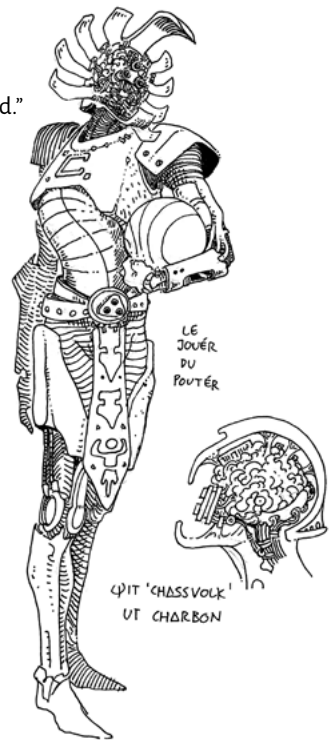
“Yes, definitely making a statement, Eolfred. That synthetic combat skin is so Feral Era.”

“Still, the match makers are 3:1 for Jorxe, Nemora.”

“If Jorxe wins, it'll be a fifth generation for the Popular faction in charge of New Increase and a third turn for Jorxe as Warlord Elect.”

“Well, whoever wins, it'll be another great twenty years of boundless growth and increase for New Increase.”

“Absolutely, Eolfred, glory and increased rations for everyone who supports our legitimate elected warlord!”



“Oh, here comes the electric priest with the god-rubber ball, Nemora! It’s about to begin!”

Together: “It’s the final countdown! Five ... four ... three ...”

†

The null gong rang. A wave of silence dampened the cheers of the crowd and the screams of the injured. The final was over.

The silence washed out of the squawk box and into the packed eatery, like waste overflowing a latrine. Khal of the Iron House felt sick. The final score was seventy-four to seventy-two, election to House Carbon. A year’s campaigning and traditional election games had come down to ninety-eight minutes, including overtime, of nail-biting combat for possession of the god-rubber ball.

Both captains approached the altar of victory, their living machine suits battered and dusty from the ruthless match. Their teams limped and carried each other behind. At the altar of victory awaited the electric priest, holding the traditional first postmaterial machete over her head.

The silence burbled and flowed, filling up the hylodrome, flooding the eatery where Khal and his Popular friends now watched, queasily, as their eighty years of sometimes contested leadership of New Increase fell like the final grains down the gullet of a grand hourglass.

Jorxe took the postmaterial machete in his black-and-gilt gauntleted hands and sat on the altar in the transcendent position.

Through the squawk box screen Khal could read his father’s lips as he instructed the golem Feodor to execute the ritual self-sacrifice. The golem’s chest section unfolded like a golden rayed lily to expose Jorxe’s muscle-crafted physique. Despite his nearly hundred years, the lord looked as fine and smooth as a classic permadur™ alabastrite statue of a Builder. Certainly better than any low human youth might look, either in first flowering or later sculpting.

Khal briefly wondered why his mind was going into such pointless detail on the life enhancement protocols of his family, traditional flower varietals, and the traditional plastics found in the Notime Museum.

Then Khal threw up violently.

The squawk box broke the silence, its tinny speakers reproducing Jorxe’s death scream as his own golem armor pushed the postmaterial machete into his chest, cutting skin,

muscle, sinew and bone as though they were edible oil spread. As Jorxe screamed, the unperturbable living machine suit held its occupant stiff. With one hand it wielded the glittering machete, cutting out a neat circle of chest. With the the other hand it removed the chest and laid it down on the shipmetal altar. Then it cupped the heart and gently pulled it to the front, exposing the beating muscle for the zooming cameras of the watching throngs of New Increase.

Wit of House Carbon knelt in supplication before the altar. The electric priest approached the cross-legged figure. The golem, almost gently, severed the arteries and veins and passed the dying ex-warlord's heart to the priest. Jorxe screamed his last.

Khal was staring in perplexity at a buckwheat noodle he had thrown up through his nose. Did it take that long to digest noodles? Hadn't that been two hours ago?

The squawk box broke his meditation on stomach acids.

"By the Builders, we promote the eternal growth of humanity!" exclaimed the electric priest and held aloft the beating heart of the defeated warlord candidate Jorxe.

The silence was broken by the acclamations of the cheering crowds at the Hylodrome as the electric priest anointed the newly elected warlord of New Increase with the heart blood of the old warlord.

Behind them, Feodor the golem quietly put down the postmaterial machete and replaced the section of cut-out chest, then patiently waited in the pose of the acquiescent immortal for the cameras to stop rolling. Jorxe would be buried in a replica suit of dead metal, while Feodor would be repainted and continue to serve the Iron House.

†

"Isn't it exciting? A new warlord!" spouted the matron.

"Oh, my, yes. Been so long since we've seen a new face at the swearing-in parade," agreed the cat-faced elder.

"Maybe now there'll be some hope for the little person," moaned the callow maintainer.

"Heh, don't bet on it, its just shuffle-chairs on top of the house tree," chuckled the nine-fingered computer-smith.

It was crowded on the Glass Avenue. The air off the Cyrade was humid as usual. It was only the third hour of the day, but it felt like the sixth. Khal wiped his sweaty face.

“Water, mister?” asked a grackle girl, offering him a gourd.

“Wha ... No, no I'm alright,” replied Khal.

“It's just you look ready to faint,” continued the grackle, her whiskers twitching.

Khal shook his head, lank hair flopping.

“My ma's a columba picker, so I know about heat exhaustion, and you're really looking ready to go,” the grackle wasn't giving up, “You should be careful in the summer. You must have been here since sun-up. I can tell by the coat, dawn must have been cool with the breeze. Big fan of the Neobios, I suppose?”

Khal looked at the mousy girl. Well, young woman. Grackles were slight and the malnutrition always made them look like children to him. How wasn't she hot with that fur?

“Bioadapted. Radiator ears and different metabolism,” she must have noticed his stare.

Khal wondered what else she had noticed, then she simply pushed the gourd into his free hand with a gesture.

“Drink.”

Khal struggled to drink one-handed. His heart beat a thunder in his chest as his other hand clutched a military grade fryer grenade under his autumn coat.



Khal was ready for them when they came for him.

He heard the commotion in the entrance hall. The outraged voices. The majordomo's synthesized voice. The off-key ding that announced armed intruders.

Khal adjusted his black and gilt suit, cut in the latest common fashion, and strode out of his apartments onto the mezzanine, aiming for a louche, insouciant air.

His sister, Elle, greeted him and he started to smile, the prepared quip ready.

“You little fool! What have you done?” she spoke in a low, sharp voice.

“As a ...” Khal started to recite his line. He'd worked on it, combining a quote from the dialectical revolutionary Andantes with a pun implying that the warlord was a corpse-fornicating snail.

“Shut up. They have you sewn up tight. Plotting. Attempted assassination. Attempted mass murder. Fomenting rebellion.”

She made a gesture, and his house implant overrode his voicebox.

“I don't need another word out of you, I don't need the Iron House implicated, I don't need our designated origin withdrawn, I don't need rumors that we're sore losers. This was your damned foolish mess, you and those other hotheads pretending you were living in your historical fantasy novels.”

Khal's eyes bulged, but before he could move, Elle's garou had his upper arm and was marching him down the stairs to the waiting electric officers. Their mechanical suits and billy sticks proclaimed their role as neutral custodians of the electric priests' will and the common good of the undying city.

“Wait,” said Elle and the garou stopped, the post-human a living statue with Khal pinned in its taloned grasp.

Elle came up, unzipped his coat and withdrew the electromagnificent pulse device. She held it up between them and looked into Khal's eyes.

“Did you think I wouldn't notice the unfashionable bulge? That I'd just let you make a damn fool martyr of yourself? Samuel, search him in the second visitor's lounge, then give him over to the electric priests.”

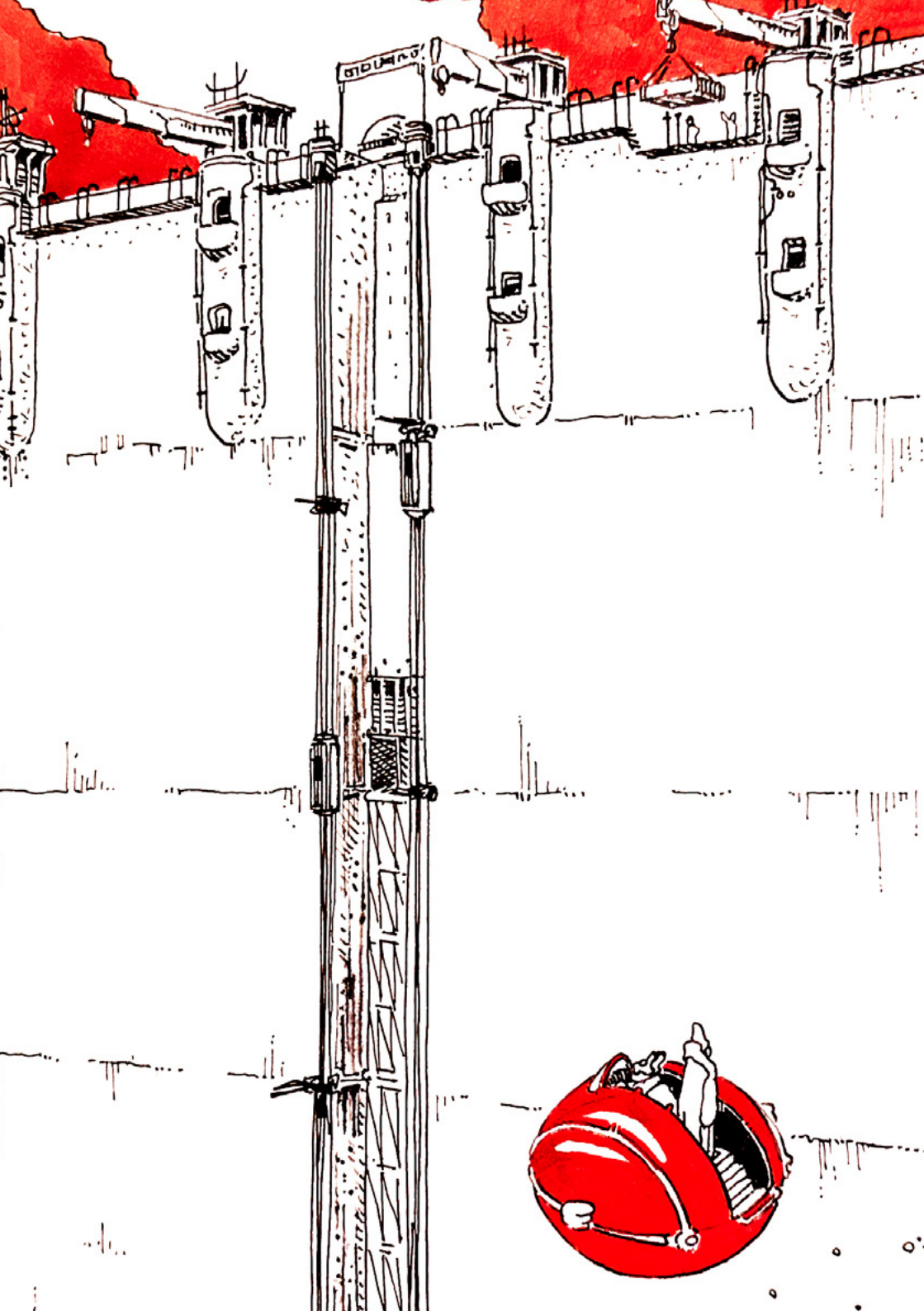
Khal gesticulated with his free arm to catch her attention. If she saw, his sister gave no sign she cared. She took three slow breaths, fixed a steely smile on her face, and went to talk to the skull-faced electric officers.

“Good officers, I acknowledge your warrant and domain over the errant you seek. Please, accommodate us as we check his psycho-corporeal form to ensure he can cause no further damage to the relations between our humble house of designated origin controlled and guaranteed and the ageless institutions of this city.”

The resistance ran out of Khal and the electric officers did not need to use the human control choke collar as they led him to the bright red bauble car. He could not see out of the cargo bay converted into a holding cell, but he knew where they were taking him. The skyfront prison, to await sale to the capitalist oppressor wizard Idrargo.

A hope flared in Khal's thin mind.

Perhaps that was where his revolution could begin.



The Wizard

The woman of nothing, San Ikbal, paces the great circle deck of the silver ship. Her voice like obsidian writes poems upon the air, a hallucinatory trail of epics for none but the anthroposeals to enjoy in the vessel's wake.

The world-lover Idrargo leaves his Square House at the silver ship's apex and descends to the great circle deck.

"Favored gardener, what future do your poems bring today?" he asks.

The silver ship's dreamless companion stops her circuit and bows to the immortal pilot, "A mirror darkly, shadows, uncertainty."

"Ahh ... as always, so unclear since good Ourania departed this our Garden."

The silver woman made a broad, slow gesture with her left arm.

"True! I am pompous, to call the world still a Garden with the gardeners so long gone!" laughs the wizard, then groans.

Swiftly, San Ikbal moves closer to Idrargo, her eyes aglow with amber concern. There is no need for words, she has voyaged with Idrargo to a thousand shores and his love of speech is but an old high human affectation now.

"Nothing, nothing. The flesh grows weaker, the price of life grows higher. Even the distiller's art cannot sustain a single body forever."

"I will summon 'l Peleset to bring the draught of liquid life at once."

"Thank you, San," Idrargo grips the sky-chrome railing and looks to the horizon. They sail the world-sea now again, upon the orb that was the Garden, calling upon a fallen town to barter lore and trinkets of the past for the futures of the settlement's criminals.

A shadow between blazing main-sun and cool deck. 'l Peleset, the sailor, the distiller, the penitent. The synthetic human brings a chilled flask to Idrargo's lips and a liquid life revives him.

"You are become a vampire," chuckles 'l Peleset with a slow rumble like gears and gravel, "taking souls for time."

"I cannot allow myself to die, for who else can love this world as I do, admire it with such care and wisdom?" replies the pilot wizard.

“Lower and lower become these fallen humans, now it is ten souls to give you a year, soon it will be a dozen,” says ‘I Peleset and puts its hands of carbonate and plasma steel besides Idrargo’s own glittering flesh.

“I have seen the projections, my friend slave of glass and porcelain and steel, but you will not convince me to trade this corruptible flesh for builder-matter. But I must bear witness as a man if I am to remain a man, not divorce myself mind from flesh like the departed lords.”

“It will end in tears. Human stories always end in tears,” says ‘I Peleset.

“Hush, made one, no need to bring our wizard lord so down,” whispers San Ikbal who has completed another circuit of poetry upon the air.

Idrargo’s grin quivers but does not slip and the show goes on.

The Lady

There is a funeral afoot. The city knows how to throw a funeral. It has been throwing them for ten hundred centuries. So they say.

From the New Palace, still unbroken this centimillennium at the heart of the new city, the Eternal Road marches proud and through the old city rings of dead buildings, to the sky-scraping arcology of the ancestors. This is where the dead must go, like the millions who already went before.

There is a great funeral afoot in this city of New Increase, also called Many-Mirror. The memorial parade for the well-slain Jorxe, fresh corpse in the gilded antichronic coffin, former Lord of the Iron House, beloved father, failed warlord candidate.

A score of bestial grickles, that menial species, pulls each of the floats representing the seven seasons of Jorxe's life. After, three gracile brontotheres draw the mobile pyramid where the fresh corpse's six attendants will sacrifice themselves to give it a noble afterlife, a chance at the Original Garden. Then come the self-driving carriages of the many great houses of New Increase: the allied houses Anthracite, Celadon, Copper, Oak, Polyvinyl, Tungsten and Uranium first, then the other fifty-six houses of designated origin controlled and guaranteed. On foot and steed then march the thousands of guild humans who were blessed by the patronage of good dead Jorxe. Finally, cowed and many-colored come the tens of thousands of rabblers and pleebes who owe their blood and bread to the Iron House.

Electric organs, pipes and flutes, drums and dirge bassoons, magnetic zithers and ætherphones accompany the great procession. Dancers, singers, jongleurs, mimes, players of games and vendors of sweetmeats accompany the cortège. The spearbearers of the Iron House dispense largesse: coins acrylic and ghost notes with which to petition the spirits of the dead houses for memories of Old Increase.

There, at the pinnacle of the mobile pyramid, a six-pole tent of cloth-of-void stands, a gap in reality. There the Lady of the Iron House rides with the changeless corpse in its antichronic field. It is the daughter of Jorxe, noble Elle, aggrieved Elle. Yet, she masks her feelings behind a face as trained and shaped as any in the sixty-four houses D.O.C.G. Truly, she is a paragon of the virtues that have made New Increase proof against Kairos' wrath.

Twelve hours, from sunrise to sunset, the procession travels. Every hour, twelve garlands of visitants ascend the painted pyramid to offer salt and flower to the lordly corpse, to offer sooth and friendship to the ascended Lady.

Elle performs. If she augments herself to perform, that would be unremarkable; but the visitants gossip: unaugmented, au nature, she assumes the reign of her house.

Then it is the eighth hour of the day and a garland of foreign visitants is ushered up the pyramid to salt and sooth.

“Swellswords,” mutters the Comte de Yggdracile, regent of the Oak House, to Stol, matriarch of the Polyvinyl House.

“Crook-friends of dear-dead Jorxe. We all have them, dear regent, no need to huff the hypocrite.”

“But the election is over and sealed, surely ...”

“No, the girl would not go against the Elected Warlord. She is no fool!”

“Unlike her brother.”

“Quite.”

The players are these swellswords.

The PCs

This module is written for 3–4 PCs of levels 3–5. Roughly speaking, characters should have somewhere between 12 and 24 life, and defense scores roughly between 12 and 15.

The PCs are introduced as swellswords: swashbucklers who would carry out a daring heist of a wizard's magic silver ship. Whether they identify as rogues or wizards, barbarians or kings, is irrelevant. The following traits would be suitable for a swellsword. If you are using pre-existing characters, you can grant these traits as temporary abilities for the duration of the adventure, but which can become a permanent reward if the heist is a success.

Swellsword

Boaster, bravo, buffoon.

To sneak, to steal, to sell, to swill; and, perhaps, to save.

Belong. A talent for brazenly acting like you belong can be better than sneaking. Works the same, but you don't have to hide in the shadows.

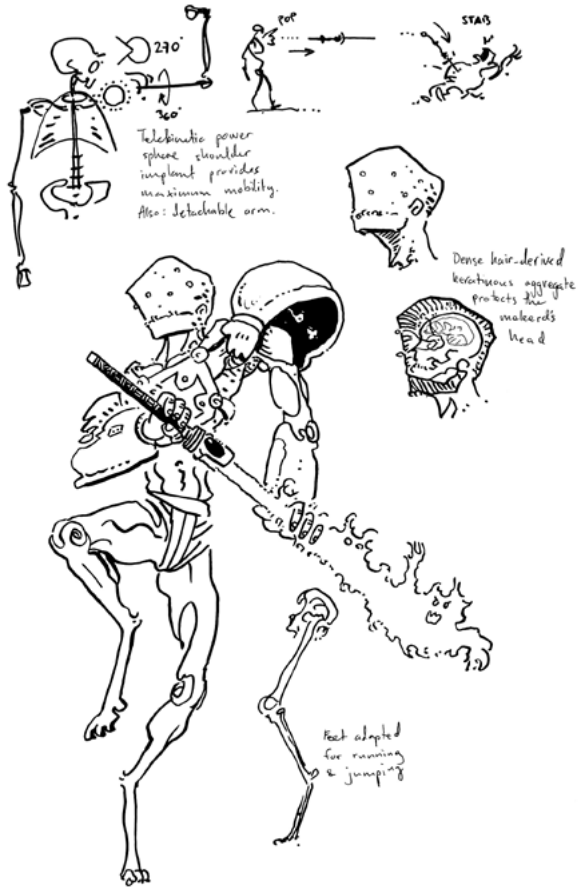
Boaster. Talk yourself up and intimidate opponents. Folks won't like you, but they'll rarely outright attack you. That's +3 to reaction rolls.

Break and enter. It's not as elegant as lock-picking, but sometimes knowing your way around a crowbar, rock, or diamond window-cutter works just as well.

Buffoon. Look innocuous. Until you aren't. Deal double damage on a surprise attack. Gain a +3 bonus to fishing pockets and picking treasures.

Quickdraw. You're skilled at going first. In particular, that's a +3 to initiative rolls when you're using a pistol or a sword.

Pointed trick. You're skilled with your pointy weapon of choice. You can also spend 1 life to knock an opponent's weapon out of their hand.



placeholder art

Opening

For a standalone adventure, assume the PCs agree to the heist. After all, there's not much sense in running a heist if the players don't want to. If you're running this module as part of a larger campaign, I hope you've had a discussion with your players and they're on board with a heist. If they're not, don't twist their arms.

Start with three per-scripted scenes to quickly set the tone and get to the action.

Here, quick, here we are. In New Increase, the many-augered city on the once-lapiz bay that is Gyrate. Worry not about Turbid Sea nor Falsified Shore, it is the metropolis that must draw your gaze.

1: Avec the Lady

The swellswords approach the Lady Elle of the Iron House. The cloth-of-void tent atop the mobile pyramid creates a space outside of time. The pale dead lord sits, an incongruous wise man in his precious mechanical armor. The red lady stands, face like the iron of house. Young to look at, yet ageless in bearing.

GIFTS FOR THE LADY

What gifts have the swellswords brought for Jorxe's voyage into the hereafter?

1. The soul pearl of an enlightened octopus.
2. A flute carved from the arm bone of an iron bear.
3. A reciter orb with the capture chant of a mountain elder.
4. A signed golf ball from the last interstate sovereign tournament.
5. An original tin of unperishable divine flesh.
6. The pickled pet mink of the last Living God of the city of a hundred gates.
7. Something else.

The red lady smiles and suddenly she looks much younger than her thirty summers.

“My friends, you shouldn't have. I called for your help, not your tribute.”

By her gesture she makes clear to a watching aide that the swellswords should be compensated, then the cloth-of-void drapes are shut, blocking sound and eyes.

“My younger brother, Khal, is a dreamer. Not unusual in a young man, but in his case ... foolish and dangerous. He took our father's death in the election campaign badly and plotted with his friends to kill the Warlord Elect.”

She sighs, perhaps in exasperation, “Unfortunately, his choice of friends and conspirators was as poor as his choice of action. The plotters were captured and Khal was sentenced to be sold to the wizard Idrargo of the Silver Ship. It is docking next week and after that, we shall never see him or the other prisoners of sale again.”

“But, Khal is family, and what kind of sister, what kind of lady of the house, would I be if I did not attempt to rescue him? You see, my brother is sentenced to be sold. If he is rescued after the sale is complete, the sentence was carried out and he is free. And that is why I called you. You are the only swellswords I know, who could successfully raid the wizard's magic ship.”

“Who knows. Perhaps this will also be the lesson Khal needs,” she muses.

THE LADY'S OFFER

Elle offers a princely sum for her brother's rescue, more if he returns unharmed. Perhaps 1,000 cash (3 years' wages) per swellsword, or whatever would entice the PCs. The new lady of the Iron House may be a harsh noble, but she will be fair with the swellswords she hires. After all, it's her honor on the line. If the swellswords succeed, she doubles their reward in a display of magnanimity.

If the swellswords are reticent, Elle will remind them of the treasures rumored to be on the Silver Ship, in the wizard Idrargo's Palace of Manners. The swellswords would have heard of these, and may elaborate on the legends.

Amulet of Eternity. Gives long life to the wearer, but at great cost.

Eye of Akaula. That pale jaune orb which looks through time and space, offering secrets from the lost Long Ago.

Accurving Staff. The wand that bends reality to the wielder's will, making difficult people kind, and dreary tasks pleasant.

Cleansing Mirror. It lets you see your deepest fears and desires, and remove them.

The Void Knife. It can cut doors between realities, letting one travel into other dimensions for a blood price.

Irshey's Secret Tome. Well, the vampire wizard's spells have to be hiding somewhere, right?

... and, of course, the golden chariot. A flyer such as the Builders used to voyage between the Fast Stars and the motionless land. Elle saw this chariot as a child and that perhaps it could serve the heroes as a means of escape once they have secured her brother.



THE PASCHAL KEY

Once the swellswords agree and swear to return the prodigal brother, the lady withdraws an obsidian spirit key from her sleeve. **The paschal key.**

“This is the paschal key from the Dream Age. It will let you pass through any door. I have attuned it to the blood of my brother, Khal. Three drops of his living blood are within its belly. Each drop will open one door, no matter how it is sealed. Once you have found my brother, his blood will open more doors.”

When Khal is found, the paschal key lets the PCs spend 1 point of Khal's life to open a sealed or locked door, bypass a password or biometric barrier, and generally overcome obstacles. Khal will probably protest and not want to give his blood, unless it is to further some romantic revolutionary notion.

Neither Elle nor Khal know how to attune the paschal key to another person. It is a mechanical prop to let the PCs easily enter the silver ship's depths.

If the PCs return the key at the end of the heist, she will be thankful. If they do not, perhaps they can hack it to open any locked door for the price of 1d6 life.

“Do you have all the equipment you need?” Elle asks and pulls a cord. The cloth-of-void twitches and the aide appears again. “This is Nail. He will arrange your ceremonial robes to attend next week's bidecennial visitation of the Silver Ship. He will also arrange anything you need from the Columbaria market.”

Elle nods, Nail bows then escorts the swellswords out. He discretely passes out his business token to each as they descend the mobile pyramid.

2: Equipment Montage

The next week passes in a blur as Nail the aid fits the swellswords with their ceremonial robes by day and discretely procures the equipment they require by night. As they will have to surrender their weapons to the scanners upon entering the Silver Ship's atrium, the list contains no offensive gear.

Players can consult the equipment list as needed. Each PC adds two pieces of "quantum gear" from the list to their inventory. They determine exactly what equipment they have prepared when they decide to use it. This approach streamlines gameplay and moves the group quickly on to the action.

If a PC selects a particular piece of equipment ahead of time, they will have the opportunity to practice with it. Consequently, they can mark it with a bonus symbol [+] on their character sheet. Once per session, when the PC uses the chosen equipment, they will receive a bonus to their die roll or effect.

HOW TO USE THE EQUIPMENT?

The equipment is listed without specific mechanics. In the *Synthetic Dream Machine* rpg system, most equipment operates as follows:

Natural Language. Equipment does what its name suggests.

Use common sense and improvise details as needed.

New or Improved Ability. Equipment enables a character to perform tasks they couldn't otherwise. For example, a raft allows characters to float, and climbing gear helps them scale surfaces they couldn't free-climb. PCs do not need to make rolls to succeed at a task if they are using appropriate equipment and aren't under pressure or facing time constraints.

Penalty or Bonus. When under pressure, characters without suitable equipment may receive a penalty for tasks they are skilled at. Conversely, having the right equipment could provide a bonus. The referee makes the final decision.

Force the Situation. If a character fails a roll, they can sacrifice their equipment to turn failure into marginal success.

Wears Out. On a natural roll of 13, the equipment wears out, even if the character succeeds at their roll (e.g., batteries run out).

For other systems, players should determine how the equipment works by reskinning or adapting existing equipment and spells as needed.

CLIMBING & MOBILITY

1. Grappling hook and rope
2. Climbing gear
3. Unnoticeability mask for passing unremarked through crowds
4. Dampsound shoes
5. Wall-blender chameleon suit
6. Lightweight inflatable raft

SURVEILLANCE & TRACKING

1. Dark-vision goggles
2. 4D auto-tracking holomap
3. Remote surveillance micro golem
4. Noösphere interface gauntlet for controlling magi-electric devices
5. Handheld bioscanner for detecting individual and species traces
6. Electronic ear for eavesdropping at a distance

SECURITY & INFILTRATION

1. Multi-tool kit with laser cutter and seven other small tools.
2. Mechanical and electronic lockpicking set
3. Augmented reality goggles with real-time blueprint generator
4. Retractable stun baton wand
5. Voice modulator scarab
6. Disintegrity spray for quickly dissolving metals or plastics

PROTECTION & SAFETY

1. Enviro mask to protect from spores, gas, and toxic spells
2. Full-heal kit. The wide-spectrum regenerators will even rebuild a lost limb in mere minutes—though that will use up the kit.
3. High-strength adhesive for sealing doors or immobilizing enemies
4. Bullet-proof silk vest for elegant protection from all high-velocity kinetic attacks
5. Personal rebreather to survive underwater
6. Emergency flare to attract rescuers

MAGIELECTRONICS & POWER

1. Nulla charger uses zero-point energy to recharge any item in one hour
2. Portable EMP to disable golems and synthetics
3. Collapsible signal jammer
4. Short range invisibility bomb
5. Golem strength physical augmentation harness
6. Nanobot repair kit to repair any item in one hour

COMMUNICATION & CONTROL

1. Universal translator ear slug
2. Holographic distraction projector
3. Jar of encrypted communication ear jewels
4. Human control choke, single use, does not work on wizards
5. Alarum generator, loud
6. Sympathetic generative credentials card, the ever-believable forgery option

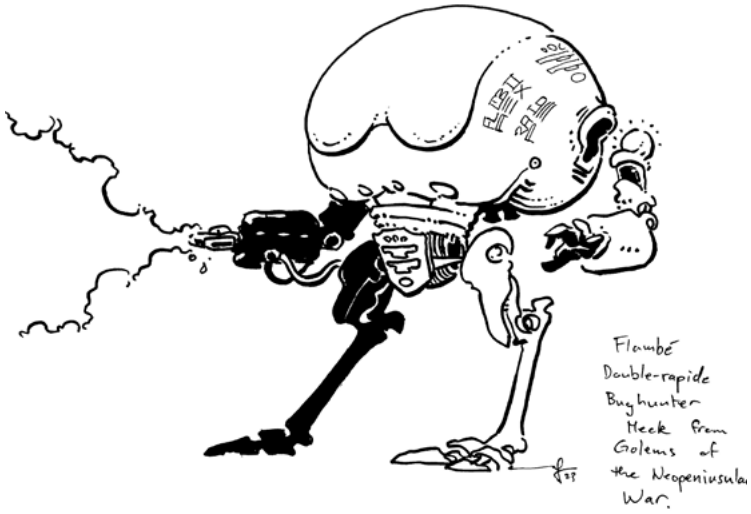
3: Avec the Wizard

The day has come! Today the wizard Idrargo's silver ship docks at New Increase, as it does every bidecennium. The day is decreed a public holiday, as is tradition, for today the city's stocks of oldtech are replenished. Cryptic minds for its machines, singing appliances for homes, energenerators for its workshops, field repair orbs to maintain its shields, source adjusters to keep its nutrition pellets delectable, and more. Every low wizard and maintainer in the city waits for this day.

It is also a day of celebration because today the dregs of New Increase redeem themselves. By their sale to the wizard, they purchase the treasures of Long Ago to maintain the elevated glory of their city.

While the citizens, the rabblers, and the pleebs celebrate in the Columbaria district, the sixty-four houses of designated origin controlled and guaranteed are honored with a gift-giving visit to the silver ship itself. Each house sends a delegation of sixteen worthies to meet the undying Idrargo and receive their tokens of appreciation.

The PCs' swellswords enter the silver ship as part of the Iron House delegation.

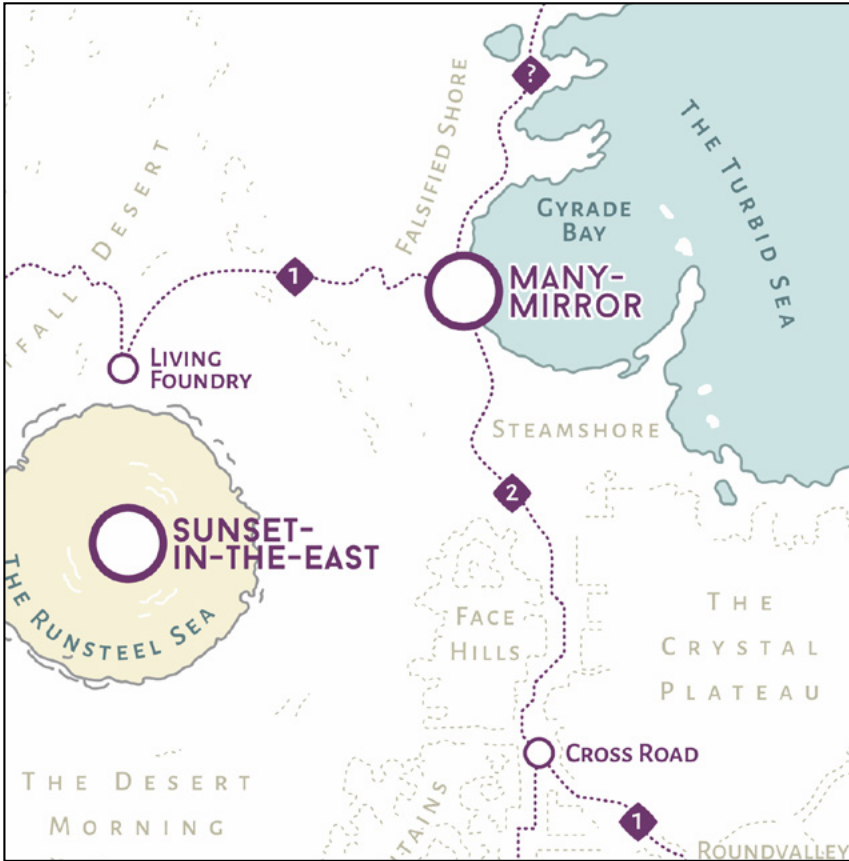


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(placeholder map of Many-Mirror etc.)

Many-Mirror and the Gyrate

The many-augered city on the once-lapis bay.

Heliophila and the Wachter

Clip, clip, clop. Heliophila's brazen hooves tossed up dust and spores as the mare made her way down the neat falšer village street. Legumes, melons, grains, and mushroom in punctilious profusion marked each garden, tended by the empty-faced potemkins.

The Wachter tied her up at a lamp post and walked around the decorative market square, looking for glitches, for unusual behavior, for any sign that a human or post-human lived here. Finding none, the Wachter picked a likely looking stall to approach.

"Hál wesþu, gest, þú gewilnast ceapian wynsum fódplega þysne dæg?" warbled the falšer in his outmoded speech. An old village, its minds hardly modified from the demiurge source codes.

The Wachter locked eyes with the soulless automaton, raised its hands to ear-level and made the interface gestures. The falšer went slack and still. With a few more somatic commands, the Wachter identified itself as a super-user.

"Infangenes híwan," said the potemkin, flat and emotionless.

The Wachter pointed to the green and red and purple melons, "Þis and þis and þis foodpleg. Hér."

The robotic false human picked the fruits and put them into the Wachter's open travelbag.

As the Wachter walked back to Heliophila, the falšer's blank baritone echoed behind, "infangenes híwan ... infangenes híwan ... infangenes híwan."

†

“You didn't have to leave the automaton in a loop,” said Heliophila as they left the village and rode into the striated red and pale hill country.

“It'll reset soon enough. The village cycle can't be more than a week.”

“Still, it's not nice.”

“Nice!” snorted the Wachter.

“Manners matter.”

The Wachter sighed and munched a melon as Heliophila's hooves kicked up bitter dust from the eroded road carved through the layers of tephra. After finishing a third of the melon, it passed the rest to the steed. She took it, careful not to cut the Wachter's fruit leather skin with her razor beak.

She broke the silence when the road broke through the last caldera wall and the expanse of the Gyrate opened before them. The sea glistened iridescent in the doubled afternoon light of the world sun and the local sun.

“I'm not angry with you, Wachter, but manners matter. You need to be careful.”

“Fuss. It's all gone to dust. Look at that oil-water.”

“You know all the old songs of the lapis waters of the Gyrate. I know.”

“Fouled waters, petroleum undines, half-melted hills, shells of sapphire housing machines.”

“It will get better again, it always does.”

“You're just saying that to make me feel better.”

“It always does.”

“For you it does. You die and are reborn, I just go on.”

“And you do it so well,” the phoenix steed smiled.



Destination

Heliophila and the Wachter stopped at the Sedesim Amis, the autonomous caravanserai hollowed out of the giant land anemone by its symbiotic hive humans. They were old visitors and the hive remembered them.

This time they were greeted by a stooped scar-man, probably a dustfall nomad bought at the local city market.

“Hello, Heliophila. Hello, Cursed One. Welcome again chez Sedesim.”

“It has been long. We have come from the Green Sea and the City of a Hundred Gates.”

“We will trade news from the Gardens of Two-Day and beyond, from the Old Circle Garden.”

“In time,” interrupted the Wachter, “But what of Many-Mirror? I saw plumes of smoke as we rode today.”

The scar-man drone's slack face perked up with something resembling emotion, “Election season! The houses of designated origin campaign to choose a new warlord.”

“Fortune to the legitimate. Which quarters are no man's now?”

“The great hylodrome, where the racer bodies grow, that is where the parties contend.”

“Relief. The towers still stand?”

“Yes, you may watch from afar safely.”

The Wachter left Heliophila to trade news for news with the hive mind. She would take care of the niceties, and the hive always treated the pair as a single entity.

The rugose flesh of the land anemone offered easy purchase as the Wachter climbed to the base of a polyp overlooking the bay. While the Wachter stayed there, it was safe from the air jellies and flying carny lizards over the bay, as well as from the land-corals hungry fronds.

The Wachter took off its travel poncho and spread it on the ground to watch the ancient glittering city once again. Even diminished by millennia, the wise old tower buildings and luminous domes spoke to the power of the Builders. The Wachter felt a connection to the living megastructures. After all, was its synthetic, ageless flesh made of the same stuff as that city? Perhaps, one day, the latter-day biological humans dwelling there would destroy it, but not yet. Not yet.

There remained a chance Heliophila was right, that things would get better again.

And the Wachter would be there to watch. As it was every time.

Weather & Fortune

Once, when this city was called simply Increase, its weather was perfect and its fortunes were always wonderful. But a hundred millennia will always have their way. Increase will become Old Increase and it will be replaced by New Increase and the low humans who dwell here now will often simply call it Many-Mirror, ignorant of the miracle of its timeless existence.

WEATHER

Now the city's afternoons burn year long, winter and summer both, with two suns descending to the horizon. The little sun that sets in the Runsteel Sea to the north-west, and the great sun that sets in the Utter West to the, well, west. So, every afternoon, the anabatic wind picks up the cloudy air of the Turbid Sea, thick with spores and polyps and air jellies, and rushes inland through Many-Mirror.

Hot season. (1–3) baking heat island, (4–5) electric storm, (6) hallucinatory mirage.

Wet season. (1–3) sauna fog, (4–5) heavy rain, (6) cyclone.

Dry season. (1–3) yellow haze, (4–5) smoke off the Runsteel,
(6) air plankton bloom.

FORTUNE

1. A sudden current (or an undine?) drags the traveler to sea while swimming in a clearwater patch in the bay. Lose 1d4 days or thought: swim with the current and clamber out a few miles down the beach.
2. The travelers walk into a razor oyster bed concealed by the creamy sand. Cuts and infections (-1 strength and endurance) or shoe soles shredded.
3. A rockslide blocks the travelers' path. Lose 1 day or make a risky climb across (hard agility or lose 1d20 life).
4. Oil seep poisons the travelers' water. Lose 1d6 sacks of supplies or risk getting ill (hard endurance or -1 endurance and thought).
5. Cave! Fall! Agility: success, lose 1d4 life; fail, break a limb and lose 1d12 life. But within is a treasure trove of regenerating-flesh artefacts from the Onion Troll Era (4 sacks, €800 total). Perhaps they could be used to make a living wagon or canoe?
6. The travelers accidentally inhale the toxic spores of a rugose polyp hives, suffering hallucinations and nausea. Lose 1 day.
7. Unstable breccia ridge. Agility or a leg is broken. By luck, the fall reveals a buried buildertech shard (2 sacks, €500). It's a so-called whumma-gyrler. Its original use is unknown, but moderns use it to make amusing noises in theaters and arenas.
8. Hot dust sink. Like quicksand, but dust. And hot. Nobody drowns, but it gets everywhere and wastes time. Lose 1 day.
9. The fascinating and unique architecture of the grickle stilt villages offers meditative respite. Regain 1d6 life. This would also be an opportunity to learn about marine architecture, sealife sculpting, and self-directed neuromorphy—that's the traditional autotelekenesis the feral grickles use to unshave their brains.
10. A pod of undine in the chaos waves provides a rare and beautiful sight. +1 hero dice.
11. A cache of rare, volute opal shells! Spend 1 day to harvest 1d6-1 sacks of the mollusks. Alive, €150 per sack. Preserved, €75. Shells alone, €50.
12. A hot spring hidden in a ribbed and vaulted valley of the Builderwork Hills offers a rejuvenating and relaxing soak. The demi-undine (L6, mutator) offers growth (+1 strength, endurance, or agility) for a small piece of soul (lose 1d4-1 aura or charisma).

Environment & Encounter

GEOGRAPHY

Layers of tephra and ejecta from repeated ancient seamount impacts ring the shores of the Gyrate, creating the Builderwork hills carving up the Falsified and Steam Shores.

The Bay. (1–4) swirling current, (5–6) clearwater patch, (7–8) bubbling plankton bed, (9–10) sandy shallow, (11) oily stillness, (12) chaos waves and undine hunting territory.

The Shore. (1–3) razor oyster bed, (4–6) creamy beach, (7–8) breccia ridge, (9–10) glassy cliff, (11) anthroposeal trade jetty, (12) grickle stilt village.

The Builderwork Hills. (1–3) rugged valley, (4–5) boulder field, (6–7) tephra ridge, (8–9) land coral reef, (10) obsidian intrusion, (11) falšer picket fence town, (12) rugose polyp hive.

ENCOUNTER

1. An undine (L7, crabby) tempts travelers into a bubbling plankton patch with glittering pearls and rare shells (€1d6 x 50).
2. A stilt village inhabited by hostile, independent grickles (L1, sharp-shooting) who have overcome their biopsychological brain shaving. They want equipment and magicargo.
3. A posse of low human big game hunters (L3, aristocratic) from the city on their Ritualday ride. Anything two-legged and non-human will do. They're pretty relaxed about how they define non-human.
4. Predatory toothed birds (L2, regal) attack travelers who approach their glassy cliffs. Perhaps they but protect their nests and valuable eggs (€75 each).
5. A friendly and knowledgeable anthroposeal (L3, walrus) along the trade jetty offers insights into local culture, history, and cuisine.
6. Seven falšers (L1, normal) singing. If questioned, they respond they are caroling. Perhaps the flesh machines are caught in some sort of time loop?

Locations & Discoveries

The living city that travelers call Many-Mirror occupies but a small area of the vast ruderal geography of Old Increase. Ruins, towns, colonies, hives, and feral wastelands occupy much of the rest, shading imperceptibly into the Feral and Steam Shores.

OLD INCREASE

(a few hours, 35 xp)

Rings of dead buildings gird New Increase, like the rings girdling the Great Moon that watches over our distant heavens. The dull, crystalline structures no longer glow from within, but still stand testament to the bioarchitectural efflorescence of the living city in full bloom. Sights include:

Obsidian Garden. A bazaar and trade colony rolled in one, where scavengers and archeophiles sell trinkets of undead city tech.

Reconstructivist Museum. The lich lady Mariella (L6, curious as a cat) fused her consciousness with an old water treatment building creating a theme park celebrating the living architecture of the Long Long Ago.

Wachter Tors. A cluster of obsidian cloud piercers offering unparalleled views of the the shores, suns, and sea. Visiting the abandoned tors is not recommended, as they have been taken over by harper ferals.

ETERNAL ROAD

(a few hours, 35 xp)

Where the dead must go, like the millions who already went before. Towers and walls of glass hold the essences of the citizens and pilgrims and wayward fools who left their bodies to the ageless city. Be sure to visit:

Memory Wall. The swirling labyrinth of rose-colored biogenic glass (well, silica) holds the compressed personalities of those who could not afford to store themselves entire. Plan at least three hours for your visit if you are without a guide and avoid ingesting mind-altering substances before visiting due to the hallucinotaurs.

Tomb Towers. Glassy arcologies where the finest dead have their final rest. Their silhouettes are visible through the glass wall. For a coin to the electric priests who operate the tomb towers, you can speak to a dead person's simulacrum—an electric ghost indistinguishable from the original.

SKYFRONT

(an hour, 40 xp)

Great standardstone ramps and pads mark where the sky chariots once dwelled. The area has been largely vacated of humans, except for roving bands of electric peacebringers, since the heliotrophic zombie outbreak of -64'. The ritual zones, however, are kept scrupulously clean and safe by the 3rd Pectoral Golem Guards Company (re-established). Sights of note:

Cloudwalk. A long, arcing bridge of spidersteel links two of the tallest chariot towers, offering a stunning view of the immense city.

Grand Pad of Helios. A massive standardstone bowl where the largest of the Builders' chariots would land. Even now, the glittering material glows in the dark and vegetation near it mutates with divine speed. Visitors should limit their time at the Grand Pad to no more than 5 minutes for health and safety reasons.

Ramp of Heaven. Stretching far over the waters, this is the main launch ramp that propelled cargo wagons into the sky. The electromagical accelerators have long-since been repurposed and carved into statues depicting the greatest imperial presidents and elected warlords of the city's history. Visitors can descend by electric elevator to the waters below, where they can rent scuba equipment to explore the submerged hulk of the last president's big blue ship. To this very day, the ramp is where visiting potentates and wizards dock their ships.

COLUMBARIA

(an hour, 20 xp)

Downtown, where the chitin bulbs hang like so many bundles of grapes on the old buildings of steel and glass, creating living homes for the city's teeming thousands.

Grand Deco Station. The great civic portal still stands here, though inactive. Once, it linked Old Increase with the other 255 cities of the Given World as prescribed in the Plan of Eden. Today, the vast Parking Park in front of the station offers a meditation on time and nature, as the great cherry baobabs rise over the roadstone and standardstone slabs that once paved the area. The old godsmeat plaza remains in use as a transportation hub for road trains from Gardens-of-Two-Day and Hightunnel and smaller golem buses from the Shores.

Flotsam Junction. A gaily painted and decorated floating market overgrown into a small town on old Cooling Lake. A place to try the local seafood and even meet some real, live anthroposeals!

Humboldt Hive. The largest of the of the living arcologies, home to seven great houses, and the largest waste-to-food facility in the Gygrade region. Try the local nutrition pellets—some of the best dry food around! It is named for Saint Humboldt, a mythical ancestor who inspired the Blue God to pursue a mycelial approach when crafting a total ecology for the Given World.

Destination

NEW PALACE

(2 hours, 30 xp)

The old bureau of civil engineering, still unbroken these ten hundred centuries, has been the center of government ever since the Cancer Bubble Event of pty 9.484e4. You can find a full accounting of that event in the Never Again Museum on Bertram Polychrome drive. Since those times, the old bureau has overgrown into the New Palace, offering sights such as:

Dome of the Oracle. The heart of the electric priesthood, where those gentle ladies commune with the living city's nu-brain interface.

Hall of Designations. A living record in marble, glass, and bakelite, recording the 64 faction-corporations of designated origin controlled and guaranteed—the great houses, in common parlance. The membership in the houses is stamped and affirmed every twenty years in the Great Rubber Seal Ceremony, a spectacle well worth watching. For the curious, a live re-enactment of the ceremony is performed by the 400-strong Historical Theatrical Company every Tuesday and Saturday, with an additional child-friendly corporate matinee prepared for younger visitors who want to understand how and why the great houses are necessary for the continued glory of the city.

Garden of Advisors. Moved from the Tomb Towers only 150 years ago, the garden houses the yellow and green-coded glass sarcophagi of approved former rulers and luminaries of the city, whose electric simulacra can offer advice to contemporary warlords and their administrations.

OLD PALACE

(1 hours, 50 xp)

The grand neocubist complex has been abandoned ever since it was trapped in a bubble of self-digesting time. Visitors can use telescopes to gaze inside and see how entropy has had its way upon the evil ones inside.

The boundaries of the bubble are clearly marked and patrolled by electric officers, and entry without a guide is not advised. Those who venture within report of finding themselves in a surreal and eerie world, where the laws of physics fluctuate. Strange markings and symbols crawl across the surfaces, flickering spores float through the air, and the scent of slow decay assails the mind like a melody of doom. The evil ones within are trapped in their terrible fate, lingering like shadows, haunting the dark corners of a visitor's mind.

Exploring the Old Palace. A short stay with a guide is relatively safe. Prolonged visits, however, cause the mind to break down and eventually remain trapped inside. Still, the lure of the Blue God's old neuro-bacterial magics draws fools often enough for the city to have built a small hospice.

Dramatis Personae

NAMED CHARACTERS OF NEW INCREASE CITY

Carbon House, Wit — augmented, noble, zealous. Newly elected warlord of New Increase, victor of the election games. Just a brain in a golem suit? (L7, 14 life, calculated)

Houseless, Belli — forger, victim, whiner. Khal's cell-mate in the silver ship. A prisoner sold to the undying wizard Idrargo. (L2, 9 life, cunning)

Houseless, Lluno — cutthroat, survivor, thug. Khal's other cell-mate in the silver ship. (L3, 15 life, tough)

Iron House, **Elle** — steely, determined, naive. Newly ascended lady of the house, daughter of Jorxe, sister of Khal. (L4, 19 life, hybridized)

Iron House, Feodor — stoic, smart, silent. Lethal golem armor suit companion, now being refitted for Elle. (L6, 90 life, resilient)

Iron House, Jorxe — celebrated, ruthless, dead. Defeated and sacrificed at the end of the election games. Former lord of the Iron House and two-time elected warlord of New Increase. Father of Elle and Khal. (L6, 42 life, dead)

Iron House, **Khal** — entitled, rebellious, vain. Former scion of the house, son of Jorxe, younger brother of Elle. Sentenced to sale to the undying wizard Idrargo. (L2, 7 life, hapless)

Iron House, Nail — efficient, nondescript, doghead. House's chief secret servant. (L4, half-invisible)

Iron House, Samuel — gentle, handsome, luciform. Elle's personal garou bodyguard. (L6, regenerating)

NAMED CHARACTERS OF THE SILVER SHIP

Idrargo the Wizard — mercurial, insouciant, watcher, witness, vampire, immortal. High human pilot of the Silver Ship, buyer of a thousand souls, bringer of ageless gifts from Long Ago, master of the vulpen grickles. (L9, 27 life, magic man)

San Ikbal — favored, gardener, poet. Dreamless companion of the Silver Ship, voyager of a thousand shores, lady of nothing. Glittering skin and amber eyes. High human friend of the wizard. (L7, 45 life, electric warrior poet)

Appendix

'L Peleset — sailor, miller of the sacrifices, friend. Synthetic human companion of Idrargo since the days of the Canopy. Memorialist of the sentient condition. Sancho pansa to Idrargo's quixote. (L6, 60 life, expert system friend)

Second Idrargo — mechanical wizard of ivory and ebony, replica, sleeping. A daily spiritual copy-paste ritual ensures a backup for Idrargo. (L7, 36 life, one-spirit golem)

Silver Ship — no fool, it has flown across the World Sea since the days when the Builders' deliveries boiled the crater seas and fresh void water melted into the ocean. (L17, 999 life, child of the Maker, sibling of the Builders)

MULTITUDES OF THE SILVER SHIP

These live, dance, and die in the background.

Synthetic ship servants — ageless mechanical humans keep the silver ship tight and trim. The ship backs them up regularly. (L1d4, (1d4+2)xL life)

Bess — maid, warrior, cook. Always there with an ear when the nightmares of the Fall and the Fog assail the ship. (L3, 12 life, tireless)

Goblin — dancer, clown, fool. Somehow ill fates haunt the ship whenever this mechanical menace is disincarnate. (L1, 3 life, anti-fragile)

Vulpen grickles — menial species, children of the dancing lord, flattened skulls. A reddish pelt covers them from the tops of their feet to the ends of their triangular ears. (L1d3, (1d4+1)xL life)

Mother Tesuto — forefox of the sailing shore, matriarch of the vulpen grickles, eldest of the serving ones. Were there to be a mass vulpen grickle uprising on the silver ship, this secret telepath would need to be convinced. (L4, 8 life, cautious)

Lasero the Secret Wizard — wise grickle, lazy grickle, sour grapes grickle, oh would, oh could achieve so much if only all were different. (L3, 12 life, magic fox)

Glossary

Air plankton — spores, plants, and tiny creatures that build their tiny shells and cell walls with aerolith grains, letting them float free of the world's embracing gravity.

Anthroposeal — long ago, some humans returned to the watery seas, perhaps as an act of atonement for the cetacean genocides. Now they live aquatic lives and some land folk of these later times hunt them for their meat, blubber, and skins.

Cynogriff — hybrid of a mansfriend hound and a celestial eagle. A popular misconception has cynogriffs flying. Actually, they can walk on air.

Electric officer — Many-Mirror militia. Undying servants of the city's electric priests; golem and human wired together in uniform and service.

Electric priest — sacred fools with implanted communication crystals who can divine the will of the living city, or other oldtech left over from the Long Long Ago.

Falšer — soulless fake human construct, designed and grown to give the impression of a vibrant community for the high humans of the Golden Age. A potemkin person.

Garou — biomantically augmented soldier-caste human. Like a werewolf, but without the whole shapeshifting moon-howling nonsense. Much more practical.

Godsmeat — traditionally, a self-generating immortal protein source. Spam 2.0.

Golem — living, sentient machine without a soul. Ka-less, hence the weird slur referring to them as "kales". This may also indicate the prejudice of omnivorous ferals and low humans against those who need not consume the flesh of conscious creatures.

Golem armor — living machine suit designed to carry and protect a human.

Grickle — menial species, down-graded post-humans with shaved brains.

Grickle, vulpen — the bipedal fox-derived working class of the Silver Ship.

High human — the free-minded, the chosen of the lords. So few remain that most now think them a myth. The high humans were uplifted by the Lords of the Dream Canopy as beings of light-stuff, capable of existing as minds separate from the base matter. Some would confuse them with ultras and other daemons, but they are true humans in origin, born of wetware source code and biomechanical womb.

Hive human — many-bodied distributed sentiences, used by some groups as a way to overcome death. Some incorporate new drones as equal members of the sentience, but more commonly new bodies are formatted and reused to run the existing wetware.

Appendix

Land anemone — a sessile filter feeder, it mostly eats floating spores, air jellies, and atmoplankton. The larger varieties will also eat other animals.

Low human — citizen of New Increase. In the eyes of the few remaining undying high humans: the ferals, the brutals, the betrayers of the lords.

Magcargo — buildertech fragments repurposed for heating, hunting, and other mundane uses by the low humans of these later times.

Many-Mirror — so named for the numerous glittering glass arcologies and skybreakers. See New Increase.

New Increase — also Many-Mirror, formerly Old Increase. The centimillennial city on the bay Gyrate. The glass stuff of the city is an undying daemon from the Builder Era, placated and worshipped by the electric priests. Within its crystal body, the city holds an infinity of human personalities—or fragments of those personalities—and it can magic new personalities with memories and hopes and dreams from this etheric mix. This city can even bring the personality, the ba, back to a ba-zombie who's essence has been stolen by a dark wizard.

Postmaterial — the mindstuff of which some buildertech artefacts are shaped, it affects both soul and stone with the purity of its user's personality. In game terms, an odd material that responds to its user's charisma and personality, their ba.

Standardstone — synthetic stone generated directly from energy by the Builders' mastery over existence. Magic concrete, light as aluminum, for the uninitiated.

Swellsword — a bravo.

Synthetic human — a made one, a slave of glass and porcelain, carbonate and plasma steel. Blessed by a soul, which distinguishes them from a golem.

Undine — a soulless, sentient aquatic colony organism. The Builders made the translucent polymorphs to shepherd the ocean life they had seeded. They are said to consume the souls of sentients of orange and even persuasions. Whatever that means.

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