

4. RED LAND

*"Freedom is paid for in blood.
Those who will not pay, cannot be free."*

—traditional Red saying

Here, say the origin myths of humanity, humanity became free. Here, between the Winedark Mountains and the pale, turquoise Circle Sea, humanity traded blood for power, life ever-lasting for freedom never-ending.

That is why the land is red. It was painted in the ultimate sacrifice.

Two cities dominate this land.

The younger is the Red Land District, a coastal mess of channels and bricks, the golem-guarded bastion of anarchy and commerce. The older is the Red End, a cloud-piercing mass of terraces and livingstone, the blood-pact bastion of tradition and honor.

Three groups divide the country between.

The dwarfer industrialists dominate the coastal factory towns, the vintner lords rule the river plantations, and the half-barbarous rust folk clans crawl the highlands in their hybrid hamlets.

Visiting the Red Land

Welcome to the land of the bloodwine, where the rainbow knights became the vampire knights as they fought the epic shadow struggle to free humanity from the Vile Ones.

Marvel at the oldmetal fortresses, experience life in a Long Ago bunker city, and go falscher hunting along the Organ Trail, where the wild soulless ones still spring from their mycelial machines as they did so long ago when the gods farmed them for spare parts.



Travel

The mountains that saved humanity in the forgotten Long Long Ago now make much of the Red Land a tourist backwater ... a hidden gem in tour guide parlance.

Portal

A narrow week-walk thread links Red End to Safranj and the City Azure. The price is €50 or a favor from the vintner lords.

Right Road

A week to Oranje from the Tollem. A bus seat costs €10, food and drinks are not included.

Coasthugger

A week to the Violet City, two weeks to the Decapolis. Most wallows dock at the Red Land District, but some also stop at smaller ports like the Tollem. Steerage costs €5, a private cabin is €25.

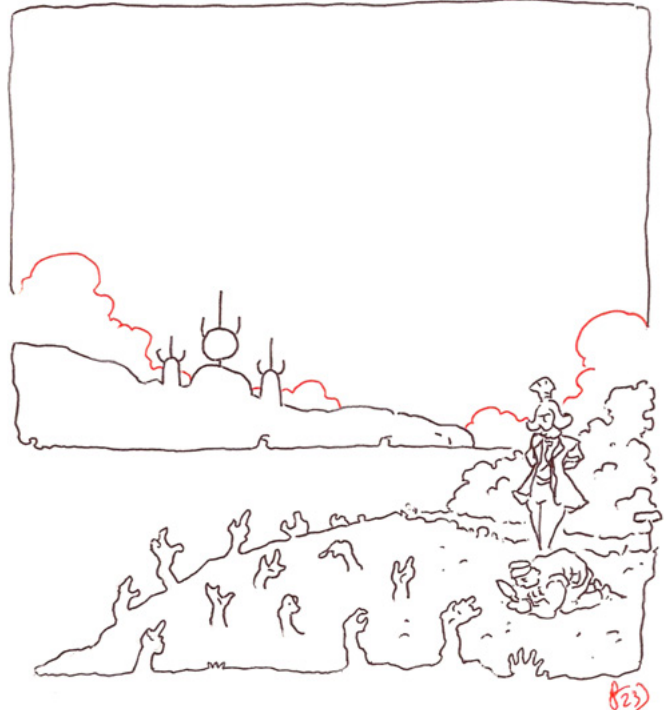
Airbeast

The skies are clear of stuckforce and other archaeomagic debris, making for well-marked air lanes. Private blimps are available from €100. The RLD maintains a secure public air-cutter service to the Emerald City (1 week, €50 per seat).

Local

Coalem golem barges and land-trains connect the coastal towns with the villages of the Wine River valley. Beyond the valley, automules and walkers serve for portage. Basic golem vehicle rental costs €20 per week.

VINTNER & HER AGROGNÔME
INSPECT AN ARM FARM.
CHATEAU NEUVETORES IN BACK.



Weather

In the far south of the Rainbowlands, past the Rushing Tumult, the seasons are harsher, the winters more severe. When winters fade, the mountain's ice and snow feeds the rich farmlands, but then summer's heat bakes the land and summons storms to break against the heights. The greatest of storms bring cyan spores sweeping across the summits, poisoning crops and painting the sky garish hues.

Winter

- 1-3 whistling winds
- 4-5 soft snows
- 6 electric skyfire

Spring

- 1-3 green days
- 4-5 fog walls
- 6 rainbows

Summer

- 1-3 humid heat
- 4-5 downpour
- 6 cyan storm

Autumn

- 1-3 yellow days
- 4-5 forest fires
- 6 pine rose blooms

(Mis)fortune

Even in these safe, civilized lands, the tourist must beware. Roll d6+cha.

1. **Skyfire scorch.** Exposed machinery damaged, brain fog in humans. Burden: reduce thought by 1d4. Consider wearing a foil hat in future.
2. **Slippery cyan spore residue.** Travel delays are expected (1d4 days). Be careful if climbing.
3. **Golem glitch.** Please find an alternate route as it will take a while to bring the golem back under control (1d4 days, less 1 per €10 spent).
4. **Local flood.** The fords are out, the bridges are closed. The waters should recede soon (1d3* days).
5. **Forest fire smoke.** Cough. Ack. Poor visibility.
6. **Harbor hustlers.** That friendly local? A pickpocket.
7. **Blown tire.** It'll take a few hours and €1 to fix. Why not explore this old giant's barrow while you wait?
8. **Pine rose allergies.** The beautiful flowers make a mess of your fluid ducts. Atchoo! Sniff. A week's supply of anti-flower meds costs €5.
9. **Whoosh!** Sudden gust or playful zephyr? Roll to find out which of your belongings fly off a ledge.
10. **Rainbow mirage.** It looked like a proper road. Now you're at a creepy hill, with rust folk warning signs and the threat of oldtech corruption (lose 1 day). Delve within, if you don't fear decayed post-humans and think old glitchware is worth your while.
11. **Lost in translation.** Confusingly, you ended up in a location with the same name as your destination, but it's definitely wrong. For one thing, this one is holding a festival to celebrate an archaeomagic drake. That must be wrong (lose 1 day).
12. **In the vines.** The sun is setting and the vine maze looks confusing at night. Fortunately, the old vintner looks friendly and offers blood sausages.

Encountered

Colorful characters for a vivid land. Roll d8.

1. **Ravengaunts.** The travel brochures prefer to remain silent on the undying commandos buried in the time-locked capsules to harry the Vile Ones if the resistance had been overrun. When one of these poor, starving, corrupted wretches (L7, cancerous) emerges, it is best for visitor and local alike to make themselves scarce until the knights sanitaire (L3, eaters of the undead) arrive to purify the cracked time bunker.
2. **Night knight patrol.** The upstanding defenders (L3, honorable) of Red Land tradition protect the land from chaos. These ones are (roll d6): (1) hunting bandits, (2) chasing thieves, (3) transporting bloodwine, (4) collecting protection taxes, (5) harrying ferals, (6) preparing a pogrom.
3. **Glowblood abominations.** Without the good bloodwine, plantation workers and rust folk alike may succumb to the cyan spores. Not quite vampires, the bloated, rageful hammers (L2, mutated) form cannibal nests in the hollowed out hills to prey on lonely travelers.
4. **Falscher pack.** Soulless human-form creatures with alien minds, grown from artificial flesh by old machines. Most die swiftly without masters. These (L2, changelings) have formed a predatory pack.
5. **Highland apes.** Large predators with the faces of dogs and the talons of raptors (L3, apex). Chase them away with lance fire.
6. **Vinyard vermin.** The leaping lapin rats of the red lands are rodents become deerlike (L1, antlered).
7. **Plantation pilgrims.** Tagged locals (L1, registered) with permission to travel. They seek (roll d6): (1) amusement, (2) distraction, (3) absolution, (4) freedom, (5) undeath, (6) the dead god.
8. **Vintner lord.** A local magistrate (L3, abmortal) making their rounds in a mobile mansion. They dispense (roll d6): (1) doom, (2) advice, (3) largesse, (4) justice, (5) secrets, (6) lies. They are not alone.

Shopping

One travels to enrich oneself, does one not? Well, in the Red Land, the gentle visitor can fortify themselves body and soul, gaining long life and wisdom. Materialist visitors are reminded that, R.L.D. ideologies notwithstanding, consumption is *not* the lifeblood of the Red Lands. These lands run on honor, tradition, blood and soil. For what is wealth if not land?

As is tradition, the Red Lands have traditional measures. The visitor will encounter them in any taberna: 100 cups (qoppe) = 10 bottles (voteshe) = 1 barrel (varil). Merchants will be aware that a barrel is a sack. Underhanded rogues will suspect they could hide a corpse in a barrel.

FOOD		€
Bloodwine (bottle)	Regenerative vintages harvested under the Green Sun. A cup regrows a finger, a bottle an arm.	€1d4* x 50
Hillbread	Traditional worker bread made from synthetic flour. Stays edible for months. Packed with vitamins and mood improvers.	€1
Honor Sausage	Pink slime dried in wind and sun to create a delicious, salty arm-length cylinder of protein and fat. Also: "week-meat".	€5
Leech (live food)	A wriggling leech, full of blood. Keep moist.	€2
Rustbroth Stew	Cooked with traditional magical bacteria, whose enzymes break down otherwise inedible compounds: rubber, plastic, wood, into human-digestible slop. Seasoned for edibility.	€1
Vampire Wine (bottle)	The richest ruby vintages, infused with the flesh of creation. A cup restores 1 life to a human and 1d6 to a vampire.	€1d6* x 10

SOUVENIR

		€
Bled Rose Seed	Grow into a protective bush (L1). The blooms have eyes?!	€10
Bunkerplate	Puzzlebox set of dishes and cutlery in the style of the Long Ago rebels, decorated with scenes of man's glorious revival.	€10
Crystal Heart	Glows with the gentle light of your sacrifice. 1 life per hour.	€5
Cyan Spore Globe	The polychrome spores swirl and dance like mad homunculi.	€20
Fogwhistle	Blow your soul into a mist of many pinks. 1 life per cloud.	€5
Humanhead Steer	Miniature figurine of a reverse minotaur. Embodying the stolid spirit of the happy farm laborers of the Red Land.	€2

ACCOMMODATION

		€/WEEK
Cliffside Cabins	Panoramic views and laughing stars? Astral visitors?	€20
Dewerker Dormitory	Synthetic sleep pods. Fully rested in just three hours! Very efficient! No chance of psychosis!	€2
Shadowfree Suites	Permanently illuminated by the blood moon, always free from the burning Green Sun. 100% UV safe.	€15
Solaris Sanctuary	Traditional bunker chic with illumination in the style of the first sun. Experience the light humanity evolved to enjoy!	€10
The Inn Mobile	Ruster caravan camp. Beware the corrosive centipedes.	€5
Vintner Villa	Elegant estate, falscher dancers and a secret bloodwine tasting? Perhaps even special society initiations?	€90

WEAPON		€
Blood Trinker	Slim town blade with two-way intravenous action. Can deliver a poison or steal 1 life per strike. Close, 1d6, 1 st.	€150
Dwarfer Bolter	Pneumatic bolt thrower. Small, slim, powerful, precise, easy to hide. Medium range, 1d6, reload 2, 1 st.	€200
Long Ago Howler	Sonic blaster provokes dread, fear, and awe in targets. Short range, 2d8, reload 10, small area, 1 st.	€1,500
Redland Revolutionary	Novel submachine gun. Works as a club (1d8) in close combat. Short range, 2d4+2, reload 1, burst, 1 st.	€450
Rustvolver	Forged in skyfire, made to degrade. Allegedly. Double damage to metal targets. Short range, 1d4, reload 3, 1 st.	€25
Spore Spray	Garden sprayer with inactivated cyan spores. Causes bloating and bloodthirst. Close, 1d4, reload 5, small area effect, 1 st.	€50

ATTIRE

		€
Bunkerbeetle Carapace	Chitin hardened with synthetic stone platelets. Light, tough, and anti-necrotic. Armor +4, 2 st.	€150
Furmalweave Cloak	Living cloak of furry skin and photosynthetic plant tissue. Water regularly. Warm by night, cool by day.	€55
Hiking Gear	Shoes and layers to survive lowlands and high. 2 st.	€50
Red Goggles	See true colors, uncorrupted by the Green Sun. Also, detect warm, pumping blood more easily.	€20
Spore Mask	Living plant and chitin facemask to filter dust, spores, and toxins. Enriches your air with oxygen (1 life per hour).	€100
Truebrass Ring	Made from truebrass! Powerfully antibiotic. Protects from all skin infections and most contact poisons.	€240

TRANSPORT

		€
Automule	Mule-derived biomechanical servitor. Powered by ancient fires. Dome head. L1, carry 2.	€50
Bloodweb Balloon	The full old-school blimping experience! L1, carry 4, slow.	€500
Dust Rover	Sungwood, sinew, chitin, and fungal filters. A rover to survive the rustlands. L3, carry 4, fast.	€750
Solar Gondola	Sails for the slower rivers, solar-powered propellers for faster waters. L3, carry 6, sleek.	€250

SUNDRY

		€
Backcountry Maps	The old roads. Good maps cost five times more and show modern trails and novel terrors.	€5
Bunker Key	Multi-purpose human bunker access pass, including synthetic palms, realistic irises, and source code simulators.	€200
Dormifloral	Spray that puts ambulatory plants to sleep. 1 st.	€25
Ectoplasmifactor	Crystal globe of sympathetic ectoplasmic animalcules. Shatter it and everything in a small area becomes intangible for an hour.	€300
Pure Sang Chalice	Ceramic and silver cup that purifies blood. 1 st.	€50

Life in the Red Land

Red Land traditionalists like to define themselves by their blood, but it is water and stone that shape its societies.

The heart of the Red Land is the ample Wine River with its broad, irrigated valleys. Its rich soil allows a proud self-sufficiency and an inward-looking elite. The mountains between the valleys are a bulwark against the outsider, while the backcountry offers refuge to the lesserfolk unhappy with their good masters' vein-tax.

To the northeast, the dry plateau of the Tollem discourages settlement and divides the Redlanders from the Orange, while trade with the necroagricultural power that is Oranje cannot but be pitiful.

A merchant wandering northwest finds the Right Road broken at the builder-cloven canyon of the Rushing Tumult. This barrier separates the Red Land and the Purple, while offering a theoretical connection to the far

southern Cyan Sea. Theoretical, since despite the great sky-graven omens promising a new land of opportunity, the great rushing waters remain too rough to allow reliable navigation.

This leaves traders and profiteers with the Circle Sea, that great, placid expanse of pirates and cetaceans. There, where the Wine River meets the sea, the city-state that is Red Land District grows tick-fat on the wealth that flows in and out of the great Red Land. A cosmopole for an old, elegant land.

Meanwhile, upriver where the Right Road short-cuts the great Wine River valley, the parliamentary city of Red End rambles like a great-vine, dominating the rich land and protecting it with its gentle shade.

Both these cities claim dominion over the entire Red Land. Neither holds it.



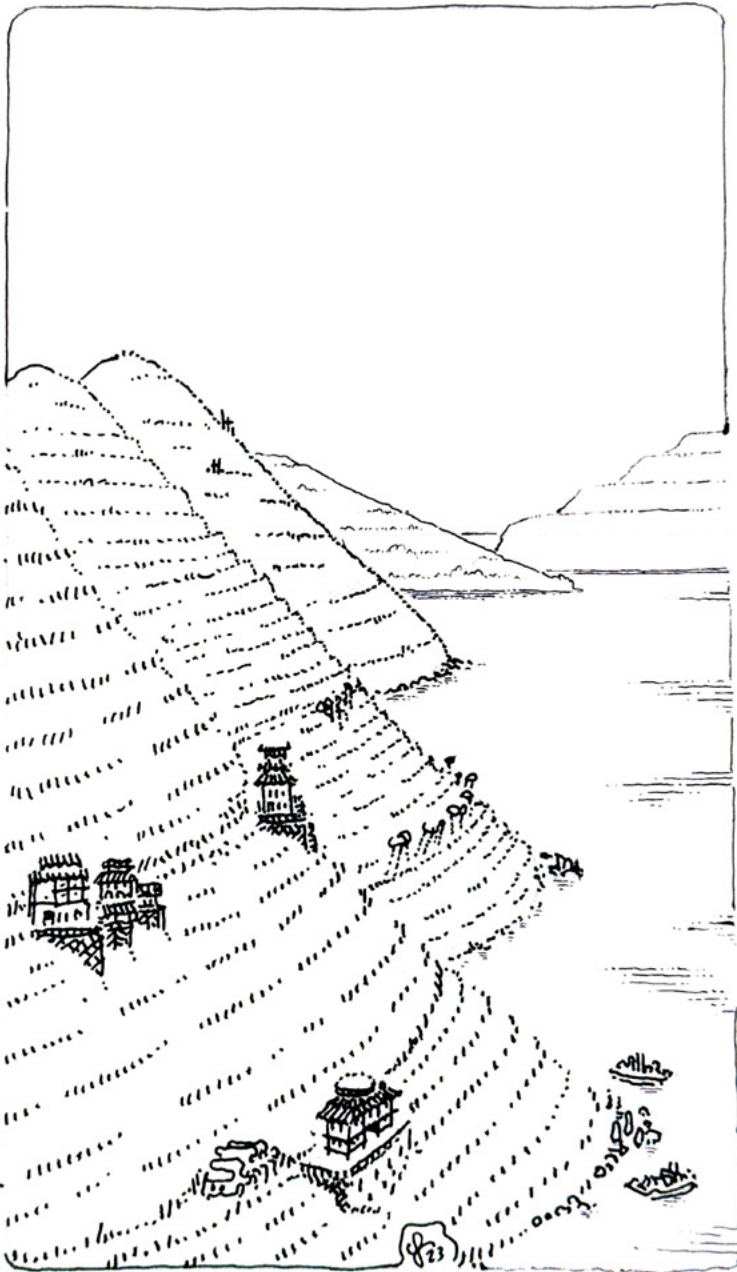
Major Factions

Three great social groups dominate the Red Land

Dwarfer Industrialists

They pay lip-service to the tenets of the RLD and coin-service to the hexad societies of that same city. Their factory towns harvest and repackage the coast.

The industrialist Groen 4-Copy has a cunning plan to mine the popular walls of the resort ghost town Mauve Cucumber with the metropolitan Mining & Dining Fraternity. The profits will be immense and will upset the balance between the hexads and Groen's Well-Going Concern Six-Dig-Ma. Anarchists and balancers alike would love to see this capitalist and his cult following brought low. The hexads would just love their juicy cut.



Vintner Lords

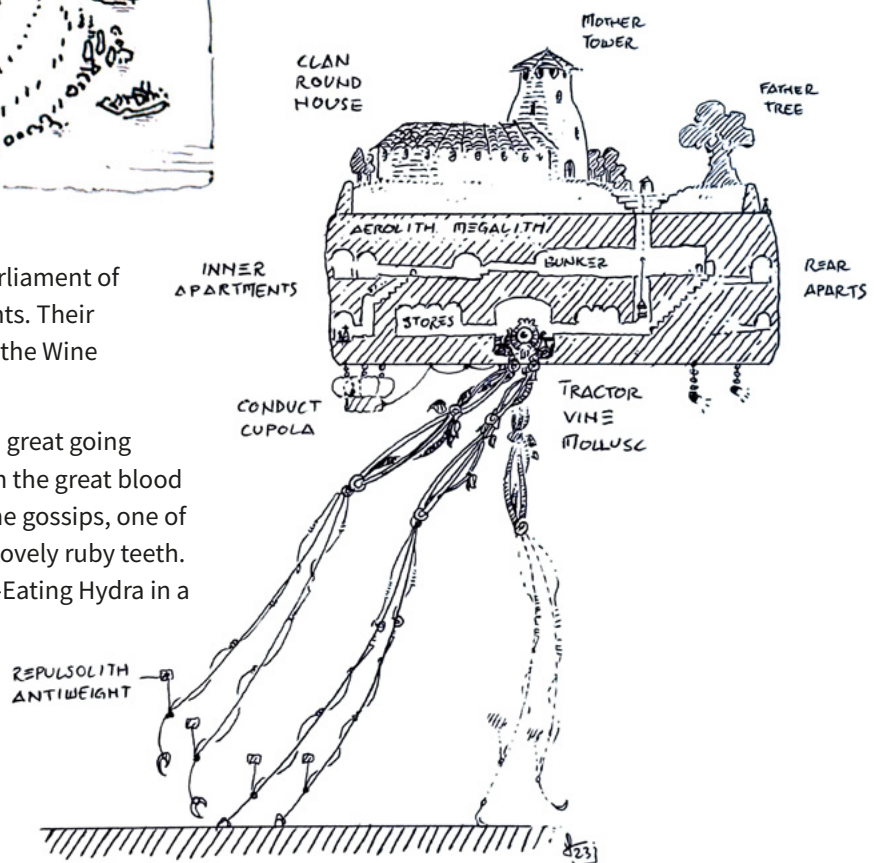
The vintner lords pay kind words to the free parliament of the Red End and vein-rent to the vampire knights. Their plantation villages tessellate the vast length of the Wine River valley.

Nomoä the Old, the tricentenarian, is holding a great going away party as she prepares to become one with the great blood moon on high. There will be games and, wag the gossips, one of her seventy-seven secret heirs will receive her lovely ruby teeth. Those same teeth she took from the Violet Sky-Eating Hydra in a riddling contest.

Rust Folk Clans

The half-barbarous rust folk clans pay neither heed nor deed to anybody. Their hybrid hamlets crawl the rugged backcountry of the Redwine Hills and the River Mountains and even reach the deep old mines in the Winedarks far south of the civilized reach.

Mother-father Anda Vene of the Great Plateaulet clan hears the song of the old divine blood, captured and stored beneath Red End. She-he is convinced that its power will let her-his clan multiply, grow, and build their own free state, independent of the old blood-sucking vintners. The clan's earnest spread-words make inroads with the disenfranchised planters in the city's tangled depths, setting up a riot that will cover the clan's heist.





Priests R.L.D.

The sacred guardians of the revealed and perfect truth of the social anarchist dialectic of the R.L.D. remain popular with the working masses and labor hordes of both the R.L.D. and the Red End. While their materialist monasteries provide psychological opium to the multitudes, the lords and hexads support them, when they kindle revolutionary excitement they assail them.

The new firebrand, Burn-Oppressors-In-the-Oil-of-Judgement, is causing a stir, mobilizing monasteries and organizing combat communes in the back country. Who will hunt them down first, the established priestly anti-hierarchy or some local bloodwine don?

Minor Factions

Many smaller groups prowl the Red Land.

Hexad Societies

The six traditional fraternal self-help societies of the Red Land coast are the inheritors of centuries of resistance, self-organization, mutual assistance, and poorly disguised piracy. When the Red Land District broke free of the Red End parliament, its naive revolutionary elites soon found the grand old sages of the hexads a useful source of advice and legitimacy. Then, in due time, of semi-formalized government.

The thirteen pickled brains of the Adamant and

Dandelion Hexad (call them Heart-of-Lion) see an opportunity to expand their family in the occupied City Azure. Though it is all the way across the Circle Sea, coasthuggers and the Red End old portal make it closer and more profitable than one might guess. A few judicious bribes and assassinations will be required to make the Green and Purple peacemaker companies see the good sense of working with an experienced secret society to handle the dead god's mad blue cultists.

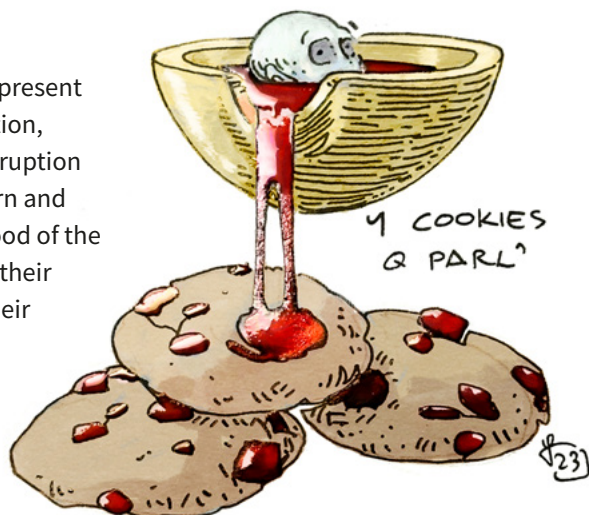


Free Parliamentarians

The oligarch MPs of Red End represent the concentrated wealth, tradition, honor, power, venality, and corruption of the Red Land. Each MP is born and reborn *in machina* from the blood of the citizens—not just representing their will, but literally aggregating their flesh and impulses.

At the end of each MP's mandate, when their blood body denatures, they are ritually baked into community cookies and distributed to their constituents, creating a grand electoral full circle.

Anselm Frankinburn CXXII would strongly prefer not to end up denatured and baked into cookies. This rogue, free-spirited MP is looking for outsiders who could fake their death and translate their mind into a new shell. They've even got the perfect opportunity: a lovely little lakeside shindig of the Sub-Ministerial Committee on Higher Taxes for Untagged Second-Class Citizens. With the flowing bloodwine, who will notice one more brain-dead MP? It's easy money, they promise.



ensure that the human rebellion can never end. Their symbol is the fork and hammer. Their motto is "eat the vile."

4. Xenon Knights. Also known as the permanent party and the bureau of luminous affairs. Their task is secret and not discussed. Their symbol is the lamp and shade. Their motto is "empty veins flow silent."

Temeraire Lindenbloem has been tapped to serve as blood reservoir to the grand secretary Iron Pole, master of the celebratory all-circle society. Temeraire is none too pleased. She won five disciplines in the electric blossom games and traces her bloodline to an original void captain and seven shipmaker lineages. All of which is to say, she deserves better things than to serve as a walking backup for a withered old warrior. Conveniently, she knows just the time and place where a small terrorist attack would show Iron Pole up for the doddering elderling he truly is. Pah, Iron Pole even prefers to use a transfuse golem to drink these days!

Of course, if you won't agree to visit 187 Brick Lane, remove the three jaune bricks and carry out the bomb attack, there is the proof of your recent smuggling.

What? You say that wasn't you? Who will the authorities believe? A tourist or a paid up member of the secret celebration?

Vampire Knights

The flower of Red Land youth, made immortal with the blood and plasm and *ka* of the stems, roots, and much of Red Land youth. Was it not the best of humanity that bought its freedom after its long march along the cruel Garden Path? So the best of humanity must be kept vital, fresh, young, and ready for the eternal revolution.

The knights are organized in permanent celebrations that represent an evolutionary vanguard at the forefront of what it means to be human. Celebrations include:

1. Knights Sanitaire. The sweepers and the eaters of the (un)dead. They ensure that only the deserving enjoy life everlasting. Their symbol is the virgin rose. Their motto is "nothing is ever easy."
2. [The] Night Knights. Also known as the watchers of the black sun and the astral guardians. They ensure that law prevails in the realms of the red vine. Their symbol is the grape and axe. Their motto is "in blood, truth."
3. Pink and Pie Knights. Also known as the evolutionaries and the eternal vanguard. They



Free Falschers

This terrorist group of soulless false humans was eradicated years ago and is no threat to any visitor.

Rumors that cells of false humans, visually identical to normal humans, circulating through the body politic of the Red Land are certainly as false as the false humans.

Suggestions that they have secret living clone factories hidden in the deep red aristocratic hunting preserve parks, where they gestate, train, and equip falscher infiltrator families are a ridiculous conspiracy theory.

If you suspect that you have no soul, are a false human, or a clone doppelganger, please visit your nearest political hospital. You may have been substituted without your knowledge. Treatment is free.

Sacrament bane Pizzigatto, the undercover Cat Lord masquerading as a civet, is in the Red Land to investigate whether the local falschers are more or less effective as a source of stock pets for the Violet City military. It

has extracted a crude map from several cloned falschers and suspects they have figured out where in the Celsius Lodge Lands Hunting Preserve the sixth-type falschers' clone factory is hiding.

A docile factory of this sort to churn out pets for the Cat Lords would be invaluable. Sacrament would certainly pay at least €10k for viable factory buds.



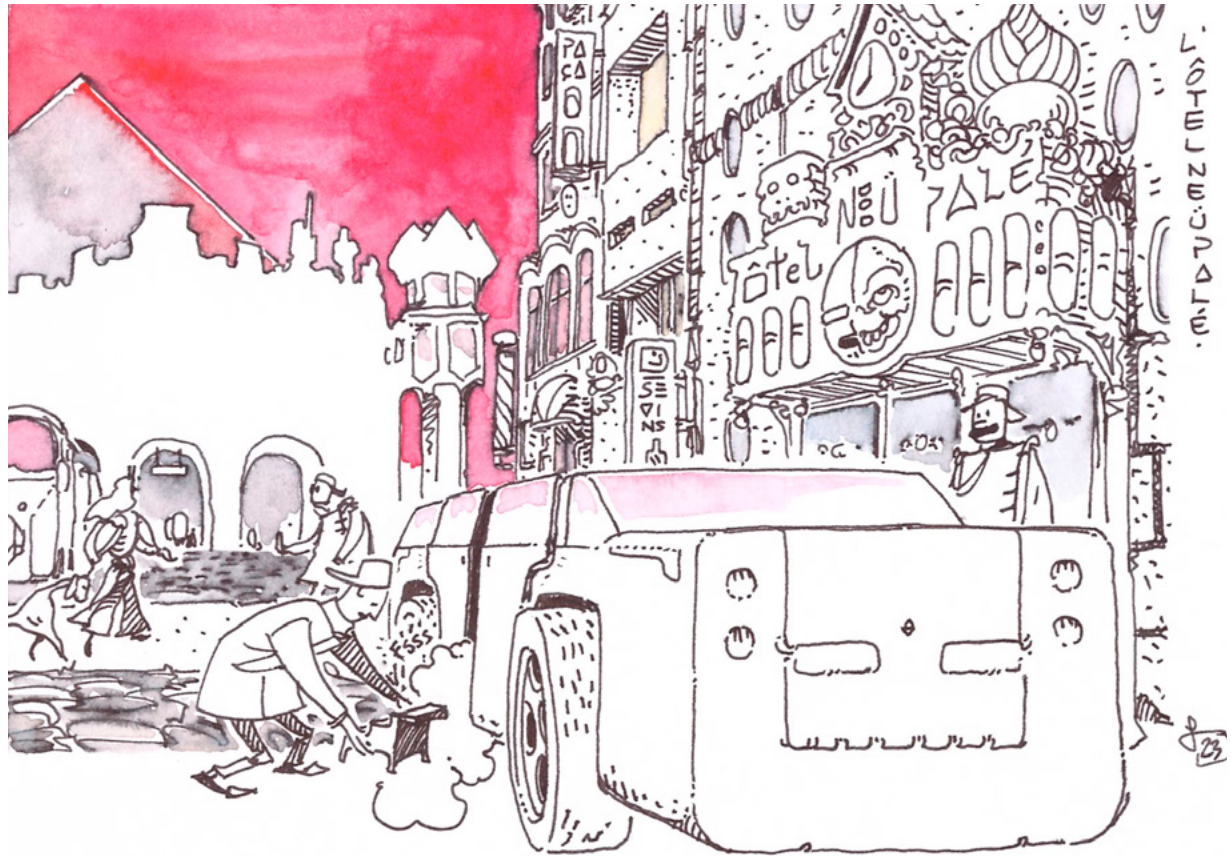
Old Dogheads

The old dogs knew many tricks. Many educated travelers will have heard the myths of the Howl, the meta-entity that manifests when Dogheads of multiple categories form a choir. This is an obvious exaggeration, of course, and the old dogheads are just another oppressed folk sect welcomed in the invigorating and liberal Red Land.

Crio dei Ruch is a modernizing doghead integrationist, who believes the Howl should be consigned to the folklorists. His Redblood Integrity movement is fighting for dogheads to be allowed into the vampiric aristocracy of the Red Land. Vampire Knight traditionalists fear that this might undermine the skinchanger-lifeblooder proscriptions, which ended the Sunless Wars.

Barcu tei Noch is a rabble-rousing publisher intent on dispelling popular perception of the Pack of Purity as a doghead supremacist cult. To that end, he has organized a musical medley howling tour to travel the Right Road. Alas, someone has stolen their holy howling horn. Would the fans even notice if it was swapped out with a fake?





Robbery at the Ôtel Neü Palé

An anthracite limogolem pulls up at the Ôtel Neü Palé opposite the Crimson Theater. The concierge rushes past the bell golem to personally greet the guest. Shock of pale hair, skin blazed to mahogany leather, golden eyes.

"Moyshi Pomo dey Arshen, welcome" bow, discrete gesture. The bell golem slides along and helps the butler with the vine-and-lilac decorated luggage.

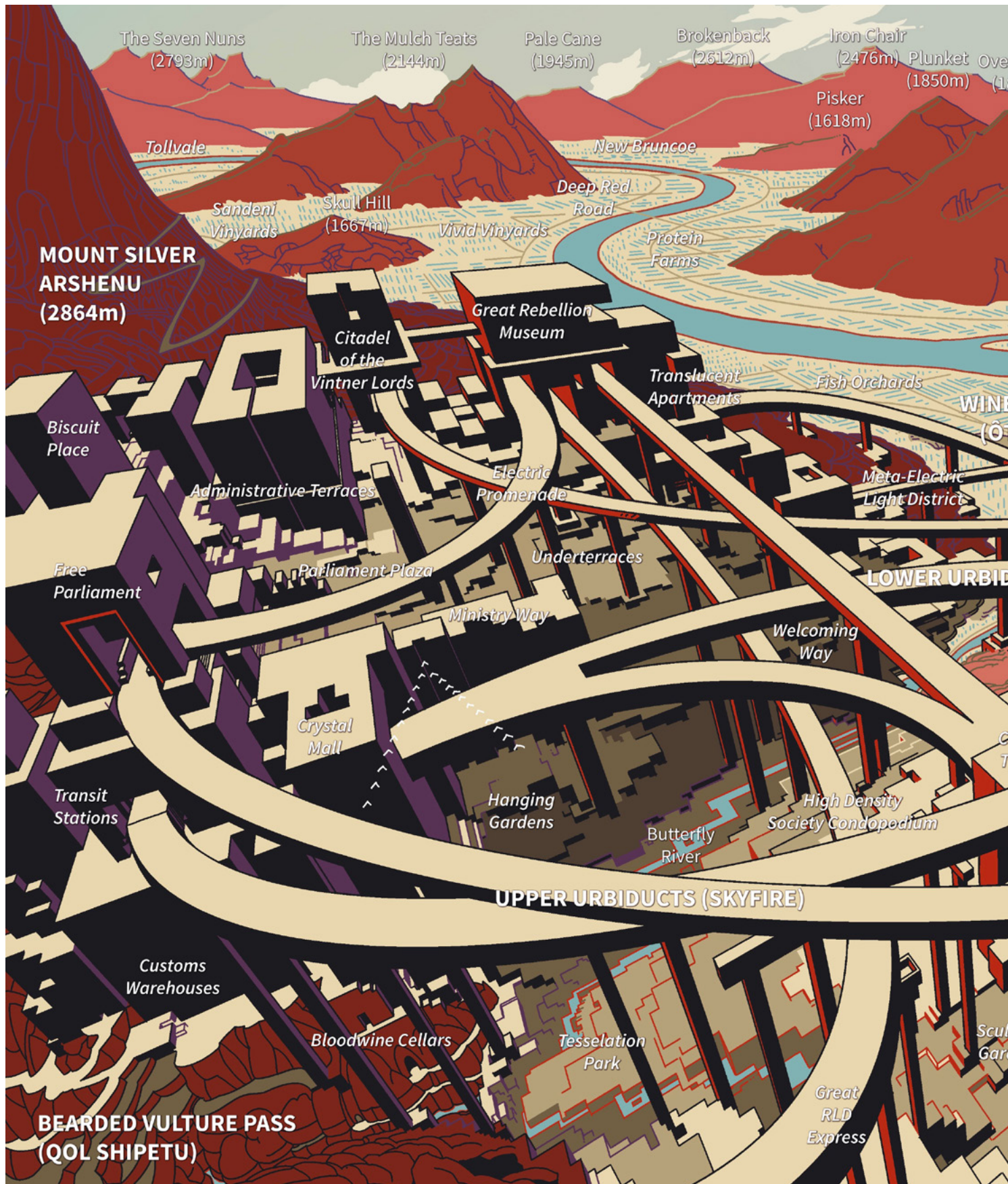
A slow nod.

"The suite is ready, the wheel of mercy, as usual."

A sad smile.

1. Robbery most vile! Someone has broken into the wheel of mercy suite and dispossessed old dey Arshen of his pension. €50,000.
2. But why was it all in cash cards?
3. Are the rumors true? Did he sell his estates?
4. Tall tales: that money was to bribe a scalpel official. Perhaps Maryush ul Nashter, the one with the race-rat habit?

5. Ah. We all know how secrets drip out of officials' veins at the vaudeville. A dancer face must have had sharp ears. Ygra, with the face of the vampire knight Eshtreya?
6. It must have been the sun-haters. They see at night like cats. The Pukka Daffodil gang?
7. A clinical at the door, famed young-maker Rosha w Yuriya. Raised voices. "Master Pomo dey Arshen, I have gone to great lenglths, the youngblood is ready now, but you say you cannot afford my fee? And your license?"
8. The license is signed. A strange license. This old vintner is due to be mulched, why would he be given longer life?
9. The tale comes out. Sixty years, a full matter-and-form ago, young Pomo was betrothed to Eshtreya. Then she won the electric blossom games and joined the vampire knights. Pomo lived a life, built a fortune, buried a wife, and in his twilight remembered again Eshtreya.
10. Did anyone recover his money? Would he be prosecuted for bribing the scalpel official? Could he still get his youngblood? And if he did ... what would the vampire knight say?



4.1. Red End

Grown from the bones of the land, the livingstone terraces of Red End march up the slopes of the

mountains Silver (Arshenu) and Cinnabar (Shinabru) which soar over the headwaters of the Wine River (Vein) and Bearded Vulture Pass (Qol Shipetu).



Clouds play among the livingstone urbiducts linking the two citadel-mountains. The rocky old-growth buildings are blind to protect the photosensitive minority. Veins of symbiotic lumin lichens drink in the ambient vital

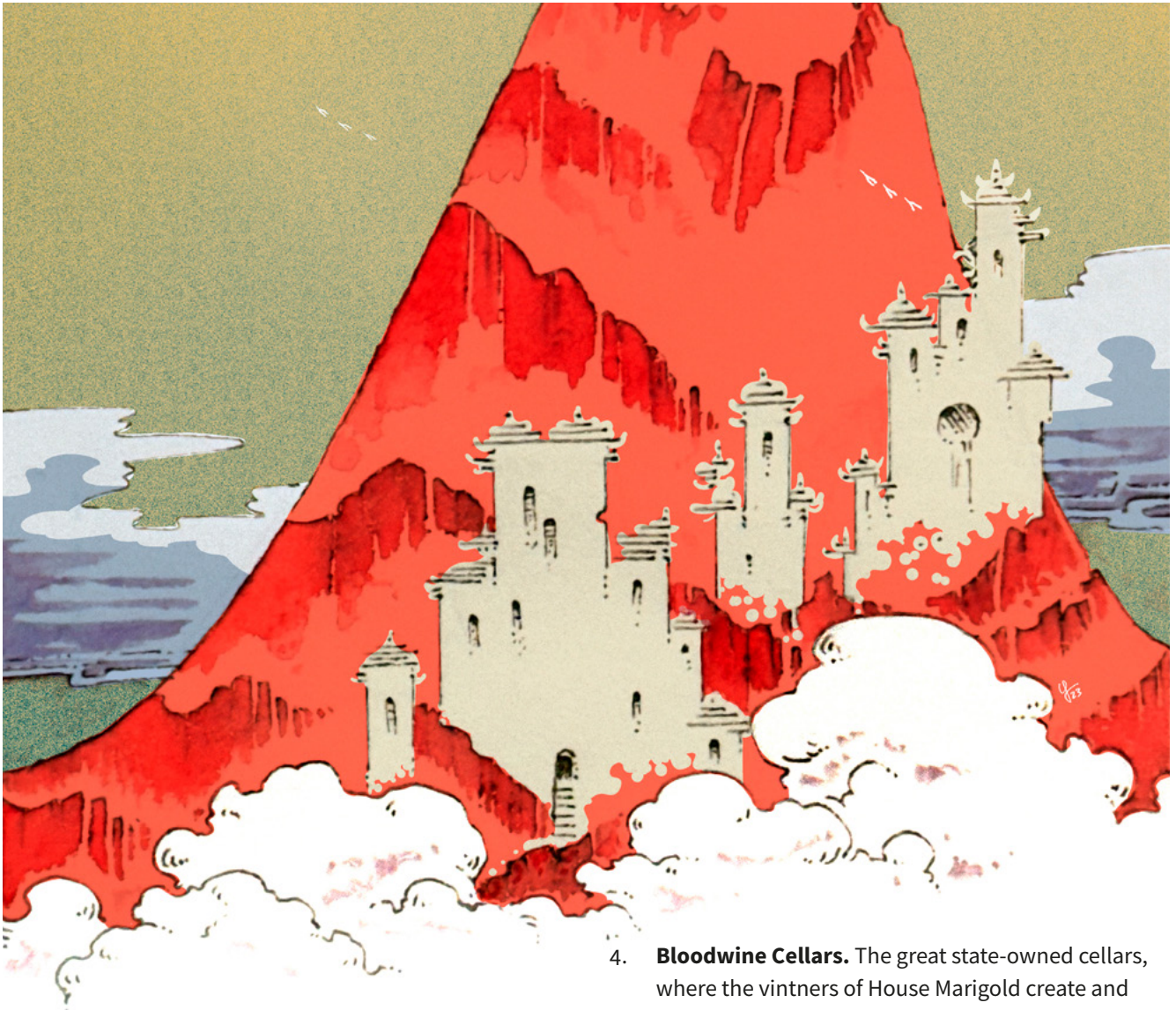
energies and suffuse the sunless halls and corridors with a vibrant neon hues. The ceilings of the most traditional chambers glow with the electric blue of the strange otherworld of the oldest myths.

Red End Encounters

As you walk the terraces and urbiducts of Red End, you will encounter the dwellers typical of any great city. The harried managerials maintaining the city and the peacock-colorful finefolk consuming to keep the divine economy ticking. On Sundays you will see quaint *activistes* marching for the amusement of the knights and on blue Mondays used up probably-folks line up at the self-donation clinics. You may also run into:

1. **Haemodryad drive.** The blood tree nymphs are out in force, encouraging the young to donate their excess vein rent to the popular blood bank.
2. **Dwarfer pop-up.** An industrialist land-train here by special dispensation to truck and trade. A chance to stock up on contra-band, if you dare risk the red-eyes.
3. **Flower festival.** Processions, pop-music, plasma-fizz, and pyrotechnics. The youths who win the electric blossom games join the vampire knights.
4. **Bloodwine heist.** Tunnel-dwelling sun-haters hit a blood clinic to secure their vital fluids.
5. **Planter protest.** A civilized picket-off between supporters of human labor and promoters of auto-golemification.
6. **Gladiatorial athletics.** Two sparkling vampire teams face-off in the traditional blood sport. Decapitations illegal.
7. **Ruster obsides.** Noble clan children on a fieldtrip with their vintner minders, learning about freedom's blood price.
8. **Doghead radicals.** Handing out pamphlets, soliciting donations, preaching about the "Coming Howl."
9. **Drake display.** Vampire knights and their obsidian drakes put on a small airshow.
10. **Anti-chattel attack.** Vintner post-materialist terrorists attack a chattel market. Their aim: kill enough chattel to disrupt the city's economic infrastructure.





Well-Known Locations

Red End is a large city. Plan 1d4 hours to travel to a specific district, and at least an hour per location you visit there. Each new location enjoyed nets 1d6 x 5xp.



Mount Silver - Arshenu

Ah, Arshenu! You, guardian, who withstood the decay bombs of the Vile Ones. You, lifegiver, who gave your bones to the petromancers who turned the old bunker city into the first free city of humanity.

1. **Underterraces.** Open to the air but perpetually shadowed, desired by photophobic middle classes.
2. **Administrative Terraces.** The tomb offices of the bureaucracy, where hopes and dreams die to be revived as zombies of themselves.
3. **Ministry Way.** A wonderful plaza and open air museum, where you can score a quaint painting or an illegal bloodwine mix.
4. **Bloodwine Cellars.** The great state-owned cellars, where the vintners of House Marigold create and age the most terrible and wonderful brews.
5. **Great Rebellion Museum.** A monument to human resilience, a history of the War (don't mention it), a record of the Fall. As it is free to all, one can easily find some waif down on their luck willing to sell a pound or two of themselves.
6. **Tessellation Park.** A puzzle park where vampires go to entrance themselves for hours and forget the ennui of their abmortality.
7. **Parliament Plaza.** Experience the full-spectrum illusion of the ungrateful peasant rebellion of (datum redacted) and the glorious preservation of the revolution by the popular Pink and Pie parliamentary vampire knights battalion.
8. **Free Parliament.** Off-limits to visitors, except for guided tours on Thursdays.
9. **Citadel of the Vintner Lords.** The awe-inspiring fortress of the great and good houses of the Red Land looms over the city, reminding visitors and locals alike that their betters are looking out for them.

Cinnabar Mountain - Shinabru

Good Shinabru, where the Phoenix Parasite was brought down and thrice decapitated. Here was the lesson given to the Vile Ones that humanity would not be slaves.

1. **Prison of the Hated Pretenders.** Here the worst of the worst rebels against the parliamentary republic are kept in a semblance of life. Necrobiomancy ensures that even if there is no hell awaiting them in the next life, they will have centuries of hell in this life. For an added fee, visitors can have a go with some of the simpler torture devices.
2. **Officer Terraces.** Traditionally, the homes of the parliamentary militia. Now a popular upper class neighborhood famed for its boutique eateries.
3. **Great Blood Banks.** The great state-owned banks, run by the Four Nameless Houses, administer the vein tax and the life courses of the abmortals. Visits by appointment only.
4. **Offices of the Scalpel.** Both the finest research hospital in the Red Land and an officially sanctioned punishment facility.
5. **Crimson Theater.** The popular aerial wrestling spectaculars of Long Ago are now a ritualized high art. Try the crimson jaspis box for €100.
6. **Marcher Square.** Any citizen of the Red Land is allowed to express their dissatisfaction by marching out their complaints in letters a hundred meters tall on this grand plaza. Basic complaints, couched in the traditional legal poetry of the

high common speech, typically take between 20 and 40 kilometers of formal marching.

7. **Statue of the Great Dalgba.** Celebrating the faceless First Drinker, who awakened in the time of poison mists and brought the power of abmortal vitality to the rebel forces.
8. **Barracks of the Drake.** In honor of the corruption dragon Sin ot Sina, who gave of their undying flesh to breed the hunter drakes the vampire knights use to this day.
9. **Citadel of the Vampire Knights.** The sky-piercing fortress of the strong and stable mad warrior of the Red Land soars over the city, reminding visitors and locals alike that the blood-drinking commando is there for them.

Intoxication

The rich wines of the Red Land, like other mind-altering beverages, intoxicate the indulging human. Each alcoholic unit of drink occupies a burden slot, one unit dissipates every 4 hours.

Hosts in the Red Land are fond of plying visitors with their favored vintages. Turning down a toast or beverage is rather *gauche*.

Upper Urbiducts (Skyfire District)

The soaring habitation bridges of the upper city provide a lush, luminous home to the worthy and the wealthy.

1. **Sculpted Gardens.** Elevated on aerolith plinths, the greatest sculptures levitate high up, where the lowly masses can enjoy them without defacing them.
2. **Translucent Apartments.** Grown of a novel form of livingstone that daylight to enter as a perpetual twilight, protecting its occupants from the harsh rays of the Novel Sun. An up-and-coming neighborhood, perfect for those who want to acquire a sanguine visa (for investments over €1 million).
3. **Rainbow Circle Manors.** The old industrialist fancy-homes are now the domain of cosmetic re-facing clinics, surgeries, embassies, cloning banks, and psyche restructuring shops.
4. **Crystal Mall.** The greatest mall in the Red Land, a single living golem organism, it feeds on the satisfaction of its customers. Tourists should avoid some of the darker hedonic delights that offer "enter for free, but never leave" tickets.
5. **Electric Promenade.** A theme park of yesterday's future today! Experience how the ancients imagined the world would be three hundred years after they were recycled in the communal vats!
6. **Astral Heights.** A nature preserve and certainly not home to the urban bunker palaces of the great vintner houses of Red Land.

Viviphagic gastronomy

Not for the faint of heart—the wine vampires maintain the tradition of "live food". Nowadays fine eateries no longer offer just slave veins, instead the sophisticated diner can enjoy the tissues of a large variety of specially developed lifeforms, from giant lobsters to tentacled rabbits and undulant bovinds. Most places use bloodwine, so they can continue to graze on their livestock, but pricier establishments do still offer "live-to-grave" dining. Recently, an anesthetic live food trend has taken off, so that creatures no longer suffer during the meal. Prices range from €10 to €5,000 for such a traditional eating experience.

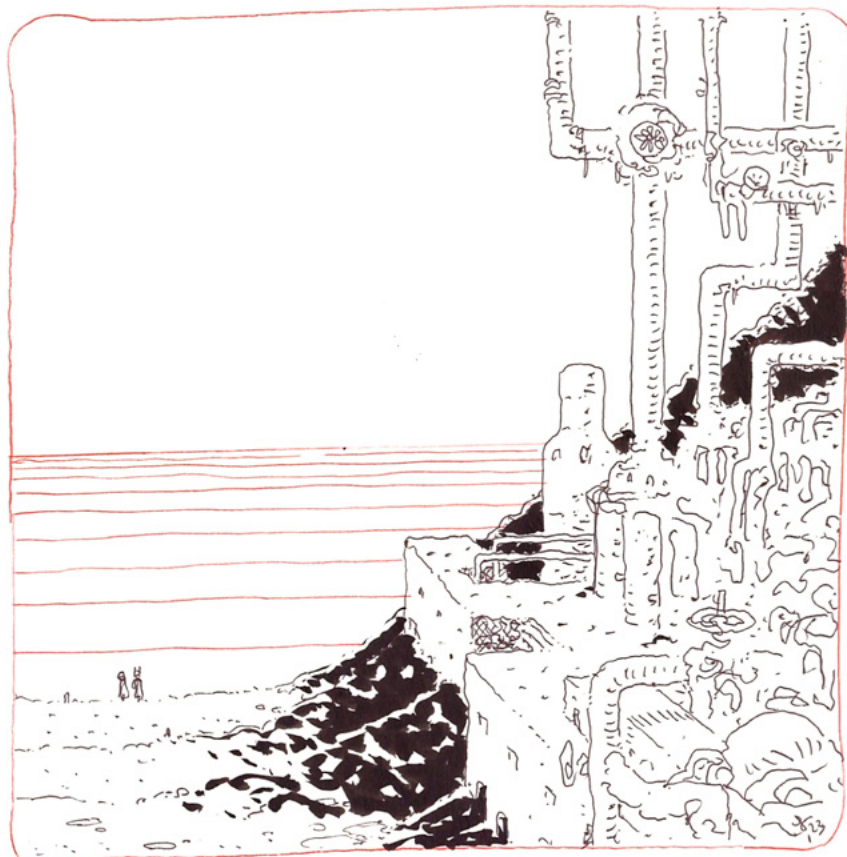
Lower Urbiducts (Pine Rose District)

The less lofty habitation bridges and towers for the middle-managerial castes.

1. **Meta-Electric Light District.** A tangle of office bunkers so overgrown with lumin lichens and low-grade active atmosphere generating symbiotes that even the weakest human can work for 20 hours a day without tiring!
2. **Pinerose Gardens.** A wonderful gift to all the laboring masses of the city, entry to these carnibotanic gardens is a steal at €1 per day.
3. **High Density Society Condopodium.** Habitation pods for the middle class saver. Each pod offers a night's rest in just 4 hours in exchange for a few vials of blood. With hot-podding, any worker can save up for the housing ladder within a few decades!
4. **Blood Clinic.** Need more money fast? Donating yourself to the blood banks has never been easier.
5. **Market Hive.** A grey-market zone where non-citizens and sub-altern residents operate exotic eateries and provide decriminalized goods for all tastes.
6. **Hanging Gardens.** A beautiful area, free to all, where one can marvel at many executed criminals preserved in acrylic.

Bearded Vulture Pass (Qol Shipetu) and Butterfly River Valley

Between the two mountains stretches the old valley where the free lords pre-vampiric farmed their potato and tomato crops. Time, redevelopment, and profit have changed the vale.



VISIT THE GREAT SLAGMAKER! THE
GOOD MACHINE HAS BEEN MAKING
SLAG SINCE WRITTEN RECORDS BEGIN.

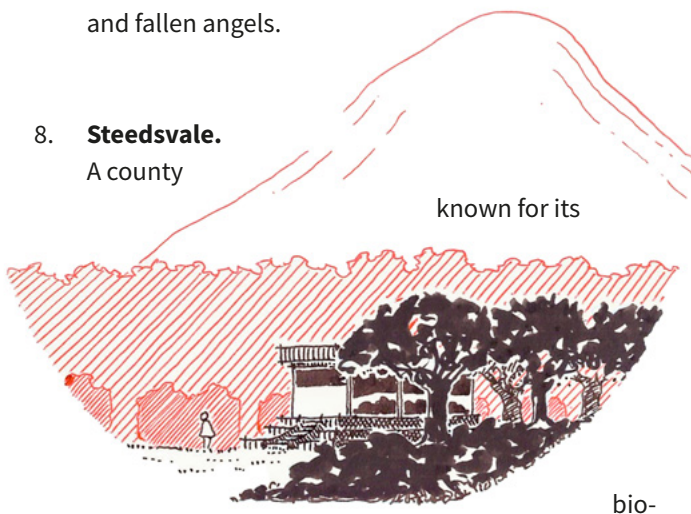
1. **Recycler Maws.** Purchased from the finest biomancers in the Decapolis, the new recycler worms take all the refuse of the Red End and give back new feed stock for the city's great companies, such as True Water Inc. and Iron Harvest LLC.
2. **Transit Stations.** A great public art exhibition reminds visitors of all the workers who gave their lives to move the local portals into this well-defended transit fortress.
3. **Soul Generators.** Right under the Citadel of the Vampire Knights, the soul generators turn the forfeit *ka* essence of the damned into thrumming power that keeps the great city humming and carbon neutral!
4. **Customs Warehouses.** The state-owned customs warehouses review and vet all goods coming in and out of the city. Currently operated by House Mistral LLC.
5. **Great Red Emporium.** The official annual market, where industrialists from round the Circle Sea come to offer their wares to the wealthy and wise of the Red Land.
6. **Blooming Vaudeville.** An underground theater district and source of semi-legal novelty vidys. Visit for the ever-popular chattler baudies, watch soulless false humans re-enact the dawn of the ever-young!
7. **Mulchery Deeps.** An unincorporated district. Guided tours of the corrupted colonies are available for those who want to thrill at uncontrolled mutation.
8. **Welcoming Way.** Simple, stolid homes for those ascending the real estate ladder. Each comes with a personalized heal-coffin.

Wine River District (Ôt Raushevin)

Several rural vintner counties are today part of the urban area, though all the land is still held in perpetual trust by their respective great houses. Over the centuries, many failed rebels and terrorists have used the district's leasehold and permanent structures as an excuse for causing disorder and mayhem.

1. **Chattel Market.** Quaint reproduction of a purification era rebel village with a museum explaining why humans never never should be slaves.
2. **Fish Orchards.** Meat factories and biomanced vines turn the feedstock from the recyclers into seventeen different types of nutritious slurry.
3. **Rustic Manors.** A failed greenbelt redevelopment turned feral slum.
4. **High Plantations.** Working high-density plantations provide food security and hunting grounds for the city's betterfolk.
5. **Green Valley.** A suburb offering authentic oldschool hospitality with none of the blood and mud.
6. **Richmud.** Aesthetic neobrutalist mansions in corporate plantations worked by soulless falschers.
7. **Egret Village.** A gated community for the wealthy nouveau riche, ambassadors, and fallen angels.

8. **Steedsvale.**
A county



mantic

steeds. Visit its famed stud factory.

9. **Protein Farms.** Snails, crawlers, crunchers, and more are farmed in the Goldblood™ rice paddies.
10. **Vivid Vinyards.** Experimental vinyards owned by the House of Brick.
11. **Deep Red Road.** The main road along the Wine valley begins here. A pilgrimage for hemoenologists.
12. **New Bruncoe.** Standoffish closed plantation settlement owned by House Bruncoe. Foreigners not welcome after sundown.
13. **Sandeni Vinyards.** Closed pending an investigation into carnibotanic event 32.



14. **Tollvale.** A fortress of sungwood thorns and mind-shackled ghouls prevents roving feral bands or rebel peasants from reaching Red End. The traditional toll was a pound of flesh and seventy silverfish to pass, but a free tourist bus now bypasses this undying obstacle.

Honor as Currency

As one gains favor with a noble Red Land faction, house, or leit, they will feel dutybound to host, dine, and wine the guest in proportion to the guest's honor. The following is a rough honor to cash conversion guide for Greenlanders and other materialists.

Status	Cash spent or loaned
Common	nil
Unknown	nil
Respectable	€35
Honorable	€150
Magisterial	€900
Majestic	€3,000

The gentle traveler should be aware that overstaying one's welcome is a faux pas and a surefire way to reduce their status. After all, it is by giving that one proves wealth and status, not by taking. No one likes a parasite.