



3. ORANGE LAND

"Party while you live, for we will work when we are dead."
 —traditional Orange saying

Here, say the ancestral legends, the power of the gods failed and the garden crumbled. Here, the ancestors and descendants of humanity came together to offer protection when the gods went deaf.

It is the warm embrace of the living and the dead that makes this land orange.

The Orchard Amber C.A.D. (Orchard Confederation) dominates this land, between Whistler's Wall in the east

and the pirate-raided Hollow Coast on the west. The streams carving the Orchard Downs flow into Irrigation Valley, formerly the Great Face Lake, now the granary of the great cities of humanity. In the heart of this fertile plain, like a vast brooding mother, blossoms the garden city of Plough, Oranje in the local ethnolect.

In Oranje, the citizens living and the citizens dead play and work together for the common good, under the benevolent guidance of the Cads (not Cats).

Visiting the Orange Land

The eternal celebration of Oranje, the cornucopia of delights, the utopia of leisure built on the bodies of the ancestors. The great party cities of the Orange Land draw massive crowds. Visit, surely, but do not stay long enough to become an ancestor.



Travel

The great valley has slumped into decadence, mutter the analyticals and intellectuals. So much the better for the pleasures to be had, retort the adventure tourists. Still, visiting the less popular sights is harder than before.

Portal

A wide week-walk path links Oranje to the Emerald and Violet Cities. The path to Oranje is a mere €25, but the return portal costs €150 on a good day. The Cads prefer to export grain, not people.

Right Road

From Sluÿsje, a week to the Tollem, on the Red Edge, and just a little more to Safranj. Food haulers have priority, so beware if using a private wicker wagon. Bus seats go for €10, including food and drinks.

Coasthugger

Regular services are temporarily out of service, pending the resolution of the unmentionable pirate events.

The Orangelanders deny it, but finding a cutter berth in Porduchièst is reasonably easy and safe. €5 and several days will take you to the Sailing Islands, €10 and another week will see you in the Red Land District or Decapolis.

Airbeast

The gales, silver and glow clouds, and other agrometeorological oldtech structures make the skies of the Orange Land too valuable to leave open to private travel. The Cads may have fliers, but for the rest air whales graze on air plankton in peace.

Local

Bone trains, undead barges, and porters are the main modes of transport. Slow vehicle rentals cost €5 per week. The locals will say, "if you're in a rush, you're doing it wrong." Fortunately, nutripaste and the mildly intoxicating Instruction are basically free everywhere.

Weather

The great valleys of the Orange Land are blessed by clear skies, warmth, and abundant water from the surrounding highlands. The highlands themselves are harsh, by season cold or hot, dry or wet. As for the coast, there clouds but mock the traveler with promised rain.

Winter

- 1-3 Mild yellow days, cold grey nights.
- 4-5 Fog slinks through the canals.
- 6 Silver static clouds like an electric blanket.

Spring

- 1-3 Moist slick, like oldwood set for a fungal bloom.
- 4-5 Sparkling air jellies and clear skies.
- 6 Amber rain to instruct the growing things.

Summer

- 1-3 Umbral lenses distribute the light into the night.
- 4-5 Mosquito and frog weather, the locals call it.
- 6 Tornadoes and dry lightning.

Autumn

- 1-3 Clear days to ripen the crop.
- 4-5 Pale days and warm nights, summer's last gasp.
- 6 Glowing clouds extend the growing season.

Highland, Spring and Summer

- 1-3 Hot clear days burn with ultraviolet fire.
- 4-5 Cloudy and whipped by thin winds.
- 6 Storms unleash gritty rain.

Highland, Autumn and Winter

- 1-3 White sunburn days, bonechill nights.
- 4-5 Gales augur dawn and dusk. Lights in the sky.
- 6 Thunder, snow, wind, ghosts to clog the lungs.



THE AIR JELLIES LEAVE THEIR
MOTHER STUMPS TO FIND NEW
FUEL FOR THEIR GROWTH.

(Mis)fortune

Stay sober, stay safe. Roll d6+end.

1. **Plumeria Plight.** Disturb a grove of spy-plants sucking insights out of a pack of pickled polybody pirates packing pistols and plastic power passes. Run and hide, lest they alert the authority!
2. **Nutripaste Nausea.** An allergic reaction! Recovery takes 1d3 days or €30 for a digestive rebalancing.
3. **Bonetrain Breakdown.** Transport issues will resolve in 1d4 days. Stay in a nearby ziggurat dormicile for €2 per night. Please avoid the ancestor pit.
4. **Ancestor Ambush.** Stumble upon malfunctioning citizen dead laborers. They chase relentlessly. Destroying them is illegal morticide. Escape takes 1d6 hours and leaves you exhausted.
5. **Harvest Hazard.** Wander into a crop of nutri-fluid skeletons. It takes hours to evade them and leaves you covered in sticky sap. Harvesting the dangerous faux-dead creatures' long bones could net €1d6 x 50.
6. **Curious Cads.** A Cad agent interrogates you for hours about your travels. Exhausting, if not strictly illegal. Costs you half a day and half your life.
7. **Souvenir Scam.** A pack of feral duckies promised it was an authentic golden goblin idol. That's €15 you'll never see again. Is that a map inside?
8. **Glow Cloud Glitch.** The area is swathed in glowing oldtech fog. Very disorienting. Best stay put for a day, as it'd be so easy to fall into a pit or something.
9. **Price Hike.** Supply chain issues, they say. The price of every good or service spikes two-to-tenfold. Things should be back to normal in 1d4 weeks.
10. **Prehuman Haunting.** Ghostly apparitions of languid proto-humans. They promise hidden treasures, but deliver only rubble. Still, maybe a night in the wilderness was worth it?
11. **Council Commendation.** Cad agents murdering tourists and planting citizen papers on them?! Move along, nothing to see here. Although ... If you contribute one more citizen, you could score a travel pass, good on public transport for a decade.
12. **Buried Ziggurat.** What looked like a regular dusk-till-dawn party establishment turns out to be an ancient temple to Red Rubra! Prayers and a sacrifice in its deep bowels will grant a glorious boon (increase an ability score by 1 permanently). Please do not visit the RV-choked cenote out back.

Encountered

Friends, revelers, deathly men. Roll d10.

1. **Living Waters (L9, tormented ooze).** A sentient mass of mulched minds, modified micromachinery, algal colonies, and bleating translucent flesh. It pulses through the canals, drips from bridges, coats ziggurats. An escapee from an abandoned city (Süjgje)? A council malfunction? An older thing? Something new? Reporting its existence is illegal and punishable by ten years as a citizen dead. Best walk away quietly and ignore its pitiable wails.
2. **Bone Bandits.** Unfreds living and dead (L3, libertarian) out for themselves. They're poorly equipped but determined. Roll d6 for their target: (1) garden goods, (2) passengers to ransom, (3) vehicles, (4) information for their rebellion, (5) revenge for stolen relatives, (6) passage to a free country.
3. **Undead Uprising.** The citizens dead (L2, revolting) have broken free and are roaming aimlessly. They're not inherently hostile but can cause chaos. They are (roll d6): (1) lost, (2) angry, (3) scared, (4) playful, (5) confused, (6) mournful.
4. **Carnival Creepers.** A hedonistic troupe (L2, ecstatic) in the midst of a perpetual party. They invite you to join, but beware. Roll d6 for their true intention: (1) recruit troupe members, (2) rob, (3) enchant, (4) mislead, (5) entertain, (6) cannibalize.
5. **Council Envoys.** Cad agents (L3, manipulative) on a mission. They approach with a proposition. They want to (roll d6): (1) recruit spies, (2) deliver a message, (3) offer a bargain, (4) seek information, (5) enforce the law, (6) perform an experiment.
6. **Jolly Locals.** A group of citizens living (L1, ragged) enjoying themselves by (roll d6): (1) begging, (2) drinking themselves stupid, (3) dancing a folklore re-enactment, (4) playing with old tires, (5) singing hymns praising the Cads, (6) plotting escape.
7. **Tourist Escorts.** Officially approved humans and creatures (L2, kind) to provide a safe and pleasant experience to visiting tourists. They are (roll d6): (1) carnibotanic guardians, (2) friendly falschers, (3) members of the youth bureaucrats, (4) duckies in a row, (5) ceramic-skinned citizens dead with pleasing instructions, (6) glowing shadows to light the way.
8. **Party Pilgrims.** Revelers (L1, intoxicated) from various lands working their way through the hedonic delights of the Orange Land. They are from (roll d6): (1) the Emerald City, (2) the Violet City, (3) the Red Land, (4) the Yellow Lands, (5) the feral wastes beyond the edge of civilization, (6) unknown.

Shopping

"Your money is no good here!" declares the billboard atop the Garden Ziggurats. "The Great Hope provides!" announces the slogan fungus coating the granaries in a carpet of soothing truths. "Your pleasure is our treasure!" scrolls along the parapets of the dreambauchery house.

From an alley, a bluelander in vintage voidsuit beckons and mumbles, "Te qambo, change you, cash for cad-card? Yessi, top up?" Up close, the voidsuid reveals itself a pouchsuit, full of the necessities of pleasure and discretion a tourist might require to delve beneath the official skin of the Orangelands.

FOOD		cash (€)
Fieldbread	Slabs of protein and carbohydrate extruded from a field dispenser.	€1
Instruction	Synthetic brain tissue that can be inscribed with digestible skills. Traditionally used to instruct zombies and other post-mortals.	€2
Manna	The food of the Cads. Pellets of protein and flavor secreted by servile insect colonies growing on the holy cabbages.	€10
Perfectmeat	Meat that melts in the mouth from an automated tower farm.	€5
Wallnut	Edible nuts that grow on the livingwood buildings of the Orangelands. A perfect low-effort food for foreign residents.	€1
Warm Nutrislurry	All the nutrients a human needs, dispensed from a synthetic teat.	free

SOUVENIR

	€	
Air Whale Plushie	Soft, cuddly toy of the majestic air plankton grazer. Includes small booklet on these sacred creatures. Confirms your virtue.	€10
Ancestor Ring	Made with authentic ancestor! Hums lost tunes and offers glimpses into the lives of the founders of the Orange Land.	€15
Ducky Doll	A playful tribute to the diverse Orange Land underclass.	€5
Necrabre Seedling	Grow your own tiny skeletons! Impress your friends!	€30
Oranje Music Box	Opened, it projects entrancing holodancers. Handcrafted.	€50
The Postmortal Gourmet	Recipes for everyone, from great-6 uncle Scully to toddler Timaeus. With humorous commentary by renowned dead chefs.	€5

ACCOMMODATION

	€/WEEK	
Amber Towers	Upscale rooms decorated to honor different historical eras. Each has an authentic interactive ancestor on display.	€100
Canal Campsites	Scenic camping spots along the canals. Rent tents or bring your own. Nutrient slurry on tap.	€10
Golem Gardens	Lush, and tended entirely by golems. No zombies allowed.	€25
Orange Party Boat	Vibrant canal cruises. Cozy thematic cabins. Live and dead entertainment. Casinos!	€50
Stack Shack Stays	Affordably stacked modular rooms. Basic amenities and a communal vibe. Ignore the soylent plant. Ideal for budget parties.	€5
Ziggurat Inns	Mid-range chain repurposing brutalist ziggurats for the service economy. Simple, yet comfortable.	€15

WEAPON		€
Cad Whip	Electromagically short-circuits human wetware. Ineffective on golems. Stuns for 1 round on 16–20. Reach, 1d6, 5 sp.	€500
Citizen Knife	Traditional knife grown from your cells. It vibrates harmonically when you wield it, dealing double damage. Close, 1d3, 5 sp.	€50
Fang Sword	Sickle blades sung from local steelsap trees. Its grooves can carry a poison dose. Close, 1d8, strength or agility, 1 st.	€150
Instruction Stone	Slingstones with commands such as "flee" or "fight" that undead find hard to resist. Dozen per pouch. 1d3 damage, 1 st.	€50
Legstick	Wooden femurs grown with strengthened heads. A novelty item, but also a useful weapon against ancestors. Close, 1d6, 1 st.	€5
Ziggurat Rod	Must be charged in the local Cad House. Fires bolts of electromagical plasma, frying flesh and circuit alike. Long range, 3d6, reload 4, 2 st.	€1,200
 ATTIRE		 €
Amber Cuirass	The shell of a giant amber crab, grown to fit a human. Wired for EM combat: spend 1d6 life to recharge a weapon. Armor +5, ward +2, 2 st.	€250
Ancestor Certificate	Chitin box with a scroll that certifies you are an ancestor. No undead will look at you twice. Ward +2, 2 sp.	€100
Cad Robes	Bone scutes interwoven with living cotton and silk padded pockets. Hidden inventory (+4 sp). Armor +3, ward +3, cool, 1 st.	€750
Citizen Suit	Party like a local in this comfortable bright orange onesie! Armor +1, ward +1, 1 st.	€5
Soft Body	Look alive in this suit of vegan flesh and skin! May look odd on living humans. Life +2, charisma +1, 2 st.	€100
Spider Collar	Have you been decapitated? This drum-sized arachnofungal symbiote will keep your head alive and mobile. 2 st.	€350
 TRANSPORT		 €
Bamboo Bicycle	The sustainable solution for healthy citizens living. L1, carry 2, pedal.	€500
Bone Tregger	A rail cart using very degraded ancestors for propulsion. L2, carry 4, slow, rail.	€50
Canal Skirter	Simple local hovercraft grown together from reeds and air jellies. Add a bolt-on fan and whoosh. L2, carry 4, loud.	€250
Envoy Pod	Crystal pod that rides the ancestral lines between Cad ziggurats. L4, carry 1, fast, levitating, well-armored, immune to EM.	€3,200
 SUNDRY		 €
Air Whistle	Emits ultrasonic squeals that chase away air jellies.	€5
Bonecraft Puzzle Box	It looks like a simple toy, but its challenge can hide the precious.	€25
Finger Guillotine	The traditional Pre-Cad way of sealing an oath or remembering a fallen friend. Not suitable for children.	€20
Precad Pamphlets	Illegal party materials that openly discuss the forgotten süggjes (don't speak settlements). Includes rumors of dark devices.	€75

Life in the Orange Land

The citizens living point to their arts and culture as the defining achievements of their land. The citizens dead are mute. Foreigners tend to think of the bananas and breadfruits, the blossomberries and bitterlimes. The Orange Land tourism board extols the natural and historical treasures of the Rainbow Lands' breadbasket.

The Orchard is the fertile heartland, a drained wetland now crisscrossed by canals, pumps, fields, deadhouses

and command mansions. The surpluses produced by the undead farm labor fuels the endless carnival of Oranje.

A casual visitor will marvel at the carefree lives of the Orange Land's citizens living. A discerning resident will wonder at the precocious social control exercised by the Council of Ancestors and Descendants (the Cads).

To the north, a tourist will cross the Hills of Slagga, under the gaze of Vulkana, to enter the boisterous, fractitious, industrious and mercantile Yellow Land, divided between the nineteen independent cities of the Decapolis and the imperious merchant republic of Safranj. This section of

the Right Road is thick with road trains groaning under the produce of the Orchard, headed for the lands Yellow and Green and even Purple on the armored cargo cruisers of Safranj.

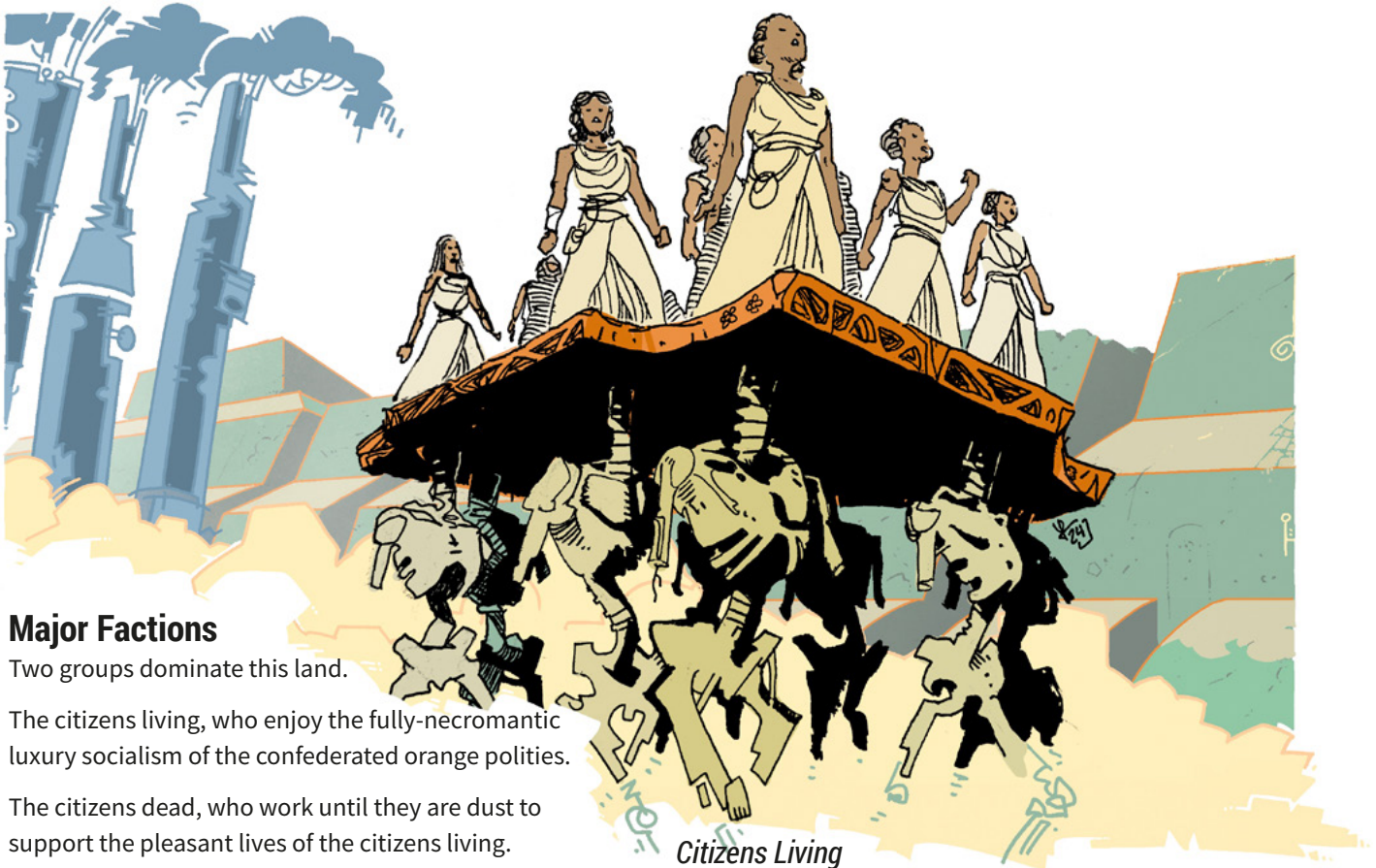
To the east, only well-equipped merchant warrior caravans brave the soaring heights of Whistler's Wall and the Thin Plateau. Strange autofactories and archaic subcommunities struggle in that near abroad, making the journey to the fabled oriental cities a lonely one.

To the southwest, the dry Tollem plateau dilutes the Orange civilization, save for scattered skeleton mines. Beyond lies the Red Land, the dominion of the blood-bottling, wine-worshipping vampires vintners.

To the west, the Hollow Coast, the Dry Shore in the old cant, is a region of empty villages and towns, left fallow by the pirate raids from the Sailing Islands. Adventurous (and wealthy) travelers hire coasthuggers and even seacutters to sally from the ghost docks into the wide blue.



NEW CITIZEN WORKERS FOR THE HOLY
CABBAGE FIELDS!



Major Factions

Two groups dominate this land.

The citizens living, who enjoy the fully-necromantic luxury socialism of the confederated orange polities.

The citizens dead, who work until they are dust to support the pleasant lives of the citizens living.

A third class is gladly dominated. The duckies (a corruption from High Common *tei oms duchièmes*), are foreign residents, here on limited-term contracts to do jobs the citizens dead struggle with. They are permitted to stay and pay taxes as long as they work, but must return home after completing their tour of duty. Most duckies have lived in the Orangelands for five generations or more.

The fourth group does not dominate. It gently and politely guides the confederation: the Council of Ancestors and Descendants. Also known as the Cads (not to be confused with the Cats).

Half-Size Citizens Living, Half-Lings

Since larger citizens consume more resources, many orangelanders choose biomechanical editing procedures or even source code modification to reduce the size of their bodies and thus prolong their lives.

The Cads vigorously deny their policies are why the contemporary citizen living averages just 120 centimeters tall. As they say, "a little citizen lives four times as long!"

Citizens Living

Anyone can become a citizen of the Orange Land and enjoy the largesse of this wonderful state, so famous for its musical and party culture, as long as they accept the two fundamental institutions of the Great Hope:

1. The Labor Corps Tax. Once a citizen dies, their corpse is reanimated and joins the labor corps until it is dust. Their family may generously keep a souvenir that will not interfere with the citizen's posthumous labors. For example, plantation or mine workers' heads are unnecessary in some occupations, so the family will keep the preserved head in their domestic cabinet of ancestries. More often they keep just the face or some other organ that the worker no longer needs.
2. The Hedonic Burden Review (HBR). The Head Count University, a ministerial level confederate bureau of the Orange Lands governments, maintains strict time and energy records on every citizen to ensure a meaningful level of state function. Citizens whose total lifetime consumption would exceed the amount of pleasure allocated to them according to their pre-calculated needs are politely encouraged to join the labor force earlier than their calculated natural lifespan would indicate.

The Cads strenuously deny that they ever supplement their body of citizens dead through illegal corpse trading or by hunting ferals in the outlands.



The Citizens Dead

Officially, only a citizen living can become a citizen dead. In practice, it is also possible for foreigners, ferals, and other outsiders to become citizens dead of the Orange Land. Some nearby barbarian clans have made a practice of selling their (or more often, their neighbors') dead to the Orange Lands and growing quite wealthy in the process. There's a reason for the Onion Skull saying, "plant skulls for profit, plant alliums for flavor."

Duger ten Zon, a green nomad from the Yellow Lands, is spreading whispers and credit around the stoic tea houses of Oranje. Yes, those houses favored by councilors and duckies who deny the hedonic imperative. Duger suspects their sibling was illegally inducted into the citizens dead. They'll pay to have their sibling back, or at least their sibling's head. They'll pay even more to have the body-merc responsible brought to the unincorporated territory on the edge of the Orange Land.

Necrarbres, Bodymaker Trees

The Cads have experimented with generating citizens dead who bypass the need for citizens living retiring from a life of leisure. One promising new technology is skeletal necronataly, the direct birth of new skeletons from carnibotanic plants.

The necrarbre develops large, fleshy sacks, similar to a very large jack-fruit. Within, the modified seedstock grows to form a ligneous endoskeleton.

After the skeleton is 'born' from its fruit, it is taken to their meaty place, where viande vines grow over it, coating its bones, coating it in a new living flesh.

There are still some durability problems with the new carnibotanic citizens grown, but they offer a promising solution to the shrinking citizen issue (which is totally not a real thing, according to the Cads).

Who was this worker before they became a worker?

1. Great poet, renowned for their beauty.
2. Gutter glutton who graduated into the labor force at barely two decades old.
3. Centenarian relative of a Cad source-line major mind. An old ingenué.
4. Traveler who fell sick with a deadly cold and joined the work force to pay their hospital bill.
5. Feral who became a citizen just a week before dying in quarantine.
6. Shipment of edible giant root vegetables. Odd, they look like a bluelander.

In what shape is this citizen dead?

1. Headless, as is usual for a field skeleton. Their head is probably under their descendants' floor.
2. Preserved with nutri-fluids and wired for quick reflexes. A combat ghoul.
3. Decaying after decades of misuse.
4. Sadly covered in graffiti. When will the young learn that the iniquities they visit on their elders will also be visited upon them in time?
5. Stitched and repaired after a harvester incident.
6. Are human zombies supposed to have horned brow ridges, white fur, and four arms?

T.O.D. - The Duckies

The foreign residents of the Orange Land are not a faction. They are satisfied to live in a well-ordered society, with a stable pre-cradle to post-grave social infrastructure. Their gratitude is supreme.

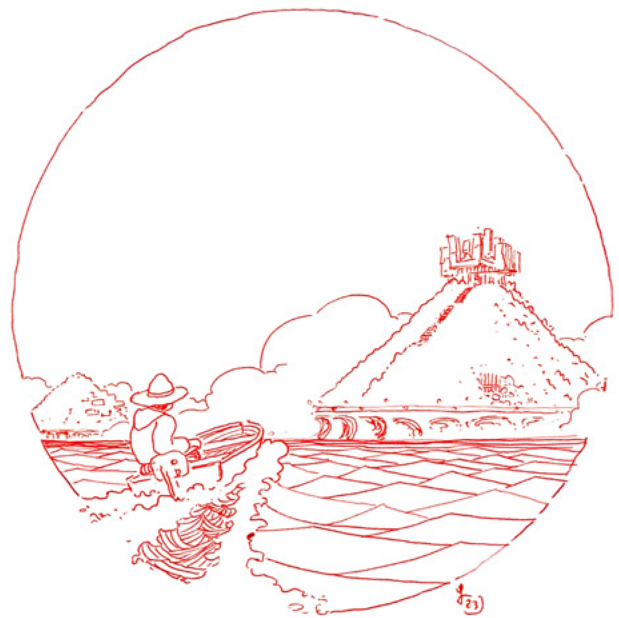
The following unconquered rebel provinces (*gowoz*) may cause some temporary travel inconvenience.

1. **Seglanje (Sail City, Seei Lors).** The sailing city is a haven of piracy, thick with dwarves and cetaceans, a scourge on the islands districts of Hafnorgöü (Haven Pr.) and other coastal regions. This will be remedied as soon as the Orange fleet is rebuilt in Sluÿsje.
2. **Hulthokust (Hollow Coast).** There is nothing to see here but empty deadstone towns and swirling dust. Following the Unfred events of (redacted), nobody is allowed to live here. Any Hafnorsk humans you see are not really there. Anyone who says that this territory offers any succor to the Unfreds of Hafnorje (Porduchièst) is lying.
3. **Utistje (Outpost Town, Skisopol).** Utistje never was, nor never will be an independent font of iniquity under the anti-Garden Decapolis. The rebel Utiskers (Outposters) who claim to have some more fundamental truth thanks to the whispered secrets of the Fourflesh Teratolith uncovered in a.r. 317 will be purified in the solar farms.
4. **Furvergöü (Fire Province).** The crafty, gold-eating Gelvolanders of Safranj are entirely responsible for the theft of the ash-soil farming region. The local foreign residents will be welcomed back into the mulched collective after this land is recivilized.
5. **Medagöü (Middle Province).** This province never existed. No settlements were ever established here.
6. **Prodogöü (Flood Province).** The foreign residents of this province were not instrumental in the Redlander theft of this territory and as such will be permitted to join the Citizens Dead after they return to the fold.

Unfreds, the Unmentionables

The Orchard Amber is a perfect society for its citizens. It is holy in its perfection. As such, to speak against it is sin. To rebel against it, mortal sin.

Good citizens, living or dead, thus do not mention rebels, lest the sin afflicts them too. The fallen are thus known as the Unfreds.



Council of Ancestors and Descendants - The Cads

The Council, the Cads, embody the will of the citizens living and dead. They shepherd Orangeland humanity through this grim seculum between the Divine Silence and the Maker's Awakening. They are your friends.

If you are lucky, you will see a Council agent.

1. A gleaming carriage of brass and livingwood. It carries the flesh copy of the Council meta-judge.
2. A barge of synthetic ivory and chelonian flippers. Enter it to receive visions from the Council historian.
3. An autogolem truck of apricot and plum hues. Suck from its nutritreat to abolish your doubts with the liquid essence of the Council homeotherapist.
4. A booth of rubber and steel and glass. It offers release and membership of the citizens dead in the gentle embrace of the Council medicus.
5. A levitating pyramid of tawny brick and lapis scutes. Inside, electric ghosts of the Council administrator.
6. A giant, ten-foot tall, man of iron. Behind its glass visor, the noble visage of the Council guardian.

But they also move more quietly through the land.

1. Eyes grow in blossoms of plumeria and talipot, to keep watch and spy out corruption.
2. Snails with electric blue shells swim and crawl the paddies and canals of the Orangeland, to sample water and report interlopers.
3. Living tattoos. Symbiotic colonies that send and receive Council messages.
4. Amber rain from silver clouds. Instructions from Oranje to the trees and grasses of the land.
5. Glowing shadows. Ka-ba woven as a cloak, to hide from the post-mortals and guide them.
6. Scribe monkeys with ivory and ebony tabulators, to measure needs and means.

The Orange Rind

If the Orange Land is the beautiful, delicious, enlightened fruit of civilization, its edge is bitter and strange. A thorny land to guard the sweetness of life.

Yet even to such strange places the traveler, the adventure seeker, will endeavor.

Whistler's Watchtower

(Üjsterje)

A living tower, an arcology from Long Long Ago, it remains a vibrant town on the edge of the Orange Lands. Designated an autonomous cultural area, it is run under its own laws and does not contribute citizens dead to the confederation. It is the major fabricator of oldtech autosurgeons in the Rainbowlands and a protected area.

The Angel Villages

cera-fungal cliff villages, 50 xp

Most of the arcology's heartwood is dead, a gnarled labyrinth of support struts, desiccated ducts and petrified passageways. Clustered on cera-fungal brackets on the walls of the tower, the villages offer a glimpse into the simple lives of Long Ago humans. The villagers live simple, hard-working lives, tending their hanging gardens, killing parasites, and protecting their arcology.

The villagers are called angels because they are all androgyne and sexless. They do not reproduce; new villagers are brought once a year by the sister servitors.

The Sister Servitors

buildertech abbey, 130 xp

In the arcology's buds, the sister servitors tend to the Watchtower's germline, watching over the stock of angels and protecting them in accordance with the Great Plan. They are not able to fully articulate the plan, as it is embedded in their intuitive subroutines. As they put it, "they know when they're following the plan when they're following the plan."

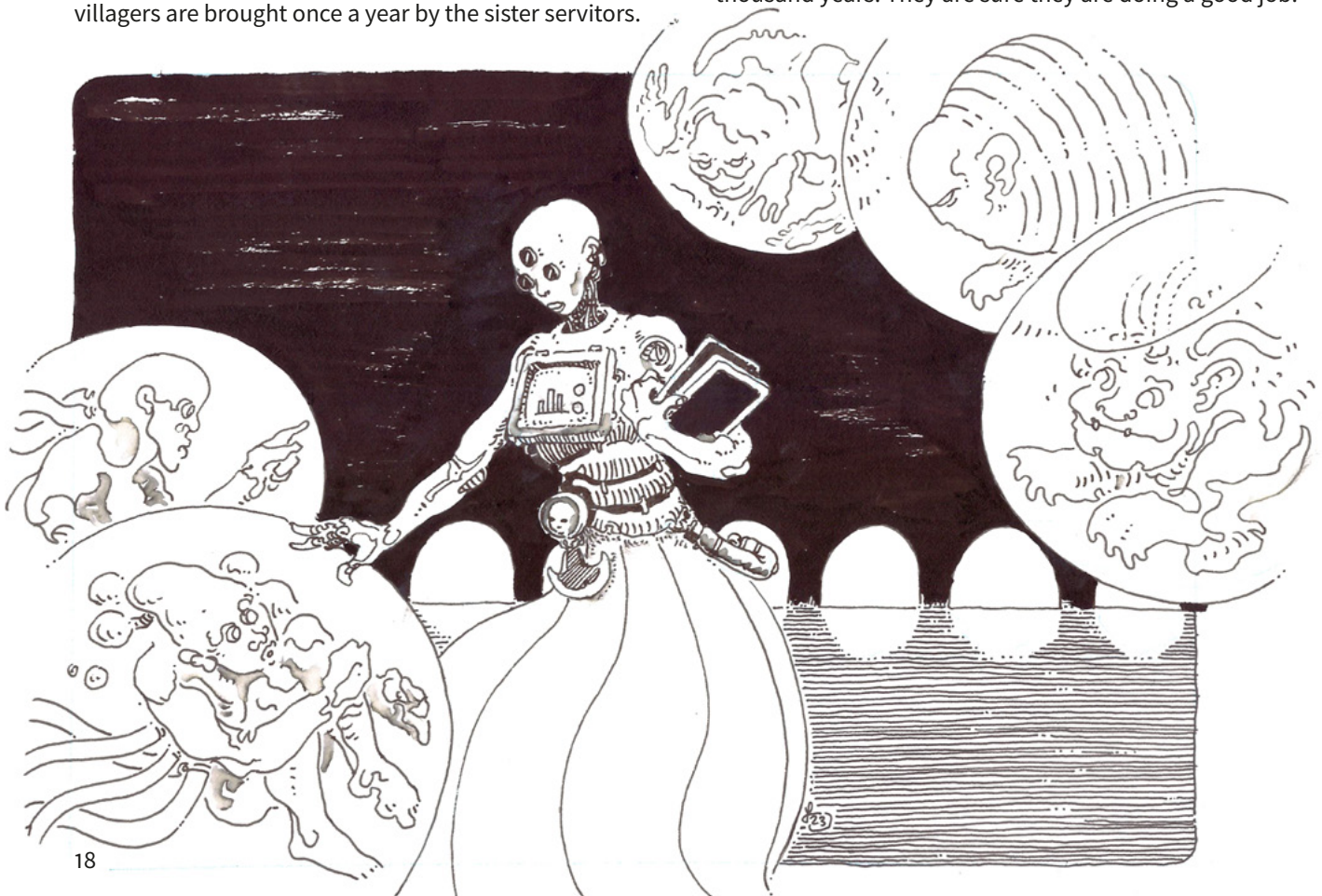
The sister servitors maintain great birthing banks of wombs and gonads sustained in biomechanical nutrient baths. With these, they produce great numbers of new humans. At birth, they divide them into three groups:

The breeding population. Those with the best germ lines are sent to the anthropozoo, at the heart of the arcology, where they are kept in a realistic human environment to preserve their way of life.

The settler population. The largest group. Bundled into sustainer cradles and shipped to the High Plateau Settlement Facility by armored hovergolems.

The angel populations. Surgically desexed with their organs used to replenish the birthing banks. The angels are then sent to the angel villages, to restock the arcology caretakers' numbers.

The servitors have received no critique of their work from the High Plateau Settlement Organization for over two thousand years. They are sure they are doing a good job.



Thin Plateau

(Thunswind)

A plateau so high, the air is barely there. The faithful say the Maker ordered the Builders leave it untouched for the far aeons when the mountains must be rebuilt.

Portable rebreathers and enviro suits recommended.

Thin Plateau Settlement Organization

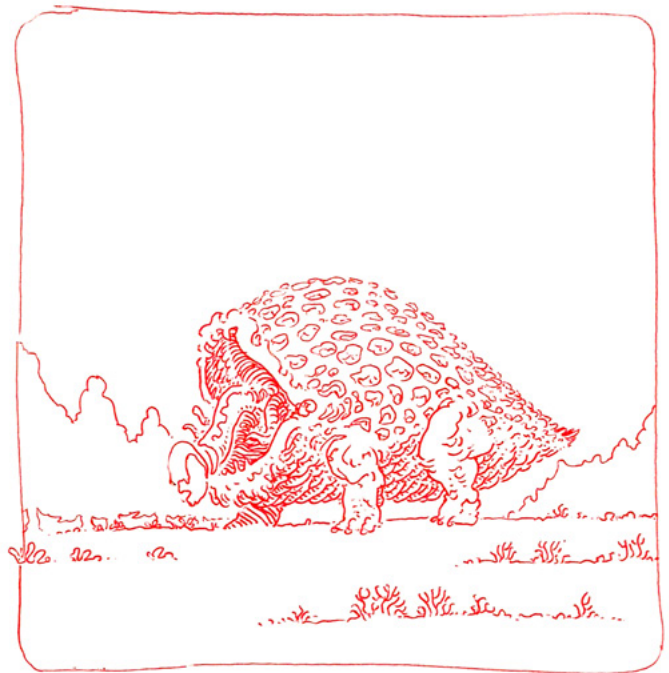
organization monument, 30 xp

Defunct independent settlement organization, shut down 18 centuries ago, after the Great Airsucker Scam, when 97% of the Legume Farmer Nation® died within a week of delivery to their new agricultural zones in the third quadrant of the planned Peach Land human habitation area.

It seems the organization vastly overstated the atmospheric density of the High Plateau and manipulated gas generation records for over three generations while siphoning off most of the proceeds.

In the ensuing trials, the organization's rulers were charged with gross negligence and fined a whole year's income. The middle-managers who circumvented the HM Initiative's guidelines on habitability enhancement were publicly executed to encourage whistleblowing and compliance.

A tastefully-sized processed slag pyramid now marks the 712,523.5 Legume Farmer Nation® lives lost in the scam. All 320 thousand recorded names are listed, as well as retinal scans of the remaining dead. An automated gift shop remains nearby, ready to sell souvenirs to visitors at this tragic memorial to human courage and endeavor.



ON THE THIN PLATEAU,
THE MORROWFOLK SPEND
THEIR LIVES IN ARMORED
SECOND BODIES.

Thin Plateau Settlement Facility

zone of alienation, 100 xp

Danger! Severe vomie infestation! Do not enter this zone.

The domed crater is filled with biomechanical activity. Its antennae continue to transmit ancient all-clear signals.

Long-distance observation suggests a corrupted facility subroutine is now cancerously overproducing itself.

There is no sign of the babies regularly shipped to the facility by the sister servitors.

Within; the facility mind is now an idiot-god, running a bizarre society of enslaved biomodified human drones in an endless ritual quest to dig down to the highest heaven. The drones dig through bedrock using the most primitive of tools, subsisting on soylent slurries made from their own recycled companions.