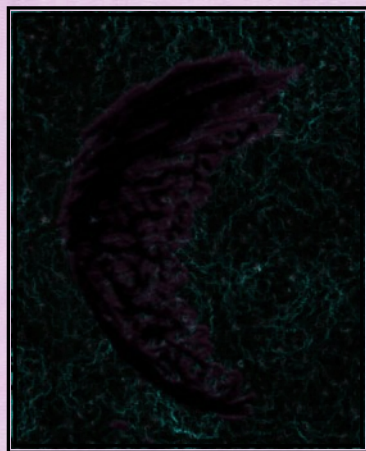
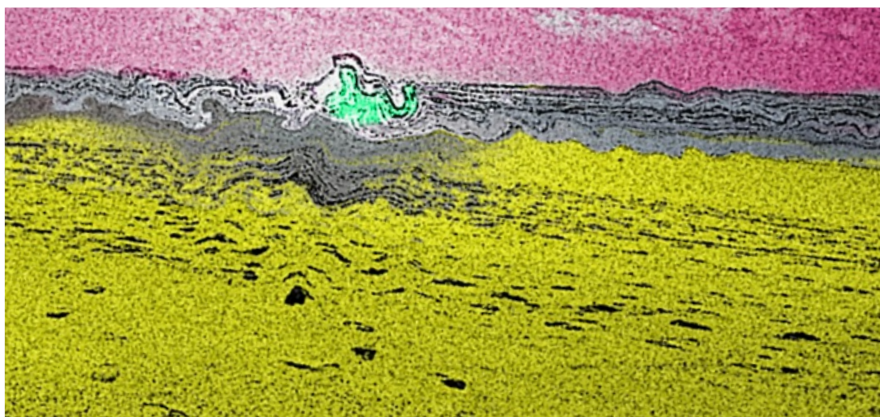


#1



*STARK NAKED NEO SAVAGES
& SANGUINE CITY STATES.*

some terrible beach,



(Once this had been a calm curtain, all along the yellow beach, a rare thing in the busy terrors of the garish world.)

However, something has been rising in slow ruination for 100 years.

The Green Insistence swells near the beach, but not from the sea.

It is green and terrible and slow.

Somehow it colors the sky like foaming wine.

Space itself breaks against the thing. Euclidean lines shift into difficult curves.

It surrounds and sings. All places on the beach, beneath bruising skies, are near to it.

It cannot be avoided. The damned thing is assertive, even for a colossus.

Still some folk try.

‡ They refuse to acknowledge it. Their specific silence is pregnant. The weight of not looking is heavy.

Do the Pretenders really believe, if everyone plays along, the rising thing will cease to be? How could anyone know?

beside some horrible ocean

‡ Long rumor insists: the Insistence holds destruction under its feet

Certain cultists cling to such beliefs. Certain folk find this world too terrible to continue. Somehow, the idea of human sacrifice occurred to one of them. Somehow, the terrible memetic notion spread.

Now, figures in homespun robes make slapstick of murder, up and down this very yellow beach.

‡ Still others saw the slow movements of the Greem Insistence as salvation. In an impermanent world, glacial and deliberate motion might seem a perfect dream.

Thus the Aesthetic Order of Consideration (AOoC) grew like mold on the bread of a bad idea.

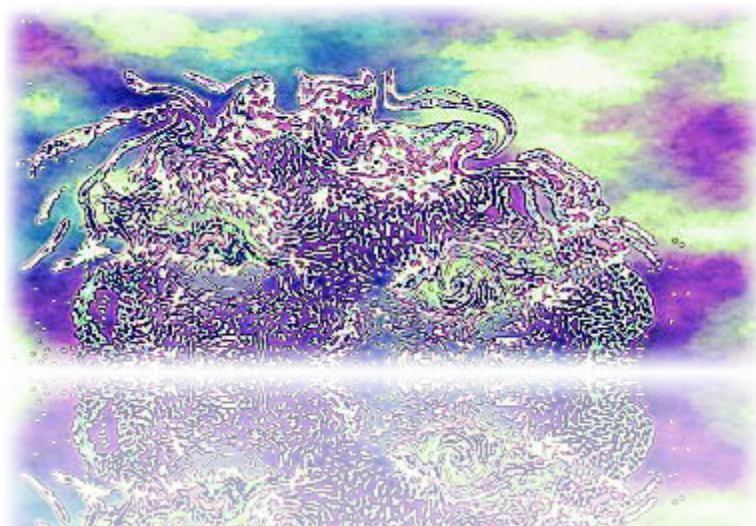
Unfortunately they proselytize. Fortunately, they do so slowly.



“What are we to it, the Insistence, I wonder? Buzzing flies? Bouncing fleas?

“No. I have it. We are but ocean mists, known only by our interference with sunshine.”

-Aralamb, Poet and member of the AOoC.



some terrible beach,

What do you find on your trip along the beach?

Roll 1d6 (and maybe some other dice)

1 | A trader-merchant of unusual items has parked her rolling tent, just above high tide.

She has...

- ‡ a canister of red dome trauma nanodrones (almost impossible to get anywhere else)

- ‡ nearly a dozen strings of lazer clusters

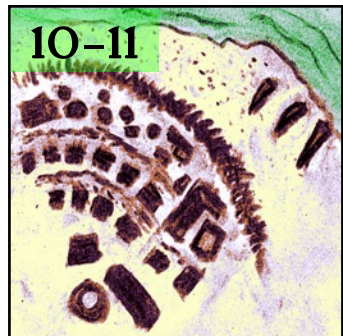
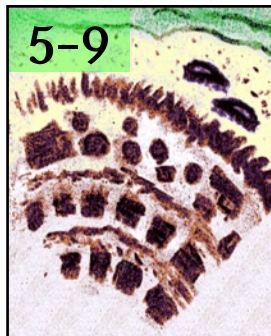
- ‡ functional lunch box (solar powered device breaks down soft organic matter placed within into a like sized portion of edible nutrient goo)

- ‡ a gleaming pleasure unit (only fully functional unit in existence)

She is also a member of the Aesthetic Order of Consideration and only gets through about 3 deals on any given day.

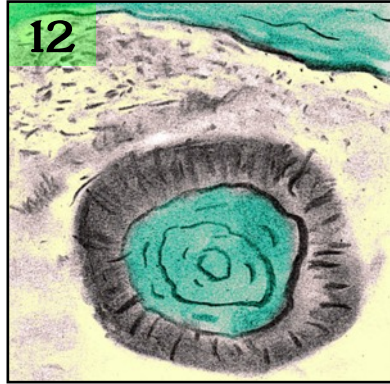
2 | Driftwood, the city of Pretenders radiates in concentric arcs away from the green insistence.

Available Services and Current Map: Roll 1d12 each visit . All abovementioned services are available. (For example, rolling a three means that sex, iron goods, and roasted Seagulls can be purchased.



beside some horrible ocean

- 1 } Lady Roasting Gulls
- 2 } Black Smith
- 3 } Prostitutes
- 4 } Slings and Stones
- 5 } Carpenter
- 6 } Dry Goods Grocer
- 7 } Tailoress
- 8 } Cooper
- 9 } Oceanic Oddities (sells salvaged tech bits washed ashore, and tiny plastic things, mostly tiny plastic things)
- 10 } Functioning Xerox Machine, Booming Print Industry
- 11 } Automated Brick Manufactory, Many restaurants
- 12 } Total Destruction. Ignore Abovementioned Services.



Ξ Wacky Assassination attempt (cultist tend to be a weird mix of dried leather faces, heavy blushing, and flop sweating fools)

- 1 } Sacrifice must fall... literally. Lots of pushing over to fall onto daggers and stakes and stuff.
- 2 } Beg for forgiveness even as murdering. Believe the victims must forgive them for the sacrifice to have meaning.
- 3 } Start fights only to try and dramatically die.

4 Some particularly defiant pretenders are having a huge fucking beach party within inches of the spacial distortions.

5 Aesthetic Order depressive is committing very slow suicide. He was recruited by a (now dead) members of a Doom Cult.

6 After careful consideration, two Aesthetic Order are dueling to the death. They will decide upon opening moves in 1d4 hours.

some terrible beach,



Trigger warning: Institutionalized Rape

I decided to only give myself a few sentences explaining how this awful place came to be. Shit, there went one, no, two of 'em.

For untold centuries the wine-red peoples of the domes warred... until martial tradition was the only tradition. Violence touched all aspects of life.

(I promise the past is not that important. At this point, the wine-red folk of the domes believe their society to be eternal, infinite, unending. Some even posit that all the casual horrors of the day had no beginning either. All is as it ever was, ever could be.)

Now, Citizenship is fluid. Any who make it within the walls becomes a citizen. All within a dome's enclosure have the same awful rights, the same awful responsibilities. Anyone who makes it out of the domes... forfeits their citizenship, until they return.

beside some horrible ocean

No challenge to arms may be denied. Anyone may fight anyone at any time so long as disinterested witnesses can be found. The traditional terms of engagement call for knucks, knives, and/or clubs to be wielded. However, nothing prevents any means of challenge from being issued.

The winner of a fight will fuck the loser. The loser will take it, be made to take it. Few even question the wisdom of such an arrangement. Fewer still speak out or refuse.

They are egalitarian in their own terrible way. Fierce women take as they please nearly as often as brutal men.

For many it is merely a ritual, formally performed. The wife or husband submits, is bloodied, then the twain become one. Most do not take another without ritual consent. However, almost all have been taken in such a fashion.

Nuanced braggadocio and intimidation have become the normative tone.

All the needs of those within are provided for, to the point of gross excess. Neither illness nor lack of shelter nor starvation need concern any underneath the crimson hemispheres.

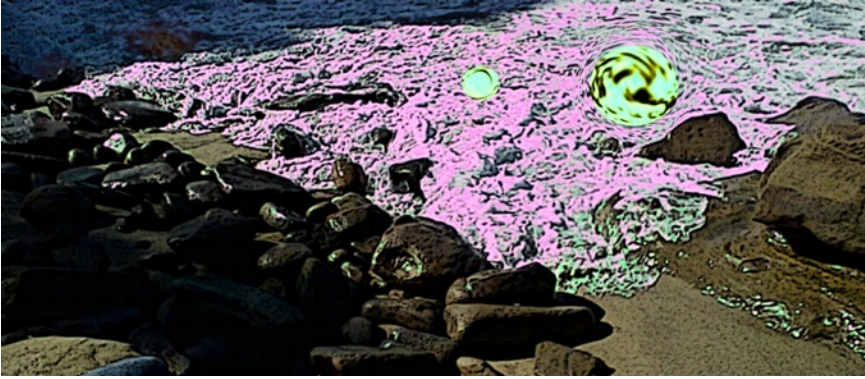
It's all biomachines and autovends and free public shelter.

Reasons to visit the fucking place despite terrible reputation:

- Red Dome Trauma Nanodrones - repair any and all current wounds within minutes of application, 50/50 shot to cure any disease ailing the user.
- Extraordinarily light and strong armor.
- Extremely clever and efficient manacles.
- Most citizens are casually competent in a number of martial forms.
- Challenges are almost never fatal... humiliating, painful, soul-shattering, sure. Very few people die, though.

Complications - A small but arithmetically expanding percentage of the population experience violence as extreme euphoria. The genetic markers are recessive, but the mating of such monsters is pernicious.

some terrible beach,



Further south along
the horrible ocean...

Bulging white-green portals can be seen,
out in the waves. One is the size of a small
pumpkin, the other the size of a large
pumpkin.

Both lead to the glass-green beach.

...shadows were blue and
the sky shone with the
color of wine!

beside some horrible ocean

The sea is frozen, save for your displacements. You are much smaller now...

So the fact that you're in a green gargantuan beachscape, frozen like an altered photograph, may escape you. All of it is green except for the blue portals.

One portal is the size of a large hut. The other is the size of small hut.

The big dot leads back to the world, whatever that might mean. The small blue dot leads to annihilation. (1% chance of another fucked up world, I dunno Carcosa, Narcosa, Texas, etc.)

Beyond color and scale, the only difference is tryptophobic caverns carved onto back of one of the rocks. Yellow firelight may be seen within!

There, hopeful inhabitants try to meditate before plunging into the tiny portal. They fully expect to be ascend to a better world, despite the damn'd'ble screaming whenever a sister or brother or other goes through.





Envy