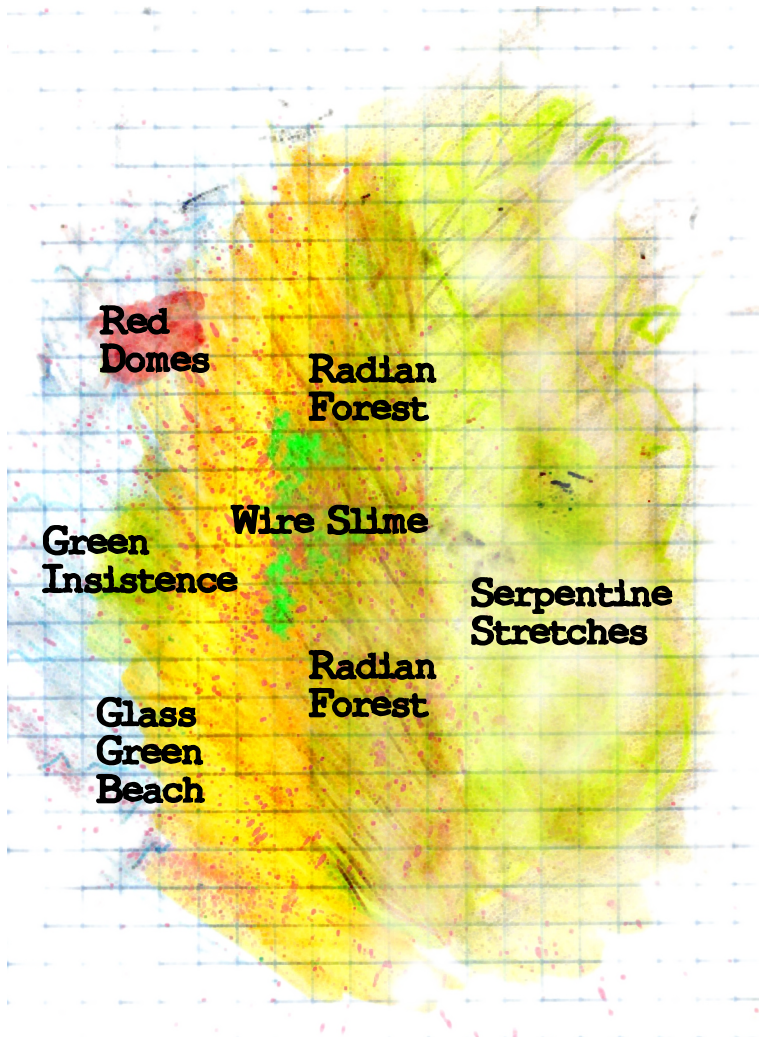


#2

Into the Forest Brightly

*STARK NAKED NEO SAVAGES
& SANGUINE CITY STATES.*

Into the Forest,





OUTSKIRTS OF THE RADIAN FOREST

Just outside, living trees still
hide. Sprouting bodies.
Leaves grasp at the sun.
Generation and Degradation.
Metallic sings grass yellow-
green, springing
underfoot.

Burn it on blue ground.
Discover hidden silver.

Into the Forest,

MIDNIGHT IN THE RADIAN FOREST, ORANGE ASCENDENT

An electric miasma waits along the trees, hugging and very not damp. The air looks heavy but dry. Dry like you might imagine a salt-shaker's tears. Dry like the wit of the damned. Dry like the state beyond raging.

They are coniferous but never budding; you will find no cones. Little can change here, save for color. The forest is colored according to the moons. All green washes out under night's dying sky. Even cast away leaves will change hue.

Brightly

DAYLIGHT IN THE RADIAN FOREST, ELECTRICAL ERRORS/..[]

Rain rarely comes to the dry woods,
dead electric. When it falls, rain
hates.

It breaks and jumps circuitous circuits.

It gives awful cause for the invisible to
be seen.

Filaments of the old gods. Filaments of
the dead.

Perfectly an infinity shine like the
forgotten daylight, of a forgiving
world.

Strings of bringing! The very pillars of
the world!

Barely able to slake the weight of a
resting butterfly?

Into the Forest,

Patterns of rust and dayglo
green reveal a frozen history,
forgotten dream.



Bio-Metallurgical Processing Colony
(B-MPC)

aka Wire Slime

Brightly

It was a fairly standardized apparatus at the time.

A small vat built of plasticized, transparent silicone. An iron wire slowly descended, just enough to keep it alive.

A safety mechanism, that's all.

Sometimes superconductor breakers fuse, instead of breaking. Massive amounts of energy might continue to flow into already damaged systems...

...or so argued an underfunded biologist.

She proposed a genetically modified slime mold colony designed to consume conductible materials via chemosynthesis:

A safe, human-independent way to avert unlikely disaster.

The Structural Safety Supervisor thought the biologist had pretty eyes. Sometimes that's all it takes.

A century later, when the breakers failed exactly as she had feared, safety systems had failed decades before. In the resulting explosion, Wire Slime spores were seeded all across the planet.

In the hidden bits below the surface of an unnatural planet, the wire slime found ample food. In some few areas various colonies have aggregated into truly massive ecosystems.

It is only very recently, however, that B-MPCs have been weaponized.

A liter of the stuff will render unshielded tech inert in about 1d20 minutes. For each additional liter, drop the time die by a single step. (d20→d12→d10→d8→d6 [minimum]).

Non-robotic armors made of conductive materials, lose 1 hp of efficacy every time die interval.

Simple weapons (swords, axes, metal pipes) drop by 1 die per each interval. (So a d6 simple sword splashed with a liter of green goop, will go to a d4 sword-nub in d20 minutes. It'll be worthless in another d20 minutes.)

Into the Forest,



reductive body modification collective | The purchase price of adulthood in this collective is the willing removal of a body part. Tribal status is directly related the extremeness of an individual's sacrifice.



wary commune, radical nudists | They're naked and they share. DO NOT eat the blue-green fun-berries.



blundering clan , the Bluestrings | Dependent on advice of totally stoned, space-cadet shaman. She claims to have "Spirit Arms".



Sour-Smell Peoples | Pale with neither eyes nor ears. Communicate with smells. Difficult to understand, almost impossible for other folk to speak. Supremely concerned with cleanliness.

Four Forest Tribes

Brightly

Armaments of the Tribes

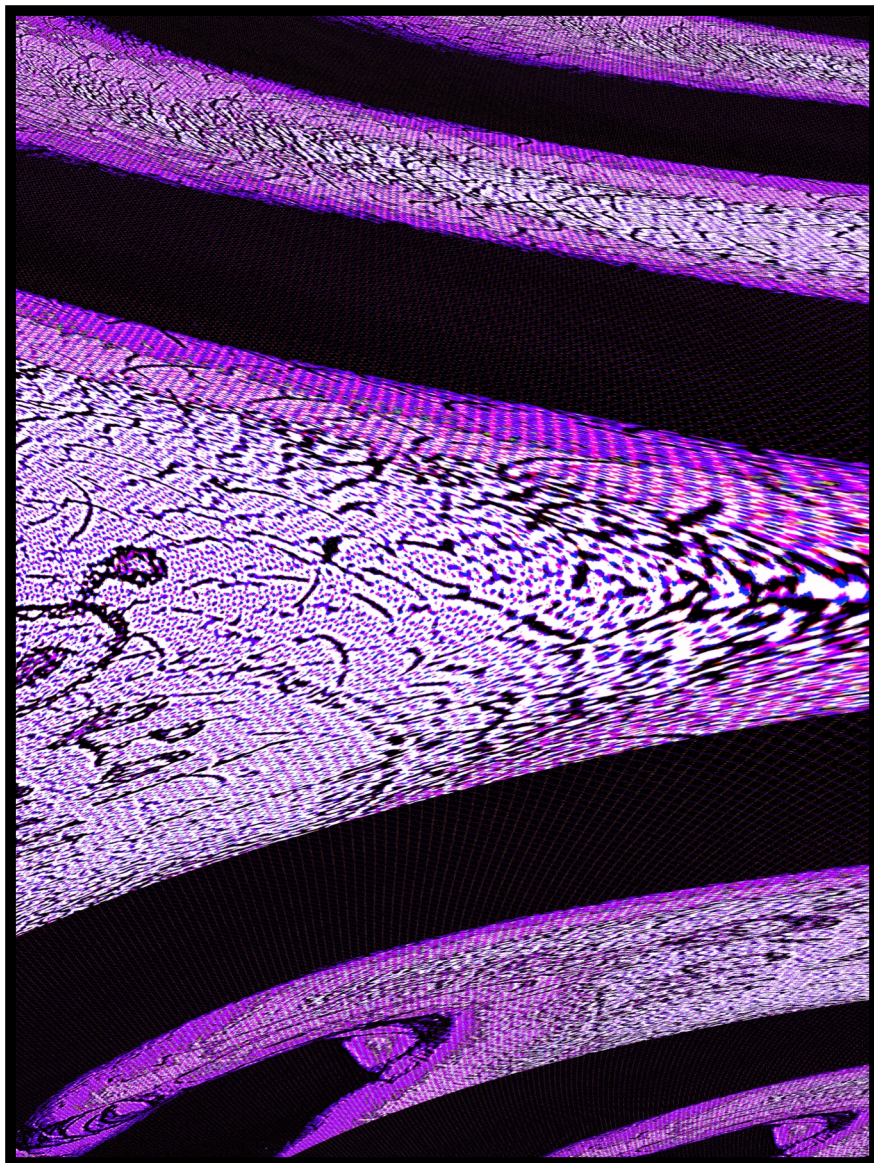
1. **Fire Hardened Vine Spears** | Sooty points bely the secret silver inside. It is denser than you imagined. A wholly combusted spear produces about 3 grams of very pure silver and nearly a kilo of lead. **1d4** Damage. Breaks but does **2d4** damage on a **natural 20**.
2. **Ancestral Laser Gun** | Almost every portion of it has been ruined and replaced through untold years. Only the solar panel, diode array, and doped crystal remain. The rest is a savage mix of rivercane and hardwood knots. By tradition it is only fired once at the beginning of a fight. **1d10** Damage.
3. **Loaded River Cane** | A short, broad section of rivercane shines in blood and natural lacquer on the end of a long rope. Inside, it is weighted with stones and pearls of silver-lead. **1d6** Damage.
4. **Willow-Stone War Clubs** | The roots of springy, quick growing willow grow through stony soil. Embedded stones form the head of long and fearsome clubs. **1d6** Damage, **two handed**.
5. **Weaponized Slime** | Clay jars filled with 2 liters of Wire Slime (see **page 6**) are hurled with surprising accuracy. **1d4** Damage from impact.
6. **Invisible Braid** | Strings of Bringing are braided together during electrical storms. (Otherwise, the filaments are **invisible**.) Brightly colored stone beads are usually tied to both ends. **1d8** Damage (requires **2 hands** to properly wield). Extremely sharp, superbly strong.

Into the Forest,

THE CABIN & THE TV

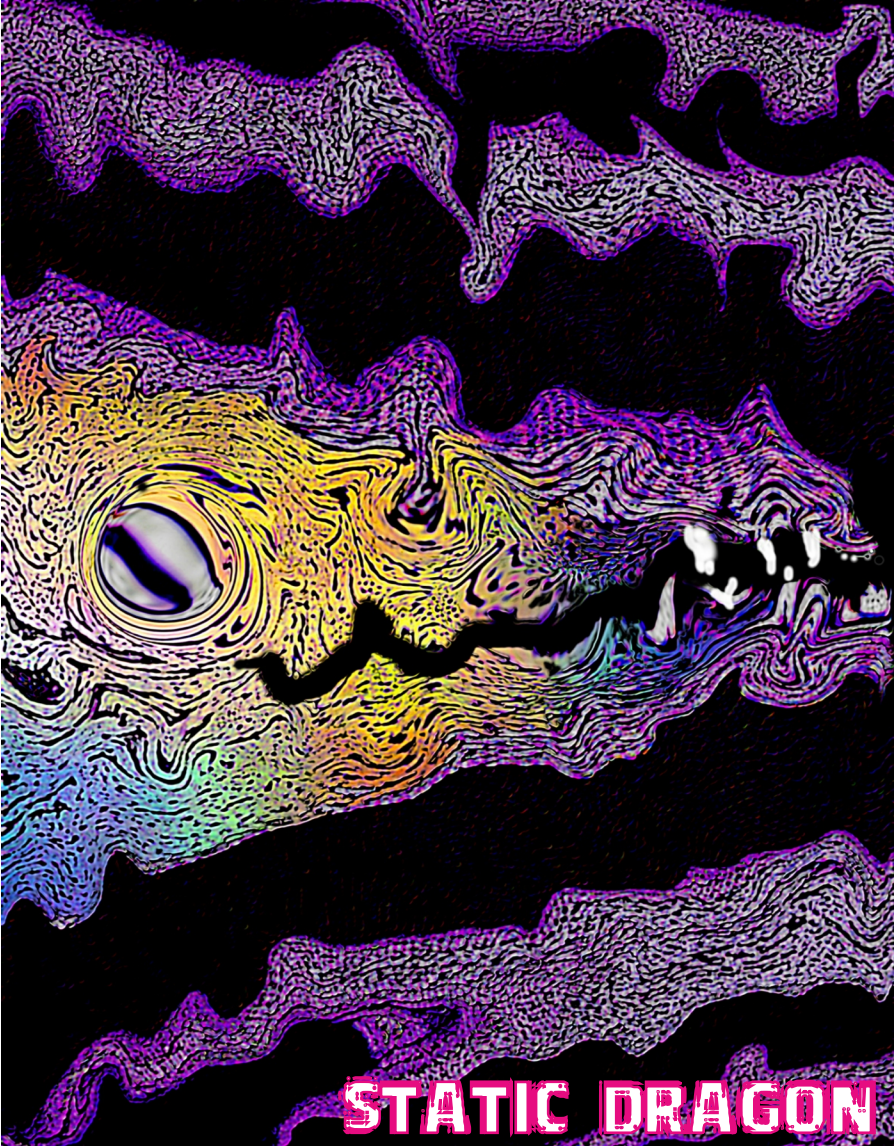
- *Why is it still there? How is it still there?*
- *A watertight single room made of plastic.*
- *A thin plastic TV hangs from a single nail on the far wall.*
- *The words “DO NOT” and “Turn Off” are gouged into the plastic frame.*
- *The former etched with legible care; the latter scratched in desperation.*
- *The room is comfortable but sparse. A solar powered AC unit consumes most of the single window.*
- *A chest, marked “Provisions”, sits empty like an echo of hopeful words.*
- *The bed stiffly creaks against pressure.*
- *The remote sits on the bed.*

Brightly



Into the Forest,

"What if the cosmic background noise was just an angry echo, demanding creation keep quiet?"



12

"It slides through the airwaves, a specter unknown, entropic memory."

Brightly

It is why the TV must be turned off past broadcast.

Why does the broadcast remain? None know, but all are grateful.

Beloved gems from a calm and distant world regale and invite any with a receiver.

Sitcom problems amuse a populace concerned with warlords and electric slavery. The sad peoples of the wild world see only a dim, mocking echo of a human history. They are glad of it. They are sad of it.

Perhaps despair coalesces along certain frequencies. Perhaps secret wishes for an ending manifest physically across two dimensions.

An X axis of canned laughter. A Y axis of inchoate sorrow.



It only exists in two dimensions. Care must be taken to strike it perpendicularly.

Until the gimmick is understood, the Static Dragon has an AC 16. Afterwards, AC 13.

The dragon takes glee in movement and separation, the division of whole things into parts.

It is sharper than anything can be. The very air sheds sparking tears against the dragon's ceaseless movement.

(The wounds caused by the dragon do not bleed. What is the use of separation if it simply fills the void with wet blood. 1d8 riving damage. Consult the chart for ancillary effects. That which is torn asunder by the dragon may not be made whole again!)

For each full 8 hours of static a particular TV has shown, its static Dragon gains 1 hit die.

Few dragons are willing to manifest at less than 5 HD.

Damage - Loss

1 - 2 Fingers

2 - 4 Fingers

3 - Hand

4 - Foot

5 - Leg @ Knee

6 - Arm

7 - Leg @ Hip

8 - Decapitation



Every