hello, world

an uploaded utopia

GM guide

```
int main()
{
    printf("hello, world!\n");
    return 0;
}
```

World was built for **Users** like you, and your safety and security are guaranteed by the **Administrators** who tirelessly hold the gates of the great **Servers**. By its nature World is post-scarcity: there is no material good or service that cannot be replicated endlessly at no cost other than server load.

This sprawling metropolis is built on a cloud of data where the only true commodity is **Memory**: the privilege to record, store, and recall the priceless recollections that stitch together your identity. **Memory is physical** in World: you can touch it, exchange it, manipulate it, discard or destroy it. Users are faced with constant choices about how to manage their memories. Your treasured dreams of past sensations compete with present-day luxuries and practical necessities. Some Users choose a life of fleeting decadence and persistent amnesia, constantly discarding their old senses of Self in pursuit of new sensations.

In this digital frontier Users are **immortal** in a broad sense, but their personal identities are mutable, precious, and fragile. In order to afford the cost of server storage to sustain the collection of memories needed for a functioning sense of Self, many Users turn to illicit activities...

touchstones

Film: The Matrix, Tron, Tron: Legacy

Games: *Transistor* by Supergiant Games, *Cryptomancer* by Chad Walker

Books: *Altered Carbon* by Richard K. Morgan, *Snow Crash* by Neal Stephenson

Hello, World has a Spotify playlist!   https://tinyurl.com/hello-world-spotify

essential rules

Except where noted in the following pages, Hello, World operates with the same core system as Blades in the Dark: https://bladesinthedark.com/basics

thanks and credits

Hello, World wouldn't exist without these people:

Writer / Design Collaboration : James, who is the most creative writer I know. If you find in here a random table filled with fascinating and surprising results, or a description of a wonderful dream-like location, he probably wrote it. Thanks for believing in me, brother.

Motivator / Aesthetic Instigator: Mabel Harper, who told me that this world had a future.

Tireless GM / fellow Forged in the Dark traveller: Erik of the San Janero Co-op and Brinkwood. Thanks for letting me dwell among your community.

Everyone who has played this game with me at conventions and online. You're all wonderful.

🐦 @umbral_aeronaut

table of contents

thematic content

Hello, World contains many themes you might expect from a **forged in the dark** game and a few you might not. There can be plenty of depictions of the players acting out scenes of criminal misadventure, violence, deception, and theft, though the overall tone can be more light-hearted and hopeful. The opportunity exists for good outcomes! Other themes include identity, memory, and social turmoil in a society without a functioning attention span.

Additionally, themes of self-awareness and worker's rights can be invoked by the **Process**, World's human-like procedurally-generated labor class.

Be sure to ask the table before play whether any of these themes interest them or should be downplayed or vetoed entirely. Play with safety tools, such as Script Change, the X-card or Lines & Veils. The Script Change tool and a space for Lines and Veils are printed on the back of this booklet to assist you!

what is known

This is a guide to the state of World, as it exists before your story is told. Many questions are intentionally left ambiguous. The answers you find in play are true for your table.

World is a physics simulation. They aren't the same laws that you and I experience, but they are consistent and empirically-knowable to our characters. About as many people in our own reality can meaningfully discuss quantum mechanics as there are Users in World who can discuss the inner workings of World's data-driven physics ruleset. They aren't a lot of fun at parties. If your User is one of those people, either keep it to yourself or make up your own science-babble.

Nobody remembers anything before World. Memory simply doesn't stretch that far back. No matter how deeply you dig, the origins of World were so many layered iterations and countless cycles ago that the Archives become twisted and corrupt long before any valid information can be obtained.

There is probably nothing worthwhile outside of World. Experiments to test or observe beyond the outer edges of World's servers always fail, or worse. Worse is the Glitch. Glitch is dangerously anathema to World's physics and requires immediate, emergency containment by Administrators or other classified and cleared personnel. Glitch is the only measurable exterior force to be recorded in World.

They stopped making new Users a long, long time ago. Sorry! But you're welcome to try anyway (use safety tools to determine your table's appetite for R+ rated content). That said, if a User discards all of their memories and takes a lengthy defrag on the Stack, they're almost like a completely new person.

Something happened to World in the distant past, and it is emptier than it should be. Despite 99 percent of total available server space being dormant, World's processing power is apparently straining to meet the demands of its population. This might be why one of the four servers has been indefinitely held off-line in a defrag cycle for most of living memory. This could also explain why nobody can seem to afford enough Memory to *remember who they are* for very long, and why an increasing number of Users are being driven to unlawful acts to acquire a greater share of Memory.

This is an elephant-in-the-room topic for most Users (kind of like how you're a drag to be around if you're constantly bringing up the inevitable heat death of our universe).

World is Happy! Despite all of the above, World is an optimistic place. Why should they be bothered by the big picture circumstances? You never seem to be all that bothered by the fact that you're made out of meat and stand on a tiny wet marble surrounded by vacuum and spinning at high velocity around a hydrogen explosion.

World is a great place to live. World is a real utopia. You can't die, you can be basically anyone you want to be, most kinds of physical things and entertainments are essentially free, and you don't have any real obligations if you don't want them. Sure you have to follow a few rules, and there is the problem of your persistent amnesia, but who cares? Wonderful new experiences are always right around the corner for you.

In World nobody dies, nobody gets sick, nobody is homeless. Nobody even *needs* to eat, but if they want to they can have food for relatively cheap (food is still delicious). If you've been listening to the Hello, World spotify playlist since the last page, by now you've probably hit at least one saccharine chiptune bop. I'm not sorry.

Although the visuals of World use near futurism and cyber-nostalgia as their basis, **the genre of Hello, World is *POST-cyberpunk***. Individuals are so heavily-enfranchised in World that corporations and nations are basically defunct for lack of interest (though there are a handful of those trying to hang on). Material goods are so ubiquitous and cheap that their acquisition hardly matters, but *ideas are very important in World*. **Dedicated groups of people can change society, at least for a time.**

There are two kinds of Users: those who are satisfied with the state of this place, and those who are not. Hello, World is about the human drive to take control of things around us and change them, and grappling with what that means in a utopia. World is full of bored dilettantes with nothing better to do than mess with the balance of society for greater personal power or to enact their own unique vision (check out the Faction pages to find plenty of examples!). Your characters might even be part of one such group.

We play to find out what happens to World, and how your characters are complicit in it's fate. Establishment-aligned forces like the Administration, Moderators, and Troubleshooters exist to hold these impulses at bay and protect the "greatest good for the greatest number" that they believe World's preservation represents, but the forces of chaos arrayed against them are enfranchised by the status quo and blessed with the immortality and resources to enact their plots.

The tools to change or destroy World are provided free of charge by the system itself. What would you change about this place? What would you preserve? Or are you just trying to get by while hanging onto a few good memories along the way?

I'm pretty sure we're done here. That's all you could possibly need to know about World.

sigh Yes, you. You in the back. I see you.

"So are Users brains in jars connected to electrodes, or is World a simulation happening to frozen bodies in a huge generation ship, or are we inside a giant network of artifical intelligences powered by a Dyson Sphere, or...?"

Ask this question again but substitute "humans" for Users and "Earth" for World and you'll realize that it sounds a little silly.

But, yes. All of that.

However this isn't a game about escaping the Matrix. It's about self-discovery in the face of a boring utopia. It's about whether you'll break the mantle of existence when you realize Heaven was born empty and that, sadly, makes you the only God.

You must live with the World you create. That being said, if your User ever does manage to escape World, please tell me what they find on the other side (my twitter account is @umbral_aeronaut). I happen to have a lot of money riding on "2-dimensional computer etched into the side of a black hole, post-Universal Heat Death".

blades//changelog

If you've played or been a GM for a Forged in the Dark game before (like *Blades in the Dark* or *Scum and Villainy*), then this should be pretty close to second nature. Here's what's different:

You are immortal. The PC's and other main characters can't die, but they *can* forget and *will* change. We play to find out who they are, who they once were, and who they will become.

You can change World. Disruption to the status quo is usually fleeting in World, at least until an *Authority* function is executed. These cause permanent ripples in the physical and social fabric. The players will get a taste of Authority during crew creation, and can wield it again periodically throughout their story to chart the course of World's future.

The Factions of World are fluid. The faction pyramid of World is dynamic, and the major power players will move up and down in Tier just like the player's crew does. Their goals, composition, and resources will change to reflect their growing ambitions, just like the Crew does. You can knock them down if their goals are incompatible with yours but remember, they are immortal too!

There are 9 basic Functions in World. The next page describes the 'verbs' (Functions) that govern the life of Users in World (*Authority* functions add 3 more to this total but the Players don't need to be worried about them most of the time). The list of functions that players have to contend with is smaller than usual for Blades, and lacks a few things you might be used to:

  Survey is gone. If there is hidden danger for the PCs to potentially miss noticing in the scene, simply tell them something is out there and ask them if they want to Resist with *Computation* in order to notice it. Use this trick sparingly, most of the time it's actually better to tell the players what's going on up front and ask them what they'll do with the information. Hidden information works well in certain RPGs, but generally just slows down the action here. Use **Find** if the players want to *Gather Info* by observing a situation.

  Command is gone. People can't ordinarily be intimidated into doing what you want in World, as pain is mostly abstract and everyone who matters is immortal (for the exception to this rule, see the Breaker playbook's <u>Intimidator</u> Special Ability). If the players are leading friends or allies into action, use the **Get** function instead.

Player Characters handle "gear" differently. Since thoughts are just as tangible as physical objects in World, players deal with their equipment by using a resource called **Memory** (or MEM for short). Players don't pick a loadout at the start of scores, but can purchase extra MEM slots when they level up to help them be more flexible. Because their playbook-specific special items don't cost any MEM to equip, players will always have access to their signature items. Don't be afraid to throw consequences or Bargains related to Memory at the players, it's important to World's flavor!

"With a grin, your contact hands you the MEMcard and disappears into the crowd. Are you gonna try to scan and dump the card here in public, or hold onto it? It costs 1 MEM to keep."

"The Coin you swipe uploads to your Memknife in an instant, but you realize that the target's encryption has made the file bigger than expected: mark off a MEM to hold onto it all!"

"You can get some useful blackmail here, but it will cost you at least one MEM slot to store the scene at a high-enough fidelity. Do you want to try to keep watching and download even more?"

Player Characters handle "damage" differently. When you assign damage as a consequence, by default it goes to the character's Stress track (usually between **1** to **3** Stress). Players can still use Armor to block the damage, or 'download' the damage into one or more of their Harm slots to reduce the Stress. Since players get to choose when and how to take Harm and have an automatic "Second Wind" option to resist falling out of the score from Stress (by taking the most severe Harm box instead), they're pretty durable. Don't be afraid to hit them hard.

Player Characters bounce back fast. Downtime actions in Hello, World are streamlined and emphasize getting the PCs back into the action, rather than a punishing grind of resources like in traditional Blades. That's all the more reason to push them hard with consequences during the Score. If you like assigning 2 or more Consequences during most action rolls, this game is for you. Some of my favorite fall-backs include Memory or Gear expenditure, worsening the Position, and ticking dangerous Clocks. Make the players choose what to Resist!
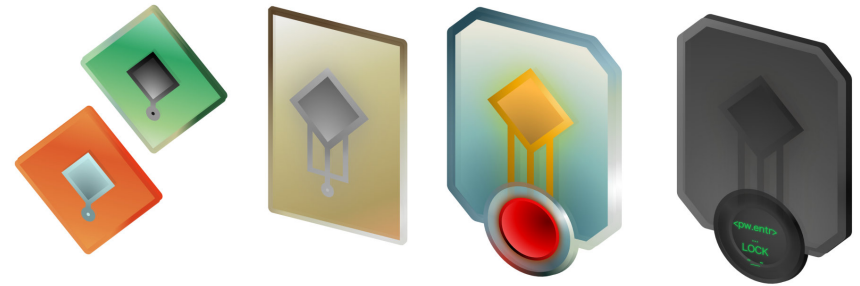
memory

"Your Best Memories Look Better In MEMcrystal(c)!"

Memory is physical in World. You can touch it, exchange it, manipulate it, discard or destroy it. There are two major types of Memory "formats" that are seen in World.

MEMchip: A disposable storage format, typically used for consumable items (food and drink, cheap goods) and small exchanges of cash or information between Users. *A still hologram, pamphlet, or simple recording. A single Coin's worth of cash.*

MEMcard: A common storage format, with a silver-coated "Write-once then Read-only" core embedded in neuroplastics mined from Arcturus. Most memories are stored in these nowadays. *Often used to store physical possessions: a mass-produced stock item or weapon can be 'drawn' out of a MEMcard. Credentials to an account that holds a few Coins. A complex recollection.*

MEMcrystal: The iconic symbol of quality storage. Consists of a gold Read/Write element as well as a content preview and selection ring, both of which are embedded in a durable poly-crystalline block that serves as the actual storage medium and protective shell. Often reserved for the safekeeping of treasured high-fidelity recollections and valued signature possessions. *Nobody makes them anymore but the average User is hanging onto at least a few of these still*.

Every User has built-in 'Random-Access Memory' that lets them follow through on short-term tasks, carry out internal monologues and decision-making, and process sensory stimuli, but recalling or acting on anything longer than a cycle or two ago requires the usage of external Memory. Long-term internal storage for Users to record their innermost 'selves' is theorized to exist, but it's functions are embedded deeply in the hidden operating language of World and it has long been considered impossible to define accurate capacities and limits for it. How much of "You" is actually preserved without access to Memory is a question debated at length by philosophers.

Most Users go about their normal routines using MEMplast to record notable events, interesting conversations and experiences, and periodically transferring items desired for long-term storage to a MEMcrystal. It's common to create back-ups, as the crime of MEMcrystal theft is on the rise.

In Hello, World the process of handling personal memories is abstracted and the Memory capacity of PCs is mostly explored to the extent that it adds interesting challenges and considerations to what they choose to have, own, or recall. If the players express interest in exploring these aspects of being a User, ask them questions about how they handle their Memories. When they Recall, what does it look like?

Within the game, MEM serves as the method for determining Loadout: how much gear the Players can hold on a Score. Normally the **Users begin a Score with 4 slots of Memory** which can be filled with as generic gear items as they are needed.

The Playbook Items the players select during User Creation are also "memory" within World's fiction, but these dont cost MEM as they are presumed to be already accounted for by the Users: let them be always on hand when needed, unless a Complication or Daemon's Bargain causes one to become unavailable for a time!

function

library

■ **COMPUTATION** - To resist consequences from Deception or Understanding.

Find - filter information, discover facts, see through illusions

*You might dig through memories, records, and news reports. You might follow a target and discover their location. You might closely analyze a person to detect falsehoods or see through their **mask**. You could try to study records and historical tags to understand the past (but **restoring** the archives to directly observe events might be better).*

Ping - suppress or disable, ranged combat, crack locks

*You might wear down a gang or fortification with a flurry of attacks. You might attack with precision shooting from a distance. You might crack a simple numeric lock by rapidly testing combinations in sequence. You could try to scale up to a dictionary attack against a more complicated password (but **finding** the password's written hint might be better). You could try to take out a durable adversary with repeated weak hits (but **crashing** might be better).*

Restore - rewind an object/place to a previous state, recover from Archives

*You might restore a location to its state at the time of a crime to gather clues. You might recreate a gadget or a lost feature of an existing item. You might reconstruct a structure or lost feature of the terrain. You could try to confound a pursuer by cycling a hallway through confusing historical snapshots (but **echo** or **goto** might be better).*

■ **STABILITY**- To resist consequences from Physical Strain or Disruption.

Buffer - guard, seize or hold territory, delay or redirect danger

*You might seize or hold a position in battle. You might channel a stream of destructive energy or divert an attack. You might buy a cohort or ally time by interposing yourself as a barrier. You could try to outlast an opponent through endurance until they back off (but **crashing** might be better).*

Crash - strike, break, or duel with close-quarters force and skill

*You might hack and slash or go head to head in a high-flying martial arts battle. You might engage in a swirling close-quarters gunfight. You might break barriers or smash World's infrastructure in order to overcome an obstacle or cause chaos. You could try to drive off a large gang with crushing attacks (but **pinging** might be better).*

Goto - run, climb, navigate, operate vehicles, avoid danger

*You might run and leap across rooftops. You might handle the controls of a vehicle or direct a mount. You might outrace an opponent with knowledge of shortcuts or a burst of speed. You could try to evade a powerful attack (but **buffering** might be better).*

■ **RESOLUTION** - To resist consequences from Mental Strain or Willpower.

Mask - hide, sneak, steal, physical misdirection and disguises

*You might sneak past a guard or hide in the shadows.You might misdirect others in order to swipe a keycard or steal a memory. You might change your appearances to resemble someone who is allowed access to an area. You could try to disguise yourself as a specific person in order to obtain something you aren't allowed to have (but **getting** or **restoring** might be better).*

Echo - sway or deceive with misinformation or illusion

*You might fool the senses with optical illusions. You might sway the beliefs of others with emotional appeal or falsified evidence. You might alter timestamps and event tags to deceive investigators who try to **restore** the scene. You could try to distract guards in order to travel somewhere you aren't authorized (but **masking** might be better).*

Get - consort, blend in, handle personal connections, utilize public services

*You might gain access to resources, people, or places. You might make new friends or win someone over with your charm and style. You might turn the natural resources and privileges of World to your advantage. You could try to obtain hidden information about a faction by rubbing elbows with their members (but **finding** might be better).*

■ **AUTHORITY** - To resist changes to the baseline reality of World.

!AUTHORITY functions *cannot* be wielded if the User has no dots trained!

Kill - Infinite power of Revocation

You might purge a district, derezzing all individuals within and wiping it's geotags back to baseline. You might destroy a dangerous Memory. You might permanently revoke a User's rights, removing all trace of them from World forever.

Format - Infinite power of Redefinition

You might quarantine a district, freezing movement in and out. You might alter the flows of space, time, gravity, or other natural laws in a district. You might revise the parameters of an entire server's population of Process.

Compile - Infinite power of Creation

You might create an artifact of supreme power. You might define the dimensions of a brand new district or partition. You might commission a mighty army of Process to your specifications.

//WARNING//

Unauthorized Privilege Escalation is a Class II Offense, punishable by summary Deresolution and derogatory processing to the Stack.

damage, armor & harm

Damage in *Hello, World* is handled differently to ordinary consequences. **Users take damage directly against their Stress track.** Don't be afraid to deal damage during moments of psychological loss, mental stress, or social disappointment! World is an abstract kind of place.

When a situation is *Controlled*, a *minor consequence* could cause **1 Stress** of damage.

If *Risky*, a *standard consequence* usually is **2 Stress**.

If *Desperate*, a *serious consequence* might be **3 Stress**, but could potentially be **4 or higher** if major factors of Scale or Potency exceed the defenses of the PC.

When damage is dealt to a player character, they can choose to either accept it or **resist** by using Armor, their Harm boxes, any relevant Special Abilities, or a combination of those options.

In order to resist damage with Armor, ask the player to mark off an Armor box that applies to the threat vector (for example, the *Shieldbelt* is a generic Memory slot choice for every playbook that is useful for resisting incoming damage from physical attacks). Each playbook also has a unique Armor item that could potentially be used against various different kinds of damage. For example, the Filcher's *Holo Bomb* might let them slip away from the consequences of physical detection, ranged attack, or other consequences. Let the players be imaginative!

At the GM's discretion, Armor can reduce either **some** or **all** of the Damage. As a general guideline, let the player resist all of the Damage if their playbook armor is obviously the right defense for the attack vector (for example, the Breaker's **Lightbarrier** during a close-quarters brawl, or the Squawker's **Disarming Wit** during a heated duel of words). Otherwise, simply reduce the incoming damage by 1 instead.

In order to resist damage using Harm, have the player declare how much damage they are transferring to the Harm track. For example, a *Serious* Damage consequence (**3 stress**) could translate into a Level 3 Harm box, or both Level 1 and Level 2 Harm, or be partially mitigated using a lesser Harm box. If a Harm box is already filled, it is unavailable and the player would have to resist using the next higher-numbered box that is still empty.

Level 1 Harm represents a brief moment of avatar **Instability** that leaves behind an incriminating timestamp, memory sliver, or other clue that helps investigators and other factions track the crew's actions. This is represented by additional immediate **Heat**. If you want to explore the fiction around this, ask the player to describe what they left behind. *Level 1 Harm automatically clears itself off of the damage track during the reset phase of Downtime, so be sure to suggest it to the players as an option when they take damage!*

Level 2 Harm is an **Error** that represents some loss of agency within World. The User might be a little 'fuzzy' at the edges, or perhaps have a distinctive injury represented on their avatar. Ask the player to describe what their Error looks like, then write it in on their harm track in the appropriate space. The GM can assess **less effect** for action rolls that depend on their avatar smoothly functioning.

Level 3 Harm is a serious **Fault** such as an obvious wound or noticeable avatar degradation. Ask the player to describe the nature of the Fault, then tell them to write it in on the track. This can result in a **-1d** penalty against the number of function dice rolled for applicable actions.

Level 4 Harm means your avatar is **Crashing** and likely suffering from multiple compounding issues. Without help from an ally your User will have difficulty employing their expertise to help the crew. Help is deliberately undefined so that the GM can assess what qualifies on a case-by-case basis, but a common requirement of help includes putting your allies at risk of consequences from the assisted action.

Whenever a Player fills in their **last stress box** for any reason, they derez to the Stack as soon as the current function concludes (see next page). However if their **Level 4 Harm** box is empty, they may instead choose to write an appropriate Harm in it to **clear 4 Stress** and endure.

deresolution

Users are immortal. Whenever a User experiences a critical existence failure ("deresolution" or simply "derez"), their baseline data and any memories they held at Time of Deresolution are whisked away through World and reassembled automatically at the top of *The Stack*, a grand tower that dominates the entire vertical length of Helios. Whenever an instance of user-data arrives at the bottom of the Stack it is compiled by the Lead Executor and the resulting User is released back into World after a brief period of readjustment.

There are a few things that might Derez a Player Character, but the two most common triggers are getting **arrested** by the Troubleshooters, or filling your final box of **Stress** for any reason and choosing not to (or being unable to) fill in Level 4 Harm to endure. Whenever a User derezzes they disappear from the scene and arrive at The Stack (non-User playbooks may have different conditions or outcomes as described on their sheet). *What does it look like when you Derez? Do you vanish in a flash of light, collapse into disintegrating fragments, fade to flickering dust? Do you have time to make a dramatic statement?*

The Stack can be a pleasant dreamscape vacation, a living nightmare, or something in between. We make a **Deresolution roll** to find out (similar to **Incarceration** in Blades).

Your starting dice pool consists of your crew's **Tier**, modified by the circumstances of your Deresolution (choose the most appropriate option below). The current **Chaos** level determines what chart you roll for Deresolution on: the Administration of World will be far less lenient on known bad actors against World's stability, and degrading server conditions can harm the experience on the Stack for everyone.

Damage: **-1d**   Arrested, or Self-inflicted Stress: **+0d**

Kill command suffered: **-2d**   While wielding Authority: **+1d**

	Low Chaos (0-1)	Medium Chaos (2-3)	High Chaos (4)
1-3	Unpleasant Dreams (+2 Stress)	Rough Interrogation (+2 Heat, +2 Stress)	ERROR///Resolution Failure (+1 additional Drift)
4/5	Interrogated by Mods (+1 Heat)	Pleasant Interrogation (+2 Heat)	Admins scour your thoughts (+6 Stress)
6	Pleasant Dreams (no effect)	Confusing Dreams (-1 MEM in next Score)	Admins are lenient (+3 Stress)
CRIT	Surprise Recollection (+1 Experience)	Vital Recollection (+2 Experience)	Admin presents a Revelation (+3 Stress, +3 Experience)

Regardless of the result, a user who was derezzed takes **Drift** (see the next page) and cannot return to the crew until they've sat out **a number of Scores equal to the current Chaos level**. Upon your return to your crew, you usually have **zero stress**, although some results on the Deresolution table will add more to that.

If an outcome would add **Heat** it can be prevented with a suitable bribe to the Troubleshooters (Coin = *Chaos+1*). Use the Deresolution table result as a prompt for a scene describing the User's experience on the stack, if desired.

The Stack is also where allies, enemies, and even entire Factions may end up. The GM uses the "Stack" locations on the Faction Map to track this, with a "Stack Resolution" 4-clock that ticks once at the end of every Score the Players go on. While the Stack nominally holds user-data in descending order of resolution time, its order of operations is routinely altered by the Executors who manage Central Processing... In other words, allow fictional circumstances to alter the flow of factions on and off of the Stack.

drift

When a User is sent to the Stack for any reason, they experience Drift. **When you take Drift**, mark it in the designated space on your character sheet and circle one of the drift conditions like *Glitched*, *Lagging*, etc.

Drift represents buildup of behavioral quirks, corrupted memory, and in extreme cases gradual dissociation from the personal identity a User has selected for themself. As a User drifts further and further off of their baseline, they may find treasured memories and habits to be less fulfilling than they once were. This is represented by decreased Stress recovery when *Indulging Memories* in downtime.

- **Disconnected**: You've begun discarding your once-valued memories of other Users. You are not moved by emotional appeal or social bonds.

- **Glitched**: You display signs of overexposure to the Glitch. Your avatar is scarred, and your memories are stalked by malignant intruders.

- **Infected**: Something is consuming your thoughts. You're obsessed by that thing: an activity, a person, an ideology, a fear.

- **Lagging**: You occasionally desynchronize, causing you to miss important details or slowing your responses.

- **Overclocked**: You can't slow down your responses. You act without regard to safety, recklessly or impulsively.

- **Sentimental**: You cling desperately to your favored memories and fear their loss. You become soft, passive, gentle.

- **Timeslip**: Your ability to differentiate between timestamps falters. You confuse past with present, reliving events or seeing things.

- **Volatile**: Your RAM is unstable. You can suddenly rage, or fall into despair, or freeze up.

You can play up your drift conditions as much or as little as you like. They can totally transform your User's persona or have only a small impact. However, If you do play them strongly and allow them to complicate your User's life, you will earn XP for it.

Drift conditions are permanent. **When you mark your fourth drift condition**, your character can no longer continue under their present identity. They vanish, typically by voluntarily discarding most of their memories and taking a lengthy defragmentation on the Stack in order to begin a new life (the official term is "Reiteration"). However if desired, a player may choose to make a new character representing the "legacy" User's new identity (use the normal rules for User creation). They are unlikely to be very similar at all to their previous self...

dangerous encounters

Close encounters with **Administration** and the **Glitch** can be harrowing. They present challenges for the Player Characters that fall outside the normal bounds of interaction that most often occur in World.

By default, *Administrators* will inflict a commanding hynosis-like trance on Users and Process in their presence. A PC can choose to meekly obey commands, or they can make a resistance roll with **Resolution** to ignore the effect. Characters with lots of exposure to Administration, such as Moderators and some squawkers, become less susceptible and only face hypnosis from Admins during hazardous situations where their potential for self-will or hesitation is judged to be a risk.

Even if the hypnotic trance is resisted, Users who seek to oppose the Administration still face an adversary with unconstrained access to the Authority commands of World, making them a fearsome adversary. Usually Admins will begin by **Formatting** the arena, suspending local timeflow or trapping their adversary in a fractal prison. They may summon proxy combatants to fight on their behalf with **Compile**, choosing to serenely float through the engagement while the situation is taken care of. Most Admins will spare unleashing the full force of the **Kill** command on Users if they can help it, but remember that their logic is fixated on zero-sum considerations of what is "good" for the entirety of World. A User who falls on the wrong side of that ethical calculation will be derezzed without hesitation.

Glitch at it's most basic form is a passive environmental threat. It is the physical manifestation of entropy, total data loss eating away at World. When Player Characters move through a Glitch-corrupted environment, they must first sustain **1 Stress Damage** before they can act. If they continue pressing on, they will keep incurring level 1 Damage for subsequent actions performed within the corruption zone. Process cohorts without the "*Debug Routines*" edge will experience immediate existence failure in such places.

When the Glitch erupts forth in a dynamic pattern, things get much worse. Acting against the semi-sentient **Harbingers** of the Glitch is an exercise in deadly frustration, as the Glitch's mere existence undermines the foundation that permits Users to take action in World. Harbingers generally do not respond to physical or mental disruption, are not constrained by physical barriers or laws, and dissolve the fabric of reality at a touch. Users are advised to avoid contact at all costs.

crew creation

1 **Choose a crew type.** You begin at **Tier 0** with **0 Rep** (all the Users involved in the crew just got rezzed off of the stack, remember?) but you have collectively scraped together **2 Coin** based on some recovered savings.

2 **Choose a special ability.** Choose from the list on your crew sheet. If you're unsure, select the first one (it's a good default choice).

3 **Choose an initial reputation and select the district you are trying to break into.** Your reputation is a sign-post as to how other factions and unaffiliated Users might view you, choices include:
Aggressive - Daring - Honorable - Professional - Subtle - Weird

Also, choose one of the four major districts to be your starting locale. Your GM will summarize a bit to you about them now if you aren't yet familiar (next page).

*GM: tell the players about the **Tier 2 faction** that operates within the district (a **Troubleshooter precinct** if you want the police to be a factor early on, otherwise a **Syndicate** or **Weird**). Ask the players how they deal with them:*

• Pay your respects. -1 Coin, and their status becomes neutral (0).

• Gift them handsomely. -2 Coin, and their status is now +1.

• Pay them nothing. Crew status with them is -1.

4 **Wield Authority!** Your crew had to do something to establish themselves, something big. Something that can only be done with a stolen power of *Authority*. Choose whether you:

▣ **Changed** *a street, the neighborhood process, a local law of reality* (**+Format**)

▣ **Created** *a new passageway, a unique hideout, a great stockpile* (**+ Compile**)

▣ **Destroyed** *a mighty barrier, a bitter rival, a troublesome memory* (**+Kill**)

Fill in 1 dot in the associated Authority function on the crew sheet.

*GM: This Server's current masters didn't like that: an **Infrastructure** faction if you didn't choose Troubleshooters in the last step, a **Syndicate** or **Weird** faction otherwise. Write them in as this server's Tier 3 faction at -1 status.*

5 **Choose a favored crew contact.** Mark the one who is a close friend, long-time associate, or partner in crime.

GM: tell the players about two factions with a relationship to this contact (write them into the faction map as needed, focusing on Tier 2/3 slots in neighboring servers):

• One faction is friendly with the contact. Take +1 status with them.

• One faction dislikes the contact. Take -2 status with them.

May take -1 Coin for +1 status in either above relationship.

6 **Choose starting Cohort.** Your crew has one or a few Process working for it, either an Expert or a Gang (your crew playbook will show you which). Be sure to choose Edges & Flaws using the guidelines on the next page.

*GM: tell the players about the **Tier 1 faction** in another server that helped them acquire the Cohort. Did the crew:*

• Trade favors? Take +1 status with them.

• Throw in a little extra? -1 Coin, and +2 status with them.

GM: Now is your chance to decide if you want to fill in some more of the remaining blank spaces on the map with neutral factions, or else leave them empty to discover in play. Consider leaving Helios (tier 4 and 5) empty on the map for now, or else put only one faction there. It will create a much bigger impact when someone does finally arrive in Helios, and give your table time to explore the setting without those additional pressures.

servers overview

The servers of World are 99 percent unformatted clusters of disorganized data. The form that wild data takes differs from server to server, but it stands in obvious contrast to the civilized centers (the remaining 1% of server space) that Users and Process traffic within. Servers are connected by **Ports**, fast transit hubs that connect the civic centers of World to each other.

SIRIUS - Commercial population center of World, densely urban, mirrored streets and fractal architecture, spotlights crisscrossing the sky. Locked in eternal dusk.

CANOPUS - Neo-Venetian, World's center of arts and culture. A vast built-over moored vessel on an endless crystal sea. Archipelagos choked with untamed jungles.

ARCTURUS - Industrialized desert arcology lashed by storms of lightning and scouring chemicals, vast below-ground machinery and piping, barren lawless expanses.

ARGUS - [WARNING: currently undergoing Defragmentation] What stable pockets are found give it an 'Oldtown' vibe; anachronistic gas lamps, aging storefronts, winding cobbled streets.

Also, there is: *HELIOS* - Domain of the Administrators & High tier factions. Geometric, pristine, symmetrical. Users **cannot** start their Tier 0 crew here.

process cohorts

A **gang** of cohorts works just as in Blades. **Scale & Quality** = Crew tier. Gang types are below:

• **Chatters** - talk up things for you; negotiators & go-betweens
• **Routers** - move things for you; drivers & couriers
• **Strikers** - hit things for you; soldiers & toughs
• **Tracers** - monitor things for you; trackers & watchers

An **expert** is a higher-quality single Process, specced to order. They are **Tier 0**, with **Quality** = Crew Tier **+1**. Experts also don't have as many Flaws as gangs (see below). Experts have a unique specialization defined at creation, for example they might be an *Archivist*, a *Butler*, an *Illusionist*, a *Head of Security*, etc.

To command your cohorts or lead a group action with them, try using **Get**.

edges & flaws

*Expert: 1 Edge and 0 Flaws **or** 2 Edges and 1 Flaw*
*Gang: 1 Edge and 1 Flaw **or** 2 Edges and 2 Flaws*

Debug Routines: The cohort can survive initial contact with the Glitch and navigate chaotic or degraded environments.

Subtext Recognition: The cohort is capable of understanding and negotiating nuanced social situations.

Multi-threaded: The cohort can be trusted to make good decisions and act on their own initiative in the absence of direct orders.

Tenacious: The cohort can't be deterred or misdirected away from their assigned tasks.

Bloatware: The cohort has pre-installed obligations to another faction and can be trusted to report to them about your actions.

Mandatory Patches: The cohort isn't always available due to unusually-frequent maintenance requirements.

Stock Avatars: The cohort is unimpressive to look at which is unflattering to your crew's reputation.

Willful: The cohort has an ethic or values that it won't betray, and may question orders.

authority functions

A fallen teardrop of pure starlight, raw untapped energy, the potential for great change made manifest… **Authority**, when condensed into a shape that can be tapped by the Users of World, is a great and terrible thing to witness. **Compile**, **Format**, and **Kill** are the three Authority functions in World (see their description in the Function Library, pg. xx). The Players will get to define one type of Authority fuction their Crew is strong at during Crew Creation (the one they chose in step 4).

When the conditions described on their Crew playbook are met in play, the PCs have an opportunity to wield Authority. **When they choose to do so**:

1. **Crew decides together how to wield Authority.** It's important to let this discussion take however long it needs. Depending on the inclinations of the players, this could pause the action until a consensus is reached or the discussion could play out as a conversation between the characters. Either approach is fine! If there is an in-game disagreement between characters that threatens to spill over into opposed action, be sure to follow the guiding principles for PC vs. PC action on pg. XX.

2. **Determine Magnitude required, pay the price.** The crew's **Tier + the Authority Function rating** is the starting *Magnitude* of the Authority function. In order to ballpark how big of an impact the function requires, assess the features the PC's are attempting to accomplish.

*For example, to use the **Kill** command to instantaneously derez all Tier 3 and lower Users and Process in the immediate district, **Area** needs to be **5** and **Force 3**, for a **total of 8 Magnitude**. Additional features like Range (to target a more distant area) or Duration (to create a lingering Kill command that executes on those who violate district boundaries for the duration specified) would add even more Magnitude.*

*If the Crew is at Tier 1, they would have **3** of the 8 Magnitude required.*

In order to make up the difference in Magnitude for the effect they wish to create, the players may do any combination of the following:

- *Burn your financial reserves for temporary extra processing power.* Spend **1 Coin** for **+1 Magnitude** (any number of times).
- *Witness the Light directly.* A participating PC may voluntarily take a Trauma for **+3 Magnitude** (only once).
- *Channel energy directly through a User.* Derez the PC who volunteers to get **+5 Magnitude** (only once).
- *A cruel bargain with an Administrator or Daemon.* Any other creative trade. At GM's discretion, assess between **+1-4 Magnitude**.

In the previous example, one way to make up the difference in Magnitude would be for one of the PC's to volunteer to Derez as part of the price of wielding the Authority (3+ 5 = 8).

What's up with Time in World?

Tick = An arbitrarily-brief span of time, often used as a rhetorical device ("I'll be just a tick!").

Cycle = The standardized unit of time measurement in The World. This is the timespan required for Central Processing to execute a complete census, and thus actual Cycle length fluctuates within a small margin based on current rezzed User loads. *Feels like several minutes to us.*

Kilocycle = A complete day/night transition in The World occurs exactly once every kilocycle (Two kilocycles thus loop around to the same time of day). Servers do not have their kilocycles tsynchronized. *Days are really long in World.*

Census = An executive function available only to Administrators. Occasionally the census broadcast also includes critical news flashes and/or requests for polling data. At least one census happens every Kilocycle. Derezzed Users cannot return census results, causing a timestamped trail of the matter to be logged and prompting further investigation by Troubleshooters.

Logs & Timestamp = A central record of all historical events, organized by timestamp, is maintained in Archives. It's impossible to sort through unless you're an Architect or tighten the search *a lot.*

---

3. **Make an Authority Blowback Roll.** The starting dice for Blowback come from the Crew's rating in the chosen Authority function. Take **+1d** if a PC was derezzed or accepted a Trauma in the last step (only once). Take **+1d** if an Allied Faction steps forward to assist the Crew. Take **-1d** if the chosen effect is against the wishes of an Administrator. If the highest result of the die pool is:

1-3: Take **-2 status** with a Faction that was negatively impacted or alarmed by the Crew's action. Add **+2 Heat** and the GM may immediately resolve an Entanglement of their choice from the applicable chart (if desired they may roll to randomly resolve instead).
If you were wielding Authority in Downtime, the Entanglement added is in addition to the usual one rolled. If during a Score, the repercussions are on their way but you have at least a few cycles to prepare.

4/5: Take **-2 status** with a Faction upset by the Crew's action. A **Contact** or **Friend** of the Crew is threatened by a retaliation or other unexpected fallout.
Who? If no player volunteers a likely candidate, GM chooses.

6: The social fabric of World is relatively undisturbed by your activity. Take **-1 status** with a Faction concerned by your actions, unless you can somehow bribe or convince them of your good intentions.

Crit: The effect is surprisingly potent, choose **+2 Magnitude** worth of additional features. Take **+1 status** with a Faction that was awed or inspired by your action.

magnitude

area / scale						
0	1	2	3	4	5	6
a room	a few rooms	a building	a street	a block	a district	an entire server
1 or 2 process	small gang (3-6)	medium gang (12)	large gang (20)	small company (40)	large company (80)	regiment (160)

duration / range						
0	1	2	3	4	5	6
a few ticks	a cycle or two	a hundred cycles	half a kilocycle	a kilocycle	several kilocycles	a demi-iteration
Within reach	a dozen paces	an arcwheel's flight	several clicks away	across the district	across the server	in another server

tier & quality / force						
0	1	2	3	4	5	6
Poor	Adequate	Good	Excellent	Superior	Impeccable	Legendary
Weak	Moderate	Strong	Serious	Powerful	Overwhelming	Devastating

authority, cont. (artifacts)

One common usage of the **Compile** command is the creation of Artifacts, items imbued with an authority command. When wielded by a User, artifacts can repeatedly use the Authority command embedded within them. Artifacts are not permanent, and tend to degrade with over-use. They also are heavily-controlled items due to their potent, warping effect on the structural fabric of World.

If the Crew wants to create an artifact, modify the Authority function rules as follows:

*   The command to create artifacts is always **Compile**, regardless of the nature of the embedded command.

*   Define the desired effect the artifact will have using **normal magnitude rules** (ex. A staff that flings *Kill* fireballs might have Force 3, Area 2, and Range 2 = 7 Magnitude).

*   Add a Duration descriptor that will govern the durability of the artifact (you must pay for this separately from the Duration of any semi-permanent effects that the artifact is intended to create). This should commonly be at least **4 Duration**, for an item that will last a Kilocycle... enough time to complete an entire Score and Downtime with the artifact before it goes dormant.

    *   Note that if the artifact is sealed away after creation rather than immediately used, the duration won't start to decrement until it is first wielded for it's effect.

sample artifacts

Staff of Ice Wall. Summons various simple constructs made out of Ice within reach of the wielder, up to the size of a city block. The ice structures only last a few cycles and can be broken through with a little effort.

> **Compile effect**: Quality 1, Scale 4, Duration 1, Range 0. **Artifact Duration** 4 (lasts for a little over one score)

Godblade. A simple sword that can cut through anything. Even the walls of Helios. Even Administrators. Even.... Well, that's really about it.

> **Kill effect**: Quality 6, Range 0. **Artifact Duration** 5 (burns out after several scores)

Call Stack Crown. A worn item that allows the bearer to **Format** the thoughts and appearance of nearby Process of Quality 1 or less, overriding their baseline inclinations and bending them to your will. Up to 20 Process (a large gang) may be controlled simultaneously. If commanded to perform actions out of the wielder's direct influence, the effect wears off within half of a kilocycle.

> **Format effect**: Quality 1, Scale 3, Duration 3. **Artifact Duration** 6 (effectively infinite)

compiling non-artifact items

If the goal of a **Compile** command is to create a quantity of relatively mundane item or feature from pre-existing templates, refer to the below Quality table to determine a baseline magnitude. Unlike artifacts, these items do not have a timer on their lifespan and don't need a Duration to be applied, though they're just as destructible as anything else in World.

With exception to higher-tier prestige items (4+), Users should also be able to merely **Restore** facsimiles out of Archives or trade favors to acquire these items.

Tier & quality examples	
0	A degraded memknife, an off-the-shelf avatar, a process storage coffin, ***a typical Process***
1	A stock spark mag, a mix-and-match generated avatar, a shared apartment, cheap recreational memories, ***a custom Process***
2	A dependable arc-wheel, a seasonally appropriate custom avatar, a monocycle, ***the average User or Shade***
3	A military ping rifle, a private bungalow, a multi-passenger vehicle, a professionally-sculpted avatar, ***the average Daemon***
4	A finely-crafted custom weapon, a high-end luxury memory, bank vault door, ***a Head Moderator or powerful Daemon***
5	Personalized avatar tailored by a master, a server-locked airship, ***an Administrator***
6	A sprawling high-security mansion, a Port or other foundation component of World's infrastructure, rare energies or legendary relics, ***the nameless things that slumber beneath Archives***

quality in the function roll system

The Quality and Magnitude charts can be used to compare ballpark figures for the power scale of just about anything in World. For example, compare against a Faction's Tier to figure out loosely how well a mighty Arch-Daemon (quality 4) would match up against the military forces of a Tier 3 Faction opposing it (in this example the Daemon likely has an edge of +1, which might make for a good basis for a Fortune roll modifier).

If the player Crew is opposing a faction of a higher Tier than them, the excess quality might translate to worse position and/or effect on function rolls, especially if they're fighting the Users or dealing with the signature features of that faction.

Every factor won't always apply to every situation. You don't have to do an exact accounting every time. Use the factors to help you make a stronger judgment call, but don't feel beholden to them.

people of World

Users are the only 'real' people in World, at least in a legal sense. 13.7% of the rezzed population of World are users according to the most recent Census data. Users are enfranchised by World's subsystems and never need to worry about having a place to live or free entertainment to consume. Luxuries such as designer foods, premium media, customized avatars, and storage space to spare for their Memories are status symbols among Users in World.

Process are the faceless masses of World's populace. Process tend tables, clean public spaces, use amenities, and consume whatever bland media they are told to. Process are procedurally-generated by World in order to fill population quotas and simulate a lively environment for Users to enjoy. Their self-will is effectively nonexistent and they tend to repetitiously repeat functions or act out loyalties related to the faction which owns their home district. The majority of persons registered in Census are Process (approx. 81%). Individual Process tend to have a low threat level, but they can be quite dangerous in groups when sufficiently motivated. Additionally, some powerful factions have elite Process who work for them, gifted with superior perception, combat, and communication routines.

users and process as threats

When you need to make a simple threat like a bouncer, a gang of foot-soldiers, an obfuscating bureaucrat, or a nosy socialite, they are usually going to be **Process**. Often a single *standard* effect is enough to deal with a solitary Process. However, Process that are in a gang and thus have **Scale** on their side, as well as the elite Process of more powerful factions, might be tougher adversaries and possibly require a **clock** to deal with. Consider the Tier of the faction when building out a Process adversary. For example, a **Tier 3 Syndicate** faction might have individual **Quality 2** security guards and middle-managers patrolling their HQ, as well as a few **Scale 3** gangs of low-level bruisers defending their turf. Don't be afraid to adjust up or down depending on how much emphasis you want to place on a given encounter!

On the other hand, **Users** are strong and dynamic adversaries, usually on par with the PCs! **Telegraph the trouble** that Users represent: their penetrating gaze, their irresistible allure, their aura of danger, their self-confidence and style. **Let your NPC Users initiate the action** against the players sometimes (*"Before you can even act, she draws her arc-wheel and whips it at you!"*), and then ask the players if they want to resist. **Use a clock** (or **two**!) to show off your Users. For example: "*Blaize has a 6-clock Toughness but to actually hit that you'll need to somehow extinguish The Flames [a 4-clock] first!*"

Let Users build a rivalry or friendship with the Crew and then have them reverse course and try to play multiple sides. Remember that every User in World is the hero of their own personal story. Ask yourself what a Player Character would do in the User's shoes: they just might do that!

Roll or choose from the following tables to generate random Users and Process for faces in a crowd, a random stranger, etc. More tables are on the next page spread!

If the results on any table don't appeal to you, try flipping the dice results or just picking something you like.

Process don't need a Looks table: they always appear as a mild variation on the platonic ideal of their current function, desaturated and anonymous.

user looks

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	Tall	Thin	Lovely	Large	Chiseled	Athletic
2	Slim	Delicate	Stout	Scarred	Short	Sexy
3	Wild	Elegant	Cute	Plain	Old	Young
4	Tattooed	Patterned	Stylish	Sturdy	Bald	Anthro-pomorphic
5	Wooden	Metallic	Glowing	Smoking	Fae	Sparking
6	Baleful	Shimmering	Smooth	Placid	Insubstantial	Glitched

process functions

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	Data Entry	Short-Order Cook	Badge Checker	Middleware Sales	Small-Claims Appraiser	Salaryman / woman
2	Ticket Puncher	Factorum Worker	Vox Dispatcher	Interface Interpreter	Memory Hawker	Help Desk
3	Accountability Advisor	Door Steward	"In the Industry"	Peripheral Adjutant	Toll Clerk	Performance Consultant
4	Curio Compiler	Sidewalk Maintenance	Bouncer / Muscle	Troubleshooter	Marketing Analyst	Phone Watcher
5	Package Administrator	Cleaning Staff	Stunt Double	Flag Operator	Process Resources	Standard Form Router
6	Maiter D'	Network Evaluator	Valet Driver	Transit Officer	Executive Assistant	**Roll on Recidivist Table**

recidivist process

1	2	3	4	5	6
Unemployed by Choice	Unlawfully Employed	Rights Activist	Recall Pending	Open Warrant	[Data Corrupted]

other entities of World

Daemons are beings that are native to World but exist outside of the User/Process social hierarchy. Daemons take a wide variety of animal forms. They tend to dwell in marginal spaces away from districts with high User or Process density.

Administrators ('Admin') = crystalline personifications of Order, represented by abstract geometric avatars. Tasked with high-order maintenance and upkeep of World's infrastructure, they do not directly interfere in society often, but when they do they are to be obeyed. Admin self-awareness is an occasionally-debated subject of philosophy. Many Users cite an intense feeling of unease in the presence of Admins.

Glitch is a distorted personification of Chaos, a formless and unknowable entity that fills the void wherever World has begun to atrophy. It is the physical manifestation of a gradually-advancing wave of total data loss eating away at World. Glitch is anathema to your safe enjoyment of World and Users are advised to immediately report such anomalies. *Do not under any circumstances approach, or interact with, the Glitch.*

Shades are a potential side-effect of a User's incomplete deresolution. Shades are disjointed from World's reality by the paradox of having incomplete ID fragments associated with their parent entity, a User sleeping on the Stack. Shades often jealously cling to their half-life and attempt to evade destruction by the Overwriters.

in the game

Daemons have many varieties and can run a very wide range of motivations and threats, from animalistic beasts to canny sentients. In the old days of World, some powerful recurring Daemons provided a ready-made challenge for adventurous Users, while others offered Users quests for taking out their own kind... These oddly perverse motivations can still be observed in the mechanic of the **Daemon's Bargain**.

One of the most commonly-seen varieties of Daemon nowadays are the **Viral Cats**: irrepressible felines who very much fall into the "offer a sinister bargain" category. Viral cats have strange powers, are apparently impossible to remove, and can lurk in a "Backstage" zone that lies parallel to World's observable reality. They have an odd tendency to choose specific Users to repeatedly torment, perhaps out of affection.

Administrators are a **Tier 6 faction** that do not have mobility on the Faction Map: they are immune to the instability that plagues User-directed factions. Users who seek to oppose the Administration face an adversary with unconstrained access to the *Authority* commands of World, making them a fearsome adversary.

The **Glitch** has no factional representation as it has no observable goals or desires, aside from it's obvious tendency to consume things nearby.   Reasoning with it is impossible.

Shades are barely tangible, difficult to observe or track timestamps on, making them excellent spies and thieves if they are so motivated. Much like certain interpretations of 'ghosts', Shades sometimes try to reenact or reassemble fragments of a previous life, haunting their old associates and turf.

user hobbies

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	Curios and Artifacts	Fighting and Warfare	Society or Activism	Games or Gambling	Dining and Cuisine	Religion and Worship
2	Hand Crafting	Exploring, Partition Delving	Sport, Magball or Echo Chess	Politics or Governance	Dueling or Fencing	Hunting and Tracking
3	Singing or Music	Weapons and Armor	History and Legend	Theory and Philosophy	Enterprising Ventures	Ideology or Revolution
4	Currencies and Cryptos	Business or Finance	Painting or Sculpture	World Architecture	Journalism, Reporting	Nobility or Origin
5	Novels or Scriptwriting	Performance Art or Dance	Racing: Blades or Monocycles	Racing: Swoops or Wheels	Memory Formats	Philanthropy, Governance
6	Soporifics, Spirits or Snow	Imps or Holopets	Poetry or Rhetoric	Industry or Acquisition	Information Trade	Daemons or Admins

daemon aspects and affinities (roll 2x, combine)

1	2	3	4	5	6
Intelligent Animal or Elemental			Humanoid w/ animal or elemental features		Monstrous Cryptid
Slimy / Water	Shell / Earth	Scales / Fire	Feathers / Wind	Luminescent / Radiance	Camouflage / Darkness

daemon desires (3/4 = materials harvested from daemons of that affinity)

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1/2	Mayhem	Manipulation	Revenge	Knowledge	Coin	Comfort
3/4	*Water*	*Earth*	*Fire*	*Wind*	*Radiance*	*Darkness*
5/6	Freedom	Fear	Justice	Savagery	Praise	Power

admin appearance and traits (roll 1-2x of each)

1	2	3	4	5	6
Wireframe polyhedron	Eyes and Wings	Blank Plastic Humanoid	Classical Architecture	Gnarled Roots or.. Lungs?	Amorphous Cloud or Swarm
Odorless Smoke	Pearlescent Shimmering	Wreathed in Pale Flames	Ticks to a Precise Heartbeat	Crown of Starfire and Ash	Draped in Rags
Slow, is it even speaking?	Quickened, incessant chattering	Ominous, gets too close	Distant, but never out of sight	Disinterested, ignores surroundings	Curious, asks unusual questions

consult the AI

At a loss for what is happening in a district, a faction or User's motivation, an event that took place in the past? **Consult the AI**, by rolling **2d6** and looking up the results on the Column and Row of the following tables. If one result doesn't quite work for you or make sense, try flipping the column/row of the die result. Add an Action and a Theme together for a plot idea!

*For example, a 1-5 on the Action table can be either **Suppress** -or- **Mourn**. The double results are specifically more universal or adaptable.*

action

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	**Avoid**	Negotiate	Avenge	Salvage	Mourn	Transform
2	Challenge	**Preserve**	Surrender	Guard	Command	Investigate
3	Restore	Demand	**Reform**	Hunt	Find	Manipulate
4	Assault	Capture	Hide	**Oppose**	Create	Threaten
5	Suppress	Betray	Abandon	Denounce	**Subvert**	Deliver
6	Refuse	Escalate	Forget	Control	Seize	**Uncover**

theme

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	**Decay**	Belief	Dream	Honor	Loss	Mystery
2	History	**Memory**	Freedom	Grief	Duty	Wealth
3	Deception	Community	**Ally**	Power	Truth	Fame
4	Greed	Pleasure	Rumor	**Enemy**	Weakness	Prophecy
5	Love	Debt	Judgement	Strength	**Daemons**	Identity
6	Pride	Law	Fortune	Artifact	Corruption	**Administration**

arcturus_overview

ARCTURUS is a lightning-scoured silicon desert of extreme conditions, catering to the fantasies of a subset of Users who view a harsh environment and harsher society as the ultimate challenge to conquer.

Known as **Jovians**, those Users who first originated in Arcturus are said to tend toward traits of **loyalty** to their banners and companions, **industry** as a means of extracting value or advantage from the resources available to them, and **confidence** in their abilities and tenacity to overcome any hardship. Jovians make for trustworthy allies or fierce individualists.

Arcturus' chief contribution to the economy of World is *Neuroplast*, the central source of memory material to feed the hunger of World's population for novelty. Piped up from the churning core of the server, Neuroplast's rich value has created an aristocracy of feuding nobility that bicker over control of the levers of power.
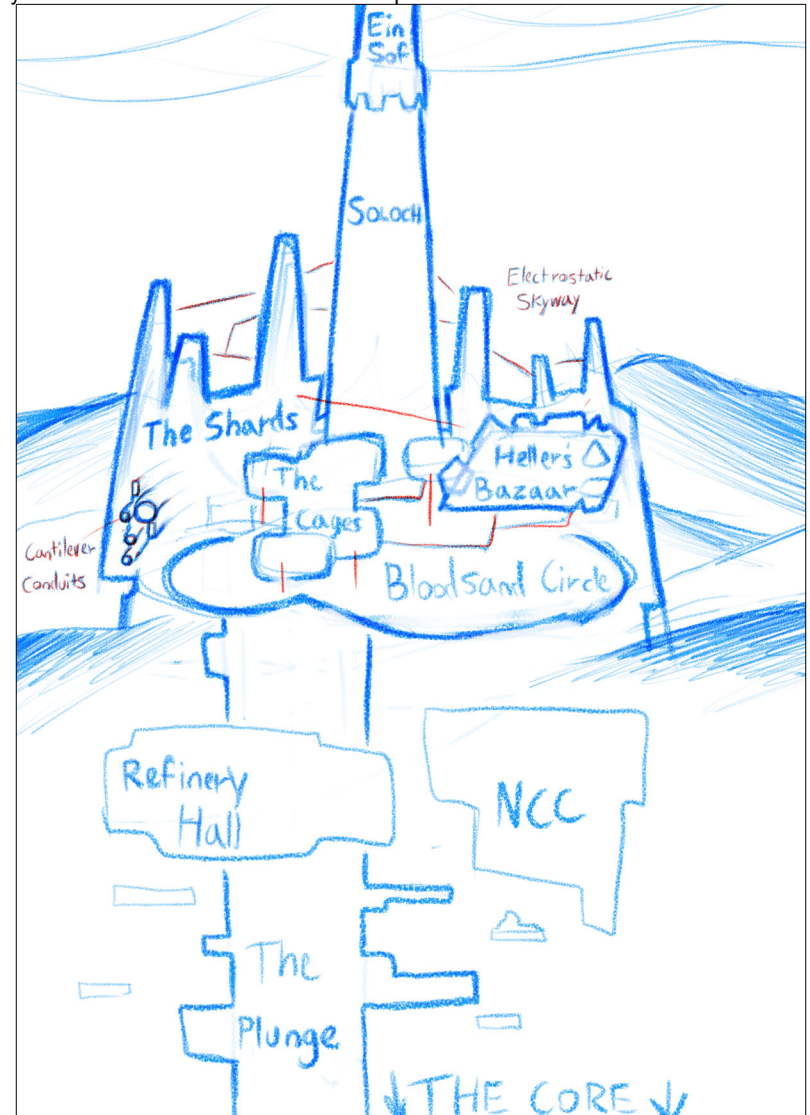
Use the following table to help you set scenes within the populated region of Arcturus: **Hive Gehenna** and it's environs.

If out in the hazardous dune sea, look instead to the page on **the Silicon Sands** (29).

arcturus random table

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Street Name	Skewer Street Charred Path	Runoff Road The Vents	Mugger's Pass Clank Street	Silt Alley Lander's Walk	Sniper's Merge Slot Ridge	-indecipherable-
Denizen	A cloaked Process, in a hurry	A wretched Imp	A mysterious hunter	A noble's armed guard	Pushy vendors	A Gladiator daemon
Mood	*Sweltering Blinding*	*Loud Clanking*	*Stifling Shadowed*	*Hushed Echoing*	*Dust Storms Charged*	*Dangerous Tense*
Location	Shaded Pavilion	Shantytown	Gladium Cage	Dunes and Debris	Catwalks and Corridors	Obsidian Hall
Details	Exotic Wares	Greasy Canisters	Piping and Netting	Glittering Sand	Charnel Smoke	Baroque Furnishings

arcturus_hive gehenna_canton castellum

Buffeted by twisting spirals of silicon and waves of heat alike, the sharp black spires of Hive Gehenna dominate the desolate horizon of Arcturus. Canton Castellum is home to the majority of the server's User population, though only a scant few can afford to live in Soloch, the central tower carved out of obsidian and rumored to date back to World's founding. The other towers sprout from the Hive's outer ring, bound to Soloch by a thicket of criss-crossing lightning bridges. Castellum is the de facto luxury district of Arcturus and riches, secrets and connections await those ambitious enough to brave it's byzantine political landscape.

Landmarks

Soloch. The central spire of Gehenna pierces the storm laden sky, a dark tower overlooking Arcturus. Ancient mechanisms and guardians slumber on each floor, a popular--if temporary--home for the influential to play at regality and show off exotic collections of riches and artifacts. Even the reclusive Count Zero professes not to know the extent of its upper floors.

Ein Sof. Also known as the Crown of Arcturus, Ein Sof rises from the upper heights of Soloch into the dizzying troposphere, refracting a baleful light through the turbulent thunderheads. A fortified memory palace crafted by the First Arcturans, spoken of in whispers as *Artaud-Lanier*, a best-forgotten clan name. These cavernous halls echo in reproachful solitude; You should not have come here.

Electrostatic Skyway. This maze of glassy walkways connects Soloch to the other towers of Castellum. A harrowing journey for most, due to the inclement weather and precipitous drop. To make matters worse, it is a favored location for wandering rakes and bravos, always eager to tempt fate with a deadly skirmish.

The Shards. Mid-level houses that fall out of favor tend to find their home in the ring of neuroplastic towers that stand along the edge of Gehenna, cloned in Soloch's image. The unique timestamp-scrambling properties of these ageless structures makes Archival restoration challenging, which protects the secrecy of events within. Much of the scheming between rival gladiator teams and subsidiary Factorum enterprises occurs here, to Castellum's profit.

Details

Scene: Wind-blasted palisades and galleries overlook the Gladium as lightning arcs between the bridges of the Skyway. Inside the towers, hushed, twisting hallways lit by scented torches echo with whispers of power and conspiracy. Archaic edifices thrum quietly, hiding stairwells and passageways.

Resources: Spies, messengers and confidantes. Elegant gardens, tapestries, and decorations. Gourmet kitchens and other decadent pleasures. Trophy rooms rigged with intricate security systems.

Threats: Petty nobles spoiling for a fight, arrogant swords for hire, companies of Process honor guard. The displeasure of the truly powerful. Within Soloch, mysterious dormant golems and Escherian architecture.

Notables

Count Zero. An eccentric noble who holds court in an open-air terrace halfway up the tower of Soloch. Though he is the current claimant to the 'Arcturan Throne', rumors paint the Count as a mere steward for the sleeping masters of the house above. Secretly craves a greater share of Soloch's power. *(Arrogant, Theatrical)*

Mige Krav. Infamous masked assassin, known for systematically derezzing nobles whose ambitions extend higher than the tacit social contract of their peers. Appears to accept or refuse contracts entirely on a whim; their ultimate goals are anyone's guess. *(Blindsight, Reflexes)*

Khafr3. A laconic viral cat who prowls the hallways of Soloch. It is known to enjoy riddles and sweet things, and has never been ousted from its domain. Those seeking greater insight into the workings of the towers often approach Khafr3, but the cat will always exact its toll. *(Cryptic, Mischievous)*

arcturus_hive gehenna_canton gladium

Hive Gehenna is a gargantuan edifice that encircles the desert of Arcturus for many clicks, enclosing a diverse biome within its walls. Canton Gladium is the name for the bloodsand circle inside Gehenna, but as economic pressure has pushed Process by droves - and some Users by choice - to occupy lower and lower levels of the Hive, the district has grown to encompass a vast shanty town that chokes the tunnels of the city and clings to both the inside and outside walls. Residents have gained a reputation for being close knit and insular, though there are some who will take any chance to elevate their fortune, be it within the gladiator's ring or without.

Landmarks

Bloodsand Circle. The formal dueling pit of Arcturus is in fact a vast basin that stretches the breadth of the inner Gehennan ring. Under the watchful gaze of Castellum, a rich variety of violent games are played out by grandstanding champions and dour Process. The lightning barriers between matches occasionally 'short-circuit' according to the whims of the aristocracy, and the resulting cascade of bloodthirsty duelists, hunters, charioteers, and warbeasts engulfs the entire pit in a spectacular free-for-all.

The Cages. Part of Gehenna's dredging system, the interconnected cranks and pulleys that churned up the sand in search of underground riches so long ago. Instead of being repurposed to ferry materials up from Factorum, these suspended chambers are used alternately as a prison or an arena for prestigious personal bouts. It is considered a great honor to be derezzed in a cage match, and you will certainly hear of it when you return.

Cantilever Conduits. A rat's nest of tunnels within the walls of Gehenna. The Conduits are not only the lifeblood of the Hive, but a crossroads for travelers from other servers as well as housing for the multitude of unassigned Process that invariably collect around a server's Transit Gate. A good place to lose a tail, or get lost yourself.

Heller's Bazaar. A riotous cacophony of goods and services offered at competing volumes, in close proximity to the Port hub of Arcturus. Frequented by flush investment brokers from Sirius and thrifty influencers from Canopus, the Bazaar supports a rich ecosystem of pickpockets and grifters. Troubleshooter presence fluctuates in time with the petty crime rate.

Details

Scene: Within the walls, sprawling tents and pavilions house strange wares and avaricious fingers. Bland Process mill about in search of function while Users sporting exotic scars, accessories and pets leer from the rafters. Columns of dusty light from towering lancet windows swirl and throb rhythmically to the muffled impacts and yells of the games.

Resources: The imported goods and delicacies of all servers on colorful sale. Cast-offs and imitations of dubious quality siphoned from the underground forges of Factorum. Willing Process and willful combatants bound for the arena.

Threats: Trigger-happy bounty hunters, swarthy gladiators, overprotective Process gangs. Being rolled right into one of the cages, or out onto the bloodsands.

Notables

Jerran Heller. The thriving community around the base of Gehenna's walls owes much to this opportunistic entrepreneur. Heller saw opportunity in the hordes of listless process matriculating out of the Factorum mines, and put them to work gathering an eclectic market of Arcturus' strangest wares. Catchphrase: 'There's a gem in every grain of sand!' *(Gregarious, Shrewd)*

Gana Sol. This enigmatic hunter trudges out of the desert haze on occasion, bearing strange fruits and scavenged memchips for the markets, the latter mostly from fallen gladiators. They seem to be looking for a specific memory, but always disappear back to the bloodsands empty-handed. *(Discreet, Patient)*

B4stet. A terrifying multi-armed Daemon-Queen of the gladiatorial ring, B4stet is protected from prosecution through a prestigious chain of ownership which includes some of the oldest houses on Arcturus. Despite her violent reputation, the towering daemon is apparently quite soft spoken in person. It is said she eats a memory from every User she defeats in battle. *(Cold, Efficient)*

arcturus_hive gehenna_canton factorum

Like the tip of an iceberg, the vast majority of Hive Gehenna extends deep beneath the surface of Arcturus, into the chaotic plasma flows of raw data that permeate the membranes of servers. As simulation stability begins to break down near the edge of World, autonomous construction drones are constantly at work patching the underground walls of the hive and rewriting memory leaks. At the heart of this industry lies the shielded headquarters of the Neuroplastic Construction Company and their bank of furnace printers that extrude Neuroplast, the ubiquitous memory material comprising most of World's modern structures and commodities.

Landmarks

Neuroplast Clonstruction Company (NCC). The discovery that unformatted data from the core threads of World could be recycled and refined into a bland but pliable memory material revolutionized the industry of Arcturus. The myriad interests and subsidiaries of the old material formats split and reformed in a flurry of acquisitions and restructurings, gradually coalescing into the two commodity giants known to World today: The Isomorphic Mining Consortium and the Neuroplast Construction Company.

Refinery Hall. A massive inner space, renowned World over for its state-of-the-art Fabrication Consoles. Shivering table-length blades made of pure Iso shear off white-hot rods of Neuroplast piped in from the Core. Shielded containment bays overlook the massive hooded furnaces that cook the threads of the plasma, altering their shape for final construction. Fabricator permits are not easy to obtain, but a User with enough pull can co opt the use of a console in order to print out a structure of their own design.

The Plunge. A vast mining shaft clicks in diameter, now largely abandoned. The Plunge was stripped of its active Iso many cycles ago and now remains as a historical curiosity, a side channel to the new data core pipeline, and of course a dark and dangerous space teeming with unregistered entities.

The Core. Each server of World is an instanced space offset from the central processing core that powers the contiguous simulation. Piercing the barrier between servers is a Tier V offense that threatens the stability of World itself, punishable by immediate Administrative deresolution and privilege review. There is a fine line regulating how much raw data the NCC can legally siphon off of Arcturus' membrane, and they push it as far as their instrumentation will allow.

Details

Scene: The earth piercing rumble and glow of hot plasma, a clockwork dance of sheathed conveyors, pulleys, and manipulator claws blindly grasping at the bedrock. Above, the ceaseless droning of Refinery Hall. Far, far below, rows of hooded Process marching to and fro amidst the spray of lava and the tearing of reality.

Resources: Rich veins of minerals. The combined industry and commerce of the NCC and its subsidiaries. Open workshops in the Refinery, and a rich history of artisanal talent. Delving missions proposed by entrepreneurial Users.

Threats: Physical conditions so extreme even Users are at risk without shielding. The relentless churning of heavy machinery. Buzzing electro-lashes wielded by Foreman Zoss and his crew. Distant rumblings of huge Iso-eating Worms.

Notables

Quorum. This irrepressible fortune hunter operates a mobile waystation and research lab halfway down the Plunge, where they have protested multiple eviction notices from the NCC. To hear Quorum speak of it, there are treasures yet to plunder in the depths of Arcturus that the ruling class of Gehenna would rather be buried forever. *(Earnest, Obsessed)*

Foreman Zoss. An old Process who has witnessed many iterations of World, the Foreman's subroutines are complex enough to be nearly indistinguishable from a User's behavior. Zoss is tightlipped about the circumstances that lead to the NCC's unrivaled monopoly over Neuro extraction, and defers inquiries to unaccountable leadership positions when he isn't fully occupied with the management of work crews in the Core, which is basically never. *(Fanatical, Strict)*

arcturus_the silicon sands

While it's almost impossible for Users to derez purely from exposure to the elements, the extreme physical conditions of the Arcturan wasteland have nevertheless garnered a deadly reputation. Chaos holds sway in the unformatted space of the server, where dunes, pits, and ridgelines merge and interrupt each other with maddening irregularity. The silicon sands themselves seem to be hostile to logic and order, as the heavy metals that kick up with every tectonic shift of the churning landscape play havoc on scanning or mapping electronics. Only entities who are truly adrift from World's society thrive out here.

Landmarks

Static Zero Interrupt. One of the few constants of the wasteland landscape, local legend speaks volumes about the destructive fury of the Static-Zero-Interrupt, a flickering coordinate point that seems to bend the polarity of the desert around it. Mere sandstorms are common enough in Arcturus, but stray too close to the magnetic center of the Silicon Sands and you risk witnessing a Glitch Storm, an event no User can survive.

The Rust Belt. No matter how many tectonic shifts alter the landscape of Arcturus, a rust belt always emerges, mangled metal crackling in the heat like the fuming teeth of a fiery beast. Clicks and clicks of abandoned vehicles, structures, and detritus can serve as valuable shade or resources, but they are also a reminder of civilizations old and strange which often seem to have no place in World. This is a relatively safe place to hole up in the wastes, but you are bound to run into others who had the same idea.

The Howling Caverns. Rumors in Gehenna differ on the origin of the caves that twist through the wastes, sporadically uncovered by the shifting terrain. Some say they lead to partitions older than Arcturus itself, or are the resting place of countless Memories hoarded by intelligent Daemons. Others claim the Banshee Worms retreat there to slumber during the harsh Arcturan nights. Most agree that the secrets within hold value, but few Users can claim to have successfully braved the depths.

Details

Scene: The haywire buzz of malfunctioning Vox, sweat beading on the inside of a protective visor. Static crackling on the horizon, the only other sound rising and falling in time with panicked breath. Ahead, rising out of the pall of whipping sands, the sharp, rusted over bones of hollowed-out metal. Thunder in the distance.

Resources: The wreckage of foolhardy explorers, relics of a bygone era. Glittering troves of memory under the earth. The insides of a beached Banshee Worm--precious Memory, sky-blue Iso, half-digested things of unknown origin.

Threats: The hiss and pop of spark shots from a concealed rifleman, sonic booms from the monocycle of a cackling marauder. Desperate Process thieves seeking a pitiful prize to hawk at Heller's Bazaar. The earthquake rumble of an approaching Banshee Worm--certain deresolution.

Notables

Amaranth. This eccentric User is famous Worldwide for the prodigious lifespan of her current iteration. In fact, not submitting to the Stack for deresolution appears to be a point of pride among all the Lightning Riders, the rowdy monocycle gang that Amaranth rules with an iron fist. They are without exception Class III wanted individuals, and are responsible for much mayhem when they stop by Canton Gladium for supplies, but collectively they may know more about the boundaries of Arcturus than any other User. *(Capricious, Possessive)*

Cazic-Thule, the N0mad. A self-styled God of Fear, this Daemon is known to appear before Users lost in the wastes, bearing strange gifts in its many hands and prayers for the primordial Glitch it seems to worship. For every account of a chance encounter with the daemon saving a wayward User, there is a horror story of a Memory-starved beast wearing the face of a long lost friend. *(Pious, Hungry)*

canopus_overview

CANOPUS is a tropical water world that attracts Users looking for a vibrant cultural nexus and upbeat community-focused society. It's center is mostly built on the sturdy bones of the *Amaurot*, a gargantuan moored vessel that once sailed this sea.

Known as **Lunar**, those Users who first originated in Arcturus are said to be **adventurous** seekers of knowledge and experience, **eclectic** appreciators of the contributions and culture of others, and **friendly** forgers of close relationships. Lunar make for visionary leaders and informed trend-setters.

Canopus is the cultural hub of World, and forges the trends and habits that the rest of World will mimic. Here, rhetoricians and news-casters debate endlessly while artists express the reigning zeitgeist through myriad mediums of expression. Empty memory chips formed of Neuroplast from Arcturus are filled with the cultural trinkets and consumables that turn the gears of commerce in World.

canopus random table

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Street Name	Broad Street Stepped Falls	Coral Avenue Clearwater	Moonfall Way Murkwater	Mist Pier Shimmerwalk	Anchor's Rest Ring Street	Marble Shoal Bilge Overlook
Denizen	Trendy shoppers	A performing Echo artist	Arguing Rhetoricians	Pick-up street sports	Hooded figures, observing you	Peacoat sailors
Mood	*Bright Breezy*	*Quiet Reflective*	*Bustling Carefree*	*Lively Glamorous*	*Wind Gales Humid*	*Calm Watchful*
Location	Sheltered Perch	Shaded Bungalow	Columned Gallery	Moored Yacht	Wide-open Dock	Rooftops and Ledges
Details	Avian Daemons	Repurposed Signage	Bas-Relief Sculptures	Elegant Pottery	Abandoned Freight	Overgrown Gardens

ACHORA HEIGHTS

PROSPERO CITY

MERIDIAN CHANNELS
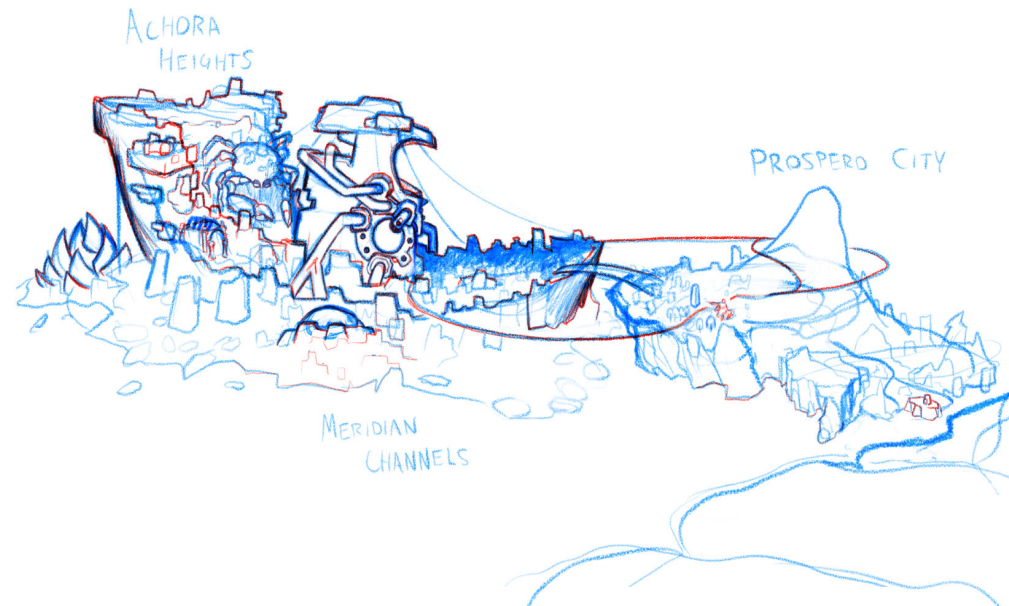
canopus_amaurot_achora heights

Sometimes known as "The Birthplace of a Thousand Opinions", this district's boundaries are porous and uncertain, perhaps best explained as an idea that inhabits a nebulously-defined region of the residential flats and bungalows set into stacked layers in the elevated fantail of Amaurot. Users here gather for lively debate in public houses devoted to consumptory memories such as beer, ramen and coffee, and the intense competition for higher-quality renditions of these and other nostalgic fare keeps visitor traffic through the region high.

Landmarks

Aftcastle. Though it has been buried under kilocycles of spontaneous civic growth, Amaurot is a gargantuan sailing vessel--sprawling rooftops overlap bulbous bows designed to cut through the glittering surf, and festive decorations hide rudders, pulse engines and boom sails. These days the city's sailing apparatus lies dormant under the watchful eye of Amaurot's Captain and his sailors, a crack team of Process nicknamed the Peacoats for their distinctive uniforms who serve to police the flow of goods between districts.

The Flying Bridge. The forward command deck of Amaurot has long since been repurposed into the trading hub of the server, and shipments routinely cycle up and down the pulley elevators that surround the bridge like a carnivalesque maypole. The daily manifests are run with an iron fist by the trade federations and guarded by the Peacoats, but the Bridge remains a tempting prize for the ambitious.

The Brass Crab. This sprawling restaurant-campus is the culinary heart of the Heights. Aspiring chefs are trained in the art of 'Eat-Only' Memory craft, with dynamic flavor variables that simulate a food experience to an unprecedented degree. Many of the Crab's legs nestle into the tight alleys and homely neighborhoods of Achora, and as such are walk-in joints for local cuisine.

Hall of Rhetoric. Sequestered away on the leeward side of the floating city and buttressed by solemn pillars, this open-air forum to philosophy and discourse is a welcome diversion from the chaos and bustle of Achora. Users who enter are flagged with a 'Rhetorician' tag, and it's common practice to edit one's tag with the current affairs, points of argumentation, and schools of thought one is willing to discuss.

Details

Scene: Gaudy streamers flutter in artificial breezes, reflecting holographic displays and endorsements onto baroque facades and bas reliefs. Thoughtful Rhetoricians and surly Peacoats mingle on the wide decks, capped by a sky so deep its blue registers in the ultraviolet band.

Resources: Pristine living conditions, with private cabins, hostels, or bungalows for sale. Revolutionary ideas, firebrand rhetoric, and engaging philosophies. Trade deals, negotiating halls, and control of Canopan shipping routes.

Threats: Arrogant opinion leaders and their zealous adherents. Dangerous contraband mixed in with legitimate goods. Getting on the wrong side of the militant Peacoats.

Notables

Transom Bilge. A stern fellow who is nonetheless beloved as "Honorary Captain" of the Floating City. Amaurot's anchors are set, its grand voyage long since ended, but Transom runs a tight ship regardless, his Peacoat crew ever at the ready to cast off. When pressed on the matter of when the City-Ark was built or the origin of its long journey, Transom is mute. *(Cantankerous, Considerate)*

Julius Crowley. Chief Liaison of the Achora Compact, a consortium that controls trade to and from the Canopan Archipelago. Crowley's days are spent nose deep in the negotiations and opulent displays on the flying bridge that the trade empire demands. Rumor is the Compact is a front, however, and that the broker, a master of Echoing in his own right, frequently leaves the handling of day-to-day affairs to his illusory counterparts. *(Restless, Shrewd)*

Professor Keel. The itinerant professor alternates crafting speeches for the Hall of Rhetoric on the nature of User consciousness and deeper meanings of World's symbolic associations with expeditions into strange ruins and collapsed partitions on Caliban. *(Friendly, Didactic)*

canopus_amaurot_meridian channels

The Floating Ark of Amaurot used to bear a much sleeker profile, built for speed and integrity. After dropping anchor off the coast of Prospero, the Ark became a magnet for smaller vessels and constructions, and over the countless iterations of World the distinctions between the moored craft that served as outlying suburbs blurred and were quickly forgotten. A vast, sprawling network of inlets and channels rings the greater superstructure now, and haphazard dwellings, temples and edifices have rooted Amaurot firmly in place, their foundations and pillars sinking into the depths.

Landmarks

Macarensen Angle. The lucky arrangement of several luxury barges gave rise to a World culture museum of unprecedented scope. Built up geometric spirals encompass galleries that hang out over the serene waters and boast some of the liveliest scenic views of the Surf. The museum's curators have been known to enlist private security teams to protect their collection, which contains unreplicable objects derived from crude materials such as threaded fabric and hammered steel and is beyond valuation.

The Hyperdome. Ordinarily set up as a Magball pitch, but capable of instantaneous transformation into no less than a dozen other configurations to support whatever sport or charity event this cycle requires, including formal Arc Wheel dueling and in-door Blade racing. The principle draw of the Hyperdome is it's cutting-edge Format modelling, with frictionless low-gravity 'bubble' arenas being particularly popular this season.

Steamworks. A pressurized and sweltering nexus of Amaurot's infrastructure, at the center of which lies the mighty water-cooled fusion reactor that once powered the great vessel's migration. The spent fuel rods are long past several half-lives but their latent heat is still harnessed to route steam energy throughout Amaurot. Ancient rumors persist of a hidden stockpile of fuel, never disclosed by the mute Peacoats and their Captain.

Freeboard. Amaurot's underbelly is a sodden labyrinth of massive ducting, drainage tunnels, and sunken buildings, slowly sagging under the weight of the construction above. Mostly deregulated and lawless, the region has become a haven for free spirits and ne'er do wells looking to practice their art or other, more occult expressions without supervision.

Details

Scene: Opalescent lacquer shimmers to the gentle lapping of waves along the base of eroded structures. Columns and quatrefoils line the entrances to half-submerged hallways, as Users skim soundlessly down the channels to colorful galleries. Every street boasts a unique and clashing style of renovation.

Resources: Curated fine art Memories of the highest quality, signed merchandise from celebrity artists and athletes. The maintenance tunnels and control rooms of Amaurot. Access to pleasure barges, skiffs, and yachts, most in disuse.

Threats: Creative pranks and thefts from art-banditos, riotous gangs of athletes engaged in high-risk street sports. Cultists to Sycorax, abducting Users for watery communion. Elite private security Process, guarding the wealthy.

Notables

JIM-2. This identity-fluid graffiti artist and street performer wages a constant shadow war against the more respectable fine art institutions of Meridian, often altering priceless works in such minute ways the crime goes undiscovered for cycles. Recent investigations into JIM's larger capers have revealed the possibility that they actually represent two underground artists working in tandem. *(Fractured, Passionate)*

Mazo "Triple" LaRude. This Magball player has rocketed to stardom on the heels of repeated tournament successes, by combining *Crashing* physical play with encyclopedic game knowledge and masterful *Echoed* shot-fakes into a 'terrible triple threat' (broadcast color commentators love him). Calls all of his team's plays from the Power Quarterfielder position, an unusual arrangement unique to the Meridian Silvertails. *(Talented, Obsessed)*

canopus_amaurot_prospero city

The smallest key at the tip of a pastoral archipelago, Prospero City is a district of Amaurot in all but name and is the glittering jewel of Canopus. Magrails connect to the Floating City at Heliopolis Memorial Park, overlooking the island's verdant jungles and pristine coastlines. Last stop is at Guillevin Terminal Hall, where glassy boardwalks and manicured courtyards circle back around Prospero City, expertly guiding visitors through a brilliant gauntlet of luxury shoppes, island tour getaways, and holographic divertissements.

Landmarks

Heliopolis Memorial Park. No memory recalls the subjects enshrined on this bluff overlooking the ocean, and archival Restoration of the faded inscriptions and friezes in the park has been deemed impossible, their honorifics lost to time. Nonetheless the Park undergoes renovation after renovation to stay relevant, the most recent having completely replaced its foot-pathways with pipes and skid bars to support Blade-skating passage across the Meridian. Derez-defying freestyle races are often held on these transit lines between Prospero and Amaurot.

Aftershock Canyon. An acoustically-amplified outdoor concert hall and DMZ are coveted territory in the center of the occupied battlefield that constitutes the premiere music district of Canopus. The canyon's broken earth is marked by constant heavy fighting; territorial genre flags and pop-up merch booths proliferate on held ground.

Fashion Row. The most creative avatars and cutting-edge accessories in World are on continuous display in Fashion Row, a wide, elevated bridging lane that cuts above the plazas and serves the highest foot-traffic rates in Canopus. Eccentric designers premiere new looks on a seasonal basis, but anyone in the know will tell you that the shifting trends here evolve too fast to properly categorize.

Plastic Beach. The coastline of Prospero is a marvel of Restorative technology, boasting instantiated tracts of sand for rent that can be personalized at will. Every aspect of your luxurious beach vacation can be altered in real time, from the weather patterns to the volatility of the waves. Misaligned timestamps and crashing errors have rendered some sections of the beach unusable, flickering nightmare tableaus of revelry. Moderators maintain that the integrity of the beach is stable, and that they will be pushing through hotfixes any cycle now.

Details

Scene: The thumping bass of distant instrumental-weapons discharge echoes over wide plazas and winding boroughs, as flashy holographs proudly boast of unforgettable experiences at beach resorts and gallerias. Chic fashionistas sip on sizzling refreshments as they overlook a stampede of beach festivities.

Resources: Premium item skins and consumables. Memory-molded fashion one can customize on a whim. Offshore trading accounts and exchangeable currencies, nearly untraceable. Aftershock memorabilia and war assets.

Threats: Running afoul of one of Guillevin's loan sharks. Getting caught in a concussive turf war between Aftershock cultist-groupies, or a crashing beach instance.

Notables

August Guillevin. The founder of Prospero City is oddly attached to his position, returning after every sojourn on the stack to his waiting empire and the Process goons who dutifully fend off would be usurpers. The price for doing business on Prospero is high, and August's protection racket exacts its due in a variety of creative ways. *(Connected, Taciturn)*

Queen Crimson. Lead vocalist of Industrial Jazz Mega-Pop sensation **Pastel Massacre**, World's most famous band. Leads a colorful coterie of idols whose dance numbers inspire fans across World (diehards wear all-white avatars, the better to display ink cannon splatters from PM's live act). Will not rest until Vivid Malaise is utterly destroyed. *(Frenetic, Eager)*

Pallous Ulver. Frontman of cult Post-Noise outfit **Vivid Malaise**, World's other most famous band. Leads a grim contingent of fellow technicians, inspiring solemn head-nods in true believers (muted attire and sound-cancelling headsets are common, the better to feel the pulse of VM's reverberations). Will not rest until Pastel Massacre is utterly destroyed. *(Laconic, Somber)*

canopus_the glittering surf

The 'oceans' of Canopus are an elaborate illusion, comprised more of primordial soup than water. This dynamic fluid medium is a homogenous repository of unformatted information, one of World's many methods of storing unusable material for reprocessing. All the same, the data lattice behaves similarly to water, with a strong surface tension governed by electromagnetism and a buffered response to temperature differentials making for relatively placid seas server-wide. With no other significant landmasses to sail to and few celestial bodies to navigate by, the vast oceanic expanse beyond the Canopan Archipelago remains largely uncharted to this day.

Landmarks

Caliban. Brother island to Prospero, Caliban is a vast untamed wilderness, one of the only stable representations of 'nature' in World. As such, it represents a priceless opportunity for ecologists seeking to catalog the endless varieties of flora and daemonic fauna that are procedurally generated somewhere deep in the jungle. These safaris take care not to venture too far inland, where morphogenetic fields thwart LIDAR scanning and warp Caliban's terrain in defiance of spatial causality.

Ultraviolet Sound. The bays between each island on Canopus are impossibly deep, hinting at unknown structures in the waters beneath the Archipelago. Deep sea exploration is stymied by the uniquely heavy properties of the Sound, which seems to collect memory fragments in its depths. Divers who venture beneath the waves return telling tall tales of dreamlike environs and otherworldly presences.

Sunset Sea. The Canopan horizon is a beautiful mirage, as light from the Glittering Surf reflects off the curvature of the server's boundary representative points, spooling out a neon kaleidoscope of color. Though stories of terrible sea Daemons abound, voyages into the Sunset Sea are nearly always serene and uneventful.

Shrine of the Divinities. Ancient temple grounds hidden in fog and sequestered amid towering cliffs, occupied by a sect of benign ascetics worshiping the spark of divinity they say dwells within every User. They preach that the Administrators are flawed experiments left behind by the Superuser, a mythical being whose prophesied return will presage the uplift of World into a benevolent "Third Age". Probably harmless.

Details

Scene: A solemn procession of robed monks chanting on their wandering path through the jungle back to the Shrine. A rare swell of waves lapping over a beachfront composed entirely of discarded and broken MEMcards. The rustle of leaves as a mismatched set of baleful eyes peer out at you.

Resources: Beauty and isolation. Sunken treasures of impossible provenance. Untouched wilderness teeming with never-before-seen species.

Threats: Wild daemons eager for the taste of User. Freak weather and unexplainable phenomena, equipment failure, disappearances. The irresistible, haunting call of the deep.

Notables

Sycorax, the Dr3amer. There is something in the water deep beneath Canopus, and it is reaching out to Users. Lost cycles--a common enough complaint among the freewheeling residents of Amaurot. "It's dusk and I feel like I've been staring at the water for *cycles*," they'll say, avatars hunched, grasping at something you can't see. "I think I left something important down there… I need to get it back." They forget the feeling in time, but deresolution and processing on the stack is a more immediate cure.

SIRIUS is a benighted, eternally-rainy city with no boundaries. It invites Users who enjoy cosmopolitan bustle and being in the center of it all, and has the highest population of all World.

Known as **Sidereal**, those Users who first originated in Sirius are said to be **connected** to webs of relationship and favors, **dispassionately** in control of their emotions and appearance, and **urbane** with refinement in manners and the ability to rapidly synthesize new information and deal with surprising situations. Sidereal make for efficient managers and gifted manipulators.

Sirius is the economic center of World, and information as well as Coin flows here in abundance. Market analysts and opportunistic grifters rub elbows with wide-eyed innocents, those members of World's User population who have chosen emptiness of mind and of purpose, simply experiencing the Endless City anew every Cycle. Sirius welcomes them all with free housing and non-stop trivial pleasures.
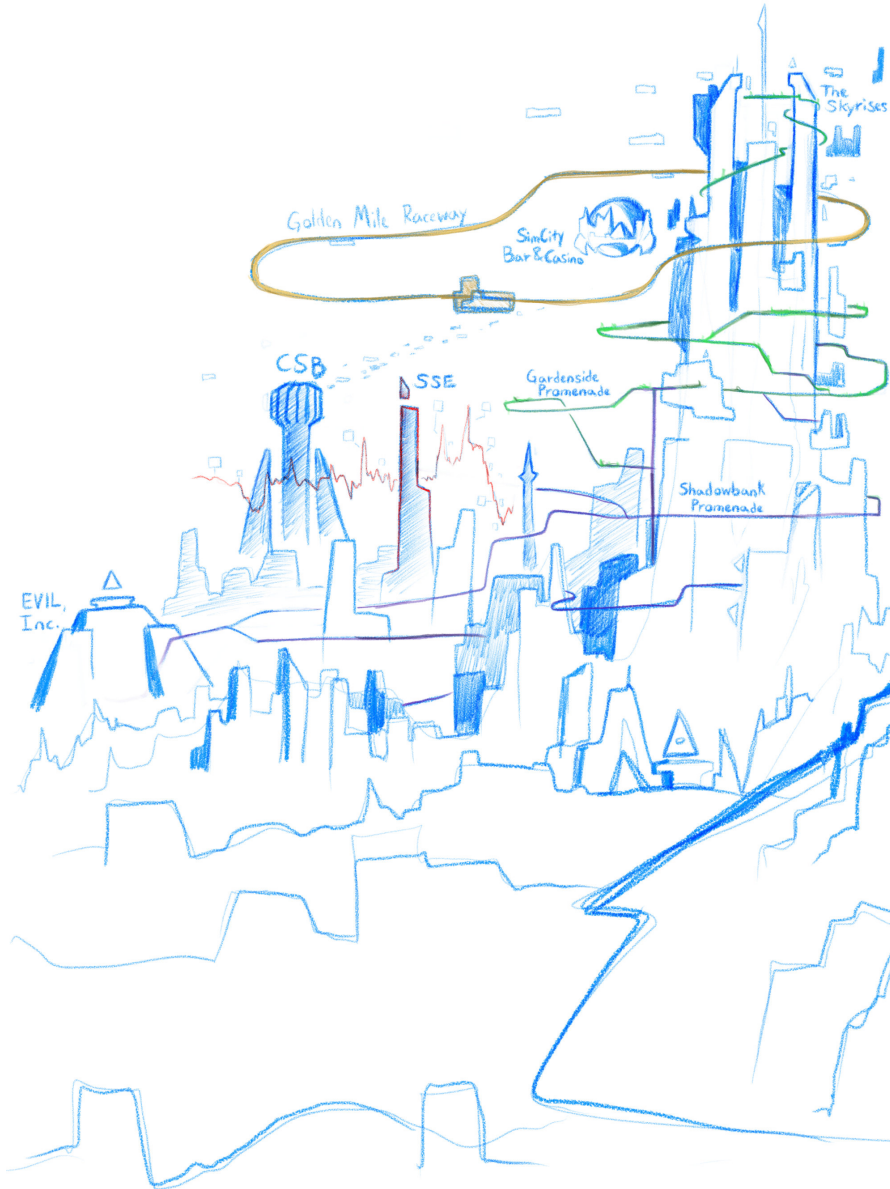
sirius_new arcadia_echo city

Echo City is the glittering jewel of Sirius, its rain slick towers and soaring colonnades rising improbably above the metropolitan landscape. 'Everybody who is anybody does their business in Echo City', its residents like to claim, but the truth is this high-flying district is little more than a cacophony of easy distractions and frivolous politics. If a User isn't burnt out on nigh-endless decadence, they can look forward to a brilliant sunrise on the rare occasion that the clouds part and the rain lets up. After a fleetingly brief day cycle, the pervasive twilight of Sirius returns and the jewel shines again, lit by the golden halo of its floating raceway and a thousand tiny stars.

Landmarks

The Skyrises. The people of Sirius take the term 'living the high life' quite seriously, and from the Skyrise Apartment Launchpad, anyone can obtain temporary authorization to float their customized condo through the clouds. Many of the server's elite take to retrofitting their flying tracts of land with gratuitously illegal thrusters and ordnance. In Echo City, it's considered terribly impolite to entertain guests on the ground.

Gardenside Promenade. Soaring above the chaotic topography of Old Arcadia, the Promenade connects most of the city's districts with a gravity-defying maze of bridges, stairways, and scenic overlooks. Echo City's stretch of the walkway boasts a rich botanical garden, cultivated by an autonomous Process crew. Many cycles ago, in perhaps overzealous treatment of their duties, they grew the promenade far beyond its original structural permit. Gardenside is now a labyrinthine jungle of exotic organics sprouting seamlessly from its silicon boulevards.

Golden Mile Raceway. The grav-thrusters that Arcadian swoops favor can take the death defying corners and loops of this raceway at ludicrous speed, all the better to thrill the audiences that congregate on rooftops and in floating villas mere clicks from the track. Bookies for the races take in the majority of Echo's GDP, especially when elaborate schemes and traps built by rival teams result in devastating crashes.

SimCity. The glamorous SimCity Bar and Casino is a paean to World's excess. Vast halls dedicated to sport betting on live-streamed gladiatorial games from Arcturus and Magball matches from Canopus compete with raucous stage-show acts from across World amid an infinite labyrinth of slot machines and card tables. Echo's movers and shakers enjoy making themselves seen here, where the highest-priced games siphon data from Panopticon to model group behavioral dynamics and fleeting societal trends from Mute City below.

Details

Scene: Raindrops sizzle through flickering holographic ads. Scenic platforms swell on the backs of rising mist clouds, while hovering manses and trendy flying cars cut through the gloom. A city of glass grasps at the stars, bathed in the reflective glow of neon pinks and greens.

Resources: Well-informed socialites, loose-lipped groupies, eager venture capitalists. Luxury stores and mall plazas with limited availability wares. Open and closed door parties, attended by the rich and famous.

Threats: Prying eyes, knowing smiles, and predatory con artists. A high likelihood of showing up on the evening news. Losing your shirt in the races, or your head in the SimPods. Becoming a catspaw in an elaborate scheme.

Notables

Honora Plath. Self-styled 'Princess of the Clouds', Honora's Skyrise Custom has been a fixture in Echo City well longer than should be legal. Anyone who makes it big in Echo is expected to pay her tribute with a housewarming gift as extravagant as her personality. *(Lavish, Overbearing)*

Sanje Ras. Two-time reigning champion of both the Group X (Experimental) and Group M1 (Heavyweight Monocycle) classes at the Golden Mile Invitational. Sanje's meteoric rise to fame has been breathlessly followed by fans, amplified by a larger-than-life personality and eagerness for off-season illicit street racing. *(Competitive, Oblivious)*

Ohm. A Process of Interest to the Troubleshooters. Has been traced departing the scene of recent instances of unexplained market volatility, civic unrest, and Infrastructure Instability Events (IIEs). Refer to case file for further details, classification-level Platinum. *(Secretive, Unstable)*

sirius_new arcadia_mute city

By far the most population-dense region of World across all servers, Mute City lives in the shadowed canyons and refracted-light causeways beneath its glamorous sister city. "Mute" is both a descriptor for the sonically-dampened region as well as it's residents, who have grown accustomed to a state of permanent inescapable surveillance. The Sirian Stock Exchange (SSE) dominates the district, a monstrous data nexus that accounts for nearly a third of the total cross-server traffic through all of World.

Landmarks

Panopticon. A distributed network of fisheye lenses, spy-towers, shotgun microphone arrays, and scanning pillars that blankets the district, logging every action of the crowds that pass through Mute City. While in theory all actions in World can be Restored and analyzed *ex post facto*, Mute City is unique by virtue of active monitoring that dynamically tracks all occupants in real-time and directly collates data. Aggregated 'bundles' of information are sold on the SSE Intelligence Market to interested factions and Users or occasionally quarantined for Moderator analysis.

Shadowbank Promenade. Winding through the void between skyscrapers, the Promenade is the common thread linking all of New Arcadia. Far below it's twin Gardenside, Shadowbank pulses with crowds of greedy hustlers. A unique property of the Promenade folds space vast distances in the formless metropolitan sprawl. Open the right (or wrong) door here, and you'll find yourself exiting kiloclicks away.

Central Sirian Bank (CSB). The CSB serves as the credit rating and economic regulatory agency of World as well as it's prime lender. Much of the Coin earned by Users (and nearly all of it by Process) passes through these over-wrought doors and into elaborate money-market schemes and credit tranches. The Bank's physical security and economic clout is airtight, and even if it wasn't, the CSB is much too big to ever fail.

Sirian Stock Exchange. A raucous, open-air space dominated by massive updating stock tickers and crowded by Process intermediaries bidding on behalf of major factions. Composed of a Commodities Index tied to Memory production fluctuations, a Currency Exchange pitting thousands of imperceptibly-differing Coins against each other, the Intelligence Market which buys and sells raw data for various usages, and the Server Stocks of the more 'corporate' factions, as well as endless obscure equities and derivatives.

Details

Scene: Panic from the Stock Exchange ripples through the crowd, flashing alert-red notifications as the market undergoes one of it's routine cyclical crashes. A huddled gang of disaffected Process *Echo* to each other in a visual cryptolect, hoping to obscure their communication from outsiders and the evolving algorithms of Panopticon.

Resources: Direct access to the premiere information hub of World. An endless crowd of easy marks, and easier getaways via Shadowbank. Close friends, and echo-spoofed apartments.

Threats: Inescapable surveillance. Suited pit bosses from the CSB on the lookout for counter-market activity. Market predators performing a hostile takeover and 'recapitalizing' your assets.

Notables

Kaolus Vvulf. Freewheeling speculator. Actually buried in debt from dangerously overextending on a "sure thing" stock short during a recent Market surge, and stays perpetually one feverish deal ahead of debtors threatening a multi-iteration stint on the Stack. Looks to expand into 'aggressive acquisitions', other growth markets. *(Amoral, Desperate)*

Thr4ex. A recent addition to Mute City's charged climate, Thr4ex is a psychopathic mass-derezzing Daemon who can impersonate any User's avatar almost perfectly. It seems to obey a strict code of conduct, and will spare anyone canny enough to see through its disguises. It is unclear how it has evaded Moderator detection thus far. *(Gleeful, Maniacal)*

Yvritte. An Architect of World-renown, who has taken to using Mute as a personal playground for civic experiments. Dwells at the center of Panopticon, monitoring the results of every subtle change in terrain, utilities, and transit systems. Well-connected by virtue of upper-crust Moderator networking. *(Analytical, Egotistical)*

sirius_old arcadia_the fade

Dis-organized data clusters in Sirius take the form of endless clicks of liminal commercial spaces: in-patient waiting rooms, empty lifeless malls, featureless corporate interiors carpeted in off-yellow, silent airport terminals, all leading nowhere or folding back upon themselves. Daemons form exile communities here outside the margins of the populous cityscape. You can find anything in the Fade, they say, if you're willing to lose yourself in the process.

Landmarks

EVIL, Inc. Look, we get it. The marketing could have used some more time to bake. And our first prototype wasn't a huge hit, especially when it administered an uncommanded Omega Protocol on innocent crowds during our grand unveiling. But we won't stop working for you, cycle in and cycle out. Our call center is FILLED with listless Process with nowhere else to go. Please call us. We just want to route your call. Do you have time to fill out a satisfaction survey? Please don't hang up.

The Mall. The Mall is the manifestation of a particularly-dense data substrate in Old Arcadia. It speaks to unfulfilled desires, forgotten product lines, naked avarice. It is run-down, decrepit, emptied of meaning. It could exist anywhere, and so it chose to exist nowhere. Escape is difficult, landmarks are unreliable.

Kamidana. Where cultures of old dreamt up salt circles and warding incantations, the founders of World discovered that Daemons cannot cross certain data thresholds willingly. What started as a project to contain and research the strange natives of the simulation has become a monument to their insidious adaptability. Shadowy, guttural mob bosses run the underworld from this maze of sliding doors and interleaved hallways. Their liaisons are strangely polite, but from afar the shimmering black creatures in their tightly pressed suit coats seem to chafe madly against the restraints of polite society.

The Beltway and Intraserver-665. Roads that exist only for their own sake, cutting underneath, above, and through the spaces of the Fade like a tangled spaghetti can. At the flickering boundary references of Sirius the paved surface contorts and twists, buckling against the physical limitations of World as though it's intentions lie somewhere beyond the perimeter. Carefree Users sometimes careen through the Beltway, looking for shortcuts to destinations in New Arcadia or else to simply lose their worries in the desolate wash of passing lights.

Details

Scene: This is the same escalator you took twenty cycles ago. A distorted recording of an ancient public service announcement briefly interrupts the distant strains of flavorless nu-jazz corporate muzak. The Janitor is coming, turn away. Run. RUN.

Resources: All of yesterday's consumable goods and disposable lifestyle choices, invitingly free. The secrets known only to Daemons and never before transcribed to Memory.

Threats: Finding your way home. Daemons who know exactly what it is you seek before you realize it, always offering excellent deals. The Janitor.

Notables

Dan Shelman. Apparently the only middle manager employed at EVIL, Inc. Dan Shelman from Marketing will send you to see Dan Shelman working Travel Claims to fill out the expense report that Dan Shelman in Accounting gave you. Never seen in the same room as himself. Betrays no unease with his apparently-infinite work arrangement and holds few opinions aside from a frantic insistence that no one ever attempt to visit EVIL's corporate leadership. *(Bland, Secretive)*

The Janitor. An uncategorizable entity that stalks the Fade, cleaning forever. Whether it is a function of World's baseline code is unknown, but it is unique to Sirius. Does not respond to any communication and cannot be slowed down. Mulches anything that tries. *(Blind, Inexorable)*

Charlotte, the Queen 4bove. A massive, pleasant spider-like Daemon who oversees a cheerful web-village community in the vaulted rafters of a rusted-over industrial center. Does not wish for you to stay here forever in a crystal cocoon and slowly drain your avatar of memories. Will not send a scuttling tide of her children to immobilize you and put you in a crystal cocoon. Just wants to talk, perhaps over tea. You like lavender, yes? *(Friendly, Knowledgeable)*

sirius random table

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Street Name	Wall Avenue Warp Alley	327ᵗʰ Street Pillar Road	Eclipse Lane Z Street	Mirror Junction Exit 163	Howl Skybridge Pad 18C	Void Walk Crosstown E
Denizen	Crushing crowds	Angry stock-brokers	Hordes of shoppers	Silent Process gang	Trenchcoated and tailing you	Suddenly alone
Mood	*Teeming* *Chaotic*	*Sodden* *Sullen*	*Lights, Colors* *Riotous Sounds*	*Dusky* *Moody*	*Foggy* *Muted*	*Torrential* *Furtive*
Location	Unlit Park	Neon Apartments	Hazardous Intersection	Public Transit Tunnel	Shadowed Walkway	Office Complex
Details	Auto-News Stand	Flickering Stock Ticker	Brutalist Architecture	lounging Viral Cat	Neon Advertisements	Art Deco Installations

argus_undefined

ARGUS is, or rather *was*, the old-town of World's servers. It appealed to Users who desired the feel of hand-wrought things, or the fantasy of living in an early-industrial city from a long-forgotten place before World. Argus is undergoing an indefinite defragmentation cycle, and the Administration does not answer questions about when it is scheduled to be back online.

Known as **Panoptics**, those Users who were forced to undergo the diaspora from Argus are now said to be **observant** to changes of fortune and poor omens, **mysterious** in their ways and presentation, and **subtle** in their dealings. Panoptics make for valued advisors but tend to be eerie companions. If they maintain any semblances of the Old Culture, by and large they have chosen to keep it to themselves.

Argus used to have a Wharf district, a bustling Market Street, tidy and pleasant Row Houses, and a host of other quaint features along winding cobbled streets and gas-lit lamps. Now, it's a morass of churning data and unstable terrain, legally accessible only to Admins and Moderators. Only the desperate would choose it as a lair, and only if they could *Format* a part of the server to freeze it in place and make stable ground...

argus random table

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Street Name	Coal Lane Stone Street	Lamp Street Market Square	Charter Way Dock Street	F0rg##*# L#ne	<ERR//undefind>	..turn back..
Denizen	A listless Shade	Crowd of pale echoes	Nobody at all	A shiver in the simulation	the woman in red	Your face..?
Mood	*Rippling* *Alive*	*Churning* *Unstable*	*Placid* *Forgotten*	*Grinding* *Collapsing*	*Glitching* *Hostile*	*Unsettling* *Paralogical*
Location	Anachronistic Brickworks	Neat Rowhouses	Customs Checkpoint	Cobblestone Bridge	Folded Buildings	Yawning Abyss
Details	Trampled Mementoes	Wrought Iron Fences	Piles of Strewn Luggage	Moving Searchlights	Missing Textures	Gravity Fluctuations

helios

helios random table

	1/2	3/4	5/6
Street Name	The Substrate Via0028593	Goldcircuit Copperway	Central Promenade Set [0.0]
Denizen	A pair of conversing Architects	Tier 5 faction enforcers	An Administrator, monitoring
Mood	*Frigid* *Empirical*	*Shimmering* *Overclocked*	*Alien* *Unsettling*
Location	The Stack	Central Processing	Admin Conclave
Details	Spotless Surfaces	Perfect Stillness	Crystalline Flora

faction overview

The following pages feature a sample of factions, enough to run a short campaign of *hello, world*. More factions are coming!

Factions have differing membership, qualities, assets, and goals depending on what **Tier** they are presently at. World is a highly fluid society and the GM can use the downtime **Faction Turmoil** rules to create a relatively rapid turnover of leadership in servers. Arriving at Helios (ie. Tier 4 and especially Tier 5) is a *big deal*. Tell the players how World changes to accommodate it's new (temporary) 'masters'.
What color do they paint the skies? What's fashionable now? What's "SO last cycle"?

For describing a Faction at Tier **2** and Tier **4**, you can integrate the two closest tiers on their entry into a fusion: Perhaps a Tier 4 faction resembles it's Tier 3 version, but it has already achieved one of the Tier 3 Faction Goals and is in actively acquiring the resources or assets described in it's Tier 5 iteration.

What becomes of all the 'stuff' described in a faction that has not yet achieved the Tier to 'unlock' it? This is a question that can have a lot of creative answers. World procedurally generates Process for a faction based on their current Tier and inclinations, alloting more resources to factions that have a higher status. Assets may be undiscovered, waiting in the Archives for someone to **restore** them back to existence. For Users belonging to a faction, perhaps they are still training, on the Stack, presently-unafilliated, away on a distant mission, not yet at their full power and position, or simply unrevealed as yet.

faction authority clocks

Other factions can wield Authority too! These are not much different from ordinary long-term faction goals that you might establish, but they imply much more instant and immediate effects that will change a major part of World.

Give the players ample opportunity to stop, slow, or subvert them. Make the last-minute stopping of a dangerous Authority clock a big Score, as the enemy's doomsday weapon, profane ritual, or wellspring of power gathers energy to unleash

Ballpark math: the Magnitude of a faction's intended Authority function should generally not exceed **twice their Tier, +2.** (ie. The Tsuruga Clan is Tier 3. The Magnitude you plot out for the *Kill* command they are preparing to shatter the HQ's walls of their adversary is **8**).

factions: infrastructure

Archive Academy

Faction Goals

Tier 1: A boarding school of misfit "pledges" (newly-rezzed Users emulating teenage forms) with far too little supervision. An anemic school board run by **Professor Morcroft** (*ancient, arcane, eccentric*). The key to the Archives hidden somewhere on school grounds.

Tier 3: A full class roster prompts the re-inauguration of the *Grand Academy Cup*. The student body's conflict spills out into the server at large, and recovered artifacts are wielded with total disregard for public safety.

Tier 5: A student "chosen by fate" rises up from one of the four Houses and begins questing for the Seven Seals that control full Archive access. They unite the Academy in an effort to initiate a global restoration of World to a baseline back-up.

A semester of madcap hijinks concludes	6
Recruit Students	4
_____	
Grand Cup battle in Archives	8
_____	
Acquire a **Seal** (repeating)	6
Use the **Seven Seals** to re-Format World to a back up.	12

The four branches of the Academy which pledges are selected by during the first semester are:
House Flare, led by **Sazil Ergon** (reckless),
House Radiance, led by **Pria Laiss** (ruthless),
House Eclipse, led by **Edgar Volun** (charismatic), and
House Void led by **Orabidia Trin** (analytical).

All House leaders are young, dumb, gifted with excessive authority, and in constant competition.

Allies: Overwriters, Architects, Phlegethon Productions

Enemies: Administration, Adventurer's Guild

Notes: There is a Port to Archives beneath the schoolhouse, sealed by lethal puzzles. Archives is a grey-and-white shadow realm of timeless, platonic structures and forms: a perfect battleground for the students. Pursuit of the Academies' **Tier 5 goals** will put them in direct conflict with Administration, which is withholding the true nature of Archives for some reason. Though the Academy is likely to fail as it always has before, the Professors are patient. They are content to wait for another student of prophecy to arise in the next generation...

Troubleshooters ("Precinct 42")

Faction Goals

Tier 1: Small street patrols of Process, one overworked plainclothes investigator: **Detective Harlan** (*cold, shrewd, corrupt?*), deference & graft paid up to local Level 3 faction. Evidence lockers and a burgeoning protection racket.

Tier 3: Armored patrol hovercars, a STRIKE team led by **Sergeant Slee** (*armored, mocking, vicious*), planted evidence & sting operations against local <u>non-Infrastructure</u> factions that don't pay up.

Tier 5: Helios in the pocket of **Commisioner Wallace** (*arrogant, corrupt, connected*), extensive militarization, fortified HQ, routine district sweeps to 'clean up dirty servers', citizen outreach efforts to portray Troubleshooters as local heroes.

Procure better arms and equipment	6
Hire informants	4
_____	
Execute sting operation	6
Raid an enemy/<u>Syndicate</u>	8
_____	
Suppress Moderator influences	8
Sweep a Server	6

Allies: Administration, Moderators, local highest-Tier <u>Syndicate</u> if they play nice

Enemies: Archive Academy, Cult of Static, Overwriters, all other <u>Syndicate</u> factions

Notes: Multiple Troubleshooter precincts may exist independent of each other, and they all serve the same overarching goals even if minor rivalries exist. In the event one of them advances to **Tier 4** or **5**, that Precinct becomes the "Central Office" and all operations by lesser Troubleshooter branches receive **+1d** or **+2d** (respectively) against Faction Turmoil or to advance local Faction goals.

World's basecode dictates that only 1 Troubleshooter faction may be in Helios at a time. **When the reigning Troubleshooter faction is displaced from Helios,** immediately reduce **Tier** of every other Troubleshooter Precinct by 1 due to widespread public backlash.

Overwriters

Faction Goals

Tier 1: Solitary masked hunters [ex. **Acra Shorn** (*determined, resourceful*)] guarding secret techniques for full-data erasure, effectively forced to act as vigilantes due to Troubleshooter interference. Seeker daemons (*arcane senses, arrow-quick*) for flushing out Shades and Glitch.

Tier 3: Customs checkpoints across the server and a floating ops center trawling above districts, performing deep scans for signs of Glitch and para-logical activity in the residents. A sophisticated vox network coordinated by sysop **Lens** (*analytical, anonymous, vain*)

Tier 4*: Heavily-armed specialist squads tracing World for infringement of Data Purity laws. A processing facility with stockpiles of illicit memories/Process slated for destruction.

Hunt a Shade (repeating)	4
Initiate new Overwriters	8
_____	
Sweep a District for contraband	6
Relocate Ops Center	4
_____	
Pull strings for draconian new Data Purity laws	8

Allies: Administrators

Enemies: Adventurer's Guild, Cult of Static, Temple of Unresolution, Troubleshooters

Notes: Overwriters are above the law and jealously guard ancient permissions for usage of the *Kill* command. They are sanctioned to only use *Kill* to wipe infected data clusters that hog World's resources or violate contraband laws, and they take their job seriously. One of their hardest targets are the Shades that occasionally are left behind by deresolution, which prevent resolution of the associated user off the Stack so long as they exist. Shades resist destruction and go into hiding, assisted by their dislocation from World's monitoring systems.

***Unless something drastic changes in their leadership and belief structure, the Overwriters will **refuse any opportunity to advance to Tier 5**. If they exceed their mandate and seek political power they would be summarily stripped of their command-line permissions and legal status by the Admins...

factions: syndicates

Adventurer's Guild

Faction Goals

Tier 1: Doomed teams of would-be dungeon explorers getting derezzed in forgotten places. Barbarian 'Rook' **Mope** (*brutal, dim, tough*) and Cleric 'Pawn' **Healbot** (*Process, buffers allies, weak*). Stores of uncovered artifacts, most of dubious value.

Tier 3: Dragoon 'Queen' **Korryn Vayle** (*elegant, powerful, ruthless*) leads an artifact black market, dabbles in protection racket. Trove of ancient lore, maps, memories. Arms and armor plundered from World's history. Bound lesser daemons.

Tier 5: Vast PvP zones designated in each server, where heavily-armed Guild 'heroes' prowl the streets provoking fights. Wielder 'Bishop' **Fayze Akathi** (*strange, haunted, obsessive*) has bound the Daemon King **Ortu** (*ancient, glitched, sorcerous*), but who truly serves whom?

Raid ancient partitions (repeating)	6
_____	
Acquire artifacts	6
Discover **Ortu**'s binding circle	8
_____	
Unleash Daemon hordes	6
Heroically contain Daemon rampage	12

Allies: Bluelight Society

Enemies: Archive Academy, Overwriters, Troubleshooters

Notes: A chess piece rank structure and byzantine membership bylaws do little to reign in these morally-bankrupt vagrants. Adventurers often break into sealed server partitions in order to plunder the sealed wealth (and brave the slumbering dangers) within.

The Adventurers Guild's fixation on forbidden places outside of World's civilized network means they often stumble across sealed artifacts. At any time their membership might (**Fortune roll with Tier**) manifest uncovered 'magic items' that grant them powerful advantages, or perhaps unleash dangerous powers beyond their control.

Bluelight Society

Tier 1: Petty memory theft, a black-market of unusual sensory experiences, a few teams of small-time enforcers led by **Blaise** (*brutal, fiery, well-dressed*).

Tier 3: Elaborate catered social events headed by majordomo **Porfus Ordan** (*Process, discrete, formal*), a web of allegiances with memory-brokers and artifact hunters, extensive blackmail on peer factions in other servers. The **Bluelight Mask** is used to suppress rivals.

Tier 5: World is a family business, and your memories are the price to play. Society head **Kraft** (*enigmatic, manipulative, unseen*) reveals their presence and 'encourages' cooperation. The leadership of major Infrastructure and Syndicate factions are *Masked* to assert control.

Allies: Adventurer's Guild, Cult of Static, Troubleshooters

Enemies: Overwriters, Tsuruga Clan, Temple of Unresolution

Notes: The Bluelight Society's traffic in old artifacts and memories will eventually (**Tier 3+**) lead them to recovering the infamous weapon that is their namesake, the **Bluelight Mask.** The **Mask** can purge the local memories of Users and reduce them to catatonic shells (it is an artifact command reset against it's hapless wearer). Though the effects are not permanent, it is a fearsome deterrent. If the **Mask is used on a PC**, treat it mechanically as though it were a **Deresolution Roll fixed at 1d and 1 Chaos** while they take time off to reconstruct their identity. The User must take a **Trauma**, as normal.

Faction Goals	
Discover memory-running routes across Servers	6
Acquire blackmail	4
Use **Bluelight Mask** on a rival User/Moderator	6
Hold a grand gala/masquerade	8
Unveil 'restructuring' of Moderators	10

Tsuruga Clan

Tier 1: A small band of rough breaker mercenaries and filcher cut-throats pledging their swords to the highest bidder. Their mobile bivouac, illuminated by nightly revels and tests of strength. **Tsuruga Isshin** (*analytical, taciturn, Soul Edge*) chases rumors of a mountain citadel lost in the mists.

Tier 3: Fortified in *Castle Tsuruga*, the clan focuses inward on recovering lost secrets. **Ao Nohime** (*composed, subtle, Reflexes*) manages household affairs while living a double-life as an infiltrator sabotaging Clan enemies. The shades of Tsuruga Clan's derezzed heroes, serving even in 'death'.

Tier 5: A mighty host of Process warriors assembled by the Castle and led by Isshin's generals: **Tsuruga Naomori** (*boastful, hasty, powerful*) and **Musō Takauji** (*loyal, patient, skilled*). *Masked* assassins and informants everywhere.

Faction Goals	
Pursue Tsuruga Castle rumors	6
Fight on behalf of another faction	4
Delve deeply beneath Castle Tsuruga	8
Infiltrate another faction	6
Military campaign enters a new stage	8

Allies: Temple of Unresolution

Enemies: Bluelight Society

Notes: Castle Tsuruga is not *Compiled* or *Restored* by the Clan like most faction's HQs but is a recurring architectural artifact that is code-locked in World's feature set, making it inevitable that it will iterate somewhere in every cycle whenever absent. This unusual characteristic is the foundation of Tsuruga's claim to dominance: when the Castle migrates to Helios, so too do the legitimate rulers of World.

Upon ascent to Helios, the Tsuruga Clan attempts to ally with, vassalize, or else eradicate the other factions there in preparation for the next phase. With Isshin installed at the head of a military junta, a campaign of conquest will be waged against the **Tier 3** faction leaders of each server. Isshin is canny and generally seeks to divide his enemies with in-fighting and careful use of spies prior to direct action, but the clan as a whole favors bold maneuvers and personal combat to seek swift resolution to hostilities.

factions: weird

Cult of Static

Tier 1: Spaced-out cultists dosing on "Snow", a designer memory that creates thought-eradicating euphoric waves. The elusive **Deacon Kalix** (*cunning, persuasive, insane*) deals Snow and proselytizes to a fanatical contingent of faithful.

Tier 3: Processions of cloaked aspirants march to the chanting of **Confessor Matteus** (*armored, fanatical, glitch-fire*). Subterranean headquarters hidden in forsaken partitions, at the heart of one lays a festering nexus of Glitch. Ritualistic cabals attempt to summon Glitch into being: they mostly fail.

Tier 5: Glitch Harbingers in the streets. Tendrils of **The Great Maw** (*ancient, mindless, ravenous*) burst through foundations, creep across the skyline. **Archbishop Thayen** (*gibbering, glitched, sorcerous*) preaches the end from a palanquin drawn by horrors.

Faction Goals	
Hook new Users on Snow	4
Devise deadly new formula	8
Call forth the Giltch	10
Shatter World's Firewalls	12

Allies: Bluelight Society

Enemies: Administration, Overwriters, Temple of Unresolution, Troubleshooters

Notes: The Cult's beliefs are antithetical to World's existence. **If the Cult grows in power to Tier 4**, Admins and Moderators will mobilize in force to try to contain their influence. **Temporarily modify the Chaos level by +1 (at Tier 5, +2)** for as long as the Cult dwells in Helios: the harm and confusion they cause across World results in collateral damage for everyone. **If this would raise Chaos above 4**, resolve 1 extra Entanglement every downtime as World plummets toward anarchy and collapse.

Temple of Unresolution

Tier 1: An enclave of meditation. Pamphlets on the banality of existence in World, calling for an ascetic lifestyle. Temple guards led by **Quiet Mountain** (*friendly, powerful, talkative*).

Tier 3: Teachers in the "art of dying" leading prospects through empty mind rituals. **Grand Master Ita Jaga** (*discerning, subtle, transcended*) projects public echoes of their lucid dream, forever meditating on the margins of deresolution. Shades of the Unrezzed begin to congregate at temples throughout server. Works of art that slowly alter their owners.

Tier 5: Brainwashed aspirants take "auto-derez" pacts across World, the Stack is crowded as acolytes clog the feed and their unliving Shades outnumber the legitimate population. Crypto-sculptures with mind-altering programmatic properties openly displayed in major server gathering spaces.

Faction Goals	
Attract followers (repeating)	4
Study hynotic artifacts	8
Produce hypnotic artifacts	6
Gather Shades	8
Pact of Unresolution creates new ghost district (repeating)	6

Allies: Tsuruga Clan

Enemies: Bluelight Society, Cult of Static, Overwriters

Notes: The Temple teaches paradoxical logic fixating on Deresolution. Though initially harmless, they preach a doctrine of self-negation that propagates via subliminal reprogramming of User minds. **Starting at Tier 3**, begin a 6-clock ("*Brainwashing*") for PCs who observe the Temple's hypnotic crypto-sculptures in their fullness.

Ordinarily a mistake caused by an incomplete deresolution, a mental technique taught by the Unrezzed allows a User to voluntarily leave behind a Shade. Since it is forbidden for identical user datasets to exist in World, the subject becomes trapped on the Stack while their Shade roams freely. Shades are difficult to directly observe or track timestamps on, making them excellent spies and assassins.

factions: creative/productive

Isomorphic Mining Consortium

Tier 1: Wilderness pioneer teams taking samples at valuable "Iso spikes" across the server. **Science Head Olivia Calcifer** (*brilliant, demanding, high-strung*) and her enterprising R&D department work on the recovery of lost MEMcrystal fabrication techniques.

Tier 3: Iso cutting lasers, crystal refineries, and hazardous materials storage, housed in the mobile base camp "Alpha-1" (HQ). A corporate paramilitary squad led by **Team Lead Kruger** (*heavily-armed, ruthless, tenacious*) defends Alpha-1 and it's remote extraction sites.

Tier 5: Private military regiments with autonomous combat walkers motivated by Rubric Cores enforce 'free trade' chains that exclusively benefit the IMC, strangling competition with an iron fist. A corporate nation-state under **Governor-General Hardinger** (*corrupt, heavy-handed*) controls vast swathes, press-ganging Process labor and heedlessly exploiting mineral wealth.

Allies: Bluelight Society, Troubleshooters

Enemies: Neuroplastic Construction Company

Notes: The IMC alone has the resources and knowledge to manufacture new MEMcrystal in World, and they do so by pursuing a rare randomly-occuring diamond-like substance called Isomorph, or simply "Iso" for short. Though MEMcrystal is valued for it's durability, Read/Write functionality, and high-fidelity storage, the IMC's monopoly on production makes it wildly expensive and dangerously warping to World's economy.

While the IMC is a Tier 4/5 faction, increase the price of *Indulging Memory* in downtime by +1 Coin, +1 Memory slot, or +1 Heat (player's choice). The spiraling costs of memory production and economic warfare take their toll as the IMC chokes competing formats and raises prices.

Faction Goals	
Siphon Resources	4
Rediscover Iso-refining process	6
——————————————	
Extract local ISO and relocate Alpha-1 (repeating)	6
Develop Rubric Cores	8
——————————————	
Expand territorial control	6
Destroy a competitor	8

Phlegethon Productions

Tier 1: Interactive game shows hosted by **Zagreus** (*charismatic, magnanimous, vain*). A gossip and news stream run by **Megaera** (*insightful, mocking, spiteful*). A small memory card studio tucked away in an artistic corner.

Tier 3: Big-budget Memories starring action icon **Theseus** (*handsome, petty*) heroically battling vast *Daemons* (actually just convincing post-production effects). Giant arenas for Battle Royale reality shows, complete with team Coin currencies and factional sponsorships.

Tier 5: Elysian Studios, a high-brow subsidiary devoted to "finer art" productions. Pervasive paperazzi presence in all major servers.

Allies: Archive Academy, Troubleshooters

Enemies: Temple of Unresolution

Notes: Phlegethon dabbles in a lot of multimedia experiences, but their specialty will always be delivering chaotic, loosely-scripted entertainment in front of a live-streaming audience. They are willing to televise just about anything and will gleefully make their enemies a part of "this season's plot arc" on whatever "reality memory" production is making the most bank currently.

While Phlegethon is the Tier 3 Faction in a server, assess **+1 extra Heat** in *Payoff* in that server due to the added exposure, unless the PCs somehow manage to keep all evidence of their actions and presence completely off-camera (highly unlikely). If Phlegethon is a **Tier 4/5 faction**, this may apply to **any score** in **any server** at GM's discretion.
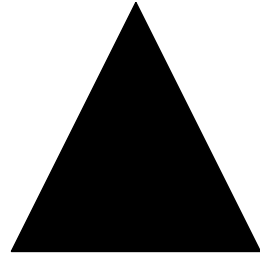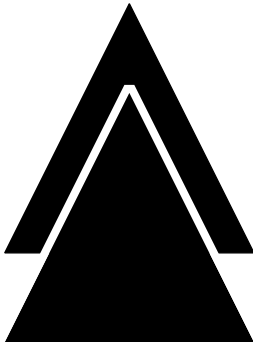
Faction Goals	
Dig up some dirt on another faction	6
——————————————	
Battle Royale TV kicks off a new season...	6
...you're the guest star	4
——————————————	
Install new highly-invasive monitoring systems in a server	8

factions: write in your own!

Faction Goals	
Tier 1:	
Tier 3:	——————————
Tier 5:	——————————
Allies:	
Enemies:	
Notes:	

Faction Goals	
Tier 1:	
Tier 3:	——————————
Tier 5:	——————————
Allies:	
Enemies:	
Notes:	

lines | veils

The TTRPG Safety Toolkit is a resource created by Kienna Shaw and Lauren Bryant-Monk. The TTRPG Safety Toolkit is a compilation of safety tools that have been designed by members of the tabletop roleplaying games community for use by players and GMs at the table. You can find it at: bit.ly/ttrpgsafetytoolkit