

Ruins Azure

There stood a city, lofty and proud, a god made marble and mycelium. A soaring testament to material destiny unbound.

"Prometeï," hissed the Lords and Unlords.

Shrugged, the distributed consciousness, soaring skyward. Quarters unmoored from the weight of Soil rose above the rich yellow waters and glittered in the sun and moons.

UPPER
↓

LEER "Blue-veined Babiru," rejoiced the blinded humans, turning away from the dignity and duty of the Needle of the World.

AZURE

"Here we shall have succor and meaning, here we shall be as one," they sang and took into themselves the blue mycelium.

And they had all that and thought it good.

But the shepherds knew this was wrong, this was not the Path, this was no longer humanity. This communal god had to die.

"Gut the hydra to kill its heads," goes the old truth, and now it is inscribed in glass and frozen fire on the Blasted Field.

There went Widra and Ill Nano, there went the golem garrisons, there went the floating fortresses. Round the bend of Soil they swam, braving the stuckforce obstacles of earlier dilemmas.

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From the Needle, the rainbow panoply sallied, phylakes and gods together to distract the many-headed Azure.

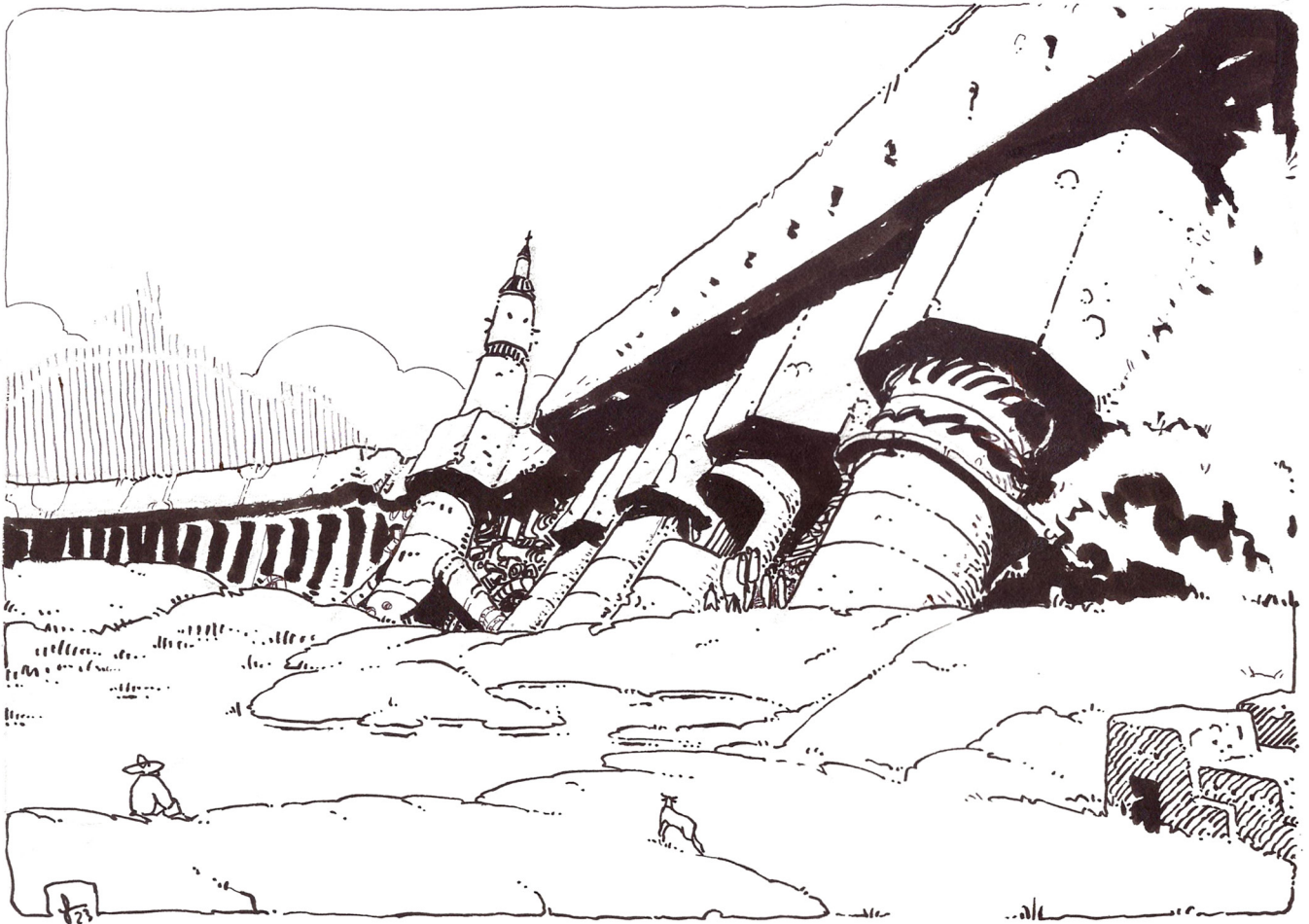
On the Blasted Field, then called the Indigo Highlands, the Dark Side of the Moon Mountains, they skinned and flensed and butchered Soil to reveal the eating

roots. The entrails feeding the grasping god who would let humans abandon their humanity for mere comfort and meaning. The noxious apostate who denied the Builders' plan. The greatest, latest corruptor of Heaven.

With furious righteousness, Widra and Ill Nano bent the laws of reality itself to starve that fungal fiend. Distracted, too late the shared sentience responded, and by then the deed was done. The gods and the good watched for decades as fenced in, hungry, it declined and sank back into a dreaming mushroom mass.

The blinded masses, addicted to their false divinity's chemical purpose, went mad and railed against the gods and the good. Peacemakers assembled and moved to help them rediscover meaning in work, purification in submission.

Today, the Ruins Azure are open for business once more, with four special economic zones available for industrial redevelopment. Consult your local economic efflorescence council to find out how you, too, can benefit!



THE GOD FIELD GENERATORS - RUINS AZURE.

Ruins Azure Encounters

The god field generators divide the three islands of the Ruins Azure from the cenote-pocked sinkland that was Azure City in happier times, before the Rotting God assimilated its people in rebellion against good-intentioned heaven.

Within the god fields, the islands float, zones of bustling urbanity flowering from shanty layer cakes encrusting the grand oldtech megastructures that rivaled mountains for majesty before the Vein Vine corrupted them.

1. **Oldtechnician heretics.** A crew of rogues, heedless of the Inquisition's good intent, poking the forbidden machinery. Crows. Death follows them.
2. **Widra's disciples.** The little water god's naianthropes prefer the Fountain Zone, where a rainmaker's heart gushes fresh, clean water. Elsewhere their embassies portend doom or opportunity.
3. **Mindburned bluelanders.** Once, they were mind-linked aristocrats. Now they are drooling living zombies, operated by an Orange concession.
4. **Fungal bloom.** It looks harmless. The spores promise liberation. Is this the colorless lotus?
5. **Indigote barbarians.** Ingenues from the far hinterland with unbelievable tales of waking géants. Laugh at their leather breeches and heavy swords.
6. **Cult dwarfers.** Followers of the Ill Nano. These mutationeers are proscribed elsewhere, so it makes sense they would end up here.
7. **Peacemaker patrol.** Peace, understanding, protocol, judgment and police. All in one. They come in two flavors: shiny-faced and grimly cynical. The second flavor is cheaper.
8. **Free residents.** Mostly scavengers or other economic boosters. Watch your pockets.
9. **Duct rats.** Grown large as cats and telepathic on the Dead God's mycelial flesh. Also, are those thumbs?
10. **Edible mold drip.** Some vein ducts still drip with the nectar of the Dead God. The last time the peacemakers cracked down on this cheap food, the riots [redacted] the fourth zone.
11. **Garrison golem.** Metal, full of dread. Has it thoughts within its head? Just pass it there. Have no care.
12. **Councilor coven.** Dressed in business gowns, like a flock of parakeets, come from their city—Emerald or Violet or Saffron—to find facts, to share largesse and author papers of white and polychrome.

The Three Zones

The Ruins Azure are three islands of civilization protected by god fields from the protean, decaying, sinking ruinland that was Azure City. Cable ways, rope bridges and gondoliers connect the zones (€1d3 per trip, 1 hour).

Aerolithic skeletons support the vertical zone; threaded by elevators of both the energetic oldtech type and the rickety chain-and-gear affairs of less-blessed times. Avoid the stairs and ducts, they are for paupers and natives.

Plan 1d6 quarters to travel from one locale to another within a zone, and at least an hour to enjoy each visit. Each visit nets 1d6 x 5xp.



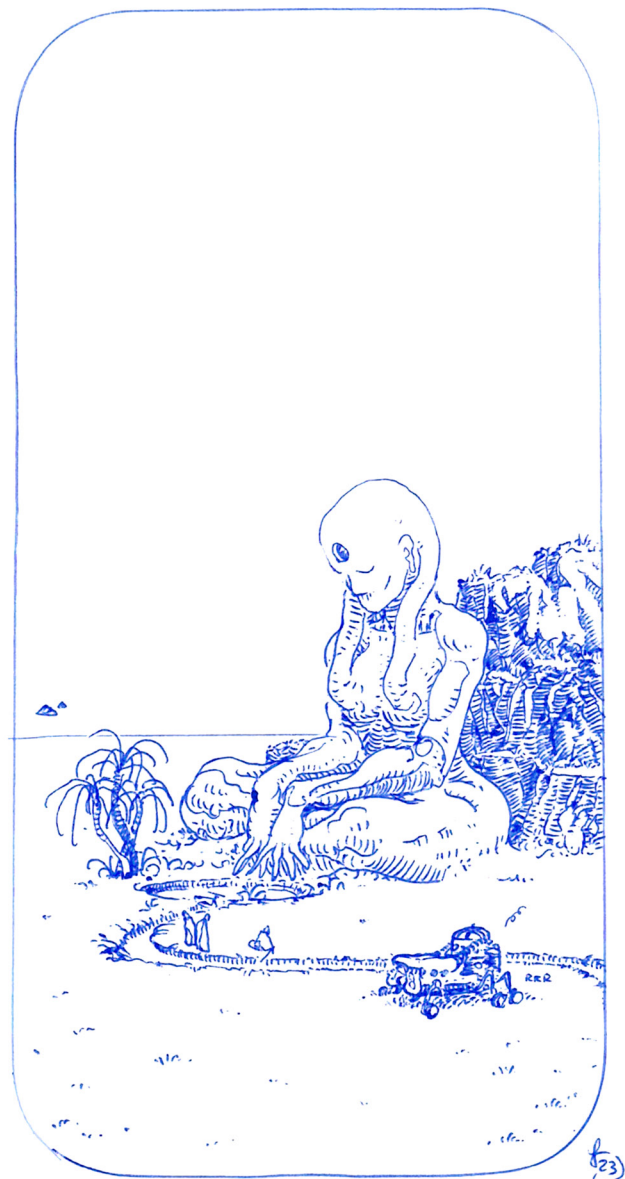
Fountain Zone

An efflorescence of bioarchitecture grown about the exposed, half-living endoskeleton of a rainmaker. Water gushes perpetually from a hundred fountains and springs, providing for the entire Ruins Azure.

1. **The Gone Dollery.** A floating district of boat-houses, pond-gardens, and gondolas houses a rich mix of free residents, stilters, view frames, indigotes, and more exotic immigrants. Famed for its experimental bug-mushroom cuisine. As the guide book says, "the gone dollies can make any old organic taste like ambrosiëwurst."
2. **Florid Towers.** The multistorey livingstone habitation complexes are laced with flowering plants,

reminding the inhabitants that beauty also matters to their benevolent overlords.

3. **The Heart of Water.** The great arterial fountain, bringing up pure water from the inky deep. The water often brings strange luminous fish and translucent animals, hinting at a hidden undersea.
4. **The Nayada.** A géant of the forgotten times, turned to marble and steel by a great magic storm, she sits at the dry foot of the Fountain Zone. Throw her a bone and make a wish!
5. **Vats of Synthesis.** Liquid autofabricators, reactivated by the grace of the Council! Need new flesh? Better wood? Get it here!
6. **Widra's Gardens.** This holy vegetable factory provides most of the Blue Land's alf-alfa crop. Its priest farmers are celebrated traditionalists.



THE WATER IS FAILING.
WHAT AILS THE NAYADA?

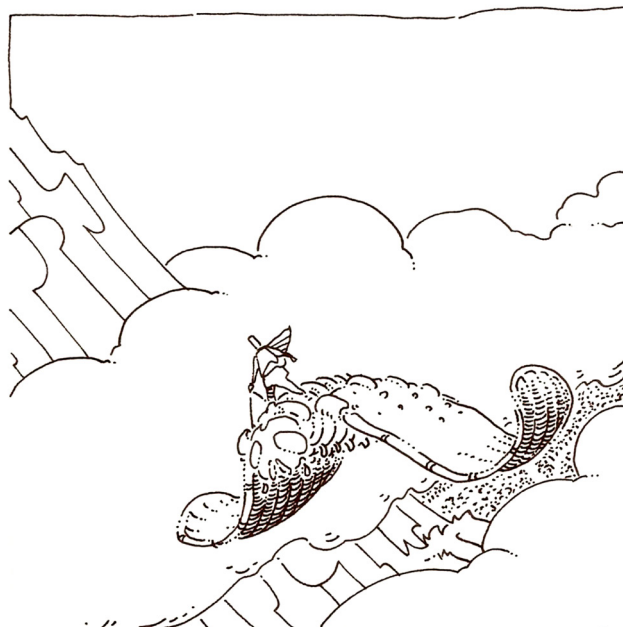
Mountain Zone

The disconnected zone, a great aerolith blade of terraces, old labyrinth palaces, anchorstones, new growths, and modern facilities. Completely secure from attack by the marble and mycelium footsoldiers of the Dead God, this is where all the powerful factions site their central temples and quarters.

Please be aware that the footsoldiers of the Dead God no longer exist. Suggesting they still exist or are a threat is punishable under the Spreading of False Visions Act (Anno Crysanth. VII)

1. Central Temple Circle.

A fast star brought nearer the bosom of Soil? A ring of shipmetal slicing through the mountain zone and arcing about the humid air. A modern electric mobile pediment proves the peacemakers truly intend to better the Blue Land. The neo-cyclopean temples and barracks apartmentplexes of the companies may interest architecture buffs, but many visitors will come here for a taste of home in the Savormaker (est. A.F.XII).



A FLAPPER AND
HER RIDER.

823

2. **Copterics Pads.** Once landings for the gods' machines, now roosts for modern flyers and flappers. Famed for the kite races.
3. **City Azure Visitor Explication Services Arcology.** A hive of bureaucracy, best avoided. Said to house 10,000 clone managers and even more cleri-clones. The fortunate visitor should hope never to know.
4. **Flapper Farms.** Where domesticated flappers are grown in vitro from ancient biostock. Flapper-petting tours available for children.

5. **Grand Consumption Avenue.** Shop like you would in the Emerald City or Safranji! Ignore the local merchants grumbling that foreign charity merely props up foreign luxury goods autofac operators.
6. **The Inquisitorium.** Both the largest orthodox public library and capital court in the Blue Lands! Over ten gigavolumes in its local noösphere. Includes a fun museum where you can see, preserved in no-field pods, the most famous executed traitors of the last

few decades, from Pelixan the Pauper Peddler to Demejo the Dread. Local gossip say that Demejo's pet wallaby is not actually executed, just waiting for its master to revive from the no-field.

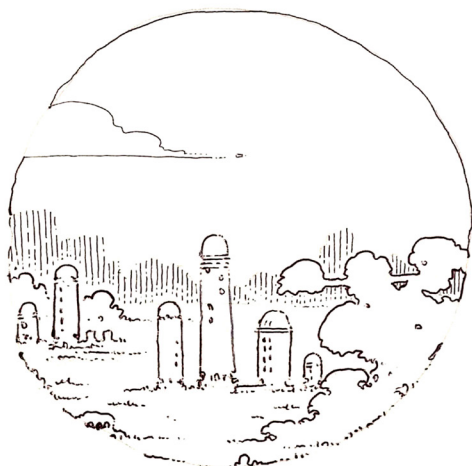
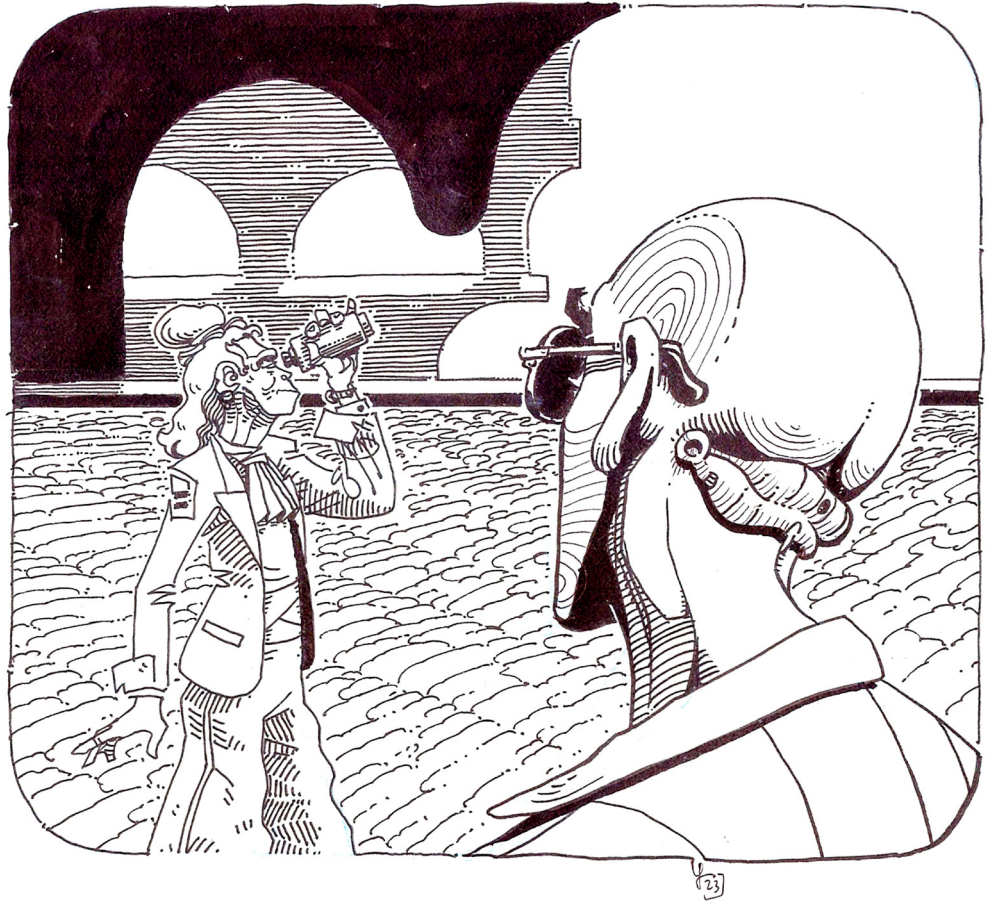
7. **Nano Nine.** The cultic factory of the Ill Nano, home to a de-extinction museum and certainly not a radical neo-biological testing facility.
8. **Tenth Tunnel.** Mythic home of a living fragment of the Dead God. Fake news, obviously. Do not visit.



Babylon Zone

Once, the decadent pleasure beach of the devolved Bluelander telepath nobles. This was destroyed down to the last root, leaving a swiss-cheese ruderal zone.

Today, Babylon Zone offers wonderful growth opportunities! Its swiftly growing reasonably-priced housing pool and functioning nutrient slurry system attracts a ready body of affordable labor for any investor planning a salvaging, reclamation, reindustrialization, or reprocessing enterprise. Please visit the central economic temple (Palm division) for credits, tax breaks, and other blue-code opportunities.



THESE MYCOPARTMENTS
ARE FRESH GROWTH. WE
SHOULD SLEEP WELL
TONIGHT.

1. **The Digestory.** A vast, dreaming dairy product, utterly unrelated to the Dead God, occupies the great bubble-crete vessels that once housed divine void fuel. The bacterial demigod takes in all kinds of organic matter and converts it into three important resources: edible slurry, golem juice, and fire bricks.
2. **Palm Division.** The place to see the neo-neo-mod administralist architectural style in full bloom! From the central economic temple to the grand central clone store.
3. **Pleasure Beach.** A *laissez-faire* destination for the fun-lover. As the saying goes, what happens on the beach stays on the beach. Peace is enforced by golem patrol. Please do not feed the waifs.
4. **Root Sector.** The lowest stratum is below sea-level, kept dry by the great dykes and pumps attached to the local god field generators. It is an industrial scale landcoral farming and sculpture area now, producing much of the modular mycopartment housing used to re-people the Blue Lands.
5. **Slurry City.** An entire food district dedicated to creating novel dishes from the local food slurry!
6. **Weeping Goblin Park.** An urban cemetery until the Digestory came online. Today, it mostly serves as a period vidy filming site.



HOUSE ON THE MECHANICAL SON.

7. **Paradox Monastery.** It has been a long time since a heresy has challenged the accounting logic of the Emerald City. The example made of the paradox monks, who played with false numbers, may have helped. Here, some of those illogicians still pray.

Fourth Special Economic Zone - Alienation Zone

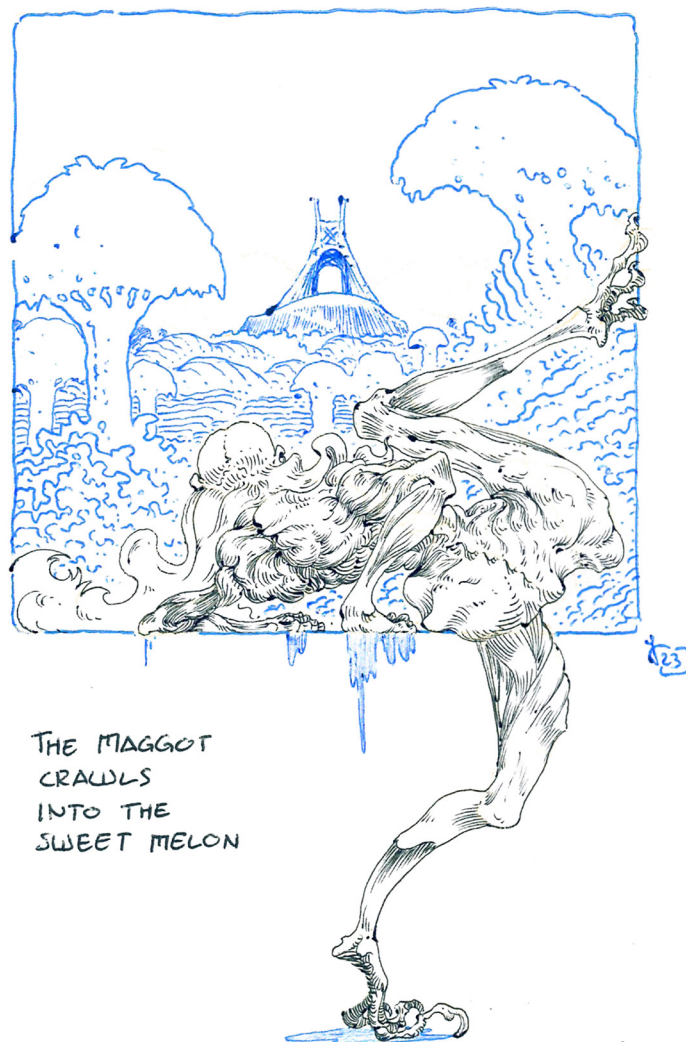
This zone is off limits. Also it does not exist. If you have seen this zone, please visit the nearest peace and reintegration facility to restore your mental equilibrium.

A black gondola or a tunnel guide is required to reach this zone. The price is usually around €10 per head. This zone is unreachable. Going to this zone is taboo.

Travelers say the laws of gravity and entropy themselves are perverted in this zone.

1. **Ever Rest.** The tallest aerolith spire in the zone. Bluelanders who think their relatives are too good for the Digestory bring them here, smoking them with oil fires and burying them in sky-high niches.
2. **Gigaclock.** A wealthy oligarch disciple of the Dead God built a ziggurat-sized clock to tell the time for a thousand thousand years, and thus dispel any chance of another Great Forgetting. Her name is now forgotten.
3. **Gravity Fails.** The epicenter of the distortion bomb, here up is down and down is up.
4. **Mechanical Sons.** Great golems, corrupted by the Dead God. They now lie reposed, dead dreaming. Do not wake them. Their brains hold valuable jewels?
5. **Melon Fields.** A pleasure garden famed for the quality of its joy golems. What grows there now? Who could know.
6. **New Opportunity Docks.** A great automated port was to be the jewel of the reintegration. Its ghostly autoloader and accursed central logistics cephalo-mech still cling to that promise.

8. **Predator Pines.** A forest of soaring, skyscraper pines has swallowed most of the zone. They suck in mists, giving the old ruin a haunted feel. They also suck vital bodily fluid, given half a chance ...



THE MAGGOT
CRAWLS
INTO THE
SWEET MELON