

FROGTECHNIUM WORLD BIBLE · DRAFT 1 · WORKING TITLE

Antagonisms

Five pages drawn from the sixty-five page working bible: the Surveyors, the reptiles they handle, the cause and manifestation of the central conflict, the design contrast that makes the ethics readable in any frame, and the finalized wood itself. *Threats by mismatch, not by malice.*

PAGES DRAWN: 24, 25, 26, 27, 52 OF 65 · FULL BIBLE ON REQUEST

The Surveyors

The Surveyors are the bird-like handler class of the opposing force. Anurans call a single one the One That Measures. They are bird-stylized through instrument-tower geometry: tall and narrow, stacked pale ceramic modules reading as neck and torso, three articulated stilt legs, and a rotating ring of lenses where a face would be. They do not speak. They emit status through thin lines of dull amber light, and a harmonic hum audible only in absolute silence.

They do not attack. They measure soil moisture, catalog species, map airflow, assign probability values to life. Then they finalize. Once a Surveyor has passed through a place, that place is considered understood, and therefore no longer allowed to change.

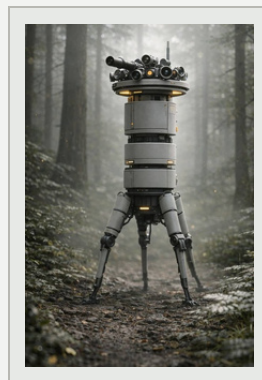
Nothing sticks to a Surveyor. Rain beads and slides off. Moss never takes. It looks new after decades, which is the tell: a thing that refuses weather is a thing that refuses conversation.

When an Anuran approaches, the Surveyor pauses, extends a sensor, records, and steps slightly to the side. It does not engage. That refusal is the threat.

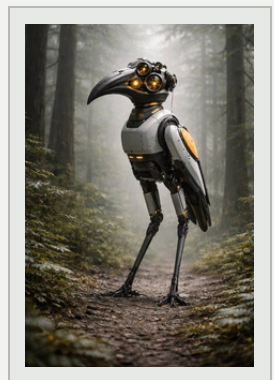


IT DOES NOT DESTROY. IT
FINALIZES.

NEW RENDER,
JULY 2026



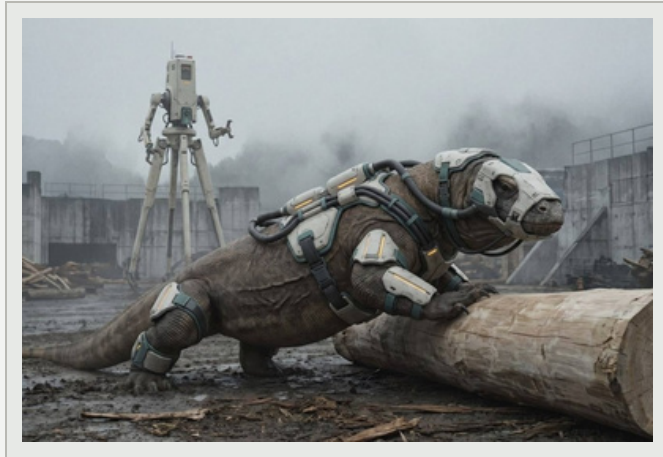
TOWER STUDY



BIRD-FORM STUDY



The reptiles



FAMILIAR SKIN, WRONG
PURPOSE

NEW RENDER, JULY
2026

The Surveyors handle reptiles as tools, like working livestock or powerful machines. Three things define them.

Their enhancement tech is body-wrapping, and it visually echoes Anuran caretaker tech. The rhyme is deliberate and unsettling. The same kind of wrapping that means care on an Anuran means something colder here.

The enhancements are built for destruction and industrial construction, not care.

The tech masks whether the reptiles are intelligent. They do not speak. Whether they are coerced minds, trained animals, or something between is never resolved for the audience. The work holds all three readings in tension, on purpose.

The deepest tell is life itself. Nothing grows on their wrapping. No moss, no lichen, no patina. A creature dressed by the Surveyors is a creature the world is not allowed to touch.



The conflict: cause and manifestation

The cause. One side believes the world is a problem to solve. The other believes the world is a conversation to join. Everything else flows from that difference. The Surveyors arrive from beyond the Outer Verge carrying a protocol, not a grudge: measure a region, model it, and finalize it, so that it is understood and no longer needs to change. They believe they have solved nature by copying it. The work never says we are good and they are bad. It says one side is converting the world to certainty while the other keeps it in conversation.

The manifestation. The danger is not cruelty. It is careless certainty, and it arrives in a sequence the audience can track. First the forest changes before any unit is visible: leaves pale, understory thins, fewer insects hover, moss retreats to cracks. The forest becomes quiet in the wrong way. Weeks later the named effects begin. Pollinators stop arriving. Certain plants stop germinating. Microhabitats disappear. Not because anything was harmed, but because a system decided they were statistically unnecessary. On the map this is the Paling Wood: cooling, over-even weather, the finalized zones spreading like frost.

The pressure on the village. The conflict manifests socially before it manifests physically. Cooperate, ignore, or interfere gently: the community splits three ways while the corridor-keepers quietly do what they have always done. The restless second generation pushes for more than sitting, and the no-force rule is tested by the people who love it most.

The refusal at the heart of it. Anurans do not fight, so the conflict cannot end in victory. It ends in irrelevance. One Anuran sitting quietly in a place marked inactive can invalidate weeks of data and drive a unit into endless recalculation. Entire regions become unresolved and stay alive. The opposing force is never defeated. It is distracted, delayed, confused, and finally outlasted.





Two ways to wear the same skin

A frame that holds both sides must read the ethics instantly, by palette and silhouette alone, with no label. These are the rules that make that possible.

MOSS	LANTERN	BRASS	LEATHER	FOG	ASH	BONE	TEAL	AMBER	GRAPHITE
SILHOUETTE	Broad, low, calm. Wide base, round forms.				SILHOUETTE	Tall, narrow, vertical, rectilinear. Stacked cylinders, flat planes.			
SURFACE	Patina, wear, fingerprints. Fungus at the seams, grasses rooting, moss on old plates. Equipment that gardens itself.				SURFACE	No patina, no history. Printed, not grown. Leaf textures that repeat too perfectly. New after decades.			
SOUND	Steam sighs, irregular gears, soft insects.				SOUND	Ultrasonic silence. Perfect synchronization. No vibration.			
LIGHT	Warm key, cool ambient. The lantern-heart is the anchor.				LIGHT	Clinical and even. Amber as status only, never as warmth.			

HOW ANURANS RESIST, IN FULL

Block paths by sitting. Reroute flows with their bodies. Restore insects instead of destroying machines. Carry seeds between zones. Sit in places marked inactive. Encourage life that cannot be modeled. Introduce joyful inefficiency. Presence, not force, without exception.



The Paling Wood



A FINALIZED ZONE: EVERYTHING HEALTHY, NOTHING SURPRISING

NEW RENDER, JULY 2026

What it is. Forest along the cold rim that is cooling and losing its color, where the finalized zones spread. Where a Surveyor has passed, the wood runs too quiet and too even: pale foliage, thin understory, weather that no longer surprises. The opposing palette creeps in here, ash and bone and desaturated teal against the fading green.

The rule of the place. Nothing dramatic is wrong. That is what is wrong. Machines run perfectly, growth is even, and the forest still looks alive. It has just stopped inventing itself.

Staging note. The darkest beat in the work is one Anuran arriving here muddy, dented, and alive, and reading like hope. Save it. Do not spend it early. When the Unnumbered finally crosses out of this wood, if it does, this is the frame it crosses out of.

Palette discipline. No true green inside a finalized zone except what a visitor carries in.