

FROGTECHNIUM WORLD BIBLE · DRAFT 1 · WORKING TITLE

Geography

Five pages drawn from the sixty-five page working bible: the world at a glance, the illustrated map, the seven named regions and their three pressures, the built heart, and the springs where the world's life-energy rises. *The water is rising. The forests are cooling. The roads are breaking.*

PAGES DRAWN: 11, 12, 13, 49, 53 OF 65 · FULL BIBLE ON REQUEST



The world at a glance

Misty forest and wetland. Conifer canopy with mist hanging in the upper third of any wide view. Moss climbs the pipes and the stonework. Shallow water and wet earthen paths run through the settlements. Humidity is the baseline fact of the air.

Life concentrates in a central wetland basin and the wooded rise around it. The land grows drier, colder, and stranger toward its edges, where the old roads break and the outside force came in. Nature is home in the center. The pressure comes from the rim.

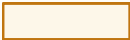


WORLD TEXTURE: RAIN LANES, STILL WATER, COLD-SEASON CROSSINGS



PORTFOLIO GRID

Scale



Proposal

: one large humid region, a basin and its forested frame, not a planet. Most of the work stays within a few days of travel from the village. Widen later only if a story needs it.

The known regions



WORKING DRAFT WORLD MAP, LABELED JULY 1, 2026

RERAFT V4.1, PALETTE LOCKED, LABELS OVERLAID

How this map was made: a text-free render in flat editorial style with the amphibian-native twist, regions shaped like lily pads and ponds, edges stitched like quilted cloth, spring-points glowing. Palette locked to the nine Frogtechnium hexes. Labels were overlaid separately so every name stays editable. Label type predates the July 4 spec and gets updated in the next map pass.

Seven regions, three pressures

THE REEDMARSH BASIN	Home of the world. The wetland heart. Shallow water, reed beds, mist at knee height at dawn. The richest life anywhere. Wim's moisture corridors run through it, kept safe at dusk and dawn. Its quiet southern edge is the swamp of the endpoint image.
THE STEAMWOOD VILLAGE	The built heart. The forested rise that frames the basin and holds the village: moss-clad stone and brass, plants claiming the pipes, shallow runnels through the lanes. The one town-scale place in the world.
THE LONG ROADS	Breaking. Old raised causeways that string the hamlets together. As they fail, places a day apart become a week apart, and safe crossing becomes a vocation. The travelers' artery, and the reason the road-and-campfire beats happen.
THE RISING LOWLANDS	The water is rising. Low country along the basin's outflow where flood water is slowly taking old settlements. Half-drowned walls, still water, families moving uphill. The world's clearest picture of loss without a villain.
THE PALING WOOD	The finalized zone. Forest along the cold rim that is cooling and losing its color. Where a Surveyor has passed, the wood runs too quiet and too even. The opposing palette creeps in here. The threat's footprint on the map.
THE WELLING SPRINGS	The Quick. Where the planet's life-energy wells up from the ground. Warm to stand near, faintly luminous in fog. Caretaker tech is quickened here, and many automata first wake here. Half sacred, half studied.
THE OUTER VERGE	Beyond. The far edge where the land thins toward open sky, and where the outside force first came in. Liminal, little traveled, now watched. The threat enters as a horizon, not a fortress.

The three pressures. The water is rising in the Lowlands. The forests are cooling along the Paling Wood. The roads are breaking across the Long Roads. All three are canon, and only one of them belongs to the enemy: the cooling and the over-even weather are the geographic form of the Surveyor's finalization. The other two are the world's own wildness. Not every hardship gets a villain.

What the map cannot show. Travel times. The warm-to-cold gradient from center to rim. The moving boundary of the finalized zones. The safe-corridor network that Wim and others keep open at dusk and dawn. These live in text and story, not in the lines. Settlement census and travel times stay in draft by design

Open

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The Steamwood Village



FIRST DEDICATED ESTABLISHING WIDE, NO CHARACTERS IN FRAME

NEW RENDER, JULY 2026

First encounter. A wet earthen lane runs through a clearing in conifer forest. Moss-covered timber houses cluster along it. Brass piping threads between them at roof height. A cathedral-arched stone facade rises on one side. A library window glows warm amber. Tied hot-air balloons hang motionless in the mist above the canopy. The whole place reads inhabited and at rest, not posed for the viewer.

Function. The built heart of the Anuran world and the one town-scale place on the map. A stopping point for travelers crossing the wetland, home to forest-folk regulars, the council hall, Meru's guest-lamps, and the drafting room where Iris works.

Sensory profile. Mist deadening sound. Faint pipe hiss. Wet footfalls. Distant balloon rigging creak. Wet timber and woodsmoke, ozone after rain. The felt sense: cared for, lived in, the kind of place where two days makes you a regular.

Design rule. The environment is the room the camera sits inside, never a backdrop. Fire and window light must strike buildings and characters consistently. Mist wraps deep elements at one density. Buildings occlude with believable parallax.

The Welling Springs, called the Quick



HALF LABORATORY, HALF SHRINE: A WAKING AT THE POOLS

NEW RENDER, JULY 2026

What it is. The places where the planet's life-energy wells up from the ground. Warm to stand near, faintly luminous in fog. Caretaker tech is quickened here, and many automata first wake here. The communities treat the springs as half sacred and half studied, and see no contradiction in that.

What happens here.

Proposal

Naming days, when a community carries a built body to the water and waits for it to wake. Marn's vocation began here. Kettle woke here. The offering is always woven reed, never metal: you bring the water something that grew.

Story use. Origin beats, wonder beats, and the season—two question nobody wants to ask out loud: what happens to a spring inside a finalized zone. Marn left to find out.

Staging note. The springlight is the one glow in the world that needs no lamp to justify it. Keep it modest anyway. It reads as breath, not spectacle.