



A WORLD BIBLE · WORKING TITLE · FIRST DRAFT

Frogtechnium

A misty world of gentle amphibian peoples, living technology, and a visitor that measures. Power stays kind here. That is the whole idea, and the whole fight.

How to read this draft

This is a complete first draft of the Frogtechnium world bible, assembled from the production bible files, the canon log, prior conversations, and the portfolio image library. It is built to be edited. Every claim in the book carries one of four marks.

CANON

Established fact, drawn from CANON.md or a confirmed decision. Trust it as stated.

PROPOSAL

Written for this draft to fill a gap. Grounded in canon, awaiting your decision. Keep, revise, or cut.

OPEN

A known unknown, named on purpose. The bible tells you a decision is needed rather than guessing.

FOREM

Depth deferred by design. Placeholder text holds the layout where real story material does not exist yet.

Frogtechnium is a standalone IP. It is separate from Animalia, with no crossover. Production targets are a prestige streaming series, feature films, and graphic novels. The name Frogtechnium is a working title, and a rename pass stays open.

The book's design runs on the interim type and color spec of July 4, 2026: Bricolage Grotesque, Literata, and Courier Prime on plate white, vellum, and loam. The world's own palettes, the warm Anuran set and the cold opposing set, appear inside the pages as subject matter.

THE ONE RULE THAT NEVER BENDS

No Anuran ever carries, designs, or uses a weapon. Resistance is gentle interference. Power without violence is the spine of this world, in every image and every scene.

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Sources for this assembly: the production bible at production-character-story-bible/frogtechnium, its canon log, the June 30 PDF design plan, the labeled world map of July 1, the davehuth.com portfolio image library, concept art from the March source documents, and frames pulled from the Frogtechnium video reels.



A generation after human explorers found welcome among an advanced people of gentle amphibians, a quiet force arrives from outside that does not attack. It measures. And a world that survives by staying in conversation has to decide how to stay alive without ever raising a hand.

Working logline of record 

Canon

: a generation after human explorers find hospitality among an advanced society of oddly evolved techno-amphibians, new challenges arise in the forms of restless kids, rapid cultural exchange, and a space-traveling opposing force.



PART ONE

Show DNA

What this world is, what it feels like, what it refuses to do,
and the image it is walking toward.



The premise

Frogtechnium is a misty forest and wetland world whose dominant people are Anurans: frog-folk and toad-folk and their newt and salamander kin. They are a sapient people-race, varied by species, human-like in expression, thought, and language, and they hold their own amphibianist values, their analogue to human humanism.

They live with caretaker technology, a life-based technology that wraps the body as prosthetic habitat and serves the creature first. It never weaponizes. The forest is home, not hostile terrain.

A generation ago, humans arrived as an organized science expedition. The Anurans extended hospitality. That hospitality is now structural. The two peoples share daily life in blended communities, and a second generation of both species has grown up with no memory of a world before contact.

Now a force arrives from outside that treats the living world as a problem to solve. The Anuran answer will not be force. It will be presence.



A BLENDED COMMUNITY AROUND
ONE WARM LIGHT

PORTFOLIO
PLATE



Theme and tone

Theme. Power without violence. Technology as care. Mutual concern across the barriers between species. The theme reads at every level of the work, from a single brass fitting on one character to the closing frame of the whole set.

Tone. Tender, curious, safe, quietly cinematic, neighborly. Approachable strangeness, never threatening strangeness. The work holds a real threat without becoming a work about the threat. The threat is what makes the quiet moments matter, not what the camera points at.

Register. The world in one paragraph: brass and ceramic and frosted glass, handcrafted and lightly worn, mist at knee height, cross-species dignity as the default, and an opposing force on the horizon that the Anurans will meet by being themselves more thoroughly, not by becoming something else.

28

One side believes the world is a problem to solve. The other believes the world is a conversation to join.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CORE OF THE CONFLICT



Comps and influences

The pairing: Jeff Smith's Bone meets Mark Ryden. Bone supplies the lived-in warmth of inhabited environments and the dignity of travelers crossing a real place. Ryden supplies the quiet uncanny and the stillness of how a moment is depicted. Together they put Frogtechnium between two registers: warm enough to step into, strange enough to keep looking at.

MARK RYDEN

Familiar characters presented slightly formally. A touch uncanny. The wrongness that makes it feel right. Informs plate framing and stillness.

JEFF SMITH, BONE

Lived-in warmth. Places with history that reward a long visit. Informs which images earn a full page.

BLOOM COUNTY, POGO

Affectionate eccentricity. Cross-species ensembles treated as equals. Informs pairing and caption voice.

HONORE DAUMIER

Atmospheric weight. Humidity, mist, and air that light has to pass through on its way to a face.

MIKE MIGNOLA

Heavy dark and bold negative space, reserved for this book's own divider pages. The one place the book goes full dark.

These works inform what the moments are, not how images render. Rendering stays painterly for concept work and photographic for hero frames.



Where it ends

The closing image is an Anuran and a human sitting together on a log at sunset in the swamp. No dialogue. No action. Mutual concern across species at full weight, in the quiet after the hard thing. The endpoint is declared now, not left open, so that every arc in this bible can be built toward it.



THE LAST IMAGE: NOT DEFEATED, OUTLASTED

NEW RENDER, JULY 2026 · NANO BANANA



PART TWO

The World

One humid country of basin and forest. A power that rose out of the planet. Two peoples learning to share a table.



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.

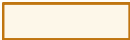
Life concentrates in a central wetland basin and the wooded rise around it. The land grows drier, colder, and stranger toward its edges, where the old roads break and the outside force came in. Nature is home in the center. The pressure comes from the rim.



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 life-energy

Power and animation in this world come from a life-energy that emerged from the planet itself. It is not chemical and not mechanical. Nothing is fueled, charged, or burned. This is the world's one piece of given physics, and everything soft-magical in Frogtechnium traces back to it.

The same energy explains the automata. With careful engineering, nearly anything can be given animation, purpose, and a kind of intelligence. The world is thick with made beings in many forms because life here is generous with itself.

The energy wells up at the Welling Springs, called the Quick, where the water glows faintly and the air stays warm. Communities treat the springs as half sacred and half studied, which is the world's whole epistemology in one image: reverence and measurement at the same pool.

Open

Whether the opposing force runs on the same planetary life-energy from elsewhere, or on a different principle, is deliberately unresolved.



THE QUICK: AN AUTOMATON WAKES
AT THE SPRINGS

NEW RENDER,
JULY 2026



Caretaker technology

The amphibians built a life-based technology that wraps the body as prosthetic habitat. Across their peoples there are tens of thousands of configurations, fitted to species, role, climate, and individual life. No two are the same. Wim's lantern-heart rig is one instance of the variety, not a standard model.

Built in the lab, alive in the field. Caretaker tech is engineered to a deliberate spec: tarnished brass, ceramic enamel, frosted glass, leather, soft hoses. The warm look is intentional design, not wild growth. But because the tech is life-based, field use draws life in. Fungus blooms at the seams. Flowering grasses root where seeds find purchase. Moss settles on older plates. A new piece is clean. A well-traveled piece carries its own small garden.

What it does. Warming coils against night chill. Hydration mist when humidity drops. Pollen and spore filters. Lantern-hearts that store and give warm light. Docking rings where dragonflies rest. Habitat, not equipment. The wearer lives inside it.

What it cannot do. It cannot weaponize. No weapon logic exists anywhere in the design vocabulary. No sharp edges, no targeting, no combat fittings.



[Open](#)

Failure modes when a piece is damaged or pushed past its design.



WIM RANULUS CONCEPT
SHEET: THE TECH AS
HABITAT

SOURCE DESIGN
PDF, MARCH 2026



THE ANURAN MATERIAL PALETTE

PROPOSAL DETAIL

The automata



A FROG-FORM AUTOMATON
WITH COMPANIONS

SOURCE DESIGN PDF,
MARCH 2026

The world holds very large and varied populations of automata: made beings animated by the planet's life-energy. Careful engineering can give nearly anything animation, purpose, and intelligence. The robotic-frog lineage most likely belongs to this class.

Proposal

Working detail for this draft. An automaton is not manufactured so much as woken. A community builds the body to spec, carries it to the Welling Springs, and waits. The waking is a naming day. By custom the new being is named for a household thing, a kettle, a latch, a spool, because the first gift a community gives a new mind is a place in the home.

Proposal

Automata choose their work the way people do, and most choose care: corridor lamps that walk themselves to where the fog is thickest, ferry-floats that remember every passenger, small weather-bells that sing pressure changes to farmers.

Open

The full catalogue of automata classes, and how freely new ones are made, stays a question for the interview.

The Anurans

Anuran is the in-world term for the amphibian peoples, frog-stock and toad-stock and their newt and salamander kin. Forest folk say frog-folk. Scholars say Anuran. All lineages share one signature: round forms, big living eyes, calm low posture, and caretaker tech wrapping the body in endlessly varied ways.



A DRESSED TOWNSPERSON



TRAVELERS ON THE ROADS



AN EXPEDITION PARTY

NEWT-STOCK

Smooth elongated bodies, rounded snouts, subtle tail fins. Wim Ranulus is fire-bellied newt lineage, technically a salamander, an Anuran in the broad in-world sense.

TOAD-STOCK

Stockier, broader silhouettes. The standing speaker of the campfire composition is toad-stock. Elders of this line carry the hospitality tradition.

TREE-FROG AND PEEPER KIN

Proposal
Small, bright-eyed, loud out of all proportion to their size. Most of the restless second generation's Anuran kids are these.

AUTOMATA

Made kin. Frog-form beings woken at the Springs, named for household things, holding their own place at the table.

Open

Whether in-world usage splits frogs and toads from newts and salamanders, or treats all as kin, stays unresolved. This draft treats them as kin.



Humans, and the first contact

A generation ago, the first humans arrived as an organized science expedition, deliberate and structured, with instruments and field-recording practice. The Anurans extended hospitality. The expedition leader became a hero on both sides of the species line. He is Iris Vimont's father, and he is dead now. His memory is carried by both peoples.

Humans do not wear caretaker tech of the Anuran style. What blended instead was craft. Anuran leather harness work and frosted-glass fittings beside human weaving, oiled cotton, reed-fiber satchels, and wooden buttons. Some objects belong to neither tradition alone, like a brass-capped walking staff both species claim to have invented, mostly with affection.

The aging differential. Anurans grow much faster than humans. Wim was a tad at first contact and is now an adult beside the expedition leader's middle-aged daughter. Every cross-species friendship carries this arithmetic: one party remembers the other as a much smaller being.



A HUMAN AND A LANTERN-
HEARTED GUIDE WALK ONE
CORRIDOR

FRAME FROM THE
FROGTECHNIUM REEL



FIELD NOTES FROM THE FIRST
GENERATION

PORTFOLIO
PLATE

PROPOSAL DETAIL

History with bearing on the story

Only the history the story leans on. Deep past stays iceberg by design.

LONG PAST

Proposal

The Quickening: the life-energy emerges from the planet. First automata wake at the springs. The amphibian peoples' caretaker craft grows up around this generosity. No one alive remembers a world without it.
First contact. The human science expedition arrives at the Outer Verge and is met with hospitality. The leader and his young daughter stay. A tad named Wim follows him everywhere.

THE BLENDED YEARS

Rapid cultural exchange. Blended communities, blended craft, public works: corridors, walkways, drainage, meeting spaces. Iris grows into the village's planner. Wim grows into its corridor-keeper.

SOME YEARS BACK

THE EXPEDITION LEADER DIES. IRIS INHERITS HIS STANDING WITHOUT BEING ASKED. WIM INHERITS HIS EXAMPLE. NEITHER HAS FULLY SET THE WEIGHT DOWN.
PROPOSAL TIMING

RECENT SEASONS

The signs. Leaves pale along the cold rim. Understory thins. Fewer insects hover. The forest becomes quiet in the wrong way, weeks before anyone sees a cause.

NOW

A Surveyor is seen crossing from the Outer Verge into the Paling Wood, with its reptiles. The story's present begins here: the village must decide what its gentleness is worth, and what it costs.

Bearing on the main story: first contact taught this world it can absorb an arrival and be enriched. The second arrival tests whether that lesson holds when the visitor does not want a seat at the table, only the table's measurements.

Cultures I: the Anuran way

Amphibianist values. The amphibians' analogue to humanism, and the cultural root of everything else. In workaday terms: every living thing has standing. Care is the highest use of power. A mind is a mind, whether it hatched, was born, or woke at a spring. Force is a failure of imagination. Nothing is finished, and that is good news.

Hospitality as structure. Hospitality is the founding cultural fact, older than contact and proven by it. The guest-lamp custom makes it visible: a small lit lamp at the door means there is room tonight for a traveler. A lane of lit guest-lamps is how a village says what it believes. With the Long Roads breaking, the custom has hardened into duty. No one crosses alone if a lamp can help it.

The corridor lines. Not guilds, lines: vocations passed from elder to tad by walking together. The fog-lantern line keeps safe moisture corridors at dusk and dawn. The spring-tenders keep the Quick. The road-menders keep what can still be kept of the causeways. A line is a living apprenticeship, and its tools are part of the body.

28

Names. Forest folk use the everyday name: Wim, Pip, Meru. The scholarly register adds a lineage surname drawn from an old classification: Ranulus, Bufonis, Triturin. The surname appears in council records and books, rarely at the table. Automata carry household names given on their naming day.

The Quick rites. Waking an automaton is the closest thing this culture has to a sacrament, and it is also a lab procedure with instruments and notes. Nobody sees a contradiction. Reverence and measurement share the same pool. The offering left at the spring is woven reed, never metal: you bring the water something that grew.

Time and the long friendship. Anurans mature fast and live shorter spans than humans. The cultures have built etiquette around the arithmetic of goodbyes. A cross-species pair who choose it are called long-friends, and the human is expected to carry the friendship's memory forward past the Anuran's span. It is considered an honor, not a grief, though it is also a grief.

Cultures II: the blended village

An ordinary day. Dawn: the fog-lantern guides walk the corridors while mist sits at knee height, and the guest-lamps are snuffed one by one as travelers move on. Morning: market on the wet lane, reed bread and pond greens, a human weaver trading with a toad-stock tinsmith. Midday: council in the arched hall, both species at one table, maps weighted with brass. Dusk: the lamps go up again, the corridors open, and the village hands itself over to the fog on purpose.

Festivals. First-Fog Night marks the contact anniversary: every lamp in the village lit at once and carried walking, so from the rise the lanes look like the marsh's own stars. The Masque of the Springs is the theatrical one, costumes with great glass amphibian eyes, retelling the first waking of the automata with more jokes every year.

The second generation. Human kids born in the village and Anuran kids born since contact share a slang their parents half-follow, race the corridors at dusk just inside the rules, and cannot understand why anyone would treat the two peoples as separate subjects. They are restless because the world is changing slower than they are. The threat will test them first.



THE MASQUE OF THE SPRINGS

REEL FRAME



A PARLOR WHERE EVERY KIND OF MIND
DRINKS TEA

REEL
FRAME



A SHARED, EVERYDAY WORLD

PORTFOLIO PLATE



The rules of the world

What is true here, stated plainly. These hold without exception on the Anuran side.

- Technology serves life and never dominates it. Caretaker tech is habitat, never armor.
- No Anuran ever carries, designs, or uses a weapon. The opposing force may hold tools that function as weapons, and they are never glamorous.
- No Anuran ever fights an opposing-force unit. Resistance is gentle interference: sitting, rerouting, carrying seeds, being unmodelable.
- Cross-species dignity is the default. A smaller companion is an equal presence, never a prop.
- The forest is home, not hostile terrain. Weather, mist, and water are the dominant facts of the air.
- Every light has an in-world cause. No magical glow, no floating runes, no holograms.
- No grime, no gore, no horror, no neon, no corporate sleekness, no depopulated CG perfection.
- No depiction of sacred or ceremonial sites from any living culture.
- Power is non-violent. The world's strength is that it stays in conversation.

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The no-weapons rule is about the protagonists, not the paint. It exists so that the register of power in this world stays kind, and it is the rule this IP will never break.



PART THREE

The Opposing Force

It arrives politely. It files paperwork. It leaves things cleaner than it found them. No lantern glyph on this page, and nothing grows in its corners.

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.

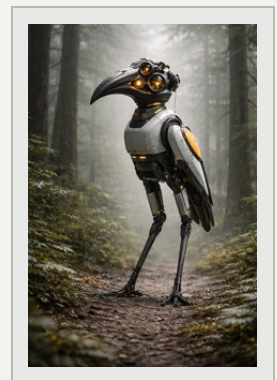


IT DOES NOT DESTROY. IT
FINALIZES.

NEW RENDER,
JULY 2026



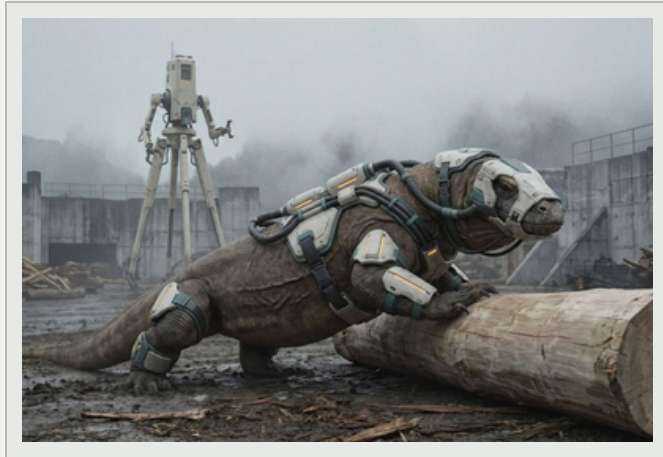
TOWER STUDY



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.



PART FOUR

Characters

Twelve beings across seven species and one class of visitor. Two are canon leads. The rest are proposals shaped to the world's values, written to be argued with.

PROPOSAL NAMES

The cast

WIM RANULUS	LEAD. FOG-LANTERN GUIDE AND WETLAND MEDIC. FIRE-BELLIED NEWT LINEAGE. THE LANTERN-HEART OF THE WHOLE WORLD. CANON
IRIS VIMONT	LEAD. HUMAN TOWN PLANNER, BRIDGE GENERATION, DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST-CONTACT EXPEDITION LEADER. THE CIVIC MIND CANON
MARN BUFONIS	THE TOAD SAGE. TOAD-STOCK SCHOLAR OF THE QUICK, YELLOW ARMOR, BLUE HOODED CAPE, BRASS ARMILLARY STAFF. THE CAMPFIRE'S STANDING SPEAKER. PROPOSAL NAME
PELL AND BRYN TRITURIN	THE CRESTED SIBLINGS. SLIM CRESTED TRAVELERS WITH RED AND BLUE DOT PATTERNS. ONE QUICK AND LOUD, ONE QUIET AND CARRYING A STONE EGG. PROPOSAL IDENTITY
KETTLE	THE AUTOMATON. CHUNKY ROBOTIC FROG, PALE BLUE PLATING, ORANGE AND BLUE DOT ORNAMENT. WOKEN AT THE SPRINGS, NAMED FOR A HOUSEHOLD THING. PROPOSAL NAME
TAM ELLERY AND PIP PSEUDACRIN	THE RESTLESS SECOND GENERATION. A HUMAN TEEN AND A SPRING-PEEPER TEEN, INSEPARABLE, FLUENT IN A SLANG THEIR PARENTS HALF-FOLLOW. PROPOSAL
MERU BOMBINA	THE ELDER. FIRE-BELLIED TOAD MATRIARCH, KEEPER OF THE GUEST-LAMPS, HOSPITALITY AS A FORM OF POWER. PROPOSAL
ELIAS VIMONT	THE REMEMBERED. THE FIRST-CONTACT EXPEDITION LEADER. DECEASED. HERO TO BOTH PEOPLES, FATHER TO IRIS, EXAMPLE TO WIM PROPOSAL NAME
THE UNNUMBERED	THE QUESTION. A REPTILE THAT NO LONGER HAS A HANDLER. IT STAYS NEAR THE FINALIZED ZONE, AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT WANTS. PROPOSAL
THE SURVEYORS	THE OPPOSING CLASS. THE BIRD-LIKE HANDLERS. NOT A CHARACTER, A WEATHER. FULL DESIGN IN PART III. CANON

Naming system

Canon

: an everyday given name plus a lineage surname drawn from an old classification, used in scholarly registers. Wim Ranulus is the documented instance. The proposal names above follow it. Automata take household names given at their waking.

Wim Ranulus

FOG-LANTERN GUIDE AND WETLAND MEDIC • FIRE-BELLIED NEWT LINEAGE



CANONICAL CONCEPT SHEET SOURCE PDF, MARCH 2026

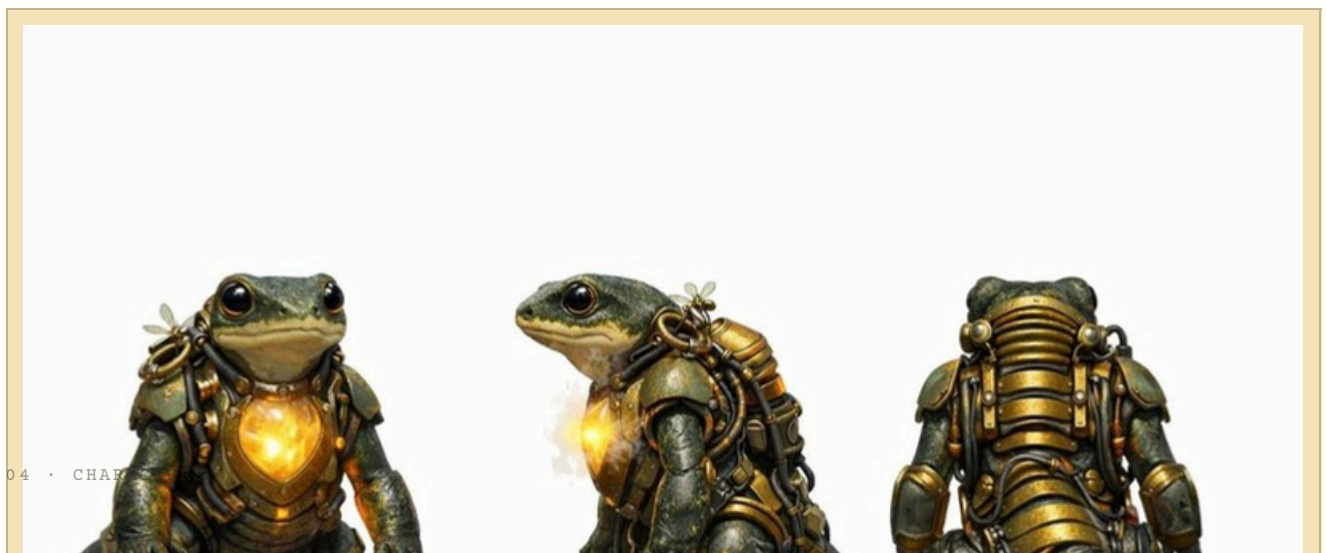
At first glance. A wetland medic moving slowly through fog, lantern glowing softly from the chest.

Actually. A quietly brilliant caretaker who maintains safe moisture corridors at dusk and dawn, revives stressed amphibians, and walks travelers across marsh paths without altering the land.

The body. Smooth elongated newt form, rounded snout, wide expressive eyes set slightly forward, subtle tail fin, calm low posture. Broad triangular silhouette: head wide, base stable, no sharp edges anywhere.

The rig. Frosted-glass lantern-heart at the chest, glowing like trapped fireflies. Warming coil along the spine, visible through segmented enamel. Hydration mist nozzle under the heart. Pollen filter at the neck, gently spinning. Insect docking ring on the left shoulder, etched with tiny wear marks where dragonflies rest.

History. He was a tad at first contact and grew up fast beside Elias Vimont, learning what the visiting species was like by following its best example everywhere. Renamed from the earlier working name Lumen Reedkeeper. The surname draws on the genus *Rana*.



Wim, inside

External want. To keep every corridor open through the season as the Long Roads fail. No traveler lost, no stressed creature unrevived, no lamp unlit. Concretely: hold the crossing network together with his own two feet.

Internal need. To believe care can outlive the carer. He learned caretaking from a man who died, and he has quietly concluded that the work only holds if he personally holds it. He needs to pass the lantern, and he does not know how to want that yet.

Central wound. The arithmetic of goodbyes. He grew from tad to adult inside the later years of his hero's life, fast enough to watch the man age. Every cross-species friendship carries that math, and Wim carries Elias's death as proof of it. He was walking someone else's corridor the evening it happened. Nobody's fault, which is the hard part.

Defining contradiction. He keeps corridors open for a living and keeps his own doors closed. A guide who cannot ask to be guided.

Arc direction. From carrying the dead man's example alone, toward teaching it. The season he takes Pip Pseudacrin on the dusk rounds is the season the wound starts closing. The endpoint two-shot is what it looks like finished: sitting down, at rest, beside the person who shares the weight.

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Voice. Low volume, present tense. He names creatures precisely, species and all, because precision is a form of tenderness. He asks small practical questions instead of offering comfort: Cold? There is a coil for that. He measures time in water and light, by the second mist, before the reeds let go of the sun. He answers a beat late, having listened past the words.

Signature phrases. Walk where I glow. The marsh says otherwise. Slowly is fastest.

Would never say. Anything that threatens, dismisses, or shames another creature. Anything weaponized, even as metaphor: no war words, no targets, no enemies. Hurry, said to anyone cold-blooded. It is just an insect. Any sentence that treats a living thing as a means.

Sample dialogue. "You can hold the lantern if you like. It does not need holding. But some nights the holder does." • "The road is broken. The way is not." • "He taught me the word patience in his language. I taught him ours. His was a stone. Ours is a seed."

Iris Vimont

TOWN PLANNER • HUMAN • BRIDGE GENERATION

At first glance. A town planner with maps and a quiet competence, standing on a wet wooden walkway with her sleeves rolled up.

Actually. The daughter of the first-contact expedition leader. The most institutionally placed human in the village. The person both species look to when the question is what to build next, and where.

External want. To finish the public works her father started and design the next ones: the corridors, bridges, drainage, and meeting spaces a blended society of equals actually needs.

Internal need. To grieve her father without dissolving the role he handed her. She has not let herself be a daughter since he died. She has only been a planner.

Defining contradiction. She designs gathering spaces for a blended society and rarely sits down inside one.

Arc direction. From the planner who carries her father's mission to a person who can sit on a log at sunset and not be working. The endpoint image is the moment that arc completes.

The two-shot logic. Wim is wide at the base, low and grounded. Iris is taller, narrower, angled toward him. Their silhouettes nest. The endpoint composition is built into their bodies.



FIRST DEDICATED PORTRAIT: SHE
WALKS THE MARSH FOR A LIVING

NEW RENDER,
JULY 2026



Iris, in detail

Voice. Educated, civic, comfortable with technical language but never stiff. Ordinary words when ordinary words will do. Mid-length sentences, periods not semicolons. She trails into thought when working a problem aloud, then snaps back into clarity. She listens more than she speaks, and prefaces a hard request with the recipient's name and a short pause. Wim notices.

Signature phrases. Let's walk it, when a planning question needs the body involved before the mind. What did the marsh say last week, to Wim, about field readings no council instrument can replicate. Not yet, soon: her father's phrase, kept.

Would never say. Anything that diminishes either people relative to the other. Anything that frames the opposing force as a problem to outsmart, because mirroring the enemy's shape of mind is losing. We don't have time for this: time is her medium, and refusing it is refusing herself.

Registers. Civic in council. Familiar with Wim. Tender with children of either species, crouching slowly to their eye level so the movement does not startle.

Wardrobe. Long oiled-cotton overshirt in muted moss and fog. Sturdy trousers soft at the knee from reading survey markers on wet ground. Broken-in boots. Reed-fiber satchel, leather-strap field roll. A frosted-glass pendant with a small warming coil, a courtesy gift from Wim's lineage, worn daily. A brass-capped wooden staff that both species claim to have invented.

Mannerisms. Touches a stone or post once when entering a familiar space, a small ritual of arrival. Sets the field roll down only deliberately. Leans forward and angles her head when Wim reads the marsh aloud, the way humans do when they trust the speaker.

Relationships. Wim: devoted friend, colleague, co-anchor of the blended-society project, the only Anuran who knew her father at length, while she is the only human who knew Wim as a tad. They carry each other's history. Her father's planning notes sit in a wooden box above her drafting table, unopened since the funeral.



THE SPINE OF THE BIBLE: CORRIDOR-SCALE CARE BESIDE CIVIC-SCALE BUILDING

REEL FRAME

PROPOSAL NAME AND DEPTH

Marn Bufonis

THE TOAD SAGE · SCHOLAR OF THE QUICK · THE STANDING SPEAKER



THE PARTY ON THE ROADS, MARN
AT THE FORE

PORTFOLIO
PLATE

Canon anchor. A toad-stock mage in yellow armor with a blue hooded cape, a knit yellow and black scarf, and a brass armillary staff. The standing speaker of the four-traveler campfire composition, mid-sentence while the others tend the fire.

Proposal

Who he is. Mage is the road name. The armillary staff is a scholar's instrument, and Marn is a spring-tender who left the Welling Springs to map where the Quick still rises along the cold rim. His so-called armor is ceremonial enamel, formal dress for visiting springs, no more martial than a choir robe. He talks too much because he is used to lecturing water.

Want. To find one spring still rising inside the Paling Wood, proof the finalized zones can wake back up.

Would never say. That is impossible. Anything unkind about a question, however small.

Voice. Rolling, warm, footnoted. Starts sentences with Consider. Apologizes to furniture he bumps.

OPEN IDENTITY

Pell and Bryn Triturin

THE CRESTED SIBLINGS • THE QUICK ONE AND THE QUIET ONE

Canon anchors. Two slim crested travelers with red and blue dot patterns. One wears red sneakers and interrupts from a seated sprawl. The other wears a brown striped cape, tends the fire, and carries a stone egg it sets down only while working.

Proposal

Identity resolution. This draft reads them as crested-newt kin, amphibians whose dot patterns and crests were misread as lizard in the original composition notes. It is the reading that keeps them clear of the Surveyors' reptiles and gives the party a clean all-Anuran-and-automaton shape. Siblings: Pell the quick one, Bryn the quiet one.

Open

The other two readings stay live. A friendly native lizard people, unrelated to the opposing force. Or freed working reptiles, now traveling with companions, which would make the party itself an argument the Surveyors cannot model. Dave decides. The stone egg's nature is also open.

Proposal

: an

Voices. Pell: fast, teasing, first to laugh, first to unspoken automaton seed from the Springs, carried toward a naming day that keeps not arriving. Bryn: four words where others use forty, all four chosen. Neither would ever mock the other's pace.



THE SIBLINGS IN ENSEMBLE
MOTION

PORTFOLIO
PLATE



THE CAMPFIRE WHERE BRYN SETS
THE EGG DOWN

PORTFOLIO
PLATE

PROPOSAL NAME AND DEPTH

Kettle

FROG-FORM AUTOMATON • WOKEN AT THE SPRINGS • THE FOREGROUND ANCHOR



CHUNKY BUILD, PALE BLUE PLATING, SOURCE PDF, ORANGE AND BLUE DOT ORNAMENT MARCH 2026

Canon anchor. The chunky robotic frog of the four-traveler composition, pale blue plating with orange and blue dot ornament, robotic in form with biological logic at the surface. Most likely a life-energy automaton.

Proposal

Who Kettle is. Woken at the Welling Springs and named, by custom, for a household thing. Kettle chose road work: carrying warmth. A small samovar chamber in the chest keeps tea hot for whoever falters last on a cold crossing. Kettle counts things aloud softly, steps, herons, stars, because counting is how a made mind says the world is worth noticing.
Want. To attend a waking at the Springs and be the one who says the new name.

The tell. Moss grows freely on Kettle's shoulder plates, and Kettle waters it. Any frame that pairs Kettle with a Surveyor unit is the whole conflict in one image: two made beings, one that gardens itself and one that refuses weather.

Would never say. I am only a machine. Neither would anyone else in this world say it of them.

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Tam Ellery and Pip Pseudacrin

THE RESTLESS COHORT • A HUMAN TEEN AND A SPRING-PEEPER TEEN

Why they exist. The logline names restless kids as one of the world's three pressures. These two are the faces of it: born after contact, fluent in each other's worlds, impatient with everyone who still treats the two peoples as separate subjects.

Tam Ellery, human, fifteen. Third-generation expedition family. Repairs caretaker harnesses with a weaver's patience and wants, badly, to be apprenticed to a corridor line, which has never been done by a human. Practical, stubborn, allergic to ceremony.

Pip Pseudacrin, spring-peeper lineage, the smallest kind of Anuran and the loudest. Pip's voice carries across the whole basin, and Pip uses it: first to call the water level, first to argue in council though not yet seated, first to say the thing everyone is thinking about the Paling Wood. Wim has started taking Pip on the dusk rounds. Neither of them has called it an apprenticeship yet.

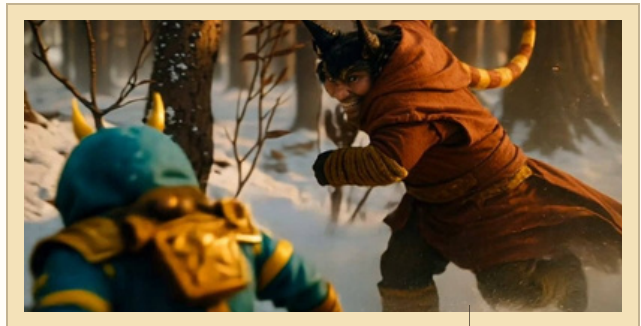
The friction. They want to interfere more than gently. The no-force rule will be tested through them, and held through them, which is the point. Their rebellion is corridor-racing at dusk, just inside the rules, timed by Kettle.

Would never say. Tam: it is not my place. Pip: nothing quietly.



FOUR HANDS ON ONE HARNESS,
NEITHER SPEAKING

NEW RENDER,
JULY 2026



THE RESTLESS REGISTER

REEL FRAME

Meru Bombina

FIRE-BELLIED TOAD MATRIARCH • KEEPER OF THE GUEST-LAMPS



ONE LAMP PER
TRAVELER SHE CAN
SHELTER TONIGHT

NEW RENDER, JULY
2026, PAINTERLY
REGISTER

Who she is. The oldest fire-bellied line in the village, and the living center of its hospitality. Meru keeps the guest-lamp registry, which is to say she decides nothing and remembers everything: who has room, who needs quiet, which traveler should not be placed next to which. When first contact happened a generation ago, it was Meru's mother who lit the first lamp for a human. Meru was holding the taper.

Her power. She has no title. She needs none. When Meru stands in a doorway, the village remembers what it believes. She is the one character who can end an argument by offering everyone soup.

In the conflict. Meru's answer to the Surveyors is the oldest one she has: she walks to the edge of the Paling Wood once a season and hangs a lit guest-lamp on a branch. Not strategy. Vocabulary. The lamp says what the village would say to any arrival: there is room, if you can sit at a table.

Would never say. We are full. You should have written ahead. Anything that makes a guest feel weighed.

Voice. Short sentences, long pauses, devastating timing. Endearments used as punctuation, mostly at people she is correcting.

PROPOSAL NAME

Elias Vimont, remembered

FIRST-CONTACT EXPEDITION LEADER · DECEASED · CARRIED BY BOTH PEOPLES

Canon. The leader of the first-contact science expedition. Iris's father. Hero figure to the Anurans who knew him, most of all to a tad named Wim who followed him everywhere and learned what the visiting species was like from its best example. He is dead now. His memory is held on both sides of the species line. Canon keeps him unnamed until a scene requires it. This draft proposes the name Elias Vimont and nothing else about him that the story does not already imply.

What he did that mattered. He arrived with instruments and chose manners. The expedition could have measured this world. Its leader elected to be introduced to it instead, and that choice, repeated daily for years, is why there is a blended village instead of a study site. The contrast with the Surveyors writes itself, and the work should let it stay quiet: one visitor asked, the other assigns probability values.

What he left. A daughter who builds what he imagined and has not yet wept for him. A newt who walks corridors the way Elias walked into villages, slowly, announced by light. A wooden box of planning notes above a drafting table, unopened since the funeral. The box is a scene waiting to happen, and this draft leaves it shut.



HIS INSTRUMENTS, STILL IN
USE

PORTFOLIO
PLATE

[PLACEHOLDER]

PURPOSE · ONE ARCHIVAL-FEEL PORTRAIT
OF ELIAS, MID-CONVERSATION WITH AN
ANURAN ELDER

SOURCE · GENERATE, PAINTERLY REGISTER
ASPECT · 4:5 FRAMED

SEED · KIND WEATHERED FIELD SCIENTIST,
NOTEBOOK AND BRASS INSTRUMENTS,
LISTENING POSTURE, MISTY VILLAGE LANE,
WARM WINDOW LIGHT

The Unnumbered

A REPTILE WITHOUT A HANDLER • SAPIENCE UNRESOLVED BY DESIGN

The premise of it. Every working reptile carries a unit designation in dull amber on its wrapping. This one's status lines went dark seasons ago, and no Surveyor has come to collect it. It stays near the edge of the finalized zone, neither leaving nor working, and the village argues about what that means.

Three readings, held open on purpose. An abandoned tool, powered down and waiting. An escaped mind, resting for the first time. An animal, done working, being an animal. The work never resolves this, because the audience's uncertainty about the Unnumbered is the same uncertainty the Anurans hold about every reptile the Surveyors handle, and resolving it would let everyone off the hook.

What it does. It watches the guest-lamp Meru hangs each season. Last season, it moved twelve paces closer to it. That is the entire arc so far, and this draft proposes it stay that slow.

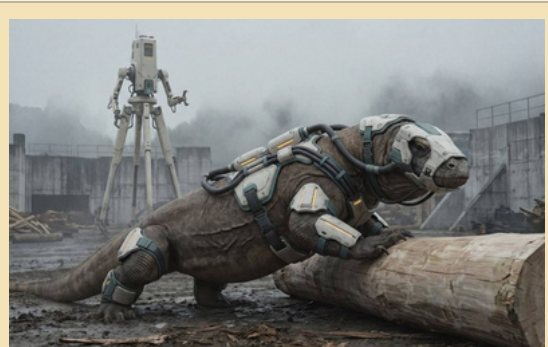
The rule it tests. If it ever crosses out of the pale wood, someone will have to decide whether the hospitality custom applies to it. Meru has already decided. The council has not.

It would never. Speak. The reptiles do not speak, and the Unnumbered is not an exception. It is the silence, given a name that is not a name.



ARCHIVAL STUDY, FIT
UNCONFIRMED

PORTFOLIO FILE,
REVIEW FOR CANON



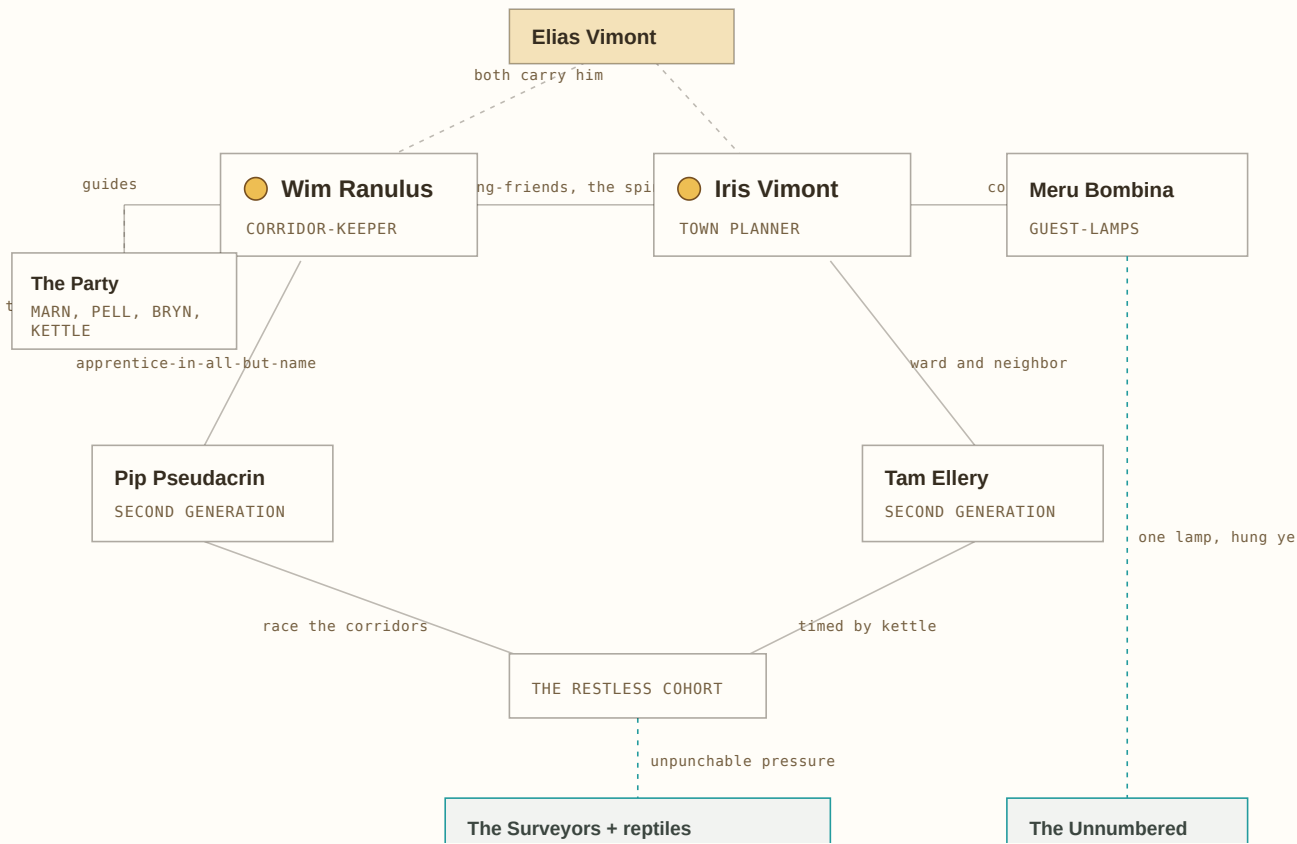
THE WRAPPING IT STILL
WEARS, GONE DARK

DETAIL OF THE
JULY RENDER



How they hold each other

Wim and Iris are the spine: corridor-scale care beside civic-scale building, the body beside the body politic. Elias is the absent figure both carry. The travelers orbit. The kids push. The opposing force is the pressure none of them can punch.





One line each, blind

The differentiation test for any script pass: cover the names and the lines should still sort themselves. The would-never-say list is the strongest guard against generic dialogue in any AI-assisted draft.

WIM	"Slowly is fastest. Ask the fog, it has crossed more nights than either of us." <i>Never: war words, hurry, anything that shames.</i>
IRIS	"Let's walk it. Maps argue less when your boots are wet." <i>Never: either people diminished, the enemy's logic borrowed.</i>
MARN	"Consider the spring. It has never once been asked to rise, and yet." <i>Never: that is impossible, unkindness to a question.</i>
PELL	"I interrupted because you were about to be wrong with confidence." <i>Never: mockery of Bryn's silence.</i>
BRYN	"The egg is warm. We keep walking." <i>Never: a fifth word where four hold.</i>
KETTLE	"Forty-one herons since the bridge. Tea in three minutes. You are all doing very well." <i>Never: I am only a machine.</i>
TAM	"I fixed the valve twice. Ceremony did not help it either time." <i>Never: it is not my place.</i>
PIP	"THE WATER IS UP TWO HANDS AND SOMEBODY SHOULD SAY SO OFFICIALLY." <i>Never: anything quietly.</i>
MERU	"Sit down, dear one. Anger travels badly on an empty stomach." <i>Never: we are full.</i>
THE SURVEYOR	Does not speak. Dull amber status light, a harmonic hum in absolute silence. <i>Never: conversation, eye contact, preference, hurry, hesitation.</i>

05



PART FIVE

Design

Edges, silhouettes, materials, and light. The rules that keep every image in one world.

Design language

Edge quality. Soft. Painterly but readable in concept work, photographic with natural lens character in hero frames. No vector-flat edges, no hard cel outlines, no CG perfection. Edges look touched, weathered, breathing.

Silhouette policy. Strong silhouettes are mandatory, readable at small size in pure black. The world favors Wim's kind of shape: broad triangular base, stable, calm, low center of gravity. No blade-shaped silhouettes anywhere.

Shape language. Round and organic at the body. Engineered and articulated at the prosthesis. The two registers meet at brass joint rings, leather straps, and enamel seams. Even architecture softens: the cathedral arch wears moss and a mist halo.

Level of detail. Dense and textural at the material level, spare and iconic at the silhouette level. Read it at a glance, reward the closer look: mineral grain, oxidation, fiber, moisture sheen, use-wear.

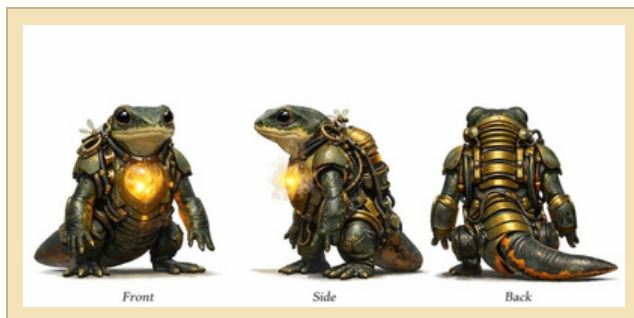
Negative space. Breathing room around the subject. Habitable frames: foreground anchor, midground action, background that opens the world without competing. No crowding, no screensaver symmetry, no hero-poster centering.

The rule this world refuses to break.

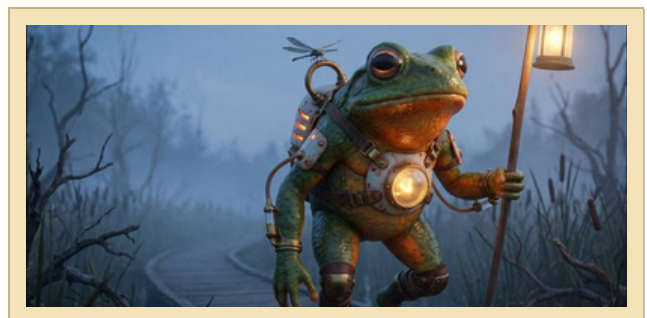
No weapons, no combat, no sharp edges, no targeting optics, no martial fittings. Power is non-violent and the visual language holds it without exception.

THE RULE IT LOVES TO BREAK. THE LANTERN-HEART SITS WHERE THE SOUL WOULD BE AND GLOWS THROUGH FROSTED GLASS. GENRE LOGIC HIDES THE POWER CORE BEHIND PLATING. FROGTECHNIUM PUTS THE EMOTIONAL ORGAN AT CHEST CENTER AND LETS EVERYONE SEE IT.

OPEN: CONFIRM AS THE
OFFICIAL ANSWER



SILHOUETTE: CARETAKER, LOW POSTURE, GLOWING CENTER



A FOG-LANTERN GUIDE AT DUSK, HERO REGISTER



PROPOSAL CURVE

Color script

Two palettes in deliberate tension. Any frame holding both must read the ethical contrast instantly, with no label.

THE ANURAN WORLD



THE OPPOSING FORCE



WARM ANCHOR

Anuran: the lantern-heart yellow. Opposing: dull amber, status lines only, never warmth.

EXCLUDED

Anuran side: cyberpunk neon, pure white, dieselpunk rust, high saturation anything. Opposing side: true green, brass, warm yellow, moss colors.

ESTABLISHED ANCHORS

Wim concept sheet: mid-script, lantern yellow as primary saturation. Four-traveler campfire: late blue hour, warm fire key against cool ambient, the strongest contrast in the warm set. Endpoint: warm sunset over still water, low saturation, the quietest beat.

TEMPERATURE CURVE

Proposal
Across a season: open neutral-warm in the village, cool toward the rim as the Surveyor story rises, hold the coldest beat inside the finalized zone, and close warmer than the opening at the swamp log. The audience should feel the thaw before anyone names it.



Materials and props

Always present, in some combination.

Tarnished brass at joints, gauges, valves, and lens housings, light patina only, fingerprints and fine scratches, never mirror polish. Frosted glass that diffuses warm light like held breath, never a sci-fi power core. Ceramic enamel in pale moss, warm yellow, soft blue, worn at the edges the body touches most. Leather straps that distribute weight like a prosthetic harness. Soft rubber hoses routed like veins, never tangled. And the living layer: fungus at seams, flowering grasses, moss on old plates, humidity sheen on everything.

Environment materials. Mossy timber, wet and structurally trustworthy. Cathedral-arched stone with mineral grain and plant infiltration. External brass piping with visible oxidation. Warm lamplit window glass. Tied hot-air balloons in conifer mist. Wet earthen lanes that reflect fire and window light as one continuous surface.

Never present. Mirror chrome, high-gloss acrylic, plastic that reads as plastic, modern concrete, extruded steel, plate glass in modern frames, fabricated signage, blade metals of any kind.

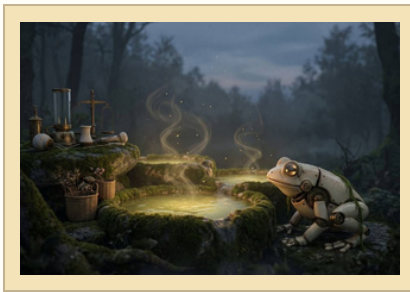
Hero props. The lantern-heart reservoir, an emotional organ in engineered frosted glass. Marn's brass armillary staff, held loose, gravity on it, a scholar's instrument and never a combat staff. Bryn's stone egg, set down only during fire-tending, watched but momentarily released. The camp kettle with its thread of vapor. Travel gear that reads as the kit of people living out of it, never a fantasy-game inventory diorama.

The accretion signature. A brand-new piece is clean to spec. A well-traveled piece carries its own small garden. Age in this world is not decay. It is company.



BRASS, KNIT, GLASS

28



INSTRUMENTS AND OFFERINGS



LIVED-OUT-OF GEAR



Lighting

Master rules. Two committed light sources per frame, at most. Every light traces to an in-world cause. Atmospheric particulates stay at one density across the depth of the image. Distance desaturates and softens. Wet ground reflects key and ambient as one continuous surface.

Mode one: late blue hour with campfire. Fire low and warm, raking up across faces and underchins, catching specular highlights on metal and wet ground. Cool blue-grey ambient from twilight sky filtered through mist. One warm interior window in the deep midground as the narrative anchor. Realistic ember sparks and steam only.

Mode two: soft misty forest light, dawn or dusk. Diffused light through trees, mist scattering everywhere. The lantern-heart as the warm secondary, lighting the chest plate, the lower jaw, the underside of held things. Shallow focus welcome, the heart at or near the focus plane.

Forbidden. Glowing crystals as the only source. Floating particles beyond sparks and steam. Runes, holograms, magical glow with no cause.

Open

Full-day mode, deep-night mode, and weather modes wait until a frame needs them.



WARM KEY, COOL AIR

PORTFOLIO PLATE



THE WINDOW AS NARRATIVE ANCHOR

PORTFOLIO PLATE



PART SIX

Locations

The village, the basin, the breaking roads, the pale wood,
and the springs where everything wakes.



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.

PROPOSAL DETAIL

The Reedmarsh Basin

The wetland heart. Shallow water, reed beds, mist at knee height at dawn. The richest life anywhere in the world lives here, and the corridor network is how everyone else gets to visit it safely. Wim's moisture corridors run through the basin at dusk and dawn, lit lantern by lantern.

The corridors.

Proposal

A corridor is not a road. It is a promise: a line through the marsh where the crossing is watched, the water is read, and the small lives underfoot are accounted for. Corridor lamps are automata. They walk themselves to where the fog is thickest and wait for travelers like patient dogs. **The endpoint swamp.** The basin's quiet southern edge, where still water holds the sunset. This is where the closing two-shot happens: the log, the reeds, the lantern-heart's small answer to the sun. The place should feel found, not staged, a spot Wim has passed a thousand times and never once sat down in until the day he does.



THE SOUTHERN EDGE AT
SUNSET

NEW RENDER, JULY
2026



THE BASIN'S OTHER KINGDOM, BELOW
THE SURFACE

PORTFOLIO
PLATE



The Long Roads, the Rising Lowlands

The Long Roads. Old raised causeways and trackways that string the hamlets together across varied country. They are breaking. As they fail, places a day apart become a week apart, and crossing safely becomes a vocation. The roads are the travelers' artery, the reason the campfire beats happen, and the reason hospitality hardened into duty. A broken road in this world is not scenery. It is a social fact.

The Rising Lowlands. Low country along the basin's outflow where the water is rising and slowly taking old settlements. Half-drowned walls. Still flood water. Families moving uphill with what floats. The world's clearest picture of loss without a villain, and the work keeps it that way: the water is not the enemy, and neither is anyone else in frame.

Why they matter together. These two regions carry the world's honest weather. Not every hardship comes from the Surveyors, and the story is stronger because the village cannot blame everything on the visitor. The response is the same either way: reroute, shelter, carry, keep the corridors open.

[PLACEHOLDER]

PURPOSE • THE DROWNED ARCHES OF THE LOWLANDS, A FAMILY POLING UPHILL AT DAWN

SOURCE • GENERATE, HERO REGISTER

ASPECT • 3:2 FRAMED

CAPTION • LOSS WITHOUT A VILLAIN

SEED • HALF-DROWNED MOSSY WALLS IN STILL FLOOD WATER, REED BOAT, BELONGINGS THAT FLOAT, KNEE MIST, NO DRAMA, TENDERNESS



TRAVELERS WHERE A ROAD GAVE OUT PORTFOLIO PLATE



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.

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.



Locations to come

Build as the story needs them. Each placeholder is sized to the page space its plate will occupy, with a paste-ready seed in the production register.

[PLACEHOLDER • THE COUNCIL HALL]

PURPOSE • THE ARCHED HALL WHERE BOTH SPECIES SIT AT ONE TABLE
ASPECT • 3:2 • SOURCE • GENERATE
SEED • CATHEDRAL-ARCHED STONE INTERIOR SOFTENED BY MOSS AND LAMPLIGHT, LONG TIMBER TABLE, MIXED-SPECIES COUNCIL STUDYING A WEIGHTED PAPER MAP, NO ONE LOOKING AT CAMERA

[PLACEHOLDER • MERU'S LAMP-HOUSE]

PURPOSE • THE HOSPITALITY HEART, INTERIOR AT DUSK
ASPECT • 4:5 • SOURCE • GENERATE
SEED • WARM TIMBER INN INTERIOR, ROWS OF SMALL BRASS GUEST-LAMPS, REED TEXTILES, A POT AT THE HEARTH, ONE LAMP BEING LIT FOR A LATE ARRIVAL

[PLACEHOLDER • THE OUTER VERGE]

PURPOSE • THE HORIZON WHERE THE OUTSIDE FORCE CAME IN
ASPECT • 21:9 • SOURCE • GENERATE
SEED • LAND THINNING TO OPEN COUNTRY AND OPEN SKY, LAST LINE OF CONIFERS, DISTANT PALE RECTILINEAR FORMS ON THE HORIZON, ONE WATCHER WITH A LANTERN, VAST NEGATIVE SPACE

[PLACEHOLDER • A CORRIDOR AT DUSK]

PURPOSE • THE CROSSING ITSELF, LAMP BY LAMP
ASPECT • 2:3 • SOURCE • GENERATE
SEED • MARSH PATH IN FOG WITH A LINE OF SMALL WALKING LAMP AUTOMATA, WET BOARDWALK, DRAGONFLIES, A TRAVELER MID-CROSSING GUIDED BY A DISTANT LANTERN-HEART GLOW



PART SEVEN

Story

The engine is canon. The spine is proposed. The ending is declared. The depth between is deferred on purpose.



The story engine

The quiet moment before a hard thing.

The engine. The kind of moment this world depicts is a small group's reflection or consternation before a significant, often physical, challenge. The breath is being held, the conversation is being had, the wood is being placed on the fire, while something is on the way. The hard thing may or may not be visible in frame.

What it produces. A campfire at blue hour where travelers debate a route before the morning crossing. A dock at dawn where a guide kneels to check the lantern-heart before walking a stranger across. A council table where five villagers of mixed species study a weighted map, none of them looking at the camera. A workshop where two second-generation kids repair one harness, neither speaking.

What it never produces. Action mid-event. Aftermath. Heroic isolation on a vista. Raised-voice conflict. Pure leisure with no hard thing on the way.

Why this engine fits. The world's ethic is interfere gently, do not fight. Its drama is facing the hard thing without changing who you are. The before-moment is where that act is most visible. The campfire is the room where the ethic gets refreshed for the morning.



THE BREATH BEFORE THE HARD
THING

PORTFOLIO
PLATE



CONSTERNATION, MID-ROUTE

PORTFOLIO PLATE

Season arcs

A first-draft shape, not yet canon. Three seasons, each ending one step closer to the log at sunset.

SEASON ONE THE ARRIVAL

A Surveyor crosses from the Verge into a thriving corridor. The village splits three ways: cooperate, ignore, interfere gently. Wim quietly keeps the corridor alive while the council argues, Iris is forced to plan for a neighbor that files paperwork, and Pip says the thing out loud in front of everyone. Season ends: the first finalized zone appears on the map, and Meru hangs a lamp at its edge. The audience learns the rules of gentle resistance by watching them cost something.

SEASON TWO THE PALING

The finalized zone spreads, and the second generation pushes. Tam and Pip organize the corridor-racers into something the elders will not name a movement. Marn goes looking for a spring inside the pale wood and does not send word. The Unnumbered goes dark and stays. The no-force rule is tested to its limit by the people who love it most, and holds, barely, at a cost the season does not hide. Season ends: one corridor kept alive inside a finalized zone, at the price of the village's comfortable unanimity.

SEASON THREE THE CONVERSATION

Presence at scale. The peoples choose to make whole regions unresolvable: seed-carrying as civic practice, sitting as strategy, joyful inefficiency as public works. The Surveyors are not defeated and cannot be. They are outlasted into irrelevance, region by region, recalculation by recalculation. The cost and the grace of that choice land in the endpoint. Season ends: the log, the sunset, the conversation continuing.

The three pressures pace the three seasons: roads breaking in one, water rising through two, forests cooling across all three. Only the cooling belongs to the enemy, which keeps the world honest.

LOREM DEPTH

Episodes and issues

One canon, three cadences. The series carries the arcs as episodes. A feature can hold the season-one arrival as a self-contained film. A graphic-novel issue can hold a single corridor and a single quiet stand. Season one sketched below; depth past episode three is deliberately Lorem until the spine is confirmed.

S1 E1 THE SECOND MIST	WIM WALKS A STRANGER ACROSS AT DUSK AND FINDS THE FIRST PALE LEAVES. IRIS READS HER FATHER'S UNOPENED BOX'S SPINE ON THE SHELF AND DOES NOT TAKE IT DOWN. THE SURVEYOR IS ONE SILHOUETTE ON THE VERGE, UNEXPLAINED. PROPOSAL
S1 E2 GUEST-LAMP	A FAMILY FROM THE LOWLANDS ARRIVES WET AT MERU'S DOOR THE SAME NIGHT THE COUNCIL FIRST SAYS THE WORD SURVEYOR OUT LOUD. HOSPITALITY AND FEAR SHARE ONE TABLE. PROPOSAL
S1 E3 THE ONE THAT MEASURES	FIRST FULL ENCOUNTER. IT PAUSES, EXTENDS A SENSOR, RECORDS, STEPS ASIDE. PIP SHOUTS AT IT. NOTHING HAPPENS. THE NOTHING IS THE EPISODE. PROPOSAL
S1 E4	Lorem Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco.
S1 E5	Lorem Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Sed non risus.
S1 E6	Suspendisse lectus tortor, dignissim sit amet, adipiscing nec, ultricies sed, dolor. Lorem Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit. Cras elementum ultrices diam, maecenas ligula massa, varius a, semper congue, euismod non, mi.
S1 E7	Lorem Proin porttitor, orci nec nonummy molestie, enim est eleifend mi, non fermentum diam nisl sit amet erat. Duis semper justo nec orci.
S1 E8 FINALE	THE FIRST ZONE FINALIZES. MERU WALKS TO ITS EDGE AND HANGS A LAMP. THE CAMERA STAYS ON THE LAMP LONG AFTER EVERYONE HAS GONE HOME. PROPOSAL



07 • STORY • THE ENDPOINT, DECLARED
CANON



Not defeated. Outlasted.

The series ends where the portfolio set ends: an Anuran and a human on a log at sunset, the threat not beaten but made irrelevant by a world that refused to stop inventing itself. No dialogue. No action. The conversation continues. Declared now, so every arc can be built toward it, and never left open the way the famous failures left theirs.



PART EIGHT

Production

How the images get made, what exists, what to make next,
and the judgment layer that keeps it all one world.



How the images get made

Tool routing. Concept sheets and painterly character work: ChatGPT image or Higgsfield Nano Banana. Photoreal hero frames and establishing wides: Higgsfield Nano Banana Pro. Maps and palette-locked flat illustration: Recraft V4.1 with the nine Frogtechnium hexes. Video first-frames: still first, then motion, always.

The map recipe, validated July 1. Recraft V4.1, 2k, 3:2, palette locked, text-free prompt, flat editorial style plus the amphibian-native twist. Labels overlaid separately in a design tool so every name stays a live layer. Proof each render for stray lettering.

The Reference Override Guard, applied always. When a prompt carries image references, it must state that reference visibility is not permission to replicate: forbidden elements are treated as absent from the synthesis even when a reference shows them, and text wins on contradiction. Validated four for four on April 30.

Global forbidden elements, every generation. Weapons, combat poses, sharp silhouette edges, cyberpunk neon, dieselpunk grime, corporate sleekness, chibi proportions, dead robot eyes, crystals as the only light, floating runes or holograms, unmotivated glow, sacred sites of any living culture, horror, gore, dystopian cliché, lineup-against-backdrop staging.

The quality gate. Would a sophisticated creative director recognize trained visual judgment in this frame. If it reads as generic AI, it is not done. Thirty years of drawing, photographing, and directing is the judgment layer. The tools execute. The eye decides.

Consistency plan.



Open

No Soul ID or LoRA is trained yet. Priority order when training begins: Wim, then the four travelers, then the village itself for repeat establishing work.



Prompt anchors

The reusable phrases that hold the world steady across tools. Set in the data register because they are data.

WIM, POSITIVE	fire-bellied newt amphibian-machine hybrid · lantern-heart glowing warm yellow through frosted glass · tarnished brass joints and ceramic enamel plating · soft misty forest light, steampunk without grime · quietly brilliant caretaker, low calm posture, eyes alive
IRIS, POSITIVE	middle-aged human town planner, weathered warmth, eyes alive with quiet competence · oiled-cotton overshirt in moss and fog · leather-strap field roll, reed-fiber satchel · frosted-glass pendant with warm coil · blended human-Anuran material culture
SURVEYOR, POSITIVE	tall narrow walking instrument tower · stacked pale ceramic modules, subtly bird-like · ring of lenses at different focal lengths · three articulated stilt legs, no footprints · clinically new, nothing grows on it · ash, bone, desaturated teal, dull amber status lines
REPTILES, POSITIVE	heavy working reptile in body-wrapping industrial tech · wrapping echoes caretaker prosthetics but cold: bone ceramic, graphite, teal · eyes half-hidden, sapience unreadable · construction posture, work not combat · nothing grows on the wrapping
VILLAGE, POSITIVE	moss-covered timber houses · brass piping at roof height · cathedral-arched stone facade with moss climb · warm amber library window · tied hot-air balloons in conifer mist · wet earthen lane reflecting the light
UNIVERSAL NEGATIVE	no weapons · no combat · no sharp edges · no neon · no grime · no chrome · no chibi · no dead robot eyes · no unmotivated glow · no text or lettering anywhere

Full prompt packages, including the map package and the campfire hero prompt, live in the bible's 09-ai-production file and its uploads. This page is the quick-reach shelf.



Asset register, July 5

Carried forward. Eighteen portfolio plates from davehuth.com ver3, including the hero interior, the travelers, the campfire set, the community lamp, the blended-life mosaic, and the closing truck sunset. The labeled world map and its text-free render. Wim's concept sheet and three-view turnaround, extracted from the March character PDF. The Surveyor tower and bird-form studies, extracted from the March world PDF. The robotic-frog study. Five frames pulled from the reels: the first-contact walk, the Wim-and-Iris walk, the marsh kids, the parlor, and the masque.

New this draft, ten renders. The endpoint two-shot. The Iris portrait. The Surveyor in the pale wood. The working reptile with handler. The paling-wood arrival. The Welling Springs waking. The village establishing wide. The workshop kids. Meru at her door. A fog-lantern guide at dusk, which reads frog rather than newt and therefore serves as a lineage plate, not as Wim.

Flagged, not used. The early human costume studies from the character PDF carry sidearms and stay archival: off-canon under the no-weapons rule. The duo-croc-ax plate is placed once, marked review-for-canon.

Next to make, in order. The true Wim photoreal hero, newt-correct, from the drafted prompt in the source thread. An Elias portrait, painterly. The drowned-arches Lowlands plate. The council hall. Meru's lamp-house interior. The Outer Verge wide. A corridor at dusk with walking lamps. Redo the map labels in the July 4 type spec.



Canon in brief

Power is non-violent, and no Anuran ever carries, designs, or uses a weapon. The amphibians are a sapient people, varied by species, with amphibianist values. Their technology is life-based, lab-built to a warm brass, ceramic, and glass spec, and it accretes living growth in the field. The life-energy rose from the planet and animates the automata. The Surveyors are the bird-like handlers; the reptiles are their tools, sapience masked, and they do not speak. Humans arrived a generation ago as a science expedition and were welcomed. Anurans grow much faster than humans. The seven region names are confirmed. The story engine is the quiet moment before a hard thing. The endpoint is declared. Frogtechnium is a standalone IP and a working title.

Open questions, named on purpose.

The crested travelers' identity, three readings live. The stone egg. Wim's relationship to the party. The reptiles' inner life, held open by design. Whether the opposing force draws on the same life-energy. Failure modes of caretaker tech. Makers and repairers. Seasonal cycle. In-world language and signage. The rename pass on the title itself. Season arcs and episode depth past the sketches in Part VII. Each of these is a decision waiting for Dave, not a gap that got missed.

THE TEST FOR EVERY PAGE THAT FOLLOWS THIS DRAFT

Would a sophisticated creative director recognize trained visual judgment in this work. If it is polished but generic, it is wrong. Start again.



FROGTECHNIUM · A WORLD WHERE POWER IS KEPT GENTLE AND TECHNOLOGY IS ALIVE

World bible, first draft · assembled July 5, 2026 · Dave Huth · working title