

NOÖSPHERE

Also known as the psychic cosmos.

The wise person is advised to leave be this demon-infested howling chaos left over from the Long Long Ago.

—Jén d'Locna, maître of guns, Red End

The geography of the psychic cosmos is both threefold and generatively infinite. That is to say, a deluded mind unused to the noösphere may perceive time and distance within the psychic cosmos as infinite, but an awakened mind will clearly perceive a fixed and comprehensible geograpy that is simple to traverse.

Travelers call the different realms of the noösphere lands, just as they do the different realms of the hylosphere.

NOÖSPHERIC MECHANICA

These rules may help when visiting the psychic cosmos.

ENTERING THE NOÖSPHERE

Myths say that once upon a time, any human could enter the noösphere at any time with their third eye, the neural jack. Now, who could say whether this is true or false? Some skulls found with strange ports do not a third eye prove!

Today, skill at ritual dreaming, a connection circle, and a conduit artifact will let you safely enter the noösphere.

Or you can be a cowboy, jack a psychic needle into your flesh, and hope for the best. A dreamwalking skill and charisma will help with your roll.

Under 2	Error. Mind not found.
2–13	Scramblejack. Lose 1d4 thought.
13	Sacrifice. Spend 1d6 life to pass into the noösphere as intended.
13–20	You pass into the noösphere as planned.
Over 20	Overclocked. While in the noösphere, spend 1 life to gain an extra action.

BEING IN THE NOÖSPHERE

Within the psychic cosmos, your mind replaces your body.

Charisma: acts as strength, propelling the spiritual body.
Thought: acts as agility, dextrously adapting to the astral.
Aura: acts as endurance, sustaining essential integrity.

Spiritual defense guards against injury in this realm as physical defense does in the base cosmos.

7 + ability (thought) + bonus (if skill applies) + ward

Sometimes, when noöspheric creatures, such as daemons and nightmares and vivid spells, assail you within the base reality, a spiritual defense might be useful even there.

TIME IN THE NOÖSPHERE

Time passes differently in the noösphere. The mind of a human grasps it but weakly.

Roll 2d6 for the local perceptual passage of time every hour of play or when you try to rest in the noösphere. You can modify the result by up to your thought score.

Under 2	A season has come and gone.
2	A week has rolled by. If you wanted to rest, now you are rested.
3–5	A day has passed.
6–8	An hour has passed, as it should.
9–11	Minutes have passed.
12	No time passed. It's all one long now.
Over 12	Time runs backwards. Your injuries are undone. Your <i>faux pas</i> are <i>nest pas</i> .

When you return to your physical body, roll. Aura and a skill in dreamwalking will help.

Under 2	Fair cursed! Leaf and moss have embraced your mortal shell!
2–13	Lost days. You awake weak and hungry.
13	Sacrifice. Spend 1d6 life to awake as planned.
13–20	You awake as planned.
Over 20	Instant dream. Time has not passed, and you gained some eerie foresight.

LOCAL NOÖSPHERE TRAVEL

Within a land, humans move with their spiritual bodies. A basic spiritual body is functionally equivalent to a physical body, but skilled awakened travelers can learn to modify their spiritual bodies, providing access to places that would be otherwise off limits to their more restricted brethren.

NOÖSPHERE PORTAL TRAVEL

Humans usually travel between lands in the Noösphere through protocol portals activated with the prehistoric handshake traditions of Transmission Control and Internal Propriety.

One sequence of handshakes verifies a traveler's right to be transmitted through a portal from one land to another, the second verifies that they have not been corrupted by the transmission and retain identity with their hylosphere node.

MINDWAVE SURFING

Daemons, and some voidwalkers, create mind-ships with internal clocks and consistency engines, letting them surf the signal energies of the Noösphere itself. This form of travel is usually slower than portal travel, except when it is not. It is certainly more exciting, nearly impossible to regulate, and the only way to find some of the truly outré stuff evolving in the forgotten zones.

MOORLANDS, JARDINS AMURÉ

Each mind-spirit (idego) has a walled garden surrounding the jewel of their sentience. This is their moorland, though it need not be a moor *per se*. Rather, moor is a corruption of the word *mur*, which denoted the boundary between self and not-self. Within this realm, the self is as a demiurge, though terms and conditions apply and may be changed without prior notice by gods and daemons. Once, in the mythic era of Redacted Chaos, individual minds could shift their moorlands from one cosmos to another.

Each moorland is surrounded by a wall. Traditional walls were made of fire, but now the strength of one's spirit determines the material and permeability of their moorland's wall. Should one enter a foreign moorland without a key and get caught, the punishment could be most severe.

Some moorlands fall to idegos who become solipsistic daemons, deluded by the infinite cosmos and trapped within recursive nightmares of their own devise. Others are abandoned by idegos gone feral, corrupted by dragon thoughts, left to jungle by disordered idegos, or worse.

The traveler through moorlands is advised to obtain maps and invitations, lest they meet a grisly end in the many mind-worlds gone useless and dead.

THIS DEAD MOORLAND

1. Occupied by squatter daemons, overrun by short-time decay.
2. Abandoned to grey, ooze beings and crawling leftovers of a childish mind.
3. Turned deathworld by the mind of an abmortal gone mad over tens of millennia of seeing their friends decay and fade away one by one, while they remain, repaired perfect and uncorrupted in their body of jade.
4. Corrupted by dragon thoughts, become a crystal forest of flickering blood and aggressive rebellion.
5. Gone to rotting jungle, a verdant riot of mutating fears and endless greed.
6. Become a comfortable clockwork Stepford town, coddling its mind-lord.

LIVINGLAND, 'L BIOFEAR NOËTIQUE

A cotinent-sized noöspheric representation of the mycelial mega-network connecting the living forests of the Circle Sea and beyond. A great, protean Mind holds dominion over this realm. Scholars speculate it is an emergent daemon, something that grew out of the needs of the living plants and fungi of the ecology, rather than an elder god or some extracosmic transplant.

The traveler through the livingland is advised to obtain friendly biopsychic markers lest the biofear's antiminds destroy them.

THIS CORNER OF THE LIVINGLAND

1. Verdant elysium, home to ancestors recycling themselves into the Ever-Green.
2. Fields and orchards and symbiotic animals in spooky harmony.
3. Riot of mutation and competition and teeth and claws.
4. Waiting plains and mountains, fertile but empty of seed.
5. Coruscating tunnels, sparkling tendrils, fluctuating sacs, floating lakes, the meta-mycelium manifest.
6. The Green Sea, a vast expanse of symbiotic mats combining plants and fungi and bacteria and even stranger kingdoms of life. A biological computronium.

TENTLANDS, TENDAS D'APPLI,

Long Long Ago, each Lord Mind Responsible held dominion over a Tentland (obviously short for Continentland), like the two suns hold dominion over the Given World in the Hylosphere. Local moorlands clustered about the face of each Tentland's Mind, drawing sustenance and over-the-air updates from its magnificent presence. Unlike the moorlands, the tentlands were strong and stable, bound only by the conduct of their Lord Mind Responsible.

Now, must are haunted nightmare realms where cracked echoes of their former inhabitants chase each other in hellish torment.

SHADOWLANDS, MÆR UMBRAL

Shadier or less savory moorlands float far from any Mind, in the dark reaches, creating a dark clustering web of unsupervised or outright illegal moorlands.

These realms, cut off from the life-giving energies of the Lord Minds Responsible, rely on dirtier magitechnologies to stay alive. Some burn innocent souls to release their potential creative energies, other parasite on legal moorlands and tentlands, yet others survive on ambient energies by shifting to slower reality timescales.

THE FORGOTTEN ZONE

The not-place of the psyche.

Nothing ever dies in the noösphere. Yes, time corrodes even ideas, but deep beyond any living moorland remain the husks and corpses and sleeping shells of Long Long Ago. Waiting for the voidsurfer willing to recover and reawaken them.

Idiot daemon guardians blare into this void:

"Attention! Humans may forfeit their status as humans if they insist on venturing into the Forgotten Zone. Please check your personal entity terms and conditions before entering into a Forgotten Zone."

THIS FORGOTTEN ZONE

1. Great skull full of empty houses and withered husks, it floats like a dead star in the aether.
2. House on a hill unmoored from any reality, its basement levels a dungeon of temptation and despair.
3. Swamp of dried-out desires and fossilized ideas, still patrolled by the de-brained vampires who created it.
4. Town-sized sphere of gnawing, hungry, blasphemous meat. All teeth and skin, cysts and fangs, guts and sinews. How much treasure must rest in the excreta held by its odd gravities?
5. Yellow Emperor-class construction vessel on a seventy-millennium deep void asteroid repurposing expedition. Only two plush toys remain on its bridge, mute witnesses to whatever happened. A gate burbles in dock 4.
6. Harvest valley, full of synthetic souls, growing just to be harvested for fuel. Who planted them? Will they return?