

# PLANET DRONE

**Quick Guide**  
(& Short Story)

A deep, resonant thrumming filled the cabin like an endless chord as the spaceship glided through the atmosphere of Planet Drone. Saskia sat by the window, her eyes tracing the icy blue clouds swirling below. The engines weren't like anything she'd heard on Earth. They didn't roar or grind. Instead, they were fluid, as if the ship itself was part of an evolving soundscape, each tone woven delicately into the next. The undulating hum vibrated in harmony, like the vessel was singing to the planet it descended toward, an intricate call in tune with its vast musical web.

Saskia closed her eyes, letting herself melt into the sound. It wasn't just noise. It was music. Every note seemed deliberate, part of a grand design she could barely fathom. She felt it—the planet, known across the universe for its soundscapes, had already begun to speak to her. She could feel it reverberate in her bones.

With a soft thud, the ship settled onto the planet's icy surface. The engines wound down slowly, their pitch descending like the final note of a melody fading into silence. Saskia's heartbeat matched the fading drone as if her own body had synchronized with the music of the world below. She rose from her seat, gathering her belongings with a calm yet growing sense of anticipation.

When she stepped outside, the cold air bit at her skin, but all she could focus on was the sound all around her. The sky stretched pale and vast above her, swirling in a muted dance. Everything was quiet, soft clouds but not silent. The wind created a gentle hum, the sound shifting slightly as it brushed over the frozen surface of the ground. Her boots crunched softly in the snow beneath her feet, adding their own subtle percussion to the planet's ambient melody. There was music everywhere, and Saskia found herself smiling despite the chill.

Ahead, a group of people awaited her near the settlement's entrance. The sound designers of Planet Drone. Their clothes shimmered under the dim light, embedded with crystals that captured and refracted the cold glow of the sky. They looked serene, weathered by years on this strange planet, their movements deliberate, as though every step, every breath, was part of a larger composition.

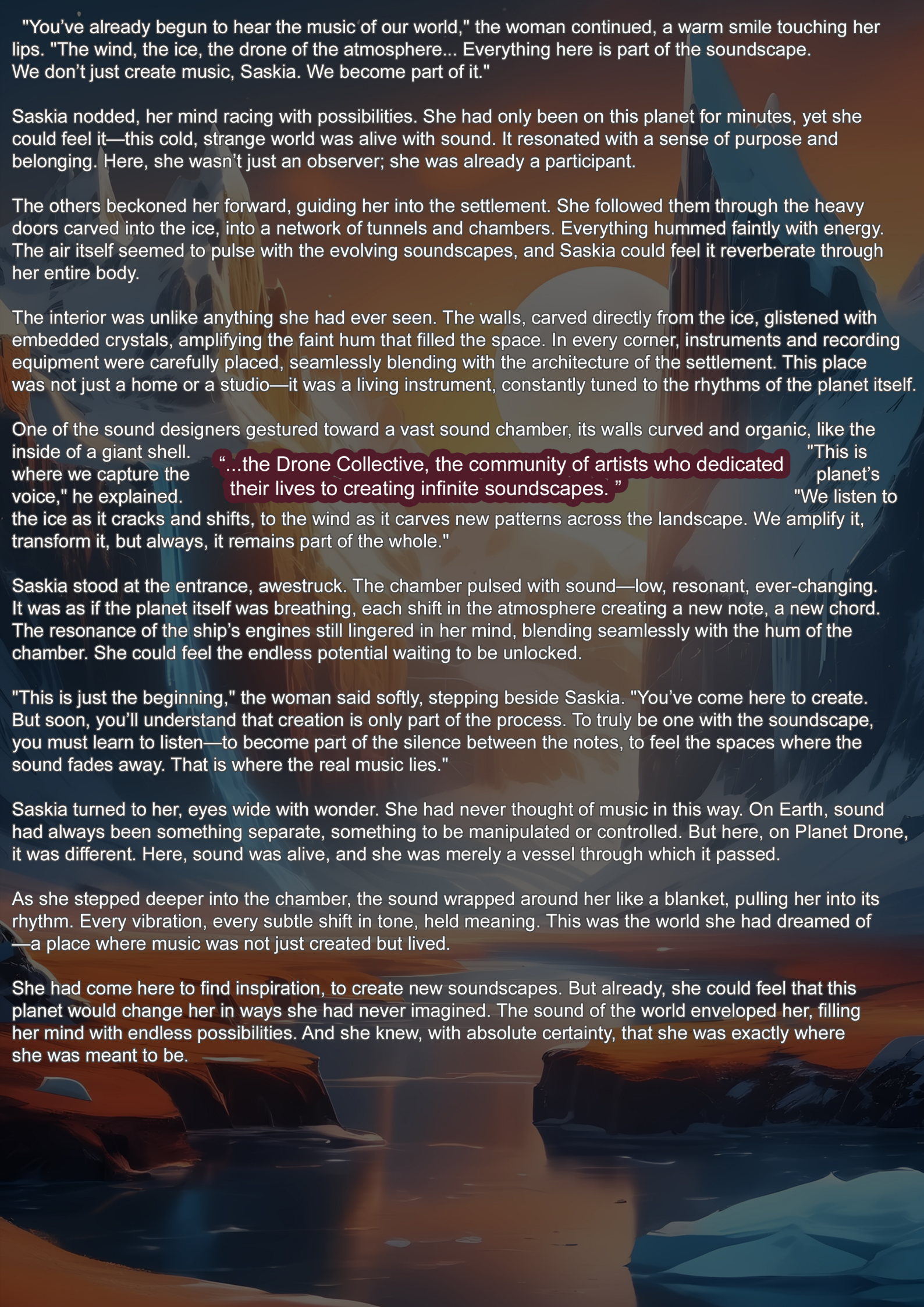
Saskia's pulse quickened as she approached them. She had heard stories of the Drone Collective, the community of artists who dedicated their lives to creating infinite soundscapes. Their work was legendary, known across galaxies for its beauty and depth. Now, she stood before them, ready to join their ranks.

A tall woman stepped forward, her silver hair reflecting the icy hue of the sky above. Her voice was deep, rich—an instrument in itself. "Welcome, Saskia," she greeted, her tone resonating like the bass note of a symphony, vibrating in Saskia's chest. "We've been expecting you."

Excitement shot through her like electricity. She had dreamed of this moment—of hearing the planet, of becoming part of its music. And now, standing on the frozen ground, enveloped by the swirling sound of the wind and ice, it all felt surreal.







"You've already begun to hear the music of our world," the woman continued, a warm smile touching her lips. "The wind, the ice, the drone of the atmosphere... Everything here is part of the soundscape. We don't just create music, Saskia. We become part of it."

Saskia nodded, her mind racing with possibilities. She had only been on this planet for minutes, yet she could feel it—this cold, strange world was alive with sound. It resonated with a sense of purpose and belonging. Here, she wasn't just an observer; she was already a participant.

The others beckoned her forward, guiding her into the settlement. She followed them through the heavy doors carved into the ice, into a network of tunnels and chambers. Everything hummed faintly with energy. The air itself seemed to pulse with the evolving soundscapes, and Saskia could feel it reverberate through her entire body.

The interior was unlike anything she had ever seen. The walls, carved directly from the ice, glistened with embedded crystals, amplifying the faint hum that filled the space. In every corner, instruments and recording equipment were carefully placed, seamlessly blending with the architecture of the settlement. This place was not just a home or a studio—it was a living instrument, constantly tuned to the rhythms of the planet itself.

One of the sound designers gestured toward a vast sound chamber, its walls curved and organic, like the inside of a giant shell. "This is planet's  
"We listen to  
...the Drone Collective, the community of artists who dedicated  
their lives to creating infinite soundscapes." where we capture the voice," he explained.  
the ice as it cracks and shifts, to the wind as it carves new patterns across the landscape. We amplify it, transform it, but always, it remains part of the whole."

Saskia stood at the entrance, awestruck. The chamber pulsed with sound—low, resonant, ever-changing. It was as if the planet itself was breathing, each shift in the atmosphere creating a new note, a new chord. The resonance of the ship's engines still lingered in her mind, blending seamlessly with the hum of the chamber. She could feel the endless potential waiting to be unlocked.

"This is just the beginning," the woman said softly, stepping beside Saskia. "You've come here to create. But soon, you'll understand that creation is only part of the process. To truly be one with the soundscape, you must learn to listen—to become part of the silence between the notes, to feel the spaces where the sound fades away. That is where the real music lies."

Saskia turned to her, eyes wide with wonder. She had never thought of music in this way. On Earth, sound had always been something separate, something to be manipulated or controlled. But here, on Planet Drone, it was different. Here, sound was alive, and she was merely a vessel through which it passed.

As she stepped deeper into the chamber, the sound wrapped around her like a blanket, pulling her into its rhythm. Every vibration, every subtle shift in tone, held meaning. This was the world she had dreamed of—a place where music was not just created but lived.

She had come here to find inspiration, to create new soundscapes. But already, she could feel that this planet would change her in ways she had never imagined. The sound of the world enveloped her, filling her mind with endless possibilities. And she knew, with absolute certainty, that she was exactly where she was meant to be.



## Unleash Your First Soundscape

Get ready to dive into an ever-evolving world of sound! As soon as you power up, you'll be greeted by a completely unique, randomized soundscape—an immersive sonic journey that's yours to explore. With just a twist of the knob, you can reshape the landscape, bending textures and tones into something entirely new. Every session brings fresh possibilities, making each soundscape a one-of-a-kind experience.

1. Connect the stereo output to an amplifier or mixing console.
2. Power on the module; the PWR LED should light up.
3. Wait for the BOOT LED to turn off (boot time: ~30 seconds).
4. Set the MODE toggle switch to position X.
5. Increase the volume to hear a random soundscape (patch).
6. To load a different patch
  - Lower the volume until the first LED flashes.
  - Press the knob.
  - Wait for the first 7 LEDs to turn off.
  - Increase the volume.
7. Press this knob to randomize patch variables, creating new soundscapes from the current patch.
8. Visit [www.erikoostveen.co.uk/Planetdrone.html](http://www.erikoostveen.co.uk/Planetdrone.html) for the full manual.

