

# A (More) Complete Guide to the Aligned Outer Planes

by Dave King ([heregul@worldnet.att.net](mailto:heregul@worldnet.att.net))



"Lady's Grace, planeswalker. I am Heregul, a member of the Sign of One and a master of the mental arts. I've found that within the multiverse, there are more diverse things than it seems that people can imagine. But they must, because these places exist. The most desolate wastes of Carceri, on the highest layers of Mount Celestia, within the howling mad tunnels of Pandemonium; within each of these lie places and areas beyond imagining. I have observed these areas through psionic astral projection, which has allowed me to travel the multiverse without any risk to myself. Indeed, beyond that which has been told to us by the Guvners and the sages of Sigil lie many towns and realms, some dangerous yet some beautiful beyond words can describe. Come with me; through your imagination and these words you too shall embark on the voyages that I have spent my life experiencing vicariously."

"Glory? Majesty? You don't know the dark of it!"

? More than one Planar to more than one Clueless Prime

*-- Opening to the Collected Notes of Heregul, a member of the Sign of One and Planar Sage of no repute whatsoever*

## A Note Before Beginning

My inspiration to make this work was mainly the fact that the "Planar Cosmographical Tables" in the Planes of Conflict boxed set, supposedly the most complete official reference to the Realms, Sites, and Towns of the Planes seemed incomplete. Realms were on it that had never been detailed. I remember getting Planes of Conflict, looking on the Beastlands map, and seeing this area called "Zhan, the Grand Forest Beyond the World." I thought; "Neat, I'll check that one out first." It wasn't detailed. Neither was the "Library of All Knowledge." I've attempted to rectify these omissions in this work; I can only hope that I've done them justice. Whole layers of the planes seemed empty, like certain areas of Carceri and a good deal of Baator. Some things seemed well-thought out, but there was not enough information, in my view, to really use the layers without some major writing on the part of the game master. So I figured I'd try and write up a resource that detailed a large number of areas throughout the Outer Planes. Not all of them are based on little one-line blurbs from the Cosmographical Tables or empty places on the map, but I hope that the online Planescape community will appreciate this work and use it for their own campaigns.

A good deal of stuff in this work is my own idea, mostly things that I "thought would be interesting to detail." I'd usually get an idea, think "that's a good idea," and remember it about a week later. Nevertheless, I'm incredibly proud of almost all of the ideas that were nurtured in this way (Skeletal Tarrasque, Façade, etc.). A few burgs within this document are meant to show things that

really aren't represented; Anarchy, and Reprieve are two names that would conjure up images of the plane which the other is on (as in Anarchy being on Carceri and Reprieve being on Elysium). In fact, it's reversed, and it's a side you usually don't see much of, so it's in here.

I dislike the term "Netbook" to describe this work; it's not really a Netbook, because it's not a compilation of a lot of people's work. "A (More) Complete Guide to the Outer Planes" is all my work. I may have been inspired by one thing or another, but every sentence in here is mine (except, yes, I took the quote on the first page from the back of the Planescape box; cast me in chains).

Also, in terms of "time-line", I've written the towns and realms in this guide to be after the events in "Squaring the Circle," the Great Modron March, and Dead Gods. Of course, this isn't an adventure, so these factors won't be such a large impact upon the descriptions of the towns and realms within. However, I do not take the events of Faction War into consideration; DMs running a post-Faction War campaign should revise some of the material on their own time. I don't feel that enough people are playing post-Faction War yet to justify making the Guide based around that. In the future, I may revise the Guide with a little section near the end of any particular section labeled "Post-Faction War," right after "Current Chant," in the appropriate sections, should there be enough demand for it. Let me know what you think by email.

Yes, and I know that I haven't added anything to the Outlands. In my opinion, the Outlands has enough realms and sites cluttering it up as of now. In the future, I may add to it, but as of now, it remains empty (to this guide, at least).

I plan to update this Guide every month or so, with each revision including a new realm per plane or something like that. Then again, I may just publish this right now and then cast it into Limbo. Depends on how I feel, really. Eventually, I may add in-character stories, rumors, and lies about various sites that have already been established. Also, I'm aware of the fact that though I have sections titled "Maps" and "Monstrous Supplement," both of which only have one entry apiece. Big sodding deal. If I see a need to add something, I will. Otherwise, it will remain empty.

I will maintain an HTML copy of this "Netbook" at the following Internet address: <http://home.worldnet.att.net/~heregul>. The copy of the "Netbook" on my site should be updated as (if/when) I add new items to it, so it should be more current than this document you're reading right now.

By the way, this "Netbook" looks best if you have installed the Exocet font, like most Planescape things.

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## NPC Abbreviations

The following nonplayer character abbreviations are used within this document, which has been slightly modified from the format presented in *Sigil and Beyond* and updated again in *Planes of Conflict*.

### Origin

M	Monster
Pl	Planar
Pe	Petitioner
Pr	Prime
Px	Proxy

### Sex and Race

?	Female
?	Male
O	Genderless
b	Bariaur
d	Dwarf
e	Elf
fd	Fiend
g	Gnome
gy	Githyanki
yz	Githzerai
h	Human
ha	Halfling
he	Half-elf
tf	Tiefling
var	Various

### Class

B	Bard
C	Cleric
D	Druid
F	Fighter
M	Mage (general)
P	Priest
P[god]	Specialty Priest
Pal	Paladin
Ps	Psionicist
R	Ranger
T	Thief
W	Wizard
0	Unclassed
Var	Various
Var[kit]	Specific Kit

### Specialist Wizards:

Abj	Abjurer
Con	Conjurer
Div	Diviner
Enc	Enchanter
Ele	Elementalist
Ill	Illusionist
Inv	Invoker
Nec	Necromancer
Tra	Transmuter
Wil	Wild Mage

### Faction

An	Anarch
At	Athar
Be	Believers/Source
BC	Bleak Cabal
Bl	Bleeders
Dg	Doomguard
Di	Dispossessed
Du	Dustmen
Fa	Fated
FO	Fraternity/Order
FL	Free League
Gu	Guardian
Ha	Harmonium
In	Incantifer
Ma	Mathematician
Me	Merkhant
Mk	Mercykillers
OPM	Order/Planes-Militant
Os	Outsiders
Pl	Prolongers
Ra	Ragers
RL	Anarchists
SO	Sign of One
S <sup>2</sup>	Society./Sensation
TO	Ciphers
Wy	Wylder
Xa	Xaositects
Var	Various

# Table of Contents:

<b>A Note Before Beginning</b> .....	<b>1</b>	<b>Gehenna</b> .....	<b>33</b>
<b>Copyright Notice and Legal Stuff</b> .....	<b>3</b>	BEYOND THE VOID .....	33
<b>NPC Abbreviations</b> .....	<b>4</b>	FAÇADE .....	34
<b>The Abyss</b> .....	<b>6</b>	FORGE .....	35
NIGHTMIRE .....	6	<b>The Gray Waste</b> .....	<b>37</b>
TORPOR .....	7	HAGSEND .....	37
The Sleeping Forest.....	8	HEART OF DARKNESS .....	38
<b>Acheron</b> .....	<b>9</b>	SIMILARITY .....	38
DEATH OF FREEDOM.....	9	<b>Limbo</b> .....	<b>40</b>
TSO SLAVING GROUNDS .....	9	GDJRPTRYJG .....	40
<b>Arborea</b> .....	<b>11</b>	THE GRAND TOWER OF THE MIGHTY ORDER OF THE XAOSITECTS .....	41
BIRTH OF APHRODITE .....	11	STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS .....	42
DJED .....	11	<b>Mechanus</b> .....	<b>44</b>
HYLIE .....	12	CONJECTURE .....	44
SKELETAL TARRASQUE.....	13	REEDUCATION CENTER FOR THE CLUELESS .....	45
<b>Arcadia</b> .....	<b>14</b>	<b>Mount Celestia</b> .....	<b>46</b>
JIHARIA .....	14	BRIGIA.....	46
MARTYRDOM.....	15	CONCORD .....	47
<b>Baator</b> .....	<b>17</b>	<b>Pandemonium</b> .....	<b>49</b>
MALAGARD .....	17	DEATH OF SANITY .....	49
MALAGRASCI.....	17	EDGE .....	49
THE SINKING.....	18	THE LIVING TUNNEL .....	50
<b>The Beastlands</b> .....	<b>20</b>	THE UNDERGROUND SEA .....	51
THE LIBRARY OF ALL KNOWLEDGE.....	20	<b>Ysgard</b> .....	<b>52</b>
THE TWILIGHT OASIS .....	20	INDIVIDUALITY .....	52
ZHAN, THE GRAND FOREST BEYOND THE WORLD	21	KERHSIN .....	52
<b>Bytopia</b> .....	<b>22</b>	Bloodend.....	53
HEART OF JUSTICE .....	22	<b>New Powers</b> .....	<b>55</b>
TRAVAIL .....	23	BRIGAITH .....	55
<b>Carceri</b> .....	<b>25</b>	HAR'TOK SIGHTEDEYE.....	56
THE MAUSOLEUM OF PAIN .....	25	HELIOS .....	57
THE RACK OF INJUSTICE .....	26	MAVERA.....	58
REPRIEVE.....	27	MORINE.....	59
THE SHADOWED STONES .....	27	ORANAN .....	60
<b>Elysium</b> .....	<b>29</b>	PARIAS .....	61
ANARCHY .....	29	<b>Monstrous Supplement</b> .....	<b>62</b>
ATLANTIS .....	29	THE SHADOWED ONES .....	62
SERENITY .....	30	<b>Maps</b> .....	<b>64</b>
Purity.....	31		

# The Abyss

## Nightmire (*Realm*)

**Character:** Dreams of death. Dreams of blood, falling down the walls and engulfing everything in its sight. You are powerless against the whims of the dreamers; to them, it does matter whether you're dead or alive, only that you're amusing.

**Power:** Nightmire is actually ruled over by three greater fiends (also known as The Three) who bicker back and forth between themselves. Still, together they hold power equal to an Abyssal Lord, so they're careful not to let their differences remove them from power. The most powerful of the three fiends is the balor Pire (M/? balor/13 HD/CE). His whims can change the physical nature of the realm instantly, making the ground superheated or the sky above fall down upon a body. The most intelligent of the trio is Gheranalare (M/? nalfeshnee/11 HD/CE), who can control the fates of the people within the layer. Her ideas can cause a village to drop dead and a horde of undead to rise from the ruins. The most subtle of the three is Rean'gar (M/? glabrezu/10 HD/CE), who can control the minds of the people within the layer (nonnative sods are allowed a save vs. spell first). His thoughts can make a whole crowd turn against an individual or stem even the greatest battle. The three lie buried deep within the center of the realm, channeling their thoughts through an ancient artifact forgotten by man and power alike.

**Description:** Nightmire is the collected dreams and thoughts of the Three working together towards power, yet each ruler is always working to gain more power than the other two. As such, Nightmire is a layer that's described as "strange" at best. Should a body find himself within an area contested by the Three, it's best to run like hell.

This layer, catalogued as the twenty-fifth, was once the realm of a power representing Nightmares and Dark Dreams, but he has since vanished into remoteness (or to the Astral). Only a few of the sites remain that he constructed, and these only exist because the present rulers of the realm cannot find out how to destroy them. Of these, the most prominent is the Fortress of Dark Knowledge, which used to serve as a main point of rulership when this realm actually was controlled by a god. Other sites

throughout the realm include the Lake of Fallen Dreams (a lake filled with dreams of all sorts that will never come true), the Hurricane of Doubt (a moving storm of wind, with results similar to Astral physic wind<sup>1</sup> except dreamstorms are extremely common within it) and the Pillar of Sorrow (a living monument to the forgotten power which irks the layer's current rulers to no ends). The area around the location of the three rulers of the realm is known as the Sinkhole of Strife, and is generally avoided by the beings of the layer because of the wrath of the layer's rulers.

Most of the residents of Nightmire are tanar'ri (big surprise there), with a more of a slight tendency towards succubi and incubi within the borders of this layer. Mature nabassu are also thick on this realm. The fiends of this layer enjoy entering the consciousness of others and manipulating them to their ends. However, they also enjoy tearing a body's head off as much as the next fiend, so caution is still recommended.

**Principal Towns:** The Fortress of Dark Knowledge is the most populated area in this plane. It's watched over by Sheyanya (M/? succubus/6 HD/CE), a fiend hoping to make herself friendly with Rean'gar and hopefully take his place someday. The town's patrolled at all times by babau and molydeus, enforcing the lesser fiends to comply to the will of those more powerful.

Also, the three fiends of the layer, in agreement on something, have ordered a town to be built around The Pillar of Sorrow. While they still despise what the Pillar stands for, they would prefer to surround the eyesight with a town built on scaffolding.

**Special Conditions:** Within this realm, its three fiendish rulers control the land and the people. At a whim, they can alter anything within the layer, so a body'd best be cautious not to pike them off; within Nightmire, they're all as powerful as... well... powers.

**Primary NPCs:** The tanar'ri observing all fiends in Nightmire and reporting back to its dark masters is a vrock called Squak (M/? vrock/8 HD/CE). He's said to work for all sides at once, but can be bought as easily as a tanar'ri can be: with gold or power.

<sup>1</sup> A Guide to the Astral Plane, pages 40-43

A good guide to lead a body throughout this layer is the githyanki Ria'len'ter (Pl/? gy/F7/BC/CE), a despondent cutter who leads adventurers through the layer in a form of revenge against the powers that rule this realm for some grievance. For some reason, they haven't stricken him dead (probably because what he does never affects them), and he hates them for that, too.

**Services:** Yeah, right. Like this layer actually offers services beyond the three services given by all layers of the Abyss, namely death, pain, and torture.

**Current Chant:** While Sheyanya may like to believe that she'll someday be one of the Three, she never will. That honor falls to the subtle and plotting marilith Gih'plia (M/? marilith/12 HD/CE). She's discovered a way to neutralize the powers of the Three after paying a visit to the Astral Plane and the body of a certain dead power after years of research. Apparently by fashioning armor out of the "body" of the power (actually a representation of its memories and former emotions), she's able to protect anyone guarded so from the whims of the Three. She doesn't reside within Nightmire yet, but is instead marshalling forces in Durao to take back the layer in the name of the Blood War.

## Torpor (Realm)

[Go to Map of Torpor.](#)

**Character:** The past was glorious, but it shall never come again. Gorge yourself on the blood of those foolish enough to come to you, then contentedly dream of the kill.

**Power:** It's said that once, long before mortals had even heard of "demons" and "devils", there existed a tanar'ri lord who had risen through the ranks to become the equivalent of an intermediate power. He represented the thrill of the hunt and the kill. It's said that as he grew older, the thrill of the hunt became less and less after each kill. Jaded by the thrills of the multiverse, he found himself drifting deeper and deeper into a sleep from which he would never awaken. Once his name was feared; now it has been forgotten. Now, the god known as Malar has taken many of his previous worshippers and the forgotten tanar'ri lord has drifted off into obscurity.

**Description:** The layer of Torpor has been catalogued as the 18<sup>th</sup> in The Abyss. It's a sleeping

layer now (much like Smaragd<sup>2</sup>, except more ancient and deserted). The vegetation of this realm (mostly viper trees and ironmaws) also rests, but its sleep is nothing compared to the sleep of that who was once their lord. Once, the tanar'ric lord of this realm chased petitioners through these sleeping forests. Now, all is silent and still. Abyssal bats still lurk within this layer, as do scattered groups of Blood War deserters. The skies above this realm are reddish and the Sleeping Forest (the major feature of this layer) reaches to the horizon. Other points of interest include The Mountain of Sleep and the Chasm of Dreams, both places of sleeping evil, almost waiting to reawake. Supposedly, the tanar'ri lord sleeps deep within the Chasm of Dreams, but nobody's been leatherheaded enough to descend into it. No, bar that. There have been those dumb enough to attempt to explore the Chasm of Dreams, but none of them ever seem to return. Big surprise.

**Principal Towns:** There aren't many fiends still inhabiting this layer. However, dotting the landscape of the forests of Torpor is the occasional town full of Blood War deserters. The largest of these is called Jerat, and is ruled over by a marilith who turned stag on the Blood War. She's called Pytharia (M/? marilith/12 HD/CE), and she watches over the comings and goings of the entire layer; any babau, chasme, or molydeus entering the layer are hunted down and killed by hordes of lesser fiends. Jerat is full of bulezau, armanites, bar-Igura, and other lesser fiends attempting to avoid the Blood War. Pytharia uses her protection of them to force them into line.

There's also another village in this realm, called Wysval, which lies just north of the Chasm of Dreams. It's a village of huts consisting of a group of primitive elves who are mostly immune to the sleepy nature of the layer. They're vicious to the core, and have been known to eat human and demihuman flesh should it wander into their camp. They're led by a savage named Yerbit Fireeyes (Pr/? e/F[Savage]5/CE), who's as ruthless as they come, and has been even known to eat the flesh of those fiends that he can hunt down.

**Special Conditions:** The ennui of this layer pervades everything. Any creature not tanar'ri or of tanar'ric descent must make a saving throw vs. spell every day or fall asleep for 1d4 months. Because of this, the woods are full of sleeping travelers that got stuck on this layer. At least, the woods would be full of sleeping travelers if Pytharia didn't have tanar'ri patrols combing the layer for intruders.

<sup>2</sup> Planes of Chaos: *The Book of Chaos*, page 21

**Primary NPCs:** A former proxy of the nameless tanar'ri god wanders the Sleeping Forest, seeming observing the goings-on in the realm while his Lord sleeps. It calls itself Gh'he'tr'ya (Px/O alkilith/11 HD/CE), and it is often seen slithering through the branches of the sleeping viper trees and ironmaws. It's seven eyes that protrude from its amorphous body see all, and only those immune to the ennui of the layer (read: tanar'ri or those of tanar'ric descent) need fear him. He leaves all other travelers alone: they will soon succumb to the sleep of the layer.

**Services:** This layer holds little in the way of services other than a way to escape from the Blood War. Unfortunately, this little advantage really only helps the tanar'ri, seeing as how the layer puts everyone else to sleep. Besides, those in Jarat don't look very kindly to non-fiendish visitors, assuming them to be spies for the Abyssal Lords.

**Current Chant:** Recently, the Mountain of Sleep shifted a few miles towards the Sleeping Forest, and the Chasm of Dreams widened by another mile. The fiends on this layer are abuzz with terror: perhaps these portents mean that the ancient tanar'ri lord is awakening. More likely is the possibility that he's just stirring in his sleep, ready to descend even deeper into his dreams.

## The Sleeping Forest

*(realm site)*

**Hearsay:** Deep within the eighteenth layer of the Abyss lies The Sleeping Forest, which covers a total of at least five hundred square miles. There aren't any normal trees within this forest; instead, they are

full of viper trees and ironmaws. However, all the trees fell asleep long ago, just waiting to be awakened by their former lord.

**Description:** If awake, the Sleeping Forest would be crawling with the vilest of fiends and the trees would be dripping acid and eating passersby. Much like a normal layer of The Abyss, actually. However, in the sleeping layer of Torpor, the Sleeping Forest is to be expected. It's made up completely of viper trees, ironmaws, and the occasional evil treant. For the most part, however, the forest sleeps. Then again, there's always the sentient tree that enjoys how its prey thinks that it sleeps...

A few tanar'ri live within the Sleeping Forest. These are the true outcasts: those who weren't allowed access to Jarat and those who can't hide elsewhere in the Abyss. Most of these happen to be chasme and babau that have turned stag: Jarat has no love of those who formerly recruited for the Blood War.

**Special Features:** Within the Sleeping Forest, all saves to sleep and charm related spells are made at a -2. This includes the modification to the daily check made while in Torpor.

**Current Chant:** With recent rumors of the tanar'ri lord reawakening, the entire realm is on edge. Not so in the Sleeping Forest, which seems as serene as it did several millennia ago. The most recent events within the Sleeping Forest includes a square mile of viper trees reawakening for a day and then returning to slumber almost as soon. Things don't change much in this place.

# Acheron

## Death of Freedom (Town)

**Character:** Forget memories of being free, all that matters is the present, and at the moment, you're in chains, berk. You're in the army now, defending your land from those that would take it from you. And you'd better like it, berk, or it's the leafless tree for you.

**Ruler:** The berk in charge of this town is Pathos Paingiver (Pl/? h/F10/Mk/LE), a Mercykiller who's extremely devoted to the concept of punishment. It's said that he never shows mercy, and is almost without humanity in all things. He's guarded at all times by two tiefling bodyguards, Cloak (Pl/? tf/T6/Mk/LE) and Dagger (Pl/? tf/F6/Mk/LE). They're fanatic in their devotion to their commander and do not show mercy as a rule.

**Behind the Throne:** Nobody would dare to claim to rule from the shadows in this burg. If they did, they'd be cast into irons. The person with the second most power in Death of Freedom is Skira (Pl/? h/P[Lei Kung]9/Mk/LE), who runs the relations with the rest of Acheron and serves as a sort of spiritual advisor to the troops and slaves in this town.

**Description:** Death of Freedom is a town on Avalas, the first layer of Acheron, not far from Vorkehan, City of Fumes. It's the second-largest outpost on Acheron for the Mercykillers, and is used as a secondary staging point for armies to fight against the tanar'ri in the Blood War. Anyone entering the town without specific orders from the Red Death is clapped into chains and forced to be a soldier in the Mercykillers' army. The town even goes so far as to patrol nearby cubes for wandering berks who'd make a good addition to the ranks. In the end, any deviation from the Mercykillers is futile; they're relentless in pursuing those who could be made to fight, and would rather kill someone than have another army add them to their ranks.

The town is circular, based on the center of one of the faces of a cube. The walls are of barbed-wire and the gates rarely open, except to let slaves in. Once inside, the slaves are marked as Mercykiller soldiers with a tattoo, have their hair

sheared by the claws of a cornugon, dressed in chain armor, handed weapons, and given an inspiration talk from Pathos Paingiver before being sent off to fight. Those who attempt to escape find that the tattoo branded into their arm alerts other armies that the berk's a Mercykiller spy. Not only that, but it acts as a beacon for the Mercykillers; their wizards can follow an escapee across the planes.

**Militia:** Death of Freedom is defended at all times by a group of Mercykillers that are fanatic in their devotion to the cause of justice through pain. As such, patrols of ten Mercykillers each are always patrolling the streets of this town, looking for stragglers. They're all at least fifth level fighters, most of which are equipped with magical weapons from Blood War battlefields.

**Services:** The town's main business is slaving. It has some slave markets, but a berk looking to buy slaves had best speak to the faction representative in Sigil before approaching the burg. Otherwise, they'll be clapped in irons and sold along with those that they would have bought.

**Current Chant:** Current gossip claims that the berks in Death of Freedom somehow managed to capture a baatezu high-up in their patrols across Acheron. The baatezu are willing to pay a vast amount of money to see him returned safely, as are the tanar'ri. However, the yugoloths are offering the services of an army of one hundred mezzoloths for use by the Mercykillers in their next five battles. The Mercykillers are as of yet undecided who to side with, but they're leaning towards the yugoloths' offer.

## Tso Slaving Grounds (Site)

**Hearsay:** A large group of tso (PSMCII), a breed of slavers and smugglers from the lawful planes, makes kip here. It's said that they bring all the slaves they gather on their own initiative to one place on the planes. This is that place, among the iron cubes of Acheron, littered with blood of their victims.

**Description:** Among Thuldadin, the second layer of Acheron, are the Tso Slaving Grounds. There are actually a good deal of these spread throughout Thuldadin; ex-prisoner Veri Xas (Pl/? githzerai/T4/Be/NG) claims to have been a prisoner and a laborer within at least four of them. He claims that his primary duties as a slave were to dig through the cubes. He also claims that it seemed like the tso were looking for something, though he wasn't too sure what.

He describes the Slaving Camps themselves as being built into hollowed out niches and recesses in the cubes. "Most of the buildings and facilities were inside the metallic cubes," he says. The tso prefer to work without the multiverse knowing what they are doing, but perhaps their secrecy has more to do with whatever they are searching for.

Inside the cubes and the tunnels, there is always a ratio of one tso to every five slaves. A slave revolt is just plain not possible due to the enchantments that the tso use to ensnare their prison-

ers. Then why the guard? Probably the tso don't like to leave their slaves unwatched, even if they are completely under magical control.

**Special Features:** Any berk who's a slave of the tso serves without question or complaint; they are completely enthralled with their masters. Starting a slave revolt just ain't possible here, berk.

**Current Chant:** Chant says that the tso will soon have to set up camp on a new set of cubes; they haven't yet found what they're looking for (if anything) on the cubes they've already staked out. It's said that a group of them are considering the Mines of Marsellin as the next place to visit, but the site's hazardous effects make these rumors difficult to believe at best.

# Arborea

## Birth of Aphrodite (Town)

**Character:** Beauty rising out of the sea, as of yet untarnished by the cruelty of the world. Respect the power of Love, for it is the one consistent thing in the multiverse. No matter which plane you are on, no matter which burg you make your kip in, Love is there.

**Ruler:** The spiritual leader of this town is Ayla Everglow (Pr/? e/P[Aphrodite]12/S<sup>2</sup>/CG), a prime elf who worshipped Aphrodite back on her home planet before finding a conduit to the Outer Planes. She's settled in quite nicely here, and has taken up a role as the High Priestess for this town devoted completely to Aphrodite. She's been instrumental in assisting forbidden love and doesn't even miss her old prime world anymore. To visitors, she's open and honest as long as they're not causing trouble.

**Behind the Throne:** Of course, the person (or, in this case, power) behind the throne in this little burg would be Aphrodite (LL). Everyone in the town at least respects her and her portfolio (love), and her priests are so thick here that a body can't swing a dead cat without hitting one. Her worship is the focus of most of the activities in the town; every ten days, all of the priests of Aphrodite release white doves into the air at once. In addition, every new moon, the entire town gathers by the sea to toss pearls into the water. The Merkhants and traders who supply the pearls don't mind the business, but they hate to see the pearls go to waste.

**Description:** It is said that Aphrodite, the love goddess of Olympus, sprang full-grown from the ocean after the blood of Uranus mixed with the form of the sea. Since then, it's been immortalized in art and song by almost every Sensate fancying themselves an artist and their brother. Thing is, this is the place where it really happened. The whole town's supposedly is built on the shell that Aphrodite herself was born on.

The focus of the town is the Grand Temple to Aphrodite at the center of town. It's where Ayla Everglow holds services every morning and where she and a horde of other priests and priestess or Aphrodite live. They're always willing to dispense

Aphrodite's divine wisdom for a small donation to their cause. The priest who's in charge of the day-to-day affairs of the temple is Polius Brightsky (Pl/? he/P[Aphrodite]10/S<sup>2</sup>/LG), who is more than willing to speak with visitors and aid them in whatever way he can.

Fishing's the main industry of this town, as it is with so many bergs on Ossa. Aphrodite makes sure that the town always has enough to eat and does not go hungry, as long as they've maintained their sacrifices to their goddess.

Finally, while on the seashell, all people gain a +1 bonus to their Charisma score because of their closeness to Aphrodite. This bonus lasts for a week after a body leaves the town.

**Militia:** The town militia is led by the asuras Cerna (Px/? asuras/CG). Cerna's a capricious individual who is extremely devoted to Aphrodite and makes sure that her birthplace is not defiled. She commands a mixed group consisting of priests and priestess of Aphrodite, noviere eladrin, and elves who pay homage to Aphrodite. Troublemakers are rounded up by wandering groups of the militia (they aren't really organized) and submitted to the judgement of the Temple. Should a body be found guilty, he's detained until the next full moon, when he'll be tossed into the drink along with a good number of precious objects of art. Since the oceans of Ossa are only three feet deep at most, this punishment's little more than humiliation for those involved.

**Services:** The town offers a good deal of services, including *philters of love*, for the right price. It's also a good place for people to come to see the birthplace of a goddess, so it attracts worshippers of the "Greek" gods and goddesses from all over the multiverse.

**Current Chant:** Ratgar Timlin (Pl/? h/W4/At/N), a Defier explorer, has recently arrived in town under the pretense of relaxation, but nobody in the burg buys that. He's here for a reason, and nobody likes his presence. He's been seen watching the ceremonies of Aphrodite's priests from afar, taking notes and looking suspicious. Unfortunately, the militia can't arrest him just because of his faction symbol, but they'd love to have an excuse.

Djed  
(Realm)

**Character:** Nothing is forever; not even the powers. What was once can never be again; no matter how long something is supposedly going to last, it won't. Every thing decays, everything dies. Even the powers.

**Power:** No power reigns here; not anymore, at least. Once this realm was the home of the power Ptah (LL), a cultural oasis of art and music. Now, it stands in ruins, with only the scorpions to keep it company. When the amount of petitioners began to dwindle and turn to other gods, so did this realm. Now, nothing remains of Ptah's realm but a few ruined buildings, soon to be swept under by the sand. Ironically enough, on certain Prime worlds, the Djed is seen as a symbol for stability.

**Description:** A once mighty realm, being swept under by the grainy-white sand of Pelion, is the best way to describe it. Ancient buildings, statues to the Egyptian gods, and what were once huge temples are all slowly being covered by the sands. Bashers searching through the realm with the purposes of looting will find that nothing is left; either Ptah took it with him when he left or it's already been picked clean by what few residents Pelion has left.

**Principal Towns:** There were towns once, probably. No doubt they were filled with petitioners and artists of all sorts, and museums of works that'd make a body's heart sigh. Now, there is nothing. The principal town of this realm is still above the sand, but barely. The name to this town has been forgotten, and does not appear on any signs or engravings. Amidst the ruins of the town dwell a number of creatures; giant scorpions, desert lizards, and gargoyles have all been spotted.

**Special Conditions:** A basher entering this realm will be immediately overcome by waves of regret and sorrow, sorrow for that which was and no can be no more. Ptah's spirit still lingers, even though he has moved on. For all intents and purposes, It affects all sentient creatures in the realm as a *emotion: sadness* spell would, adding a +1 to initiative and a -1 penalty to surprise.

### Primary

**NPCs:** The leader of the Scorpions is Maldantis (Pl/male minion of set [scorpion]/CE), sent by Set to monitor Ptah back

"I can hear the sweet song of divinity singing to me within the clicking of The Smallest scorpion's pincers."

- Maldantis,

so many years ago. For some reason, probably because he has been corrupted by the chaos of Arborea after centuries within it, he has been abandoned by Set. So he has created a hierarchy among the scorpions in which he is deity. Completely barmy, he thinks that some day he will rule Djed as a Power. He's half right; at the rate that other creatures are leaving Djed, soon only the scorpions will remain among the sands and the broken buildings.

Recently, a group of Prime elves from the blasted world of Athas has taken up camp near the remnants of the main city. The leader of their band, an Athasian elf known as Swiftfoot (Pr/? elf/T7/CN) claims that he and his band are looking for water springs throughout the ruined layer. So far, they have had some luck, having found one spring of water (albeit a rather small one).

**Services:** None. Once, Djed was once a great utopia for artists and craftsmen. Now, it offers little but a chance to look back on what was and weep.

**Current Chant:** This realm is dead. The most recent chant that a berk could pick up is only the ravings of a berk calling himself Hiray (Pl/? h/T3/BC/CN), who claims that the entire layer itself is dying. Before long, he claims, Pelion will fade away as soon as Amun-Thys vanishes from the layer and move elsewhere.

## Hylie (Town)

**Character:** Property is meant to be held in common; what's mine is yours and yours is mine. Outsiders just don't understand this, but that's not their fault.

**Ruler:** Quarian Loosepocket (Pr/? kender/T[Handler]7/CG) is as much as a leader as this burg has. He was the eldest kender on the original expedition to the Outer Planes (see below), and when he tired of wandering, the rest of the kender followed his decision to settle down in Arborea. However, he's not really a ruler; he much prefers to walk around the village singing to himself. Still, he has the respect of the other kender in this village.

**Behind the Throne:** The real force behind the village is Quarian's wife, Jaria Loosepocket (Pr/? kender/T[Handler]5/NG). By her own circle of female kender, she's able to spread gossip around the town and influence the decisions of the townsfolk. She'd never do it for her own gain, of course.

**Description:** According to many, Hylie is the biggest blight on the Outer Planes that a body could imagine. It's not a fiendish death camp, no, far more innocent than that. It doesn't drain the souls out of it's victims like the Waste does. In fact, Hylie lies on the Upper Planes, on the first layer of Arborea. This does not make the town any less scary. The inhabitants do. Not fiends, not celestial archons, but kender.

Kender were originated on the Prime Material world of Krynn, and most planeswalkers agree that their creation was a horrible mistake. About twenty years ago, a group of kender stricken with wanderlust, found a gate to the Outer Planes. They managed to travel the great ring, annoying fiend and celestial alike. Eventually, they tired of wandering and settled on the first layer of Arborea. They named their town "Hylie" after their almost forgot homeland of Hylo. Since its founding, Hylie has served for a planar hub of kender. It's something that the multiverse isn't really happy about, but really can't do anything to stop it.

The town itself is merely a collection of huts with thatched roofs. The berg's only been in existence for twenty or so years, and it's still rather small. It contains about two hundred kender, most of them

either old or young, since middle-age kender quite often leave their homes to wander the Planes. A few eladrin live here among the kender, as well as a few humans and elves that have accepted the property laws of the town.

As one might expect, there are different property laws in this town. There's only one law: there are none. What's yours is mine, and what's mine is yours. Evil berks hoping to hoard everything they can steal in this town will be charged with breaking the law and expelled from the town.

**Militia:** Hylie is protected from invasion by a group of rabid kender warrior, the very mention of which makes most planeswalkers double over in laughter. However, the group of shiere living in the town acts like a glass of water in the face for berks who don't take this town seriously. The shiere are relentless in their defense of the kender and their free will. They'd be willing to die to protect the kender's right to live wherever they wish.

**Services:** The kender of this village have all sorts of trinkets that they'd gathered that they'd love

to trade away for equally interesting junk. Money isn't a priority in this berg; a body could throw it into the streets and nobody would run to pick it up. This berg works on barter, but not based on the value of the item traded. An interesting gadget is worth as much as the rarest sapphire in this town. Unfortunately, the kender don't carry money of their own, so there's no way for a crafty basher to make money off a shiny little piece of glass.

**Current Chant:** A recent baatezu invasion to "quash the little bugs" failed, keeping the residents of Kylie on edge. They're wary that perhaps the fiends will return, this time with more reinforcements.

These concerns are justified; a fiendish infiltrator (M/? erinyes/40 hp/LE) has made his way into the little town, posing as a kender traveler. Nobody knows why this burg merits such fiendish attention. Perhaps the burg's important in some fiendish scheme, or maybe the baatezu really hate kender. Most planars put their money on the latter, since not many planeswalkers can stand them either.

"Oh? Is this your glaive? It must have fallen into my pocket."

- Piria Happysong,  
a kender  
planeswalker to an  
enraged barbazu

## Skeletal Tarrasque (Site)

**Hearsay:** On the prime, there are monsters known as "tarrasque." These "tarrasque" are huge monsters that have been known to make entire prime worlds extinct. Green primes seem to think that they're unique creatures; destroyers sent by the gods. Seeing as how they usually never go beyond their own worlds, that much is understandable. On the third layer of Arborea, within the forgotten sands of Pelion, lies the skeleton of what possibly could have been the mother of all of the tarrasque in the universe.

**Description:** At least ten miles long, the skeleton of a huge tarrasque lies prone as a monument to the unrelenting nature of Pelion. The huge skeleton just lies there. Necromancers have traveled to Pelion in a vain effort to *raise* the skeleton and use it to serve their own evil ends, but (thankfully) none of the attempts have worked. And now, the skeleton is slowly decaying. As the years go on and on, the bones of the beast will erode and be covered by the sand until nothing remains of it.

Sages speculate that this skeleton was probably once the founder of the tarrasque species (if it could be called that). They theorize that the skeleton (a female) gave birth (who the father was,

they don't say; most likely a power) to her brood and distributed them among the Prime worlds (don't ask how), and then mysteriously came to Pelion despite her evil nature and kindly dropped dead. Just goes to show how much sages know.

**Special Features:** The skeleton is big. Really sodding big. A fall while climbing on it will usually do a lot of damage, since a body's usually an average of fifty feet above the ground. Why a body would want to go up there in the first place is dark; perhaps the brain of the creature still lies inside, withered and rock-hard, but still able to be dissected by any eager Guvner with a set of tools.

**Current Chant:** Recently, a group of Sinkers has taken up residence in the bones of the skele-

tal tarrasque and have begun forming a citadel, of sorts. These Sinkers aren't the normal sort that runs around setting fires; these Sinkers seem quiet and introspective. They're lead by a berk calling himself Nathan Gheros (Pl/male human/F10/Dg/N), and they're determined to build a citadel on Pelion to provide a place of silent contemplation of entropy in action. They see the skeleton of a once-horrid and feared beast, now dead and sinking slowly into the sand, as the best way to represent the entropy of Pelion.

# Arcadia

## Jiharia (Realm)

**Character:** Death shall come to the nonbelievers. You alone hold the true righteousness of the real gods; those who would seek to practice otherwise must be cleansed from the very earth before their dangerous beliefs can be spread.

**Power:** [Parias](#), God of Virtuous Holy War (LG), makes his residence here on Abellio. He represents the fury that good brings to the nonbelievers, and his soldiers are often seen on the Prime Material

"Evil shall be cleansed before the Unceasing blades of good."

- High Proxy Darian

bring virtuous death and destruction to those that would defile the beliefs of Parias. Some bashers have wondered what else Parias represents other than Virtuous Holy War. His worshippers insist that he also represents Pure Living and the Pursuit of Justice in all things. Other lawful good powers are wary of Parias and his beliefs, but as long as his forces are focused towards Acheron and the rest of the Lower Planes, they don't object.

**Description:** Jiharia lies on the first layer of Arcadia, some distance from Mount Clangeddin. It serves as a marshalling point for the forces of Parias, who are always ready to do battle with nonbe-

lievers. The realm itself consists of all roads leading straight towards the central tower of Parias, called The Spire of Righteousness by his worshippers.

**Principal Towns:** Jiharia has very few towns to speak of, mostly only marshalling points for armies. At the center of the town lies the Spire of Righteousness, which lies in the center of the town known as Jiharia. The leader of Jiharia the town is the High Priestess of Parias, Elena (Px/? human/P[Parias]7/LG), and the wife of Gheri (see below). She's not known to tolerate strangers or nonbelievers, and asks them gently (at first) to leave. Refusals net imprisonment or even death.

**Special Conditions:** Any combat rolls within Jiharia are increased by a bonus of +1 (i.e. +1 to attack, defense, and saving throws, etc.), but only if the recipient of the bonus is lawful good in alignment and a worshipper of Parias. Parias has no room in his realm for those who would seek to defile his lands and religion with his blessing.

**Primary NPCs:** Within The Spire of Righteousness dwells Gheri, the High Priest of Parias (Px/? human/P[Parias]15/LG). Gheri oversees the einheriar and aasimon armies of Parias. He's said to be as intolerant as a lawful good being can be, and has more than once sent the "nonbelievers" to their deaths at the swords of the einheriar. The leader of the armies of Parias is Darian (Px/? planetar/P[Parias]7/LG), who leads the einheriar into bat-

tle on the cubes of Acheron, Parias's primary focus in battle. Parias sees the goblins and orcs as uneducated sods that deserve what they get. Darian has more than once charged into battle leading the charge himself, bring glorious death to those who would worship the False Gods of Gruumsh and Maglubiyet. However, an equal amount of times his armies have been decimated and forced to retreat to Arcadia to lick their wounds.

**Services:** The city Jiharia is known for forging quality weapons out of steel forged by godly hands. Such weapons supposedly do not break and are able to hit and damage any creature, regardless of immunity to non-magical weapons. Some rumors, however, say that these weapons make a sod as fanatic and devoted to Parias as High Priest Gheri and Proxy Darian.

## Martyrdom (Town)

**Character:** The One does not matter; what does matter is the Whole. What is the life of One compared to the collective lives of the Whole? Look at the painted stars in the Arcadian sky. If two or three of them went out, would you notice? No, of course not, so long as the rest of the sky remained in place and functioning correctly.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this town is responsible for the wellbeing of the town as a whole. As such, the leader of the town is given the title, "Caretaker." However, for some reason, the Caretaker rarely lives very long, usually dying in an appropriately heroic fashion. There's a dark to that, one that only a few outside the town know.

The town's watched over by the power [Helios](#), who demands absolute devotion from his followers. As such, he routinely tests their faith by forcing them to put the Whole above the One. Usually this leads to his followers dying in situations that their power has put them in.

The current ruler of this town is a blood called Sir Wesil (Pr/? h/Pal5/LG), who's slated to be called home rather soon considering he's passed all of Helios's minor tests so far. The previous ruler of the town was Lady Piya (Pe/? h/W6/LG), who died in a tanar'ri raid in which she was able to single-handedly hold back a rampaging horde of screeching vrock. That's the way this town works. All the "troubles" that face it are really created by its patron deity.

**Behind the Throne:** It's said that the next ascender to the throne following Wesil will be his sister Billia (Pr/? h/P[Helios]6/LG). She's a wise being who has seen more of the multiverse than her brother, and she's always open to

However, the real person behind the throne is the deva Freim (Px/? deva/10 HD/LG). He passes Helios's word down to the masses of Martyrdom, including who will be the next ruler of the town. Rulers are not at random, but rather serve to test people for unity with the power. Outsiders are never chosen for this selection unless they worship Helios. The town's population is replenished by the ability of the petitioners (former rulers of the town) to bear living children. It's an odd attribute, but one that keeps the town's population stocked.

**Description:** Martyrdom is a burg on Abellio, the first layer of Arcadia, lying some distance to the north of Mandible. It looks like a quiet burg at first sight; it is unprotected by any sort of fencing or other military signs that are so common on Arcadia.

There are two types of berks in Martyrdom. Those that have been rulers, and those that will be rulers. It's as simple as that. Those who fill the town that were once the rulers of the burg and have been killed nobly in protecting it are the petitioners of the town. Those that have not yet are worshippers of Helios.

The Market in Martyrdom is one of the few markets in Arcadia that isn't completely controlled by the armies of the plane. The Harmonium keep a low profile in this town, but a body can rest assured that they're somewhere. They're always somewhere.

At the center of town is the temple of Helios, which also functions as the seat of government. Decisions are made by the ruler of the town, who is advised by Freim in all things.

Other sites of interest in the town include the statue in the center of the marketplace, depicting the heroic death of Lady Piya atop the bodies of her foes. Also of note is the smithy of the town, which is said to make extremely high-quality goods for use by the worshippers of Helios. Those who pay a little extra could probably gain the skill of the Forge for their own needs (of course, they'd best be lawful and good needs).

**Militia:** People wishing to bring themselves to violence in Martyrdom soon hit the blinds; Helios allows no violence in his realm besides the tests he sets up to test the berks of the town. Those wishing to draw their weapon in unprovoked aggression find themselves unable to.

However, during a test that he sets up, the enemies faced are more horrible than anything in the real world: the only person who can harm these

beings is the current ruler of the town. Other people just can't harm them.

**Services:** This town has one of the few free Markets in Arcadia, so it's always a point of interest for traders and merchants. Most anything mundane that a body could want can be found in the Market, although those looking for the more odd should probably head back to Sigil.

**Current Chant:** It's said that there's only been one ruler (Pl/? asuras [formerly planetar]/60 hp/NG) not to sacrifice himself to save the town in all of time. Once Helios's main proxy, she has since fallen from grace and wanders the Planes (especially the more chaotic ones) looking to help those in need. However, recent rumors place her somewhere on Arcadia, heading towards Martyrdom. Nobody's sure what's going to happen when she arrives, but everyone's afraid of what's going to happen when she does.

# Baator

## Malagard (Town)

**Character:** The Work must be perfect. The Archduke will accept no less. Work, and work hard; those above you control your destiny. Should this project turn out like all the rest, you're fodder.

**Ruler:** The Archduke of the Seventh Layer of Baator rules this city, even though it's not anywhere near being completed yet. The Archduke is constantly in search of the perfect city, and is willing to kill in order to see it completed. Whispered rumors claim that he was once an archon from Mount Celestia, and longs to see the face of perfection now that he has been given in to evil. Others say, "Bar that! There's no way a petitioner of the Holy Mount could give themselves so much to evil that they'd be a bleeding Lord of the Nine!" However, it's the paladins and devas that are arguing the point, so there may be a point to the rumors after all.

**Behind the Throne:** Since the town isn't yet finished, the fiend who actually holds the most power is the pit fiend Biliavn (Pl/? pit fiend/76 hp/LE), who is in charge of the work crews of the city. Whereas the Archduke plans the city's layout and design, it is Biliavn who puts it all into action. He'd better deliver, too; should the Archduke deem Malagard a failure, Biliavn's ash.

**Description:** Malagard is a city still under construction. Arched plazas, huge unfinished towers reaching into the acrid air of Maladomini, and of course the huge, decadent palace in the center of the city. The city's being worked on triple-overtime by slaves and almost all the slaves that the Archduke can spare. In his quest for the perfect city, the Archduke has seemed to leave his layer open to invasion by Prince Levistus should Levistus wish it. However, Malagard is said to be turning out better than the other cities that little the landscape of Maladomini. Perhaps this is the city that the Archduke will finally approve of. So far, the streets are arranged in perfect straight lines; networks of roads intersecting every block. The city is already divided up into eight sections, each of which has a gelugon overseeing the workers there. From the sky, the city looks like a rectangle with the corners all cut off on a forty-five degree angle. In the middle of each of

the corners lies a huge citadel about half a mile tall. At the center of the city is the Palace of the Archduke, to which all roads lead and which stands a good mile high over the landscape. Each of the standard buildings is like the one next to it; a small building that can fit maybe a small store or the house of some small family that has the favor of the Archduke. Every four blocks is a house larger than the others and more decadent; these are the houses reserved for the Archduke's highest Pit Fiend servants. When the city is finished, it'll either be the most magnificent city on the planes or just another ruin that will fall apart, into the ground of Baator.

**Militia:** There is no standard militia as of yet, but the leaders of the standard work crew is more than willing to throw their men at anything causing trouble. The standard work crew consists of two spinagon, four barbazu, and four osyluth. It's lead by a cornugon captain who has no qualms about sacrificing everyone's life but his own. On occasion, the Archduke has been known to hire yugoloth mercenaries to patrol his city and round up troublemakers. He's also been known to hire them to work on his city, but these workers are watched extremely careful; upon the first false move, they'll be going back to Gehenna in a body bag.

**Services:** A body looking for heavy labor for no pay can always join up with the work crews. Other than that, none as of yet. Doubtless the city will be crawling with jobs when it's finished, should it turn out to be the city that the Archduke has waited for.

**Current Chant:** Rumor has been spread that Biliavn's been taking bribes from the yugoloths. Nobody knows what the 'loths want, but should it get back to the Archduke, Biliavn'll be dead much sooner than the most cynical planar thinks.

## Malagrasci (Town)

**Character:** What one discards may be the most valuable treasure of them all. Watch carefully, wait in the shadows until the time is right. Gather your forces while your opponent waits, complacent, obsessed with his own work. Then shall you finally be triumphant over all.

**Ruler:** Malagrasci is ruled by the Pit Fiend Seragorn (Pl/? pit fiend/97 hp/LE). Seragorn seeks nothing less than complete control over the layer of Maladomini, and sees the weakness and obsession of the Archduke as the key to his dominance of the layer. Seragorn is always guarded by a legion of eight cornugon and eight barbazu, always ready should the Archduke learn of his plans.

**Behind the Throne:** Seragorn's second-in-command is the gelugon which calls itself Heartchill (Pl/? gelugon/70 hp/LE). Heartchill has no illusions about being able to influence Seragorn; Seragorn is as high above Heartchill as a balor is to a manes in terms of cunning and power. He also knows that serving Seragorn will deny himself a chance for promotion in the eyes of the Dark Eight, due to his master's plans. Therefore, Heartchill must have an awful lot of faith in his master's abilities. Heartchill carries Seragorn's orders to the masses, and is ruthless in seeing them followed.

**Description:** A ruined, unfinished city some five hundred miles southwards of Grenpoli; blocks of stone littering the roadways and crumbling walls. This city was once what Malagard is now; another endless construction of the Archduke who abandoned it in the end. Malagrasci was as close to perfection as the Archduke had ever previously come. However, there was a lack of foresight on the part of the designers; no fresh water was to be found anywhere near the city for the mortal servants of the Archduke. This defect in city planning and design was discovered only three months before the city was to have been completed. The pit fiend in charge of the planning was immediately destroyed once the Archduke realized the oversight. The Archduke spent the next fifty years attempting to build an irrigation system of aqueducts and pipes throughout the city. To be succinct, his attempts failed and the ruined marble of the aqueducts is now crumbling to the ground after years and years of being worn away by the elements of Maladomini.

The city streets are twisting and turning in a circular fashion, with the entire city revolving around the Market in the center. Now, the Market consists of a huge, flat open area with the occasional stray block of uncarved granite lying on the ground. In the center of the marketplace an unfinished statue of the Archduke; only the Archduke's clawed legs have been completed. The unfinished houses of the city all have mostly fallen apart now.

The city lay abandoned for at least three millennia before Seragorn and his forces came to occupy it. Carving a hidden marshalling ground out of the refuse of the Archduke, Seragorn hopes to someday march a huge army out of Malagrasci to-

wards Malagard and put it to the torch to utterly destroy what hope the Archduke currently has of finding perfection. Then, they shall put the Archduke to the sword and Seragorn will become Lord of Maladomini. As Lord of Maladomini, Seragorn will order the renovations of all the ruined cities in the layer and already have a quite formidable empire laid out for himself.

**Militia:** The servants of Seragorn hide out in the ruined buildings of Malagrasci. Osyluths roam the streets, numbering about six per patrol. Any intruders are immediately taken to Heartchill and summarily dispatched should they turn out to be spies for the Archduke. Should they turn out to be otherwise... well, they're probably dead anyway.

**Services:** Malagrasci's a nice hidey-hole for those attempting to avoid the baatezu of Maladomini. Those that can cut a deal with Seragorn, that is. More than one assassin's found asylum under his wing, only to have their schemes backfire later when Seragorn came to claim his part of the bargain.

**Current Chant:** Spies of Seragorn only recently managed to find the city of Malatanni<sup>3</sup> on one of their routine reconnaissance trips into Maladomini. In exchange for Seragorn's silence (like he'd be going to the Archduke any time soon), Malatanni has agreed to supply Malagrasci with any information that they gain concerning the Archduke's troop movements within Maladomini.

## The Sinking (Town)

**Character:** Down, down, down, down. Into the mud, the gunk, the filth and the slime that is Minauros. Let it sink, build it up; either way, entropy is impossible to defeat forever. Despite all of your best laid plans, everything will fall apart eventually, so you'd best get to work soon or it'll all slip away.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this burg is Yreil Dustmaker (Pl/? tf/W15/Dg/LE), an elder tiefling of obvious gelugon descent (chitinous shell and tail) who has traveled the Great Ring for almost fifty years. He's obsessed with halting the entropy that he sees inherent in Minauros, since he sees the multiverse as falling apart far too soon. After all, he's still got at

<sup>3</sup> First described in *Hellbound: War Games*, page 77

least a dozen schemes left unhatched: the multiverse can't end before his goals have come to fruition. He's often seen strengthening the magical protection spells that keep his burg above the swamps of Minauros. Of course, despite his dedication to the town, he's as evil as they come. When the town is back to normal (as normal as things can be in the middle of Baator), what's to prevent him from enacting his own evil schemes, with a perfect base to do almost whatever he wants? Nothing. People don't mind, though; he allows them free housing in the city as long as they help to maintain the it.

**Behind the Throne:** Of course Yreil's a puppet (most beings in Baator are), but nobody's sure exactly who is pulling the strings. Some claim he's under the command of a member of the Doomguard who'd like to see Pentar in the dead-book. Others say that the previous scheme is far too obvious; perhaps he's being directly manipulated by the Lord of the Third. Of course, that seems far too obvious as well.

Whoever (or whatever) Yreil works for, he does a good job at his task: the city once dubbed "The Sinking" has actually had the swamp recede in the past year.

**Description:** "The Sinking" was dubbed so by the last baatezu to occupy the town. They abandoned the town as the swamp waters came up and engulfed the good majority of what was once a Blood War marshalling area (as most fiendish burgs are). They left the place, with those who could fly flapping their wings to freedom and those that couldn't teleporting anywhere in the multiverse but this burg. And so it sat, festering for many long years, with only the tops of the most tall buildings sticking out of the muck and the mire.

Until the Yreil Dustmaker and the Doomguard came along.

Of course, not all members of the Sinkers see that entropy needs to be speeded up. Some see it as occurring far too fast, as was the case with Dustmaker and the small group of both fiends and humans came along. Using powerful magic, Dustmaker raised the town out of the swamp and cast protective magics to prevent it from sinking any further. Of course, that's the story that he tells, but

most anyone else in the town is convinced that should Dustmaker die, the town will sink back into the muck with its protective magics having failed.

The town has all the signs of having been in the swamp for centuries. It's buildings are coated with mud and all the metal in the town has rusted long ago. Restoring the city to its previous glory will take some time, but at least the place is livable for now. Most of the buildings that people live in have been built where the previous structures had crumbled to the point of no return, so most people live in relatively new houses scattered throughout. Not so with Yreil; he makes kip in previous seat of government, a crumbling tower at the center of the town that he's always rebuilding from the brink of destruction. The market was once a place of trade and capitalism, but now it sits dormant: nobody wants to trade in a city that's liable to return to the swamp any minute.

**Militia:** Dustmaker enforces order in the town through a group of standard Doomguard bashers from Sigil, all of them about third level fighters armed with a long sword and dressed in chain mail armor and a shield. His forces count a few fiends among their number, mostly hamatula and abishai looking to advance their power.

**Services:** In the center of what was once the market now resides a portal to the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. Only Dustmaker is said to have the key, but he's known to sell knowledge of it for a reasonable amount. Nobody's seen anyone use the portal yet, but they're sure that it exists (probably 'cause they believe everything they're told).

**Current Chant:** Dustmaker's lived long. Real long. And he's beginning to show it. The tiefling's lived almost a hundred years, and the town is sure that he'll be passing onto the dead-book soon enough. Nobody knows what do to about it, but it's a sure thing that unless the town gets another mage to protect them that the town will take another plunge into the swamp. Dustmaker denies such claims, but people are still peery (as people usually are).

# The Beast Lands

## The Library of All Knowledge (*Realm*)

**Character:** Knowledge is everything. Not just the type of knowledge that a body'll find in books; there's more to the multiverse than that. Knowledge is the representation of everything taken to its logical conclusion. Don't discount music and art, they're knowledge too, same as book-learning.

**Power:** Both Deneir and Milil (FR) maintain the Library of All Knowledge in their service to Oghma the Binder, who makes his home on the Outlands. Deneir is a demigod representing the written language, while Milil, favored by bards, is a demigoddess of poetry and song.

**Description:** The books themselves are contained in a large building, about a mile high and at least three miles wide. Within the Library of All Knowledge are quarters, temples to Oghma, Deneir, and Milil, and small dining halls, all offered for free to those who come to learn. Of course, there's more to the library than the books, with large galleries of artwork and areas where there are regular poetry readings and ballads performed.

Priests of Deneir and Milil claim that every tome ever written is contained in the Library of All Knowledge, but it's a dubious claim at best. What the library does have is a good deal of literature, nonfiction, and history; spells are not entered into the library. However, experienced scholars (and Priests of Thoth, of course) claim that Thoth's Great Library on the Outlands is a more complete source of information for people. But, then again, the Great Library can be so huge as to be intimidating. However, the Library of All Knowledge doesn't seem to contain everything.

Priests of the Library contest the aforementioned rumors (most likely started by Thoth) which claim that the Library of All Knowledge isn't as comprehensive as they'd like it to be. The dark of it is; they're right. The Library of All Knowledge exactly what a body is looking for, provided that it's been written out by a mortal and doesn't confer dangerous knowledge upon the reader. However, these tomes can only be found by the searchers have no doubts about finding their volume. Once uncertainty enters the equation, a body is less and less

likely to be able to find what he's looking for. It is through rumors and falsehoods that the Priests of Thoth would attempt to discredit the Library. For what reason is as of yet unknown. Perhaps Thoth wishes to keep a monopoly on knowledge in the multiverse. Or perhaps Thoth does not wish to discredit the Library at all, and instead it is his worshippers that have taken the armanite by the horns in this case. Or thirdly and finally, perhaps Thoth has some darker plans<sup>4</sup>...

**Principal Towns:** The library is big enough to be a town, and provides all the services that a town might, except for weapons, which the two powers can't stand and have their worshippers confiscate upon sight. Weapons are returned to those who leave the library peacefully once their business is done.

**Special Conditions:** The library's an enchanted place, and as such, all. Any berk there for the specific purpose of gaining knowledge (and unrestricted in his viewpoint as to exactly what knowledge is) gains a +1 to all rolls (+5% to all percentage dice) as Deneir and Milil smile upon him.

**Primary NPCs:** Tomas Bookbinder (Px/? human/B15,P[Deneir]10/NG) is the most prominent of the many proxies that Deneir and Milil use to ferry knowledge between the Library and Oghma's realm on the Outlands. (*Tomas is first detailed in Liber Benevolentiae, page 13*)

**Services:** In the Library of All Knowledge, most people are able to find what they're looking for with a minimum of fuss (3d4 hours). However, that's only if they are absolutely certain that Deneir and Milil keep all of the books in the world within the walls of the Library. Should they doubt that the Library contains what they search for, the search could take years. Worshippers of Deneir, Milil, and Oghma, all can find whatever they search for in 1d4 hours.

## The Twilight Oasis (*Site*)

<sup>4</sup> For more speculation, cutters can check out The Musée Arcane at [The Mimir](#).

**Hearsay:** On the border between the sun-stained layer of Krigala and the shadowy twilight layer of Brux lies an oasis, where the water is always sweet and the shadows of Brux provide a welcome relief from the unceasing sun of Krigala. Rumors say that the oasis has a guardian; a guardian more powerful and more beautiful than the mightiest of aasimon.

**Description:** The oasis itself is rather normal, although oases themselves are uncommon on Krigala. What's more important (and keeps people talking, though not on the Beastlands) is the chant about the oasis's so-called "guardian." While many speculate, only few know, and those who know ain't telling. The dark is that on the Prime World of Athas, high-level wizards, with the aid of psionics, can transform themselves into powerful beings of magic and the mind. Evil wizards can become "Dragons," which is rather appropriate for the Prime, while Good wizards can become something known as an "Avangion," a powerful being that looks in its true form like a huge gossamer blanket about forty wide. The guardian of the Oasis is one of these Avangion, by the name of Trinius (Pr/? avangion/Ps30-W30/NG[C]). Hardly ever seen in his true form, Trinius prefers his solitary lifestyle now to the life he once led on the Prime; a life beset by evil and blackness. When he does appear, he appears polymorphed into an animal, usually a lion or a wild dog. Trinius has only recently arrived on the Planes, but has already won the trust of many of the creatures in the Beastlands, including the new Cat Lord and the Rhinoceros Lord, both of which make use of the Oasis as watering grounds for their wards. The water of the Oasis seems to make their charges more healthy and fit.

**Special Features:** The water of the Oasis has a healing effect; imbibing it will purge the drinker's system of all poison and heal one point of damage over a twelve-hour period.

## Zhan, the Grand Forest Beyond the World (*Realm*)

**Character:** Beyond what most planars can comprehend lies wisdom untapped. Wisdom within nature within wisdom; together, wrapped around

each other, each giving life to the other. What the multiverse does not see does not matter; wisdom is not for the masses but for the self.

**Power:** Three powers make their home here: Chislev (DL), goddess of nature personified; Habbakuk (DL), god of natural harmony; and Zivilyn (DL), god of wisdom, each originally a deity from the Prime World of Krynn, all make their residence here. Habbakuk wanders more than Chislev or Zivilyn, but does spend the majority of his time within Zhan, gaining wisdom and experience from the other two. However, they usually work together as a team; the three Krynnish gods of nature and wisdom.

**Description:** On the night-bound layer of Karasuthra, the third layer of the Beastlands, lies a huge forest, at first no different from any other of the forests on the Beastlands. But as a body ventures further and further into it, they can tell that it's not normal fare (like anything is on the Beastlands). The movements of the trees, the way the moon shines above through the foliage above, the way that the animals holds very still as a body approaches; everything seems to make sense to even the dwarf without the least inclination towards nature.

Petitioners of Chislev and Habbakuk arrive in Zhan as animals, which is to be expected of powers that represent nature. However, the petitioners of Zivilyn, who arrive in the forms which they held during life (usually those of scholars and prophets), often find themselves more comfortable among the wisdom and experience of nature. Eventually they too become the animals around a berk. A select few even chose to become trees and thereby experience the full wisdom of nature in the form of their god's symbol. They're happier that way, too.

Probably the most prominent feature of Zhan that planars notice immediately is the love that exists between Chislev and Zivilyn. Together, their love makes the forest sing with life and joy. Hardly ever does a basher expect to be greeted by singing birds while within a layer of the Beastlands perpetually shrouded by darkness. Zhan is a place both of wisdom and joy at once.

**Principal Towns:** Within Zhan, there is no need for towns. Towns are an oddity on the Beastlands, and Zhan is no exception. The petitioners of Zhan have no need for towns, being the animals and trees around a basher. However, several bands of Krynnish elves (known as the "Qualinesti" and the "Silvanesti") which worshipped Chislev during their lifetime wander around Zhan in search true spiritual union with their power. It's unlikely that a basher

will stumble upon their camps; they're expert woodsmen, and can't be found unless they want to.

**Special Conditions:** Any berk who's at harmony with nature (that is, not wielding a machete or trying to hack the whole place down with an axe) while inside Zhan gains an extra point to his wisdom score for as long as he remains within it and stays respectful of nature. But the results of introspection within this realm are hardly indicative of the addition of one extra wisdom point. Instead, people who come here seeking harmony and wisdom between themselves and nature almost never leave unsatisfied. Within this realm, everything is in touch with the wisdom that is nature. Priests and petitioners of the Krynnish gods come to meditate on their position in the grand scope of things, even if a good deal of the Primes from that world still think this place lies within the Abyss.

**Primary NPCs:** The two major proxies of the Krynnish nature gods are Chislev's proxy Silvarian (Px/? half-elf/D14/N) and Zivilyn's proxy Ansala (Px/? human/R16/NG). The pair are mostly seen around Faunel, the gatetown to the Beastlands.

(They are described in a little more detail on page 14 of *Liber Benevolentiae*). Within the realm, Zivilyn relies on Jaspar (Pl/? noctral/LG), a noctral versed in the history of the Beastlands, to carry his messages to his still-human petitioners. Habbakuk's main proxy is Nierka (Px/? P[Habbakuk]11/NG), who in her lifetime was Habbakuk's main worshipper on the world of Krynn. Having cast off her human form, she now appears in the form of a kingfisher to those who Habbakuk would speak to.

**Services:** Zhan, the Grand Forest Beyond the World, is a place of meditation and peacefulness. A body can come here seeking knowledge of himself and his place in the multiverse and will walk away contented, knowing his role in the cosmos. It's said that the current Cipher factol Rhys, back before she had achieved her current rank, once traveled here in search of spiritual unity. Chant says that she found it and returned to Sigil enlightened. True or not, this realm has become remarkably popular among members of the Transcendent Order, who often visit Zhan to contemplate their role in the Cadence of the Planes.

# Bytopia

## Heart of Justice (Realm)

**Character:** Evil must be vanquished; justice must be done. Honor means everything, but honor is nothing without actions to back it up. Battle against evil until you yourself fall on the battleground, victorious in all things.

**Power:** Kiri-Jolith (DL) does more than watch over this realm. As the god of Justice originally based off of the Prime World of Krynn, he actively seeks to smite evil in glorious combat. His armies are a well-known sight on a Blood War battlefield, and he has been known to bring swift death to all the fiends who stand between him and the honor of victory.

**Description:** Heart of Justice is a marshalling ground for the more militant-inclined of Bytopia's petitioners and traders. In a plane where money and trade grease the wheels, Kiri-Jolith seems somehow

out of place in the whole grand scale of things. Nevertheless, he is here, and shares the same point of view as the guardinals of Elysium; that fiends, no matter which alignment, are a blight on the multiverse and should be eliminated with extreme prejudice. Heart of Justice always seems like it's gearing up for a battle, and it usually is. Knights of Kiri-Jolith often ride forth carrying death on their blades into the heart of the most frenzied fiendish hordes.

The realm itself is a staging ground for the Knights of Kiri-Jolith, sometimes known as "Knights of the Sword," based on a Prime order that the god founded, probably on Krynn. All beings of the realm are courteous, honorable, and trustworthy. It is a place where everyone's try to gain more honor, because more honor means a greater place in the glory of Kiri-Jolith.

There's a large number of Mercykillers in Heart of Justice; it's their head stronghold in Bytopia. Not that there are all that many crimes committed in Bytopia; to most of the residents of Bytopia the only crime is not working hard enough. This group of Mercykillers really doesn't take orders from Factol Alisohn Nilesia back in Sigil, and she

doesn't care what they're doing, as long as they're doing it in the name of justice.

**Principal Towns:** The whole realm is a town, and a rather big one at that. Closed in on all sides by a huge fence to protect the realm from possible fiendish invasions, there are two gates (though they are open) leading into and out of the realm, to the north and to the south. Anyone entering the realm is checked by a *know alignment* spell built into the gates. Any evil creatures are turned away from the realm, sometimes forcibly. Within the realm, the town can provide a good number of services for the weary or bloodthirsty traveler (see below).

**Special Conditions:** There's a reason why berks are driven to do good throughout this realm; they're all competing for their god's favor. Upon doing a lawful good act, they gain the eye of their god. In game terms, for each lawful good act that a player does, they get an "honor point." Not any lawful good act will do, of course. It has to be at least an inconvenience for the do-gooder to do the act. Upon gathering five honor points, the do-gooder will gain a +1 to every roll (and +5% to all percentile rolls) while in Heart of Justice. This effect is cumulative, so a paladin with 20 honor points will get a +4 to all rolls and +20% to their percentile rolls. Upon leaving Heart of Justice, the benefits begin to fade; for each week the character does not spend in Heart of Justice, they lose an honor point until they reach zero again. On missions for Kiri-Jolith, people will not lose their honor because they are always in his eyes. There is a maximum total bonus of +5 (reached at 25 honor points).

A body committing a crime in Heart of Justice had best be prepared for the consequences; Kiri-Jolith notices all attempts at crime and is not amused. Occasionally the criminal will be immediately struck by an electrical shock doing 3d6 damage (no save allowed). Other times,

**Primary NPCs:** Sir Atrius the Pure (Pr/? human/F[Knight of the Sword]19/Mk/LG; Honor: 64) is the lead proxy of Kiri-Jolith, leading his forces into battle in the name of justice. He's led a good deal of armies towards the Lower Planes, and have returned victorious more often than not.

The most powerful merchant in the town is the aasimar known to his customer Toby (Pl/? aasimar/F[Knight of the Crown]5-W6/Mk/LG). His name is probably short for Tobias or some other longer celestial name. He's as crazed about justice as the next knight, but sees his role in Heart of Justice is to supply the Knights of the Sword with the armor and other various goods that will aid the

Knights on their quests. He doesn't deal in weapons; all the weapons in the town are constructed by a proxy of Kiri-Jolith, the deva Ishmael (Px/? deva/Mk/LG).

**Services:** Heart of Justice is probably the best place to buy weapons on Bytopia, if for no reason other than their weapons are not imported to other areas and their weapons are used by the brave warriors in the realm. Thus, there's little need to doubt the veracity of weapons merchants in this town.

Any berk looking for a gateway to the lower planes is sure to be able to get the chant here; Knights of the Sword are always organizing attacks on the Lower Planes. A body willing to go along with one of Kiri-Jolith's armies will be given basically a free escort. Until they reach the battlefield, that is. Then every berk'll have to pull his own weight.

## Travail (Town)

**Character:** Don't wait for the world to be given to you on a silver platter, berk. Work, and work hard, and maybe you'll succeed. If not, you can always work harder. Besides, hard work builds character. Stop listening to me and get back to work.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this burg is Dap Stoutaxe (Pr/? dwarf/F10-C10/Be/LG), a short dwarf who expects everyone to hold their own weight. He's said to have a special hatred of the Sensates because of their tendency to experience everything; everything, that is, except work. In his town, nobody's going to be seen slacking. To him, work is the only way to advance in the multiverse, and he's even adopted the Indian belief of *karma* (Legends and Lore, pages 125-126), seeing Nirvana as complete unity with the spirit of Bytopia.

**Behind the Throne:** Dap's a rather fervent leader; nobody else would dream of trying to influence his actions (because he wouldn't listen). However, the second-most-powerful berk in the town is movanic deva Yshiel (Pl/? movanic deva/Be/LG), who is in charge of the town's militia (see below). He's as ruthless as a celestial being can be, fanatic in the training of the men who have enlisted to serve the town. It's said that he himself follows an even tougher exercise regiment each day. In the town, his opinions hold as much weight as those of Dap's. However, he is fanatically loyal to the dwarf because of their shared beliefs as Godsmen and their mutual beliefs in *karma*.

**Description:** From a distance, the town doesn't look any different than another. Upon entering the town, though, a body sees that it is different from the rest of the plane. The rest of the plane only has a lot of work ethic. Compared to this berg, the rest of Bytopia is full of a bunch of slackers. The townsfolk are completely one-minded in their tasks, whether it be making clothes or protecting the town. In this town, loitering's outlawed and laziness is frowned upon. The militia (see below) makes sure that every body's good and busy.

The town's building reflect the work that goes on inside, since the buildings themselves are extensions of the work done inside. The town's laid out with all roads leading to the center temple, over which Dap presides, instructing the town in the belief of karma.

**Militia:** Yshiel is in charge of the militia, which consists of two hundred members of the town that are ready to lay their lives on the line for Travail. They're single-minded in their devotion. Each is a third-level fighter, protected by chain mail armor and shield. Each of them wields long swords, all made within the town by Varial Firehammer (Pr/? dwarf/F6/Be/LG), the town blacksmith. Anyone

wanting to buy his goods had best travel to The Exchange (see below) and be prepared to wait in line behind all the other traders.

**Services:** The main attraction for travelers in Travail is The Exchange in the center of town. There aren't any markets in Travail; merchants are seen as lazy slackers who have nothing better to do than sell other people's stuff. Still, the town must deal with them because they do not grow enough food to feed the town. However, The Exchange is the hub of town because all goods made in the town are sent to the Exchange where they are sold by a gnome named Phiar (Pr/? gnome/T4/Be/LG). Phiar represents the town and its interests in business and trading. He's a resolute cutter who's just as fervent in his business as the next berk in the town. Traders attempting to get monopolies with the town by jinking up Phiar, no matter what amount of money is offered, are shown from the town.

**Current Chant:** Recent chant in town says that a group of Merkhants, infuriated by Phiar's unwillingness to comply to bribes, has decided to wage full economic war on the berg. It's anyone's guess what this entails, but nobody thinks that it's a good thing.

# Carceri

## The Mausoleum of Pain (*Realm*)

**Character:** Life draining, seeping out of a body into the ground. Blackened skies above and blackened bones below; the wind strips flesh bare leaving your soul unprotected from the whims of The Shadowed One.

**Power:** Faluzure, (MM) also known as The Shadowed One, rules over this realm. The sleek and strangely beautiful shadow dragon that represents evil and life draining lurks inside the Mausoleum of Pain. He hates life, and seeks to steal it from all who enter his realm.

**Description:** Canny cutters (or greybeards with their heads cluttered with more useless knowledge than they'll ever need) will realize that the name of the Mausoleum of Pain mirrors the name of the Mausoleum of Chronopsis on the Outlands. Some say that the Mausoleum of Pain is the opposite of the Mausoleum of Chronopsis; whereas Chronopsis watches over the hourglasses representing every dragon in the universe, Faluzure is in charge of only the shadow dragons, which Chronopsis reportedly has no power over since they supposedly exist outside of time. No matter what the reason, it's no secret that Faluzure hates Chronopsis with as much passion as he can muster.

The area around the Mausoleum of Pain is littered with the bones of The Shadowed One's victims, long since stripped of their essence and turned to black. These bones are sharp, and woe be it to any sod without protective boots; nothing less than hard leather shoes will stop the bones from jutting into a body's feet and causing her to bleed. In game terms, any berk moving faster than a movement rate of 6 suffers 1d3 damage per round due to sharp edges of the broken bones. This damage can be averted if a body's smart enough to wear boots or hard leather shoes.

Also in the area surrounding the Mausoleum of Pain are Faluzure's servants, the juju zombies. Originally ordinary travelers that were foolish enough to stay too long, they now serve their shadowed master with mindless devotion. A few shadow dragons also lurk in this realm, though most

of them live in the warrens under the Mausoleum of Pain.

The Mausoleum of Pain would naturally be the center of the realm. In it lies the hourglasses of all of the Shadow Dragons in the universe, each filled with blackened sand. It's said that because Faluzure crafted the shadow dragons, Chronopsis has no power over them. What's more likely is that Faluzure's minions stole these hourglasses from Chronopsis long ago. These timepieces are watched unceasingly by a trio of shadow dragons; Twilight, Umbra, and Ebony (Pl/? , ? ,? (respectively) shadow dragon[adult]/CE). Anyone entering is usually fried by their breath weapons as their life energies flow to Faluzure.

However, it is under the Mausoleum where the majority of the action takes place in the realm. This is because deep within the warrens beneath the Mausoleum lies the Shadowed One himself, plotting in darkness and experimenting with the life essence. However, a body's not likely to make it through the warrens to see him or his experiments, since hundreds upon thousands of shadow dragons lurk in the catacombs beneath the sand.

**Principal Towns:** There is only one town within the realm of the Mausoleum of Pain. It's known as Dusk, and it's a ghastly city where the undead walk the street and the shadow dragons patrol the skies above. Anything living is sure not to remain that way for long.

**Special Conditions:** Every day that a body spends within the vicinity of the Mausoleum of Pain drains the life out of him; a berk'll have to roll as save vs. spell every day or lose 1d4 hit points from his maximum total. A *restoration* spell will return these hit points. Should no spell be available, it's whispered that deep within the burrow of Faluzure are countless vials, contained in which is the life essence which he's stolen from any berk foolish enough to stumble inside his realm. Some say he breathes the life essence into his juju zombies, which is what gives them spirit and movement. Others claim that he hoards the life for himself. Should a body be able to recover the vial that's his, he'd be able to restore any hit points lost to the realm. If a body reaches 0 hit points from this draining, he immediately dies (and cannot be resurrected), rising 24 hours later as a juju zombie. Of course, undead and the shadow dragons of the realm are immune to this draining.

Also, the sands surrounding the Mausoleum of Pain are littered with broken and blackened bones. At any time, Faluzure can command these bones to rise and form 1d6 giant skeletons each round. Should a skeleton be destroyed, they merely reanimate a round later. As a rule, it's best not to incur the wrath of Faluzure or his undead minions.

**Primary NPCs:** The eldest and most powerful of the Shadow Dragons within the Mausoleum of Pain is Jet (Pl/? shadow dragon[venerable]/NE), who dwells deep within the catacombs and hardly ever emerges from his huge cavern anymore. He's said to be the most wise being in the realm (discounting the deity, of course), and knows a good deal of things concerning Carceri and Planar History, having lived for well over two thousand years. It's whispered that his hourglass, or at least the hourglass that Twilight claims to be his, is about to drop its last grain of sand, but Jet is more than ready for unity with his power.

**Services:** Deep under the Mausoleum is rumored to be a gateway to the Negative Material Plane, where it is said that the first Shadow Dragon was hatched into existence many long years ago. It's unlikely that anyone could make it to the gate alive, but if they could, they'd probably stand on the sight where Faluzure first breathed death into the shadow dragons as a race.

## The Rack of Injustice

(Realm)

**Character:** Wolves howl in the distance. Even though you have been banished here in the stinging winds of Minethys by those who you once called brother, you can still get your revenge. Someday, when they least expect it, you will return and your servants shall be like gods themselves.

**Power:** Karontar (MM), the wicked and misshapen god of the formians and verbeeg, rules over this realm. He hates all giants for his banishment and the loss of his own spellcasting skills. In giantish myths he is seen as evil first and reviled among all giantkind (except the verbeeg and the formians) as a villain.

**Description:** Amidst the biting sands of Minethys lies Karontar's realm, called "The Rack of Injustice" by him and his worshippers, seeing as how they claim his banishment from the realms of

Annam was based out of a perceived misunderstanding between Karontar and his brother siblings. Nevertheless, Karontar hates all giantkind for his current position.

The Rack of Injustice is a huge building made of bones, mostly those of any creatures that were foolish enough to stumble upon Karontar's realm. It dominates the nearby landscape; a huge spire thrusting up into the cruel skies of Carceri. Then again, on the layer of Minethys, anyone who gets lost deserves what they get. However, a good deal of the bones that make up The Rack of Injustice are giantish, and it's no dark that no giant would travel here unless commanded to. Perhaps they're the remains of some of Stronmaus's worshippers who met a grisly death at the hands of Karontar's winter wolves while preparing to attack.

Inside The Rack of Injustice itself is a twisting maze of bone and sand. The stinging sands of Minethys are able to penetrate the spire in many areas, so travelers had best beware. All of Karontar's petitioners that have remained in humanoid form live within The Rack, struggling to eke out an existence within the bones of those who were once their brothers.

**Principal Towns:** There are no towns in The Rack of Injustice; there's just not enough room for them. Any berks that did try to set up a town would probably be hunted down by Karontar's winter wolves and killed.

**Special Conditions:** While within Karontar, all formian and verbeeg gain a +1 to all attack and damage rolls due to the presence of Karontar. All other giants (and giant-kin) become more and more disconcerted as they approach The Rack, suffering a penalty to +1 to their Armor Class and a -1 on all attack rolls. Inside The Rack, the penalties are doubled (i.e. +2 to Armor Class and -2 to attack).

**Primary NPCs:** A body won't meet anyone outside The Rack of Injustice. At least, not anyone humanoid. Winter wolves roam the area surrounding The Rack of Injustice, having an uncanny ability to hunt down interlopers within Karontar's realm.

Inside The Rack, the main berk a cutter'll need to deal with is Kiliathor (Px/? verbeeg/NE), a verbeeg that once revered Karontar from the Prime. It's said that in her life, she managed to get two huge tribes of cloud giants to almost destroy each other and then managed to walk in with minimal losses to the verbeeg under her command. She's said to be cunning in all things, and is likely to be able to shield a party that's made the *other* giants angry.

Petitioners within Karontar are sometimes formed in the misshapen forms that they held during life. However, most of the time they become the winter wolves that patrol the area surrounding The Rack and guard their power from those that would finish him off completely.

**Services:** Death. Death and pain are the only two things that this realm offers, as with so many places on Carceri.

## Reprieve (Town)

**Character:** Depart from the acid ocean that you have known for all of eternity. Finally escape from the burning waters and the shallow people surrounding you. Live in a house again, just like the way it all once was. For a price.

**Ruler:** Fherast (Pl/? shator/CE) rules this town. Originally it was him who thought up the idea of building a town on Porphatys, then charging the petitioners who wanted to get in; five hundred gold a head. Of course, the petitioners ain't got no money, so most of those that have paid him have been exiles that have fled to Porphatys because it's one of the least-inhabited layers of Carceri. Fherast supposedly "raised the city out of the acid ocean with a stray thought", but that's no sodding likely. It's more likely that he "commanded a legion of fifty or so farastu to build the city and laughed while they struggled and died building what would be his jinkmine until the city falls into the waves again," as

"Charging the penniless... there's something unethical about it that I like..."

- Fherast

an angry petitioner stated after being denied entry. Behind the Throne: Actually, Fherast is a coward, and is quite often intimidated by the farastu that serve as city militia (see below). It's a rather good think for Fherast that the farastu that helped to build the city and now protect it are rather stupid compared to him. Usually, however, when the farastu want something done, it gets done. Only Fherast's status as a shator keeps the farastu in line; they are afraid of killing a shator, one of the favored of Apomps, the Three-Sided One. In addition, the fact that the farastu are unable to harm the more powerful shator without weapons of at

least +3 or better enchantment also saves Fherast's neck.

**Description:** Reprieve sounds too good to be true. On Carceri, a break from the routine is more than welcome by the exiles and petitioners that live there. But of course it **is** too good to be true; the whole thing is an idea of Fherast to make a whole bunch of jink. So far, it's worked. Admission of five hundred gold per head has brought in the money quite splendidly, and people always seem more than willing to pay. Even after having been admitted, Fherast uses the farastu of the city to extort even more money from those that live within the walls.

The city itself is a rather small, circular town surrounded by a huge flood wall that would break if the water came anywhere near it. It was originally built on a large sandbar that the farastu managed to "empty" to petitioners, either by throwing them into the sea or slaying them where they stood.

**Militia:** Reprieve is guarded by a troop of at least fifty farastu, all under the direct command of Fherast. The farastu patrol the town in groups of ten each, shaking down loiterers and slaying passersby at random. Some people would see that as bad press for the berg. Not so; when your alternatives are standing on a sandbar with three hundred other people that you hate and being killed by an angry farastu, the farastu's beginning to look better and better.

**Services:** Reprieve's nothing but one big service, berk. Providing an intermission from the sandbars and acid ocean of Porphatys is all the service that this berg needs. Food and fresh water are provided by Fherast, who controls a gate to Sigil (or so he claims). Should the gate vanish, Reprieve will start getting a lot less popular real quick.

**Current Chant:** Recent chant claims that the Titan Oceanus doesn't like the fact that there's a city full of (relatively) happy people on Porphatys. If something isn't done to appease him, and soon, it's more than likely that Reprieve will be demolished by a wave of caustic water in the near future.

## The Shadowed Stones (Site)

**Hearsay:** Within the Scarlet Jungle on Cathrys, the second layer of Carceri, lies a clearing, inside which is a ring of stones, completely blackened by the hearts and sacrifices of those who worship within it. Those who have seen the denizens of the clearing claim them to be beings of shadow, who attempt to kill all who discover their refuge.

**Description:** The truth is nothing so horrible and evil and the hearsay would make it out to be, although the Shadowed Stones are still a dangerous place. But so are most places on Carceri; right, berk? The truth is that the Shadowed Stones are the central meeting place on the Outer Planes for the Shadow Order Druids, a small sect of the druidic order that sees humans as basically inferior to animals. Their main purposes on the Prime involve forcing civilization away from the pristine woods. While normal druids also believe in this, the Shadow Order is more militant and, some would say, *evil* about its goals. A good majority of druids stay clear of the Outer Planes altogether because of the lack of any true "nature" on them (since everything's formed by belief, berk!). Many of them chose to remain on the Prime Material or Inner Planes because of the neutrality of both of them. However, the Shadow Order has seen a chance to extend their influence into the very realms of belief, and has gone forward and established the Shadowed Stones. The Grand Druid of the Shadow Circle for the entire Outer Planes is Sharyana Acidtip (Pr/? human/D[Jungle]15/N[E]). Sharyana has thus far held her position for seven years and shows no sign

of letting up in her fervent devotion to what she believes. She is assisted by a number of Shadow Druid operatives that have been spread throughout the planes.

The Shadowed Stones themselves are fashioned from Gehennian rock; thus their blackened appearance. They are arranged as standard Celtic stones (as described in *Legends and Lore*, page 60). Any berk entering the sacred grove is immediately watched, whether it be by the Shadow Circle in human form or those who have taken animal form to watch the brutish intruders.

Not every animal within the Shadowed Stones is a polymorphed druid; many snakes make the area their home, as well as many arachnids and lizards. Each of these animals has been twisted a bit by the Shadow Circle to hate humanoids, so travelers had best beware.

**Special Features:** Within a mile of the Shadowed Stones, the jungle becomes non-acidic, and does not cause the standard corrosion or damage that it usually does. However, the trees themselves become more blackened and withered, reflecting the twisted nature of the Shadow Druids. The Shadow Druids can cause any of the following spell-like abilities, once per round while within the area of influence projected by the Standing Stones: *barkskin*, *bind* (uses vines instead of rope), *earthmaw* (once per day per druid), *flesh to wood* (once per day per druid), *plant door* (once per day per druid), *trip*, *unwilling wood* (once per day).

# Elysium

## Anarchy (Town)

**Character:** Cast down the corrupt rulers and install new leaders in their place; once the fat capitalist pigs have been cast down, all is made clear for the people to start working together in a new age of peace and prosperity.

**Ruler:** Elion Geiar (Pl/? h/Abj7/RL/NG) is the ruler of this town, having been a rebel crusader that managed to overthrow the previous residents of the town. Him and his revolutionary cell were crusaders against the oppression of the baatezu in Baator for many years, and only recently did his cause succeed. He's not really the ruler to this town, because the burg is technically "a socialist utopia where each member of the town has an equal say in matters of government," according to Polius (Pl/? ursinal/10+5 HD/Gu/NG), an ursinal sage with unusually white fur who resides in Release From Care in Amoria.

**Behind the Throne:** The real power behind Elion's Revolutionary Cell is a cutter called Sheya Kelat (Pl/? h/B9/RL/NG). Through her inspirational songs and wisdom, she was able to guide Elion toward liberating the town of the baatezu. To this day, Elion still looks to Sheya for guidance. She can often be found in the center of the town, singing songs of the liberation of Anarchy.

**Description:** Up until recent, this burg actually lay on Stygia, the fifth layer of Baator. It served as an embarking point for the armies of the Baatezu because of its position near the River Styx. However, due to the efforts of Elion and his Revolutionary Cell, the city no longer resides in the Nine Hells because they managed shift the town into Elysium.

Still, the town bears all the marks of being of fiendish origin. The walls are blackened with scorch marks and the streets are twisted around on themselves like a maze. The alley walls still have the stains of fiendish blood, a horrible reminder of the methods that Elion's people needed to use to liberate the city.

Most of the people in the town used to belong to a fiendish slave camp that operated out of the town before their freedom. Now that they actu-

ally have been freed, though, they rather like their new society, so most have opted to stay. They've moved into the houses of their fiendish oppressors, although a faction of people in the town demand that they demolish the old dens of corruption and make new houses. Elion is still undecided as to what to do; he's all for tearing down all signs of this burg's past, but the stone and lumber for the replacement parts just isn't there yet.

**Militia:** The guardinals have taken it upon themselves to help the burg adapt from its former setting to Elysium. A group of avorals and lupinals (MCII) have taken up residence in the town to protect it from any baatezu that might make it past the "Travelers' Way."

The guardinals may not even be enough to protect the burg, should the fiend's return. It doesn't really matter, seeing as how Anarchy is probably the biggest carrier of weapons on Elysium (see below). Anyways, the Anarchists of the town are masters at guerilla tactics. They did steal this burg from the fiends in the first place, right? The majority of the Revolutionary League members in the town are at least fifth level fighters and thieves, and are each skilled in the use of many weapons.

**Services:** Any berk looking to sell his junk in this town had best look elsewhere. They're not a capitalist town, and rely on barter for the most part. However, they don't quite care for material items; they've finished their first task and now must start their second: maintaining their utopia.

Still, a berk willing to deal with the town on its own terms can probably get a pretty good deal on fiendish weaponry; weaponry that the town's citizens are more than happy to get rid of as if to erase the memories of their past.

**Current Chant:** Osyluths have been sighted wandering pointlessly around in Elysium some distance from this burg, asking for directions to their poor little lost Stygian town. While Elion gets a good laugh out of hearing news like this, behind it lies the cruel truth that a counter-invasion can't be far away.

## Atlantis (Site)

**Hearsay:** Many Prime worlds have myths on an advanced civilization that mysteriously vanished beneath the waves one day. Well, this is it.

**Description:** The city of Atlantis lies deep within the waters of Thalasia, the final layer of Elysium, perhaps a thousand miles north from Portico. From afar, it looks to be merely a glowing light in the water. Getting closer, a cutter can see the huge buildings and intricate architecture that makes up Atlantis. Getting even closer, a body can see dark humanoid shapes moving around within the city. If a body gets even closer, he can see the gates to Atlantis, sealed from the water a huge glass dome. Even closer, and a body doesn't come back.

Some say Atlantis doesn't really exist; on the Prime it's believed to be a utopia of perfection and enlightenment, one that vanished under the waves long ago. Perhaps it never existed and the Atlantis within Elysium just reflects what a bunch of Clueless sods believe to be the city. It's certainly possible, but it still doesn't explain the reason that those who enter the city do not leave.

Perhaps it IS a utopia, one that once a body found it, they would never want to leave. That makes sense, too. Unfortunately, the city is barred to scrying magic (perhaps by some property of the glass dome surrounding the city). The dark of it is likely to remain dark for some time.

**Special Features:** The buildings of Atlantis give off a light that can be seen from fifty miles away, even underwater. As such, it attracts fish and curious planeswalkers from all over. However, those entering the city do not return, which intensifies the mystery of this place. Why have a city that lights the underwater if a body can't enter it and then leave?

## Serenity (Realm)

**Character:** Feel the waves wash over you; let previous memories of law and chaos vanish before the peace of neutrality. Those who claim neutrality to be conflict know little; those who claim that through neutrality one can find peace know all.

**Power:** [Mavera](#), a power representing alignment shifts from lawful and chaotic good creatures to neutrality, maintains this realm among the waves of Thalasia. Her priests are rather active throughout the Upper Planes as attempting to unite all of goodness against the Lower Planes and the divided baatezu and tanar'ri.

**Description:** Among the waves of Thalasia lies the island of Serenity. It is an island of golden sand and silvery roads. The sun above beats down upon all kindly. Mortals and celestials of all sorts wander around the island, most of them there to relax and sample in the pleasures of the island. A majority of them are neutral good, but a few of them are lawful and chaotic good creatures that have come to renounce their previous alignments and come to terms with goodness.

The island is rather large, about fifty miles across and twenty miles wide. Of course, since the realm changes due to the whims of Mavera, it's sometimes larger or smaller. It's filled with many small settlements, usually not discriminative as to the race of the inhabitants, as long as they're good.

**Principal Towns:** The second-largest city of this realm is Lanarion, a village mostly composed of elves that have renounced their previous chaotic ways and concentrate on pure goodness. They're led by Sinius Elvenhair (Pl/? e/P[Mavera]11/NG), a body devoted to teaching elves the error of their chaotic and lawful ways.

Other villages of shiere and archons abound. The largest town in the realm is called Purity by its celestial inhabitants. It's also a marshalling ground for the forces of this realm when they are engaged in their battles against the Lower Planes.

**Special Conditions:** In Serenity, all willing lawful and chaotic good creatures can shift their alignment to neutral good with aid from the priests and proxies of Mavera. A being who has his alignment shifted in this way will suffer no adverse penalties due to the power of Mavera.

**Primary NPCs:** Within this realm, the main proxy of Mavera is Tasha Lightborne (Px/? planetary/14 HD/NG), who seeks to lead the confused splintered forces of goodness towards utter victory against the forces of darkness. However, he realizes that as the planes stand now this is an impossible task. So she wages a diplomatic interpretation of the Blood War, trying to convince the forces of both lawful and chaotic good to unite against the evil of the Lower Planes.

Most of the other major proxies of Mavera are diplomats spread across the Upper Planes. The most successful of these has been Macarius (Px/? agathinon/8 HD/NG), an agathinon that has been able to shift entire villages of archons and shiere into Serenity.

**Services:** Serenity serves as a relaxation place for good creatures of all persuasions. While most residents of the realm are encouraged to be neutral good, all creatures of good can come here to relax. A month in Serenity is assured to be good for both the body and the soul. However, the presence neutrals (in relation to good/evil) is discouraged, while evil people are usually slain. Such is the price for to maintain a haven.

**Current Chant:** It's said that Macarius hasn't reported in a long time. His latest assignment was to attempt to pull a boundary shift of a town of einheriar in Arcadia, and he hasn't sent any word to Serenity in a good long while. Maveria is concerned, and she's dispatched a few scouts to investigate what's become of him.

## Purity (realm Town)

**Character:** Law? Chaos? What does it all matter? What was past is past and what is now is now, let nobody forget that. The purity of goodness is more important than anything else.

**Ruler:** There is no singular ruler to this town. Instead, all decisions are made by the Council of Six, representing five of the major Upper Planar celestial races: the aasimon, the archons, the asuras, the eladrin, and the guardinals. Each is led by a powerful representative of their race and each has an equal vote on the council. There is also a representative for the other creatures that live in Purity that do not fall under the other definitions. All of them, however, are no longer aligned towards law and chaos; they each see the merit of working towards pure goodness. However, the Council is not a lawmaking body, but rather an advisory council to the beings in the town. Those who do not wish to follow its pronouncements need not.

The needs of the aasimon are spoken for by a light aasimon called Piyar (Pl/? light aasimon/10 HD/NG). He's a wise and respected being, and the other members of the council often turn to him for advice.

The firm voice of Rhipheus (Pl/? throne archon [fallen]/12 HD/NG) speaks for the fallen archons of the town. He's a militant one, believing that the town should work to convert more celestial beings to their cause and then strike at a major outpost of the fiends. He's been granted all the powers that he formerly held on Mount Celestia by his new goddess Maveria.

Viotya (Pl/? asuras/8 HD/NG) speaks for the winged and clawed asuras in the town. Unfortunately Viotya, like so many other of her brethren, has gone a little barmy and lost perspective on exactly what she represents. However, she is often seen leading celestial armies into the Gray Waste and destroying fiends wherever she flies.

The representative of the eladrin is Cerigi (Pl/? firre eladrin/7+10 HD/S<sup>2</sup>/NG), a great lover of art and music. She exalts in every breath she takes and every sight she sees. She's known to be extremely merciful and is usually the representative to speak to outsiders and newcomers to the town.

The wisdom of the guardinals is Nesplit Fleetwing (Pl/? avoral guardinal/7+4 HD/NG). She's the only one of the rest of the council that hasn't been cast out by her people, and as such is regarded as being the inexperienced one of the council, despite having served the third-longest (only Cerigi and Piyar have served longer).

The rest of the town is represented by Sir Yaer (Pl/? aasimar/Pal[Maveria]10/NG). Once a paladin of Tyr, he found himself fallen out of his deity's favor when he allowed an entire village to be destroyed to save a single child. After having been cast out, he wandered the planes for years until finding the island of Serenity, where he was finally able to stop feeling guilty for his failure. He rededicated himself to Maveria and now represents to few celestial beings in Purity that do not fall under any of the previous labels, including noctrals, qesar, aasimar, and other mortal priests and paladins who have fallen from grace.

The Council is usually cooperative in all matters, but the majority of most disagreements fall over the desire of Rhipheus and Viotya to create a united front against evil in the Upper Planes. While this is Maveria's ultimate goal, the two wish for it to happen a bit faster, and they see a series of quick victories against the Lower Planes ? in particular the yugoloths ? to be the best way to gather support for their cause. Without the yugoloths, they reason, the other fiends would continue to battle, but without 'loth mercenaries and aid. The fact that the yugoloths are neutral evil creatures and diametrically opposed to the creatures of pure goodness, does not help them.

**Behind the Throne:** There's one being that influences everything that goes on within Purity. Nothing escapes her watchful eyes, but she does not directly move to influence anything. She's a seer known as Jejni (Pl/? aasimar [asuras]/Div15/NG), and she's been gifted by Maveria with an ironic sense of foresight. Her predictions always seem to out true in the end, but there's no way to prevent them from occurring. Such is the way of all proph-

ets, but Jejni doesn't predict just anything: she predicts everything. She's been "gifted" by the ability to completely see into the future, but she speaks very little of what she sees.

**Description:** Purity is the largest city on the isle of Serenity, with a population of about 40,000 people, most of them fallen celestials who have found acceptance with Mavera's style of thinking. A good number of them are militant towards the Lower Planes and dream of the next time that they can soar into battle.

The town is surrounded by a huge wall made of the whitest marble. There are four entrances, one in each cardinal direction. Each entrance is guarded by a mixed force of celestials. The Lead Guardsman is a sword archon named Fyshaer (Pl/? sword archon/10 HD/NG). He commands each of the four gates and spends each day at a different gate, moving clockwise around the town.

Inside the gates is an ordered city, but not so ordered as to stifle the common man. The streets seem to be a compromise between law and chaos; they are not straight and orderly like the cities of Arcadia. Instead, they wind their way around the rose-shaped city, seemingly not leading anywhere but always getting a body to where he's looking for.

A key point of interest in the town is the Hall of the Six, where the Council of Six (as described above) meets to discuss issues facing the town and the goals of their deity.

Throughout the town are areas where the celestials prepare to attack the Lower Planes. How-

ever, a majority of the inhabitants in this town would prefer to show their former brothers the truth of goodness before attacking the Lower Planes. It's an issue that divides even the Council.

**Militia:** There aren't any organized militia groups: this town's "concerned citizens" are more than enough to handle those that would defile this town. Any overt act of evil will likely be met by both the flaming weapons of asuras and archon alike.

**Services:** This town's a good supplier of weapons for berks that are into that sort of thing. Most weapons forged in this town have been crafted by celestial hands and have been enchanted by celestial magic. So, in short, they're prized commodities.

**Current Chant:** Recent chant indicates that (as usual) Viotya has gotten sick and tired of waiting for support of the rest of the town. However, this time she's not just bringing a small legion of troops; she's going for a total campaign on this venture. She's gathering anyone who wants to attack the Lower Planes immediately to her cause. Piyar attempts to counter her foolishness with wisdom, but it's likely that Viotya will be attacking the Lower Planes within a year unless Mavera should speak otherwise.

# Gehenna

## Beyond the Void (Realm)

**Character:** What lies in the shadows may let to be more powerful than mortal or power may yet dream. Lurk in the darkness, biding your time, until the day when you will return, and the Planes will echo with the screams of your name on the lips of those that would have seen you dead.

**Power:** The self-banished power [Oranan](#) lurks in this realm beyond the four mountains of Gehenna, out of the view of those who were once his enemies. It is said (in hushed voices) that once his power dwarfed that of even the most powerful pantheons. He was a god whose portfolio included both wisdom and war, and had entire crystal spheres dedicated to his worship. However, he could see a conspiracy of the other gods moving against him, threatening to destroy him because of his power. So he withdrew to where nobody could follow him and where the Planes would forget his horrible name; the void beyond the four mountains of Gehenna. He still maintained a considerable power base on the Prime to maintain his divinity, but his priests moved into the shadows as well, given a shadowy other-life by their dark lord.

**Description:** Few have seen this realm, and even fewer make it away alive to report what they have seen. The realm itself lies far, far away from the mountains of Gehenna; from its topmost peak the fires of Khalas are but a twinkling star. It's in its position for a reason: it's a place that not even the powers consider a glance, and is easily overlooked by planeswalkers looking for thrills. In fact, Beyond the Void gets very few visitors, and those that do arrive uninvited rarely leave. However, there are a precious few proxies that Oranan has entrusted to spread their influence beyond his realm (see below).

Physically, Beyond the Void is shrouded in darkness, even though the void beyond the mountains of Gehenna is naturally dark. However, the realm is lit by a dim light from above, which creates extremely long shadows throughout the whole realm. Oranan appreciates the irony that his shadows cannot exist without the light.

The realm is rather small, even considering Oranan's status as a Greater Power. It consists of

only a town protected from above by the Canopy of Shadows, from which Oranan watches and directs his realm. The Canopy of Shadows covers the entire realm and is what Oranan uses to control all those entering his realm.

**Principal Towns:** There's only one town in Oranan's realm, and it's the one around which the realm is built. It's called The Dark Side of the Moon, and it's populated by shadows, shadow fiends, and Oranan's own fiendish creations.

**Special Conditions:** While within the realm, shadow magic is enhanced and all creatures of shadow gain a +1 to all their rolls (+5% to percentile dice).

**Primary NPCs:** Oranan has a lot of proxies, but only a privileged few are allowed to leave his realm to sabotage his enemies. The most powerful of his proxies is Achner (Px/? shadow field/58 hp/NE), who has a working relationship with Cegilune of the night hags. He gathers mortal souls and magic in his voyages across the planes and trades them to the night hags for larva. Oranan uses the larva to create fiendish beings of his own creation, known as The Shadowed Ones (see *Monstrous Supplement*).

The leader of all Shadowed Ones throughout the multiverse, next to Oranan of course, is The Veiled One (M/? Shadowed One/14 HD/NE). He relays the commands of Oranan to the Shadowed Ones throughout the Planes. However, he seems to have another purpose other than serving Oranan, and nobody can fathom what it is. No doubt nobody will know what it is until after Oranan has destroyed him.

Oranan often uses the Athar to accomplish his goals across the Planes. Despite the fact that he hates their faction's philosophy, he supports their efforts to debunk his enemies and sees them as a group that he can manipulate without revealing himself. Paerna Shadowborne (Pl/? tiefling [Shadowed One]/P[Oranan]10/At/NE), one of the *athaons* of the Athar is secretly a servant of Oranan. The rest of the Athar haven't found out about her hidden contempt for their beliefs, but if they should, Oranan had best be looking for another contact soon.

**Services:** Because of the nature of this realm, enchanting items with shadow magic is extremely easy and can be done with twice the normal chance of success. However, the very nature of the realm

also discourages visitors, so travelers without special arrangements had best stay clear.

**Current Chant:** It's said that a proxy of Ares has been investigating the razings of many of his god's temples on the Prime. Oranan's priests across the Prime Material Plane have been instructed to watch out for discovery. While Oranan has a chance of killing a proxy of one of his old enemies, he'd rather continue to wait in the shadows...

However, some whispered rumors say that Oranan will never return. He's not scared of his old enemies, but he's come to like his new existence beyond the ken of mortal and power alike.

## Façade (Realm)

**Character:** Nothing is real; shadows are people and people are shadows. Those who were your friends once are not, they've been plotting against you all along. Evil lurks not in the shadows but in the daylight, wearing the face of a friend. Trust nobody that isn't you.

**Power:** [Morine](#), patron god of the Doppelgangers rules this realm. Under her tutelage, her doppelgangers have spread throughout the Prime Material plane and among the planes. However, knowledge of her seems incredibly limited, most likely due to the fact that she discourages open worship. Open worship of her reveals her presence to the Planes; she'd much rather hide behind the guise of being a Power of Selfish Trade. Which she is as well, of course.

**Description:** Located on Mungoth, the third mount of Gehenna, Façade (known to most travelers as Gemfast) is supposedly based on trade. Trade between the haves and the have-nots is was supposedly runs this realm. The doppelgangers know better. As a rule, three out of four berks that a planeswalker'll meet are actually a doppelganger in disguise. However, these aren't the cowardly doppelgangers that a body'd meet on the Prime. These doppelgangers are bold, and seem to get a perverse pleasure out of getting close to a basher, and then knifing him up in the alley and taking his form. There is only one law in Façade; the first law of Morine that has been broken time and time again on the Prime, much to her dismay. Her rule is simply this: *All doppelgangers must never show their true forms or reveal their true nature.* Instead, they must work through guile and deceit than through

outright combat. Any doppelganger who violates this one simple rule while in Morine will be instantly destroyed by their Queen Mother. Any doppelganger that has broken this rule and returns to Morine will likewise be instantly destroyed by their Queen Mother.

Petitioners that worshipped Morine as a goddess of Selfish Trade during life that arrive here are regarded as a sort of practical joke by the Doppelgangers of Façade. So they're often targets of doppelgangers looking to increase their skills in double-crossing.

The realm itself is, on the surface, a group of small outpost-like trading towns. However, it is in a network of sewers connecting the cities and tunnels in the mountainsides, the doppelgangers make their homes. It is whispered that within the deepest and darkest of the sewers, set deep into the nearly-dead volcano, is the huge bloated body of Morine, who gives birth to new doppelgangers like a queen bee giving birth to larva.

**Principal Towns:** The main town of Façade is Brightcrystal (Durna, to the Doppelgangers). Underneath Durna is a huge network of sewers, in which the doppelgangers (and a few wererats who have gained acceptance among the ranks of Morine) initially make their homes before moving to the surfaces above. Durna is called Brightcrystal by those Clueless to the dark of Façade (which includes planars, too, berk) because of a large vein of sapphire (as of yet not wholly harvested) in the mountain near it. Other towns within the realm include The Glittering Lights ("The Darkening", in doppelganger-speak, for a gate to Krangath that resides nearby) and Neverdull (Illin, to the doppelgangers, due to the large numbers of inexperienced doppelgangers that reside within it).

**Special Conditions:** While within Façade, no illusions can be dispelled or disbelieved. Period. All divinations also fail under the will of Morine. The truth cannot be seen in Façade; a body may not base his actions on prophecy, leaving him alone in the dark when it comes to the schemes of Morine and her minions.

**Primary NPCs:** Polius Evershift (Px/? (and ? , when he/she feels like it) doppelganger/P[Moline]10/NE) is the main proxy of Moline. His second name is not commonly known. He prefers instead to go by the name of Polius Silverflow when dealing with outsiders who don't know the truth about the realm.

The second-most proxy of Moline actually worshipped her secondary side during her life, but is now lanned to the dark of the realm and accepts her

deity's true nature. She's a gnome called Ulheria (Px/? gnome/P [Moline]8/NE), and she works to make sure that any of the "secondary" petitioners don't find out the truth of the realm. Any that do are marked for death.

**Services:** Since Morine is also a Power that represents Trade, a good number of goods can be found here. However, prices are horrible, seeing as how all non-doppelgangers in the realm are as greedy as Merkhants. For a body with a good deal of jink, there are better places to come to buy and sell.

## Forge (Town)

**Character:** Natural selection, berk. It's what weeds out the stupid and unworthy: if a body's weak and undeserving of survival, he'll most likely end up dead. The multiverse is a better place without them, too ? advance towards perfection by passing the tests that the plane puts at you.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this town is a pretentious yagnoloth that's dubbed itself "Lord Fezrion", (M/? yagnoloth/10+20 HD/Be/NE), who's perverted the Godsman philosophy to the extent that he's been able to justify killing the weak (read: those he doesn't like the look of) as they enter this burg. Those that do enter count themselves fortunate, and set out to enduring the rest of the tests that this burg throws at them, like: lava slides, burning hot ground, mezzoloth guards that harass visitors for no good reason, etc., etc. etc.

Lord Fezrion claims that he was appointed his position by "The General of Gehenna himself." Yeah, right. Nobody in the town believes his stories of being appointed by such and so. It's more likely that some lowly arcanoloth gave him command over a miserable town that nobody in their right minds would want to command, and Fezrion was canny enough to turn it into a "living test" for a group of idiot from Sigil.

**Behind the Throne:** The representative from Sigil that attracts more Godsmen to come and investigate the burg is Talanar (Pl/? h/B7/Be/N). He despises the plane and the ruler of the burg, but he honestly sees the town as being a test of a body's physical and mental strength. Of course, he'll probably end up on the wrong end of a mezzoloth's pike one day and reverse his feelings completely, but for now he spreads the word around the Foundry about Forge. More than one Godsman has shown

up and died because of their weaknesses, but those that come here usually believe it to be a live-or-death test. Those who die, fail. Talanar can usually be found around the town, exposing himself to the harsh environment of Gehenna and enjoying every second of it.

**Description:** Literally clinging on for dear life on the side of Chamada, the second mountain of Gehenna and possibly the most hostile to mortal life, Forge is a town that serves as a constant reminder that the multiverse is a test. It's a test of skills, a test of existence, a very literal, physical test that the beliefs of the town are correct. The people of this town take their suffering seriously: without suffering, how would they know that they're going through the tests of the multiverse?

The town is built on relatively flat ledge (only about thirty degrees or so, known as The Flats) on a very steep part of Chamada. The town's not big enough to fit on the ledge, so half of it is built up the side of the mountain (known as The Heights) where the conditions are about ten times more harsh than they are below in the flat area of the town. Surprisingly, however, the flat area of the town is home to the inns and markets of the burg; the residents mostly live in The Heights. Some would say it's because they're barmy, but they'd claim that they're experiencing the tests that Gehenna is putting to them. In the words of Lord Fezrion himself: "If an avalanche wipes a quarter of The Heights away, then so be it; the Weak have died and the Strong have continued to live. The Weak should not be mourned, for they are Weak, while the Strong have continued to survive and prosper here in the fiery glories of the four mountains." Those from Elysium see this as out-and-out evil; the people in this town don't even seem to care for the life of their neighbor. Sometimes, berks have been known to go on killing rampages just to prove that they're the most powerful in the town and the one that's passing the tests that Gehenna throws at them with flying colors.

The major features of The Flats are the market and the visitors' center, both of which are unpleasant to someone just arriving in Forge. The visitor's center is merely a place for the minions of Lord Fezrion to bully around new arrivals to the town, while the market isn't much better. The market deals in mostly survival goods (with the "appropriate" tariffs heaped on them), which are most demanded in a town where everyone's trying to survive (and oddly liking it, too).

On the border between The Flats and The Heights is Lord Fezrion's Estate, where he dispatches the weak and rules the town with an iron fist in a typical yagnoloth way. The Heights contain all

of the residences for those that live in the town, partially because Lord Fezrion won't let anyone live in The Flats, and partially because nobody would want to admit that they're weak enough to flee The Heights.

**Militia:** Lord Fezrion enforces order and destroys the weak with his mezzoloth patrols, led by a dergholoth. He maintains complete order (in his own unique way) by weeding those that look like they can't defend themselves. The militias of the city are directly controlled by the fearsome pisoloth Ri'il (M/? pisoloth/9+18 HD/Be/NE), who buys completely into Lord Fezrion's beliefs. Of course, like all yugoloths, he's always looking for a way to replace his superior's position.

**Services:** Forge can be a good place to find survival gear for Gehenna, since survival is the first thing on the inhabitants' minds. A body can find

most anything they want that's geared toward surviving in the four furnaces within Forge.

**Current Chant:** It's said that high-ups from Sigil have arrived to investigate this town (after hearing whispers spread by Talanar). Lord Fezrion's too afraid to "test" them in the way that he does with the other people in the burg, since he's afraid that it would stop the steady influx of people that he's been getting.

This burg, as well as seeing an influx in Godsmen, has seen quite a lot of Dustmen in their somber black robes seen lurking in The Flats of Forge, just waiting for to kill whoever they can. Fezrion regards them as yet another test for the people on the town, and lets them do as they wish, testing them in the same way he would another member of the town. That is, until they come after him.

# The Gray Waste

## Hagsend (Realm)

**Character:** Buy, sell, trade. Sure, they're souls like everyone else, but they deserve their fate, don't they? Gather magic for the hated Queen, but remember to always be on the look out to advance in the world. All the night hags of the multiverse may be your sisters, but they're in your way.

**Power:** Cegilune (MM), the patron gods of hags of all types, rules over this realm halfway up a black mountain in Pluton. To maintain her own godly form, she is forced to trade with Abyssal and Baatoric Lords in order to survive. Her main item of trade is larva, which she relies on her night hags to trade for magic which they sacrifice to their Queen Mother. She knows that the night hags hate her, but as long as she has a constant influx of magic into her godly veins, she doesn't care whether they love her or not.

**Description:** Hagsend lies halfway up a mountain somewhere in Pluton. It's mostly a series of bone-strewn caves set into the mountain. Her night hags keep larva pens within the realm, and most of the business with other Lower Planar beings is dealt with in selected areas of the realm. The rest of the realm goes deeper and deeper into the mountain, with the tunnels becoming more and more twisted, but not smaller; the smallest of the tunnels in Hagsend is still at twenty feet tall, so that prospective buyers may be led with no inconvenience to the pens of larva which lie at the very heart of the mountain.

**Principal Towns:** No towns. The realm is a series of large tunnels and caves filled with night hags and larva. Humans, demihumans, and their strange concepts of "towns" don't enter into the equation.

**Special Conditions:** Cegilune, in her desire to stay alive, drains the magical energy out of anything that enters her realm. Magical spells are drained at the rate of three levels per day (as in, two first level spells and a second level spell or one third level spell). Any mages within her realm are unable to relearn their spells. However, mages that offer minor magical items as a sacrifice to Cegilune will find themselves free to memorize their spells

and immune to the draining effect for one day per 100 XP that the sacrifice had (round up). A mage sacrificing a *potion of healing* protects himself for only two days. However, the mage offering a *Daern's instant fortress* to Cegilune will find himself immune to the draining effect for 70 days ? over two months.

Magical items are drained at a rate of a +1 bonus/charge per week. For example, a sword +4 will become a sword +3 in a week, and be completely drained of magic within a month. Those magical items that do not require charges will cease to function after a week inside Hagsend. When they are taken from the realm, they will resume to function as normal after another week. Only one item per player will be drained at a time.

No larva has free will in this realm. Any orders addressed to a larva will instantly be understood and taken as a *command* spell (no save allowed). Larva owned by the Night Hags or other people of Cegilune are immune; only "free-willed" larva can be affected in this way.

Finally, any sod entering this realm that's not there to buy larva or sell magic had best think twice before going; otherwise, they may be passing into the hands of a pit fiend as Lower Planar currency soon enough. And, if they are going to buy larva or sell magic, then they'd best make themselves look like a bunch of tough cutters, or else they'll be larva anyways.

**Primary NPCs:** The main hag to speak to in Hagsend is a hag calling herself Gretkhel (M/? night hag/13 HD/NE). She's the main proxy of Cegilune, although it's no secret that she aspires one day to take her power's place. For now, however, she is content to manage all the various deals between the Lower Planes and "her" night hags.

The night hag completely in charge of the larva pens in the caves below the realm is Ciria (M/? night hag/10 HD/NE). She's said to be merciless with thieves and completely loyal to Cegilune (a strange devotion a for night hag to hold), and works to thwart Gretkhel's schemes at every turn.

**Services:** If a body's interested in the buying of larva, then *this* is the place to do it (seeing how that's what this realm is designed around). However, he'd better have either a full purse or some magical items, because the hags here prefer magic to money. Of course, they'll take money if none of the magic is available. But a body'd best be advised

that selling magical items can give him a better bargain in her realm than sticking with jink.

**Current Chant:** It's whispered that the baatezu are stocking up on larva, preparing for an event known only as "The Bringing"<sup>5</sup>, which is said to involve the life forces of a million larva. It's supposed to give them some sort of edge over their Blood War enemies, the tanar'ri. The night hags don't care, as long as they get paid in the end, although an end to the Blood War would result in less parties to buy larva. This would be somewhat bad for business, and it's said that Gretkhel is working on some scheme of some sort.

## Heart of Darkness (Site)

**Hearsay:** "After much experimentation, [The General of Gehenna] finally found an answer in the creation of a magical stone called the Heart of Darkness... thus it began to remove all trace of Law and Chaos from its cohorts, passing the purged energies into the multitudinous larvae it had collected." - The Book of Derelict Magicks<sup>6</sup>

Deep within the Gray Waste lies a huge stone that apparently once served a purpose. At least a hundred feet tall, it still hums with the resonance of a task that it once performed... or has yet to perform. Those investigating the area around the stone area usually surprised to find the rotting bodies of larva, apparently petrified by the ages. Groups of mezzoloths patrol the area near the stone, killing any who get close.

**Description:** According to numerous books of lore (most placed within the Rare and Dangerous Volumes vault in Mechanus), the Heart of Darkness is the place of the birthplaces of both the baatezu and tanar'ri. The General of Gehenna himself constructed the Heart of Darkness and used it to purge all traits of law and chaos from the yugoloth race, forcing it into nearby larva. The larva, warped by the forces of law and chaos, fled from the yugoloths and eventually made it to Baator and The Abyss, respectively. Of course, this is all speculation and known to very few people (most of them Guvners in the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment).

The Heart of Darkness itself cannot be found on any layer of the Gray Waste. Instead, it

can only be found by succeeding in the trick of not looking for it. However, neutral (in terms of law and chaos) creatures have a better chance of finding it than those bent towards law or chaos. It's this way that the General of Gehenna sought to hide the stone from the Baatezu and Tanar'ri until it needed to be used again.

The stone itself is at least a hundred feet tall, and it seems to glow with a darkish light. It also gives off a faint humming sound, which becomes more intense upon the arrival of either lawful or chaotic creatures. Rumors of mezzoloths nearby are true, but they don't particularly care about visitors, as long as they aren't baatezu or tanar'ri. Should one of these fiends approach, they'll immediately *gate* in others of their kind (which makes Guvners sure that it doesn't lie on the first layer of the Gray Waste) and proceed to destroy the invaders. Tieflings are given a peery eye as well; those of obvious tanar'ric or baatezic descent are attacked as if they were the fiends themselves.

**Special Features:** A cutter who knows how to actually use this stone to channel the correct energies change affect the alignments of those around him. Those of lawful and chaotic bent become neutral, and those of neutral bent become even more set in their devotion to neutrality. In short, the stone can channel all law and chaos out of a sod, leaving him devoted purely to good, evil, or balance. To be able to channel energies of the stone, multiple *legend lore* spells are required, and each attempt requires a Wisdom check with a penalty of -2. A failed wisdom check indicates the user's mind has been affected by the energies of the stone, setting his alignment from law and chaos to neutral. If already neutral, his alignment goes one step towards evil. If already neutral evil, the caster is immediately assimilated into the stone (no saving throw allowed).

**Current Chant:** Recently, the stone's begun to glow a bit more than usual. The humming's also gotten louder, which leads people to believe that either there's a good deal of law (or perhaps chaos) pervading the Gray Waste, or that something major is about to happen. Taken together with the fiend's recent loss of the *teleport without error* ability, perhaps something really is up.

## Similarity (Town)

**Character:** Everyone's the same; everyone has the same likes, the same fears, the same hopes, and

<sup>5</sup> Originally mentioned in PSMC1, page 63.

<sup>6</sup> Hellbound: *The Dark of the War*, page 9

the same dreams. That is, if they had any dreams. Their very souls have been drained from their bodies, leaving them identical husks with nothing to distinguish them. Memories of the past are everywhere; anyone with a hint of uniqueness is to be worshipped and feared.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this berg is a cornugon named Ghent (Pl/? cornugon/LE). He claims to have abandoned the hierarchy of Baator, but it's far more likely he was kicked out for cross-trading. No matter why the reasons he left Baator, he eventually came to the Gray Waste to find a berg of people who were each indistinguishable from another. Upon his arrival, he has heralded as a god by the townsfolk and has assumed the role of leader to the town. He actually cares for the town in a twisted way, seeing their protection as important. He also enjoys the attention and praise that he gets from them, of course.

**Behind the Throne:** A new basher's showed up in the town. This one's an oddity to the town; going by the name Yubgums (Pl/? green slaadi/Xa/CN), his arrival caused the statue to shift before Ghent found out and Yubgums was forced into hiding. Even now, he believes himself to be the true leader of the town, although he wouldn't dare show his face. Yet.

**Description:** On Niflheim, second layer of The Waste, lies a little town without a name. However, due to its strange nature, most bashers call it "Similarity." It's built in the design of an exact triangle, with sixty degree angles at each turn. It's so exact that a body can be sure that it was constructed by architects from Mechanus. Even the streets are exact, forming congruent triangles around the center of the city, at which is a statue. Actually, it's an unfinished statue, merely a formless blob of stone that seems to take on the shape of the current ruler (read: more unique sod) in the town. Currently it shows Ghent, but that's rumored to change soon. If there were rumors. Which there aren't. In between the congruent triangles of the streets are the houses of the citizens. Each is exactly alike, and there's no differentiating between buildings. One building might be a tavern, but nobody'd be able to tell from the outside. The tavern probably wouldn't be of any excitement to a traveler; it'd just be a place where the identical people of the town sit around, not drinking from their mugs and not talking about the events in their lives. Or lack thereof.

Some folks might wonder why this town's on the Gray Waste. Because it's so ordered, some fools (most of them Guvners, of course) think it

probably should be somewhere on Acheron. Not so. There's something evil in this town.

See, thing is, people in this town are dead. Not dead in a physical way, but dead in a mental way. They're conditioned to one way of thought, and they follow this thought pattern unceasingly. It wouldn't occur to them to do something spontaneous; they see it as impossible. This is why unique beings are able to hold the attention and admiration of the town. All citizens of the town (and any berk that fails a save vs. spell every month) are exactly alike, identical to a being found behind a *mirror of simple order*.

**Militia:** Big deal. The town doesn't care if you attack. Once, a group of tanar'ri, learning of the town's cornugon leader tried to attack the town. Just as the first three wings of vrock made it through the three gates of the town crying murder, they suddenly were swallowed up by the very ground. That's right; they were swallowed whole into the ground. The rest of the tanar'ri took the message, and immediately retreated back to The Town at the Center before they too disappeared into the land. It's rumored that Arawen himself protects this berg from attack, but others wonder why he'd stretch his reach so far from his realm for some burg full of paper-dolls.

**Services:** Wise berks wouldn't stay too long in this town to take advantage of it's "services." Those that do soon find themselves just like the citizens of the town, without any sort of free will, individuality, or distinctiveness left to separate them from the crowd.

**Current Chant:** There's always a good deal of Guvners around the town, trying to figure out exactly what makes the town the way it is. Recently, they think they've found something major, for the first time in a good long while. After a good deal of digging, they've found a maze of catacombs running under the town. All those entering the catacombs have not returned, so it's a good bet that there's something bad inside them.

**The Real Dark:** The town was originally founded as a joke by a baernoloth<sup>7</sup>, one of the ancient founders of the yugoloth race. He lives deep inside the catacombs that the Guvners have only recently discovered. The catacombs are a virtual death-maze, since this barmy baernoloth is able to control the very land around the town, and is able to cause tunnels in the catacombs to rearranged themselves at his own whim. Most likely, he'll re-

<sup>7</sup> Planes of Conflict: *Monstrous Supplement*, page 30

main hidden for all eternity, observing the cruel

mockery of a town that he's created.

# Limbo

## Gdjrptryjg (Realm)

**Character:** Who cares? Not I. There are much more important things in the world than wondering what the inhabitants of Gdjrptryjg think or care about anything beyond their borders in the aXos that is LiMbO. That's the problem with your kind, always poking and prying into stuff that concerns none other than the red green blue doors to plagues of locusts falling down on miLbo. osaX isn't a conscious effort, in ibLom, it just happens. Let the powers sort them out in the end; I want nothing to do with them anymore.

**Power:** Whatever power rules over Gdjrptryjg must be crazy, because his realm certainly is. More crazed than the Chaos of the Primal Soup of Limbo, the realm itself almost seems to be a sentient being, with its thoughts wandering from one topic to the next without rhyme, reason, or anything in between. Then again, the Power maintaining the realm could be Gdjrptryjg himself, if he (or she) actually exists. Or if he (or she) is actually a person. Or if the word "Gdjrptryjg" means anything at all. Probably not.

**Description:** Amongst the Primal Soup of Limbo is a realm known as "Gdjrptryjg." Nobody actually named it that, it just happened. It exists within the thirteenth layer of Limbo, just inside the third tier of Schmal. Bodies entering the realm get the vision of the word "Gdjrptryjg" in their minds, not as a series of random letters strung together but as an actual concept. Chaotics find themselves able to understand the concept of "Gdjrptryjg", while lawfuls find themselves confused by it. Neutrals have a fifty-fifty chance either way. The very concept of Gdjrptryjg entails life-long sacrifice and personal bettering to ascend into godhood. No, wait. That's not Gdjrptryjg at all. It's more of a purple thing, really, that's out there, but can't be touched. It's like ice cream melting on a hot day, like the sky darkening before a rainfall. It just is, and those who understand the dark of Gdjrptryjg can understand the very nature of Chaos itself. Sure, a body can speak in scrambled words and pretend to be in touch with the chaos of it all, but that's not really chaos. Most Xaositects make a good show of trying to be chaotic, but fail. Those that exist within Gdjrptryjg and actually understand the concept of it. It's some-

thing that can't be explained except to say that one who understands Gdjrptryjg is completely in touch with the energies of Limbo and can shape the soup as the most powerful Anarch could. However, almost nobody is completely in touch with Gdjrptryjg; only a few berks (mentioned below) and perhaps the highest Xaositects, actually can grasp the idea. To visitors, however, the concept of Gdjrptryjg is one that they don't need to understand fully; it just "is."

However, there's more to this realm than just the concept of Gdjrptryjg. Probably. Or so most folks think. People looking beyond the oneness with chaos that they experience within the realm find only floating ideas and other bashers with similar floating ideas and beliefs. In this way, groups and communities form within this realm like wildfire, and vanish just as quickly as they came. For more information, see "Principal Towns" below.

**Principal Towns:** Towns aren't exactly normal in this realm. They exist only if enough like-minded individuals reside within Gdjrptryjg. The most common burgs here are called "Freedom of Expression", "Randomness", and "Weltanschauung." Nobody is really sure what the last burg is all about, since nobody's been able to reach it. They only know that it exists and that enough people seem to believe in the same tenets within it. It's rumored to be populated by a bunch of strange philosophers, which narrows it down to just about half of Sigil.

**Special Conditions:** Chaotics in this realm gain a +2 to all die rolls, due to their "in-touchness" with Gdjrptryjg, whether they know it or not. Lawfuls feel a little uncomfortable in this realm, but not much more so than they do in the normal soup of Limbo.

**Primary NPCs:** The body most "in-touch" with the concept of Gdjrptryjg is an ancient slaad known as only as the Enigmatic and Mysterious Bob (M/? gray slaad/60 hp/CN). However, the Enigmatic and Mysterious Bob (Varisabobliatious, for short) is usually found within the non-existence of Gdjrptryjg, wandering between the major (and non-major) burgs of the realm. It's said that he's been to every community that's developed within Gdjrptryjg, and that his presence can enshrine such gatherings as places of insight forever or cast them into the Soup from whence they came. The Enig-

matic and Mysterious Bob has chaos down to a Ciphersque science; he does whatever he feels like it when he feels like it, allowing himself to get completely in touch with the shifting entity and the realms of Gdjrprtryjg.

Other key characters in this realm include the "ruler" of Freedom of Expression, a female bari-aur named Afiricu (Pl/? b/F5/FL/CN). She may be a member of the Free League (in fact, she runs her entire herd under the ideals of the League), but she's learned to respect the power of the ChaOs of ibmoL.

Finally, a group of Tanar'ri run a burg within the realm known as "Hellbent"; they're a group of sods intent on bringing all the towns within Gdjrprtryjg under their control. 'Course, it won't happen since the fiends don't understand the other viewpoints and therefore can't travel to the other burgs, but their leader, Crion the Feared (M/? fiend [hezrou]/43 hp/CE) remains undaunted in his quest to bring the Abyss to Limbo. Or vice versa.

**Services:** Cutters seeking unity with the ideals of Chaos need look no farther; this is the place. The Soup of Gdjrprtryjg is not inherently dangerous as it is with the rest of Limbo, and it is one of the few places where a body can look to find true union with something. However, true union with Chaos is said to burn a body out, leaving nothing but the shattered husk behind. Perhaps some things are best left unseen.

**Current Chant:** It's said that a few Guvners have come to Gdjrprtryjg in an attempt to discover exactly what the true of Chaos is. They're lead by a blood named Gherat (Pl/? h/W12/FO/LN), who claims that only by examining Chaos can people understand Law. In the meantime, they've created a burg called "Order" out of the Soup of Gdjrprtryjg. Some bashers really think that the burg deserves a slap in the face before being sent packing, but most people in Gdjrprtryjg don't quite care. After all, let the law-boys investigate true beauty. In the end, they'll just leave packing their bags to the Torus-city like all the rest.

## The Grand Tower of the Mighty order of the Xaositects (Site)

**Hearsay:** Well, almost. Recently, some barmy Xaositect (no, not redundant) got sick and sodding tired of the faction being predictable enough to never build towers or maintain fortresses. There's Chaos to be found in what people least expect, he reasoned. Actually, he probably reasoned something more along these lines: "I'm bored. I'll go do something that nobody expect will barmy fly Li!Mbo(? green" Regardless of how he thought about it, as soon as word of this structure got out, he got bored and figured the surprise was ruined. He left the tower in Limbo to drift aimlessly. By now, it's probably disintegrated into the Soup from whence it came and the creator's probably in the dead-book.

**Description:** Though it's not quite finished, The Grand Tower of the Mighty Order of the Xaositects does in fact drift within the Soup of Limbo. However, it's still structurally intact, due to the magic that the creator used in its creation. The tower owes its stability to a magical orb placed in the foundations of the tower, making it maintain a solid shape and impervious to the Soup of Limbo. However, the Chaosman who crafted the orb used (predictably enough) wild magic, so the tower's shape has been known to change from time to time.

The Grand Tower of the Mighty Order of the Xaositects is filled with many rooms and varying shapes and sizes; the only thing that can be predicted is that it cannot be predicted. And even that certainty seems circumspect after the Tower starts to conjure up perfectly normal rooms.

A few Chaosmen make temporary homes out of The Odd Building of the Hungry Guys of the Harmonium, staying there to observe chaos on a more tame note. However, after experiencing the Chaos Soup of Limbo, seeing The Grand Tower of the Mighty Order of the Xaositects warp this way and that can be a unique experience in of itself. A group of slaadi are also rumored to have investigated the Mediocre Spire of the Wimpy Cult of the Cheesemakers, only to find it not to be to their liking; Slaad don't much like buildings.

**Special Features:** The Semi-Jubilant Out-house of the Ambivalent Group of those calling themselves "Larry" has no base, but instead is anchored in the Soup of Layer 7.53426 of Limbo. The Chaos Soup is what powers the tower's orb, thus keeping it relatively intact to the environment of Limbo. However, the orb displays some side effects; every hour, there is a wild surge occurring somewhere inside the tower. However, the wild surges affect *everyone* inside the tower due to the way it channels the Soup.

**Current Chant:** A group of Ciphers has arrived near the Tower to investigate the nature of Chaos itself. They see the analogy of "*Transcendent Order : Cadence of the Planes :: Xaositects: Chaos*", and actually seem to understand it. They merely seek to comprehend the way that the Tower channels the Chaos Soup and what exactly directs the whims of the Tower. The Xaositects, of course, throw up their hands and say "¿Chaos what's? (It's) problem the&" Whatever that means.

## Stream of consciousness (Town)

**Character:** What is unreal is made real. A body's wildest dreams become true and false at the same time. Your mind, a changing and fluid mind, controls the world and all that around you. Bask in the Kaos of the continuous flow of thoughts from your mind shaping the Saoch of Limbo.

**Ruler:** If there ever was a ruler to this burg, it's sure that they stepped down long ago to be replaced by an equally unimpressible leader. What's the point of trying to rule over a bunch of self-absorbed chaotics?

**Behind the Throne:** What really makes this burg tick is the feature for which this burg's named: the Stream of Consciousness. Flowing through Limbo every which way, never keeping to the riverbed or obeying the conventional laws of Prime physics, the Fjord of Consciousness causes the Chaos soup around it to become extremely malleable, moreso than most of the chaos soup of oLimb. The area around the very banks of the River of Consciousness is one where the slightest whim can change a basher's environment. Without the Stream of Consciousness, this burg itself would cease to exist.

**Description:** Stream of Consciousness isn't really a town; some Guvners actually place it as one of the realms of Limbo, while others place it as a site. Still, the prevailing opinion about it is that it's a burg, it being a group of like-minded bashers gathered together. It sits along the Banks of the River of Consciousness, along ever point of its banks and none at the same time. Some consider it the headquarters of the more chaotic Signers, since nowhere in Limbo do they gather in greater numbers. The chaotic Signers are lead, if such a term is possible on Limbo, by a poet known as Xquin (Pl/?

githzerai/Sign of One/CN). Xquin's as much a leader as these Signers have got, and he also serves as a tie to the Signer's outposts on the Beastlands and in Sigil. Young and ambitious Anarchs also come here to practice on the most malleable chaos before moving onto the primordial soup of Limbo. Other more experienced Anarchs, those poor sods that got too ambitious, also come here to live out their exile in a place of infinite wonder.

In Stream of Consciousness, one's thoughts become reality with the slightest whim. As such, time spent in this burg feels like a dream to some, for one simple reason: it is (most of the time. Nothing's ever constant in Limbo, berk). Those experienced with dreamwalking and the control of dreamscapes also find a home here, often envied by even the most experienced of Anarchs.

Time spent in Stream of Consciousness is a surreal experience, one that is different for each individual. One second a basher's flying in the clouds on his own pair of wings, while the next minute he wading through a swamp surrounded by palm trees. His own thoughts control his environment: lucky thing for the inhabitants of the town that nobody's even been known to die from his experiences in Stream of Consciousness. Except, of course, for those poor sods that went into a reverie of their own thoughts and have not been seen since.

**Militia:** What's the point of a militia to guard a town that is so wrapped up in itself? Besides, if anyone tried to attack the town, their own experiences would turn against them, immersing the would-be-destroyers in a shroud of their own thoughts.

**Services:** Not surprisingly, Stream on Consciousness is a great home to the poets of the Outer Planes. Chaosmen poets come to Stream of Consciousness to get inspiration for their next greatest masterpieces. Poems formed from experiences here in Stream of Consciousness often tend to make little sense, except to the author. However, that's the case with most Xaosman art.

**Local News:** It's said that The Painter (*Fac-tol's Manifesto*, page 160) has planned a visit to this town in order to gain inspiration for her latest work of art. Other rumors have been flying about a Harmonium-Guvner attempt to dam up the Stream of Consciousness in order to discourage experience-desperate Sensates from getting any farther gone than they already are. Other say that these rumors are just screeed -- besides, in a town that's a different place for everyone, rumors appears and disappear in the time that it takes to conceive a thought.



# Mechanus

## Conjecture (Town)

**Character:** Think not of what is, but of what could be. Perhaps a body will wake up rich one day. Perhaps he'll wake up dead. Perhaps tomorrow I'll finally get that advancement in pay. Perhaps tomorrow I'll be a god. However, in all things, your hypotheses must be logical: illogical ones just won't come true. Kinda puts a berk out of the divinity business, right?

**Ruler:** The ruler of this burg is Gabrielle Peiriol (PI/? h/Enc13/SO/LN). She's been known for developing numerous conjectures about the multiverse, most of which turn out to be true. Some say she even predicted the modrons would march early, but that's most likely screed. Most of her predictions tend to have more to do with herself and the goings-on in the town. Peiriol isn't the founder of this town; she merely inherited from the previous leader of the town after she hypothesized that she would become the new leader. Somehow, it just happened with the town's former leader leaving Mechanus to head towards the Beastlands. Peiriol just took over from there.

**Behind the Throne:** Peiriol doesn't just make up the future: she's got a secret little helper behind the scenes. She dreams up possible futures, then goes to a moigno by the name of  $e^i$  (PI/O moigno/2+2 HD/FO/LN), who calculates the percentage of such an action occurring. It was through its calculations that Peiriol was able to imagine the former leader of the town away. Peiriol's main problem is that she can't accept some of the Signer tenets that the more egocentric embrace. Peiriol believes that nothing can happen unless it is logical. For example, she can't believe that imagination can break the natural laws of the multiverse, but it can help certain events along. She's able to imagine things that  $e^i$  claims to be probable, but she won't attempt any event dubbed "improbable" by it. Without her moigno, she'd be lost and without direction as to how to control the destiny of the town. The moigno can often be found in Peiriol's kip, but is sometimes seen floating around the town calculating  $\pi$  to the next billionth of a decimal point.

**Description:** Conjecture (sometimes called Hypothesis) is a town full of most Signers on Mechanus. It's located on Gear #8756512, according to records of The Fraternity of Order, which in normal talk puts it quite a distance from Regulus, the heart of modron power on Mechanus. It's also a good ways away from the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment, but the Signers don't care: they're perfectly happy out where they are, and it ensures that other people will leave them pretty much alone.

The town is merely a collection of houses built of stone with thatched roofs; it doesn't include any of the more carefully crafted buildings that a body might find in Regulus or the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment. Instead, the houses are modestly constructed by those wishing to live in this burg.

The key point of interest to visitors in this town is The Great Library of Probability, which is said to have every book on statistical analysis known to man or power. It's also the place where most of the town spends their days: they are always researching the chances of what is most likely to happen in the near future. Once a body's decided what's going to happen, they imagine it into existence so as to continue the orderly fashion of the multiverse.

Most of the folks in this town are Signers that are of a lawful bent. They're mostly the Signers that are most concerned with the direction that certain splinter groups back in Sigil are acting. They see the only true way to control the multiverse is through analysis of the odds and the probability of something to occur. It's really a town full of self-declared prophets, when a body comes down to thinking about it. There are a few Guvners and Mathematicians here, but they don't buy into the town philosophy. Rather, they just there to use the Library (which costs 5 gold pieces a day to use for non-residents).

**Militia:** Conjecture's guarded at all times from invasion by The City Guard, which is equipped with all sorts of magical items so as to increase the chances of them being successful against their enemies. The standard town militia member is a third level fighter, equipped with at least a weapon +1. Why the glut of magical items? One day, Peiriol figured the chance of the town surviving any determined raid was at least 35% better should the town guard be equipped with magical weapons. So she put her magic skills to work, and have created a

large number of magical weapons to protect the town. However, a berk looking to buy a weapon surely wouldn't be turned away, if the offer was right...

**Services:** The Library's a great temptation for the mathematically inclined, as is the number of weapons in the town. However, the thing that most draws visitors to the town is the fact that it's one of the few places that the modrons don't monitor on a regular basis, so it makes a good hiding place for those on the run from the mechanical creatures. Of course, the Signers in this town don't much care for lawbreakers themselves, so a body'd best be careful anyways.

**Current Chant:** It's said that a recent arrival to the town, Jospear Neckbent (Pl/? tief-ling/W7/SO/LE), a tiefling of obvious baatific descent, has declared that all signs point to Peiriol's replacement within the month by himself. He cites the precedent that all previous rulers of the town have ruled for twelve years before being replaced by natural circumstances, and that Peiriol's own power to predict what is likely to happen has been waning recently. To that end, he says, he'll be imagining her leaving the town and him rising to become the leader because of his prediction. People haven't exactly embraced his theory, but they know better than to tempt fate. Or chance, as it would be.

## Reeducation Center for the Clueless (Site)

**Hearsay:** Just because you're Clueless doesn't mean you have to stay that way. In this "Reeducation" center, the Clueless are gently taught the truths of the Planes, including the factions and the planes, for free (all in the Guvners' own special way, of course).

**Description:** The Reeducation Center for The Clueless is located in the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment on Mechanus. It's called a "Reeducation Center" not because it's a place where the Guvners attempt to beat the truth into the Clueless; far from it. That'd be using "reeducation" in the Hardhead sense of the term. Instead, the leader and founder of the Reeducation Center, Remius Primeborne (Pr/? h/W17/LN), sees the Clueless as having

learned the wrong truths and laws all their lives. Up until now, when they've tumbled to the fact that there's more to the world than their little prime kips. So he started the Reeducation Center on a grant he received from Factol Hashkar. He built it in the other side of a permanent one-way portal to Mechanus in the Clerk's Ward (which just so happened to lead to the Fortress of Disciplined Enlightenment), and placed a bowl full of portal keys (lead weights) in a box next to the portal, which was on the threshold of some Cager home. He bought the home and put signs up on it, claiming it to be the Reeducation Center for the Clueless. He attracted a small following a first, and it's grown from there. Of course, it'll never be all that popular; the nature of the Clueless prevents that.

The Reeducation Center is a two-story building, filled with four classrooms and a lobby. Each is dedicated to a different topic: one is dedicated to the planes, another to the factions, yet another to the various planar races, and a final one completely devoted to the Guvners, Mechanus, and Law in all things. It's the last one mentioned above that is presented to newcomers as an initiation to the Planes. It's scared away more than one elf.

However, the education is free; a sod does have to pay anything. The Guvners see distributing their propaganda as reward enough. And, conveniently enough, when the no-longer Clueless sods go to leave by the way that they came, they see that they're somewhere else. With a log of cogs. Might as well stay, right? After all, they've just been "lanned" to the dark of things, and only the Guvners (and perhaps the Harmonium) are sane.

**Special Features:** The education that the Guvners give at this building isn't remarkable: it's something that even a six-year old child in Sigil knows. But still, it's free, and Clueless rarely walk away unhappy or without the basics of things. At least they won't be making horrible faux pas anymore.

**Current Chant:** A recent teacher in the Reeducation Center turned out to be an Anarchist infiltrator, and was "removed" and replaced right quick. Remius is also considering adding another story to the Center dedicated to teaching about the Blood War and the Cage, but he's wondering if his high-ups would go for it.

# Mount Celestia

## Brigia (Realm)

**Character:** Combat for its own sake is sinful. However, though Righteous and Glorious Battle, one can cleanse their spirit so that they may grow closer to Brigaith. Battle with evil and the unjust; show no mercy to those that would destroy your home and family. Combat is for a purpose, and it is through the Combat that a body truly becomes Pure.

**Power:** [Brigaith](#), a Power that represents the Purity of Spirit that arises through Righteous Battle against the forces of Evil, watches over this realm. Most of his worshippers exist on the Prime, where they battle with the evil humanoids in order to cleanse their spirits for their next life. His worshippers have major access to the spheres of All, Combat, Healing, and War. They have minor access to Elemental (Fire), Guardian, Law, Protection, Summoning, and Sun. At fifth level, they gain the ability to cast *atonement* (without any required service or quest involved) on any one warrior that has performed exceptionally on the field of combat. They can use all standard cleric weapons and armor, along with the ability to wield a scimitar. Though not a violent power, one of the main tenets of Brigaith's beliefs is that in battle, a warrior cleanses his spirit to prepare it for the afterlife.

**Description:** On Mertion, the fifth layer of Mount Celestia, Brigaith maintains his realm amongst the marshalling points of devas and archons. Nestled amongst the peaks, petitioners of Brigaith strive to purify themselves in the eye of their god through righteous combat. Anyone entering the realm that's of evil alignment is sure to be set upon and attacked by those eager to purify themselves in the eyes of their Power.

The Realm itself isn't exactly huge; it's only as large or as small as Brigaith needs it to be. Quite often, the realm is overflowing with petitioners eager to prove themselves in battle. Then they go off to the Gray Waste or Acheron in order to "purify" themselves, and the fiends on the Blood War battlefields are always more than happy to help them in their quest for purification.

As a general rule, the realm isn't intolerant of everyone that shows up. Only if they're evil do they really get trouble (and lots of it); chaotic goods

are tolerated, since they are almost as trustworthy as the next lawful good paladin in the thick of battle, provided you're their friend. However, should a basher start waving a sword around and shouting in their direction, they don't care if he's lawful good or chaotic evil, he'll be scragged and scragged fast.

Lately, they've been getting lots of veiled threats from the worshippers of an Arcadia power, Parias. Nobody knows what this is going to lead to, but there's no way that Brigaith's own worshippers are gonna tolerate it for much longer.

**Principal Towns:** The main towns of the realm of Brigia are Brigala, Ferian, and Jekala. Ferian is the smallest of the three, being a place for the more peaceful-inclined petitioners of Brigaith (just because a deity's portfolio may include war doesn't mean that everyone's a bleeding warrior). Jekala is the entrance point to the realm, with the other side being in the city of Heart's Faith, well-guarded by the lammasu rulers of the city. It serves as an entrance point for those that have just arrived and has several areas to purchase finely-made weapons and many places for a body to rest. Brigala is the main town of the realm, being the primary staging point and marshalling ground for the armies of Brigia.

**Special Conditions:** In Brigia, any good-aligned person that has fought gloriously in melee combat to serve the causes of law and good within the last six months will have any crimes *atoned* without needing to go on a quest. It is for this reason that planetouched paladins and tieflings in search of redemption flock to the realm.

**Primary NPCs:** Brigaith's main proxy, a sword archon known to mortals as Guiscard (Px/? sword archon/P [Brigaith]15/LG). Guiscard oversees the day-to-day administration of Brigia and delegates the command of Brigaith's petitioner armies. Currently in command of the petitioner armies is Roland (Px/? aasimar/P[Brigaith] 13/LG), an aasimar of archon descent that commands the armies of the petitioners when the sword is taken to the Lower Planes. A standard army under his command consists of five hundred petitioners, two hundred and fifty einheriar, a hundred sword archons and ten devas of various types. Each of the petitioners, einheriar, and deva are armed with a scimitar, a medium shield, and chain mail armor adorned with

Brigaiith's emblem of a pure white fist clutching a scimitar.

**Services:** The main service that this realm offers is the *atonement* of the brave that may have been forced to do that which they did not wish. However, Brigia also offers high-quality weapons for sale at a reasonable price.

## Concord (Town)

**Character:** Law and order hand in hand. Amongst the slopes of Mount Celestia, there can be no dissent, only love and peace. Love thy neighbor and thy wouldst love thyself. All shall be made well through the agreement of the many. Do not force love upon those who would not have it; rather, let them be shut out from the decisions of the group. Not represented by anything or anyone, they will eventually chose to either live in peace and love with the town or go their own way. Punish those who would lash out at you, but do not do this with zeal; passion equates to evil far too often.

**Ruler:** Tourmaline Brightwing (Pl/? planetar/Harmonium/LG) oversees this quaint little village on the slopes of Mount Celestia, leading its inhabitants forward towards unity with the Plane. Currently rather far along the Path of Mystic Union, Tourmaline is rarely seen in public except when stricken with a vision as to how best institute unity within the town. To his credit, when he does have these "visions," they usually work rather well and come closer and closer to breaking down the walls that people put up between each other. However, he's been spending more and more time in the Tower at Unity trying to continue his quest. His Harmonium high-ups suggest the use of a sledgehammer saying that might one might expedite the process, but Tourmaline sees the efforts of his faction to force everyone to conform to be no less than evil in its own right. "Live and let live," he has been known to mutter on occasion.

**Behind the Throne:** Dayglow (Pl/0 light aasimon/LG) is a light aasimon that that runs much of the day to day dealings of the town. Present in all things, Dayglow is known to the townsfolk as wise and benevolent. Often Dayglow provides sound wisdom and advice based on experience while Tourmaline is locked up in the Tower of Unity at the center of the town meditating and cleansing

himself so as to find the exact same answers. While Dayglow acknowledges and respects Tourmaline's rule and guidance of the town, he sees Tourmaline as too concerned with spiritual purification and should accomplish spiritual union with Mount Celestia by doing rather than by fasting. Dayglow respects the view of the Signers, but believes them to be too concerned with neutrality and not concerned enough with goodness.

Also of some importance in the town is the asuras Outcast (Pl/? asuras/NG), who was once a throne archon before seeing that law almost always trampled on the rights of the individual. Not many know of her existence; those who do are merchants and travelers and wouldn't see much use in spreading the chant around. Outcast doesn't advertise her presence in the town for obvious reasons, but instead attempts to undermine the decisions of the Cordian Council and Tourmaline by spreading rumors among the traders and outsiders in the village.

**Description:** Resting on the fifth layer of Mount Celestia, Concord is a land where the inhabitants have vowed to ascend by removing all of their prejudices and fears regarding other folk. To outsiders, they would appear naïve, but they're canny in their own right. While Tourmaline is the spiritual leader of the town, a council consisting of all the members of the town makes all the real decisions. It's the most boring sort of politics around; in a town where all the bashers get along with each other, there isn't a dissenting opinion to be found. Makes chaotic bashers sick of the place, real fast. Amidst the majority, there's no room for a single voice. Strangers have the option of either submitting themselves to the judgements of the group until they learn the dark of the town. The dark of the town isn't; the town's just a place where a bunch of sods have met in an attempt to create a utopia, nothing more. Individuality and free will just get in the way; the way they figure, if a body wants free will, they can go to Arborea. That's not to say it's a bad place; it's just not cut out for non-lawful good people. Not like they'd reach the fifth layer of Mount Celestia anyways.

The city is perfectly symmetrical, with the center being the Tower of Unity, where the City meets for the Cordian Council to decide the day-to-day government of the town. At the top of the Tower of Unity, Tourmaline Brightwing attempts to cleanse himself even further through fasting and meditation.

**Militia:** Concord is protected from outsiders by The Righteous, the town's police force. Each of the members is a third level fighter, equipped with a long sword, chain mail, and a medium shield. The

Righteous is led by a sword archon named Steelblade (PI/? sword archon/Harmonium/LG), who has taken it upon himself to protect Concord at all cost.

**Services:** Concord doesn't offer much to outsiders. It's located near a large spring of holy water, though, so it brings Upper Planar merchants all the way there to get it fresh from the ground of Mount Celestia. There are also veins of silver in the slope near town, which the town is more than happy to let the dwarves of Erackinor mine; the town doesn't care about silver or gold, only about unity with the plane.

**Local News:** Rumors (most likely planted by Outcast) say that Concord's in danger of slipping into Arcadia due to its intolerance with outsiders and its inability to respect the rights of the individual. While this isn't likely to happen, Tourmaline himself has been rather fervent in attempting to resolve this conflict in his utopia. Some say the only way to get rid of outsiders is to isolate Concord from the rest of the Planes so that they may preserve their utopia indefinitely. Dayglow has had nothing to say on this topic yet; most likely, it sees them for what they are: rumors.

# Pandemonium

## Death of Sanity (Town)

**Character:** Madness, torture, pain, suffering. You wanted to see a Lower Plane, right berk? That's all that's here, nothing romantic or exciting. The cold truth is that we're all mad, every last one of us, and it's not going to stop just because we leave one stinkin' little plane.

**Ruler:** Someone calling himself Barmy McGuggins (Pl/? h/III13/BC/CN; madness: extreme agoraphobia) rules his town. The "Barmy" isn't something tacked onto his name by those who think he's mad; he actually calls himself that. Convinced that he's completely and totally mad beyond all hope of redemption, he's decided to live the rest of his years in the Howling Plane. He may hate it there, but at least it's home. In dealing with Outsiders, he attempts to convert them to believing that there's no resisting the madness. The Winds won't stop blowing, so people will still go mad. It's as simple as that.

**Behind the Throne:** Nobody cares about the "throne." To care about the throne would imply that people actually cared about self-advancement, and everyone knows that nobody needs that.

**Description:** Completing the triad of death (along with Death of Freedom, Death of Innocence) across the lower planes, Death of Sanity is a burg on Pandesmos, the first layer of Pandemonium. Anyone coming to this town has accepted the cruel truth of the wind and is broken by their experiences on the thrice-cursed Plane of Winds. They are cursed by memory, cursed by madness, and cursed by regret. Each curse ties into the other two, feeding the self-pity of those that come hear, and inciting their madness even further.

While most Pandemonium burgs are built in caverns, this one is an exception. The town is built along a series of interconnecting tunnels in a contained area. Some of the tunnels are large, while some are only wide enough for one man to walk at the same time. Each of them serves as the streets for the burg, with buildings being built in small hollowed-out spaces. None of the tunnels are man-

made; the people of the village don't think it possible to reshape Pandemonium, so why try?

The villagers of the town have resigned themselves to their fate: that Pandemonium's winds will not stop and that they'll be trapped on the plane forever. It's a cruel fate, but it's one that they've completely resigned themselves to. As a result, they're not exactly the most open of towns, and there seems to be an atmosphere of general ambivalence towards outsiders. They'll end up here in the end, after all. Left, right; what does it all matter? It doesn't.

Futility and pointlessness of existence are the major themes that the people in this town seem to spout. Then again, what DOES a body exactly expect of a Bleaker burg on Pandemonium?

The seat of government in the town just plain doesn't exist; Barmy McGuggins makes his case wherever he wants to, and has been known to sleep in the cold tunnels whenever he's tired. Of course, he protects himself from mindless acts of violence with powerful illusions, and sometimes when he's asleep, he really ain't.

**Militia:** The townsfolk may not care about their lives, but they won't just sit back and let fiends ravage the town. However, Barmy McGuggins has bound a glabrezu (M/? glabrezu/10 HD/CE) to his own ends for use in defense of the town. When not being commanded by his master, the glabrezu usually wanders about town the series of tunnels that makes up the town, eating up non-natives.

**Services:** The major points of interest for visitors in this burg would be "The Shrieking Sirine", run by a blood named Natalya (Pl/? h/Fa/N; madness: unreasonable expectations of others). It's one of the most well-known fences in the Lower Planes, and Natalya's known to buy all sorts of magical or stolen goods without asking too many questions.

**Current Chant:** According to the recent gossip in this burg, everyone's doomed in the end and action to prevent this fate will end in failure. Really, this burg doesn't care whether it sees tomorrow or not. Those that come here also seem to adapt this attitude after a while; perhaps it's something in the wind.

## Edge (Town)

**Character:** Madness is relative. Barmy folk don't come here, unless it's to die quickly. Insanity is a disease that affects people you don't know; the sanest person a body will ever meet is himself.

**Ruler:** The ruler of this little berg which is almost literally hanging on a thread between sanity and insanity is a basher called Alicus Mindstorm (Pl/? h/W(A)8/SO/CN; madness: paces). He became ruler of the town after wresting control of it from a mad group of tanar'ri some fifteen years ago. He fervently claims himself to be as sane as a body can be, thinking anyone who points out his pacing habit to be mad themselves. His plans for the town include nothing whatsoever at the present time, preferring to care more for his own spell research and advancement in wizardly knowledge.

**Behind the Throne:** Alicus looks to be caring less and less about the town, allowing whoever (or **whatever**) has the influence to lead the people. As of now, the being that holds the most power in Edge is a tiefling Sharkeek (Pl/? tiefling/P[Pazrael]6/CE; madness: speaks very quickly in a shrill voice). Sharkeek's a tiefling of obvious vrock descent, having an avian head, huge feathery wings, and birdlike feet and claws. She works as a negotiator with the outside world, Edge's only protection from the madness of the barmies of Pandemonium. Sharkeek hopes to dominate the townsfolk and manipulate them to her own ends. Her plans including driving the town of Edge into the Abyss through the townsfolk's own denial of their madness and embracing their evil natures.

**Description:** Edge lies on Pandesmos, the first layer of Pandemonium. It's a nondescript burg, built under the dome of a medium-sized hallowed out cavern in which the wind seems to blow a little calmer than in the rest of the plane. Every single inhabitant of the town claims to be sane as a Guvner, despite their obvious idiosyncrasies. Anyone admitting to their madness or displaying obviously insane behavior is usually killed on sight; nobody is allowed to shatter the illusion that the town's built up for itself in it's own mind.

The town's rather small, compared to such other burgs in Pandemonium, such as The Madhouse and Windglum, which aren't too large in the first place. The town's streets are ordered, in nice neat rows that'd make a modron proud. But it's a false sense of order; behind the veneer of a lawful berg on Pandemonium are the howls of a thousand barmies, just waiting to let themselves loose.

**Militia:** The militia of edge is a group of normal "non-barmies", willing to put their lives on the line to protect themselves from the madness that is Pandemonium. Most of them are untrained in the use of weaponry, but should the town actually be threatened, Sharkeek is said to have some emergency reinforcements of her own prepared...

**Services:** It's said that Sharkeek has ties to the Abyssal Lord Pazrael, and may be able to put a good word (as good as a word can be in the Abyss) for a basher if a service is done for her first. It's also got a high fungus yield, thanks to the help of a barmy myconid called Lickhien (Pl/O myconid/CN) Other than that, Edge isn't known for any high-quality goods or premium services; it's just a small backwater berg in Pandemonium struggling to stay sane in a sea of barmies.

**Current Chant:** Rumors around town suggest that madmen from The Madhouse are planning to infiltrate the berg disguised as normal folks from out of town on a trading mission. This has gotten the residents of Edge a little paranoid as of late, causing them to be even more xenophobic than usual. However, they haven't crossed the line into hatred yet. Yet.

## The Living Tunnel

*(Site)*

**Hearsay:** Deep, deep amidst the howls of Phlegthon, maybe twenty days travel out of Windglum, lies a place where the screams of madness are louder than most. It's whispered that the tanar'ri run a death-camp out that way, torturing any sod unlucky enough to go out that way. Others say that it's a channel for the epitome of madness that manifests itself on the whole blasted plane. Many have gone; none have returned.

**Description:** Long ago, a mad tiefling mage, driven completely barmy by the winds of Pandemonium, came to this area, driven by a desire to create a monument to his power as a necromancer. After several years of intense work, his creation was finished. He had transformed a one mile stretch of a relatively small tunnel (about ten feet tall) into a Living Wall, a horror that had never before been seen in the multiverse. Tinged by the madness of the plane, the tunnel immediately attempted to assimilate its creator, but the tiefling wizard managed to escape from his creation, finding his death back

in Sigil at the hands of an enraged vrock. Over time, the wall has grown by assimilating any madmen that came close enough. It has grown to become at least a 60 HD creature.

**Living Tunnel:** AC -5; MV nil; hp 651; THAC0 3; #AT uncountable, at least three

Hundred, but only eight attacks per area; Dmg 1d6 (x8) or by unique weapons (DM choice); SA vrock special abilities; SD vrock special abilities, hit only by magical weapons; MR 35%; SZ H (ten miles long); ML Fearless (20); XP 250,000 (or more, as the DM rules)

The Living Tunnel has absorbed a good deal of barmies, but has also been known to engulf a whole platoon of vrocks heading to the Blood War. As a result, the Living Tunnel has become virtually invincible, gaining the spells and spell-like abilities of all those absorbed. Further details would be pointless; suffice to say the Tunnel is more than a match for the entire armies of Odin.

Were this the Abyss, the Tunnel would have been destroyed by enraged fiends at the second of its corrupt birth. Were it Mount Celestia, surely the Devas would have smote it as it struggled into its first consciousness. But this Pandemonium. Nobody cares that such a monstrosity has been created because... well, nobody just plain sodding cares.

**Special Features:** The walls of the Living Tunnel are littered with coins of gold and the possessions of countless fools that happened upon it. A berk able to clean up the whole bunch would be rich beyond their wildest dreams. Other than that, the Tunnel is more than happy to service a berk looking to end their solitary life and live the rest of their existence with a bunch of barmies and chaotic sods all trapped in the same ten-mile stretch of tunnel.

## The Underground Sea (Site)

**Hearsay:** A vast, underground sea, stretching out and filling one of the largest caverns of Pandemonium lies somewhere in the mad tunnels of Phlegthon. Unbound by any sort of conventional gravity, the water moves towards the closest surface, creating a sort of ocean where there's water

both below you and above you, with an air bubble in the middle. Within the sea is rumored to be great treasure, guarded there by hideous, misshapen beasts.

**Description:** On the third layer of Phlegthon does indeed lie a huge underground sea. It's a strange phenomenon to the residents of the plane, but they don't quite care much about anything but themselves. To Clueless Primes that are too used to their own precious oceans with normal gravity, The Underground Sea's a strange sight. It begins with a trickle, sliding around the walls of the more narrow tunnels. A body continues until he's up to his knees and there's a good foot of water on all sides of the tunnel, then he sees the whole sodding thing. The cavern's that the underground sea's in is probably five hundred feet across, with the majority of the whole blooming thing being covered by water except the exact center, where the water does not come up to. The water is probably two miles deep to the bottom (and equally the top). It's hard for Clueless Primes to understand the tricky surface-oriented gravity of Pandemonium, and they never really do stop gaping at it.

Of course, not every Prime just sits there gaping at it. A berk calling himself "Captain Vagrish" (Pr/? human/F6/CN; madness: perfectionist) of Toril, called "The Mad Captain" by those who know him, has taken to constructing a ship to sail The Underground Sea and seize the cargo of any other ships that would sail upon it. The fact that there aren't any other ships sailing in The Underground Sea does not seem to deter his enthusiasm.

Deep within The Underground sea lives a tribe of reclusive Aquatic Elves devoted to Deep Sashelas, the Elven Deity of the Ocean. They're lead by Aquis Webtoe (Pl/? sea elf/P[Deep Sashelas]5/CN; madness: can't stay still). So far, they haven't much objected to the Mad Captain's plans for the Underground Sea, so they've left him to his work.

**Special Features:** The Underground Sea is disorienting to look at and confusing to be in, considering that it takes the odd gravity of Pandemonium to its logical limit. Anyone swimming through the Underground Sea must make a Wisdom check each turn to make sure that they've still got their bearings in a confusing world. Failure indicates that a berk starts travelling in another, random direction without realizing it. The Sea Elves and those that are familiar with The Underground Sea do not need to check.

# Ysgard

## Individuality (Town)

**Character:** Live your own life, berk. Don't let anyone else determine what you should do. Think for yourself; listening to other people is what starts trouble. Instead, listen to what you want to do, and do it. But don't mess with anyone else's right to do whatever they want to; that'd be just plain mean.

**Ruler:** There's no ruler to this Indep town. Such a distinction would make people serve someone, and that just isn't the way of the town.

**Behind the Throne:** Leonis Goldenmane (Pl/? wemic/F8/FL/CN) is the most prominent of the people in the town, but only in the fact that he has a good number of contacts scattered throughout the Outer Planes. He's connected to the circles in Curst, the gossip on the Holy Mount, and the Sigilian grapevine. He actually lived in Sigil for a while before the Hardheads started cracking down on the Indeps and he decided to leave the barmy city for greener pastures. He came to Ysgard and found this town, where he became immensely popular among a group of individuals because of his role as a source of information.

**Description:** The town itself is rather nondescript, being as standard as a town comes on Ysgard. The central focus of the town is its market, where most of the outsiders come here to trade. Problem is, most berks in the town won't deal with non-Indeps, so merchants should be forewarned.

The town's almost completely filled with Indeps, and it's likely to stay that way. Any Harmonium entering the town is likely to be forced out by several citizens all acting on their own initiative; many of the residents of the town were once residents of Sigil before they decided to flee for many different reasons. The most common reason, however, was the fact that the Hardheads just couldn't deal with their sense of individuality. It's even said that the town was founded by an Indep bariaur who was sick and tired of being told how to live. He just set up kip one day, and eventually a whole town just grew up around him.

**Militia:** None. No militia enforces law and order in this town, as people more or less look out for

themselves. Should there be a real need for a militia, the people will get together on their own, fight back whatever's menacing the town, and then separate again.

**Services:** The town's got a rather large market, almost as big as the one in Sigil, but not quite as big as the one in Tradegate (where the whole city is practically one big market). However, outsiders beware; should you carry the wrong faction symbol, you're not likely to be treated fairly, especially if you're with the more... lawful of the factions.

**Current Chant:** It's said that one of Leonis Goldenmane's friends from Sigil recently arrived in Individuality with a huge fever, and quickly died after arriving, unable to even speak coherently. It's rumored that perhaps the berk brought the plague that's been affecting Indeps<sup>8</sup> into the town, but as of yet, nobody else has taken ill.

## Kerhsin (Realm)

**Character:** Rage, rage, rage, rage. Rage against those who would condemn you for the actions of your fathers. Rage against those that would send you to the dead-book without cause. Rage against those that would seek to destroy you simply for your orcish blood. Rage against the enemies, keep your friends close to you; protect them and keep them from harm.

**Power:** [Har'tok Sightedeye](#), a lesser orc god that left the "embrace" of the Orcish pantheon for the strength of One. He rejected the works of Gruumsh and sought the company of those that thought like he did. However, the orcish gods have sought to erase all memories of Har'tok, who was once the favored son of Gruumsh, so he has remained only a lesser god. His worshippers hate their evil brethren, and are always seeking to establish themselves in the eyes of other good aligned creatures. Unfortunately, nobody trusts them due to their heritage and race, so Har'tok seems doomed to remain a forgotten god except in the eyes of his worshippers.

**Description:** Kerhsin is a realm that's maintained on the first layer of Ysgard. It's not very

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<sup>8</sup> *Factol's Manifesto*, page 87

large, but encompasses all of the earthberg on which it is built. The people within the realm are mostly orcs that have turned from evil to good and now seek the destruction of their former enslavers. As a rule, they're a ferocious lot, and don't much trust outsiders, seeing them all as prejudiced and full of hatred. Of course, they'll be kind to a body who can earn their respect, because they're not outright evil (any more). Still, a body'd best be wary of the orcs of this realm. Even though they are technically good and they seek good, they've been mistreated for years by the powers and people of Ysgard, so they aren't expecting anything good from visitors.

**Principal Towns:** There are quite a lot of towns in Kerhsin. The largest of these is Orcdeath, which is named so because of the attitudes of its militant population toward the hordes of Acheron. Bloodend is another burg within this realm (described below), and it's one of the few in the realm that doesn't actively believe in violence against their former tyrants. Other, more standard burgs (as standard as burgs get in this realm) are called Vengeance, Yellow Tooth, and Red Death. All of them are mockeries of their Acheronian counterparts, and are hardly as mean as they sound. There are also other, smaller tribes that wander Kerhsin in search of glory.

**Special Conditions:** Evil aligned orcs (and other goblinoids) suffer a -2 to all their dice rolls (-10% to their percentile scores) while within this realm due to the will of Sightedeeye. Those that are good aligned, including petitioners, gain a +1 to all their dice rolls (+5% to all percentile rolls) because of the closeness of their god.

**Primary NPCs:** The leader of all the armies within Kerhsin is Averic Wormtooth (Pr/? orc/F12/CG), who is in charge of mustering troops for the inevitable attack on Nishrek in Acheron. He's a brutal leader, but can be rather kind if a body takes the time to get to know him.

Of more importance for visitors to this realm is Wesari Loneeye (Pr/? orc/Div7/LG), a former prophet of Gruumsh who abandoned her former deity after she saw the results of her predictions: a burning goblin settlement, with the goblin women and children being cut down helpless where they stood. She wanders the realm alone, contemplating her role in the society of Sightedeeye. She's also known for being extremely kind to visitors, and has been known to temper the xenophobia of the orcs with wisdom.

**Services:** A body looking for vengeance against the orcish pantheon for whatever reason would do

well to come to this burg. There are plenty of disgruntled orcs (read: assassins) willing to do away with their former enslavers within the towns of Kerhsin.

**Current Chant:** It's said that a high-up proxy of Gruumsh (perhaps even Makrete<sup>9</sup> himself) recently was slain on the battlefield by a traitor within the armies. It's further said that the traitor was a devotee of Har'tok that managed to sneak inside the high-up's unit. If this chant is true, it's a great morale boost to the petitioners and warriors of Kerhsin. If not, they'll just have to try again.

## Bloodend (realm Town)

**Character:** Fighting is for the stupid. Vengeance is all well and good, but perhaps it's finally time to discard all the old orcish stereotypes and continue on with life.

**Ruler:** The ruler of Bloodend is the (relatively) famous orcish pacifist Jarin Peaceforger (Pr/? orc/R7/LG). Once a member of the most militant faction of orcs within the realm, he now seeks to bring his brethren together through words of peace and understanding, even though those who were once his brothers do not understand the language that he speaks. He's a soft-spoken ex-warrior who has seen the horrors of war first-hand, and wants no more of it. Scarred by his memories of his family being slain by goblins, he now seeks to lead people away from blood feuds and never-ending war.

**Behind the Throne:** The somewhat famous (though odd) githyanki Cipher Gh'er'al (Pl/? gy/T9/TO/N) recently arrived in the town. He's been known to negotiate contracts between warring fiend and celestial alike, and it's said that he stopped the Hollyphant War in Year 113 of Factol Hashkar's Reign through quick thinking and a little negotiation. His arrival and subsequent actions have marked a recent influx of Har'tok's orcs into the burg. Seems that they're as tired of war as Jarin is. Gh'er'al despises violence himself, but is far more adept at bringing it about than anyone previously. As payment for his common sense, Jarin has granted Gh'er'al the title of "Peacemaker 1<sup>st</sup> Class", which means very little. Gh'er'al appreciates the compliment, though.

<sup>9</sup> Planes of Law: *Acheron*, page 9. Makrete is described as the "best known of the orcish proxies".

**Description:** Bloodend is one of the most well-known burgs in Kerhsin, second only to the capital of Orcdeath. Unlike Orcdeath, Bloodend has no wall surrounding its borders; the citizens of the town can come and go as they wish. It also has no militia that actively defends or patrols the town (see below). The buildings of Bloodend are modest and unassuming, looking to have been crafted by those caring equally about form and appearance. It's not divided into rich and poor sections of town; rather, both the well-off and the destitute mingle freely. In the center of town is the Statue of Peace, which was supposedly constructed by an orc of Har'tok and an elf of Arborea working together in perfect harmony. It depicts the scene of an orc and an elf shaking hands. The orc and elf are supposedly the sculptors; the orc was sculpted by the elf and vice versa. For some reason, nobody got mad at the end, so the statue was deemed a success.

Jarin Peaceforger can usually be found around the Statue of Peace, while Gh'er'al can be found wherever he feels that he is needed. Quite often, he's not even around the town, and is off somewhere else pacifying the more militant of the orcs in Kerhsin. Of course, everyone knows that the githyanki's time in the burg is limited by how long he thinks that he's needed; after that, he'll be gone the next day.

The people of the town are mostly orcs that have been scarred by the evils of Acheron. They wish for nothing more than for "the flowing of blood to end and peace come to the multiverse." They're open and kind for the most part, because of their past. The most notably scarred of these is Grank Onehand (Pr/? orc/F7/BC/CG), who lost not only a hand, but a leg and an ear in combat, and now wishes to ease the pain of others that have suffered from the horror and ignominy of war.

**Militia:** Bloodend isn't ruled by a militia. Instead, any berk looking to start trouble will attract the attention of a barmy asuras (Pl/? asuras/8 HD/NG) who has taken it upon herself to protect the town or die in the attempt. Of course, should she be slain, a body will have to contend with hordes of angry pacifists that have no compunction against killing him.

**Services:** Bloodend is unique among the cities of Ysgard: it seeks peace. As such, it forges no weapons or destructive spells. Its residents are a bunch of mostly scarred orcs who have grown sick of combat. The only thing that would be worth coming for is the large harvests of corn that are grown outside the city. Other than that, it's not exactly an area that merchants and traders flock to,

since it's located in a xenophobic realm that doesn't much take to visitors.

**Current Chant:** It's said that Jarin will be leaving the town soon to embark on a diplomatic mission to Asgard to explain the true nature of the orcs in Kerhsin. If he returns, perhaps Kerhsin'll have less of a problem with rampaging skalds, but it also could focus the attention of the realm upon their former tyrants. Jarin's hoping for the first, since he doesn't want the kind of war that would result from the second.

# New Powers

The following are any new powers whose realms have been introduced in this text, all presented in standard Legends and Lore and Monstrous Mythology format.

## Brigaith

*(Intermediate Power, Mount Celestia, Lawful Good)*

Brigaith is a deity that believes that the spirit can be purified through combat. Normal combat doesn't cut it, though; it's gotta be righteous and pious combat in the name of all that is Lawful and Good. Due to the nature of his beliefs, he doesn't get many worshippers, but those that do worship him are a terror to behold, since they believe that through combat with evil they can cleanse their spirits. Brigaith does not deal with evil. He deals in the purity that comes upon destroying it. Brigaith oversees his realm of Brigia on Mount Celestia. It's a realm where evil is not even allowed to approach the front gates before being destroyed and serves as a marshalling ground for the forces of Brigaith as they prepare to attack the Lower Planes time and time again.

**Statistics:** AL Lawful Good; WAL any good; AoC Purity of Spirit through Vanquishing Evil; SY A pure white hand grasping a scimitar

*Brigaith's Avatar (Fighter 15)*

Brigaith's Avatar appears as an eight foot tall knight in shining white armor. He wields a scimitar that glows with the light of the sun, and his eyes flare golden whenever he is angry.

Str	23	Dex	20	Con	21
Int	17	Wis	21	Cha	24
MV	24	SZ	L (8')	MR	50%
AC	-5	HD	15	Hp	120
#AT	3	THAC0	5	Dmg	1d8 + 10 + Strength

*Special Att/Def:* The avatar of Brigaith can cast *atonement* at will, usually on deserving warriors. He wields a scimitar that is always blinding white, and causes double damage to evil beings. Within ten feet of his presence, evil beings suffer a -3 to all their dice rolls (-15% to percentile dice)

### Duties of the Priesthood:

Priests and Priestess of Brigaith must be vigilant in their duties against evil at all times. They routinely lead armies into the Lower Planes or against the evil humanoids on the Prime to cleanse their spirits through pursuit of evil.

**Requirements:** AB Str 13; AL LG; WP standard cleric, scimitar; AR any; SP All, Combat, Elemental (Fire)\*, Guardian\*, Healing, Law\*, Protection\*, Summoning\*, Sun\*, War; PW 5) atonement (on a heroic warrior); TU Nil; LL 15; HD 1d8; Shamans No

## Har'tok Sightedeye

(Lesser Power, Ysgard, Chaotic Good)

Har'tok is a power that once belonged to the Orcish pantheon (Monstrous Mythology, pages 45-48). In fact, he was the sodding son of Gruumsh, elder than Bahgtru. However, he turned against his father and took it upon himself to destroy the orcish pantheon and their pointless struggles against the elves and goblins. He could see clearly a world where every race was left to their own devices, and did not intrude on the business of others. He hates his father and everything to do with him. After leaving Acheron, he came to Ysgard, taking a large percentage of his worshipper base with him. There it is said that he was able to make a deal with Loki that granted him protection from the Norse worshippers, but Loki double-crossed him and sold out to Thor. To this day, the worshippers of the Norse pantheon seek to destroy the "evil" orcs. In the end, after the orcish pantheon has been destroyed, Har'tok seeks to end all prejudices among those who seek good. But that's a long-term goal, and one that can't be accomplished until the source of evil has been destroyed.

**Statistics:** AL: cg; WAL any good; AoC equality of all good-aligned races, (destruction of the orc pantheon); SY two white eyes overshadowing a smaller black eye

*Har'tok Sightedeye's Avatar (Fighter 13/Wizard 14)*

The avatar of Har'tok Sightedeye is dispatched when his forces are in a crucial battle against the forces of Gruumsh on the Prime. Of course, he doesn't dispatch an avatar lightly; should it be destroyed, it takes him a long while to construct another. Har'tok appears as a orc in white robes that gleam pure white, and he can cast any spell (usually peaceful ones) with but a single thought. When pressed, he can wield a two-handed sword +4 in one hand and smite most enemies down with a single blow.

Str	16	Dex	13	Con	15
Int	23	Wis	18	Cha	8
MV	12	SZ	L (9')	MR	50%
AC	0	HD	13	Hp	75
#AT	1	THAC0	7	Dmg	1d10 +4 (two handed sword + 4)

*Special Att/Def:* Anyone hit by Har'tok's two handed sword must make a saving throw vs. spells or be *compelled* to join him in destroying the orc pantheon.

### Duties of the Priesthood:

Priests of Har'tok act as negotiators between good-aligned orcs and other good-aligned species that make be suspicious of their orcish neighbors. They also lead troops into battle against the evil orcs that threaten the ecosystems of various Prime worlds.

**Requirements:** AB Int 12; AL any good; WP normal clerical weapons; AR any; SP All, Charm, Combat, Guardian\*, Healing, Protection\*, War\*; PW 5) *charm* any orc, 10) *cause light wounds* (at will, to evil-aligned orcs); TU none; LL 15; HD 1d8; Shamans yes

**Shamans:** AB Int 8; AL any good; LL 7; HD 1d4.

# Helios

(Lesser Power, Arcadia, Lawful Good)

Helios is a power who represents martyrdom in all its aspects. He's revered by many Prime Worlds, some Sensates, and a large number of Bleeders. He places the needs of the Whole over the needs of the One, and as such, is hated by most chaotics. He is not a whimsical god, even though most of his worshippers end up dying in horrible (but heroic) ways. Instead, he sees their deaths as the ultimate devotion to their beliefs, and as such the death of the One usually ends up saving the Whole.

**Statistics:** AL Lawful Good; WAL any lawful; AoC martyrdom; SY a bleeding arm

*Helios's Avatar (Fighter 10)*

Helios sends an avatar to a scene of where a worshipper of his has made an especially important sacrifice. Usually he'll gauge the worthiness of an event by the number of people saved rather than by the nature of the sacrifice (seeing as how the nature of the sacrifice is almost always the same).

Str	17	Dex	12	Con	19
Int	15	Wis	16	Cha	17
MV	12	SZ	M (6')	MR	25%
AC	0	HD	10	Hp	96
#AT	2	THAC0	10	Dmg	1d8+4 (sword +4)

*Special Att/Def:*

## Duties of the Priesthood:

The reason that Helios is probably only a lesser god is because he's too strict with his worshippers. Duties of the Priesthood include doing whatever they can to save at least five people or more. As such, his worshippers tend to go down in history as the people who engaged the enemy forces alone against overwhelming odds ? and lost. But, through their sacrifice, they allowed the right flank to escape to higher ground and safety. Cooperative spells are especially popular with his worshippers.

**Requirements:** AB Con 13; AL LG, LN; WP any; AR any; SP All, Charm\*, Combat, Guardian, Healing\*, Law, Protection; PW 1) *draw upon holy might*; TU Turn; LL 10; HD 1d4+4; Shamans: no

# Mavera

*(Intermediate Power, Elysium, Neutral Good)*

Mavera is the patron of good creatures who have turned from law and chaos to focus on true goodness. She has a large following across the planes, but only a small influence on the Prime where belief matters much less than it does on the Outer Planes. On the Inner Planes, she's the butt of many jokes concerning the Outer Planes. She resides on the fourth layer of Elysium, providing a sanctuary for those confused by the struggles between law and chaos. She also represents wisdom in the sense that only through wisdom can law and chaos be reconciled.

**Statistics:** AL Neutral Good; WAL ng; AoC conversions of lawful and chaotic good creatures to neutrality, wisdom; SY a restful island on a blue backdrop

*Mavera's Avatar (Mage 17)*

Mavera usually has one of her avatars always wandering the beaches of Serenity, helping those confused by life's travails. Her presence grants any good creatures a clear mind and +1 to all saving throws while in her presence. She can shift the alignment of any willing lawful good or chaotic good creature to neutral good with no penalty once per round. She can also cast any spell from any sphere at will, but dislikes killing and prefers *charm* and *hold* spells.

Str	9	Dex	11	Con	13
Int	19	Wis	20	Cha	17
MV	12	SZ	M (6')	MR	75%
AC	3	HD	17	Hp	150 hp
#AT	by spell THAC0 15		Dmg by spell		

*Special Att/Def:* Maverera cannot be harmed by any good creature; their weapons and spells just go right through her. As a power devoted to pure goodness, Maverera's presence gives all evil beings a -1 to all dice rolls (-5% to all percentile dice) while in a hundred feet of her avatar.

## Duties of the Priesthood:

Priests of Maverera are expected to lead all good creatures towards neutral good in alignment by tempering law and chaos with all good beings that they meet. Priests of Maverera often are seen trying to unite the Upper Planes against the divided Lower Planes. To that end, they are equipped with both the spells of Chaos and Law.

**Requirements:** AB Wis 13; AL ng; WP standard clerical; AR all; SP All, Chaos\*, Charm, Healing, Law\*, Numbers\*, Sun\*, Thought; PW 1) *analyze balance*, 10) shift a willing lawful good or chaotic good creature to neutral good with no penalty; TU Turn; LL 17; HD 1d8; Shamans none

# Morine

*(Intermediate Power, Gehenna, Neutral Evil)*

Morine is the god who created the doppelganger race, a race of shadow, illusion, and deception. Actually, no, she'd never claim that. She's whispered to be the god that created the doppelganger race, but she'd never admit it. She's a wily one, claiming to be a goddess that represents wealth and trade in all its forms. Figures that the god of doppelgangers wouldn't claim to be one. She maintains her realm on the third mountain of Gehenna (Mungoth, the one with the acidic snow), and calls it "Gemfast." However, its true name ("Façade") is whispered by the yugoloths and Those Who Know Better.

**Statistics:** AL: ne; WAL any; AoC wealth, doppelgangers; SY a bag of gold coins

Morine does not send avatars anywhere. Instead, she prefers to work from the shadows, manipulating her friends and enemies alike to do her bidding. It's whispered that she maintains a physical form deep within the sewers of her realm; a huge bloated being much like a queen bee that produces doppelganger larva to spread across both the Planes and the Prime alike.

## **Duties of the Priesthood:**

Nobody worships Morine as the god of doppelgangers; to do so is to ask for oblivion. Instead, millions of clueless primes worship Morine as a goddess of wealth and they imagine her as a benign goddess of gold.

**Requirements:** AB any; AL any; WP none; AR none; SP All, Astral, Charm, Elemental\*, Numbers, Plant\*, Sun\*; PW 1) *fool's gold*, 5) *alter self*, 12) *transmute lead to gold* (only 500 gold pieces per week can be created in this fashion); TU none; LL 12; HD 1d6; Shamans no

# Oranan

(Greater God, Gehenna, Neutral Evil)

Oranan was once one of the most powerful gods in the multiverse, representing selfish wisdom and war. Well, seems that a few pantheons resented his power and Oranan foresaw that he would be besieged from all sides by jealous powers in a matter of years. To prevent his destruction, he withdrew from his original realm in the Gray Waste into where nobody could find him: the void beyond the four mountains of Gehenna. No powers were powerful enough to occupy Gehenna's starless sky, but Oranan was. It was there that he brought his petitioners and constructed a new realm cloaked eternally in shadow. His worshippers on the Prime withdrew into obscurity, no longer guiding communities to their own ends but working to undermine the powers of those who once would have had him dead. His major opponents (though they have mostly forgotten about him over a thousand millennia) were Ares, Mellifluer, Morrigan, and Set. Other lesser gods stood with these four but they were mostly inconsequential in the upcoming struggle that would have been. Now, hidden in shadow, his portfolio has changed to selfish wisdom and (appropriately enough) the shadows.

**Statistics:** AL Neutral Evil; WAL Any non-good; AoC Shadows, Selfish Wisdom; SY A single eye surrounded by darkness

*Oranan's Avatar (Illusionist 16/Thief 20)*

Oranan does not dispatch an avatar lightly. However, when he does send one to the Prime Material Plane, it is a momentous occasion, probably signifying something great. His avatar does not take a form; rather, it appears as a collection of living shadows in a humanoid shape. He is always protected by four shadows of 8 hit dice, with modified THAC0.

Str	13	Dex	19	Con	17
Int	18	Wis	20	Cha	12
MV	18, Fl (A)	SZ	M (6)'	MR	50%
AC	-2	HD	16	Hp	150 hp
#AT	3	THAC0	11	Dmg	1d8+3+Strength drain (as shadow)

*Special Att/Def:* Oranan can cast any spell from the illusion sphere at will. Also, he is continually masked by a *continual darkness, 10' radius* spell; nothing known has ever been able to penetrate his aura of darkness. Any creatures of shadow within his radius of darkness gain a +1 to all their rolls (just as if they were in Oranan's realm).

## Duties of the Priesthood:

Priests and Priestesses of Oranan are expected to covertly infiltrate other religions and attempt to destroy temples of Oranan's enemies. However, they must never speak the name of their deity aloud, for to mention his name is to reveal his presence to those who would seek to destroy him. Any priest who does mention his name aloud usually is stripped of all priestly abilities (at the most lenient) or instantly destroyed (common).

**Requirements:** AB Wis 13; AL Any evil; WP standard cleric weapons; AR any; SP All, Charm, Necromantic, Numbers, Protection\*, Sun (reversed), Time\* ; PW 5) *continual darkness* (1/day); 15) all natural aging ceases, Oranan adds a bit of his essence to each priest making them living shadows; TU command; LL 17; HD 1d8; Shamans yes

**Shamans:** AB Wis 10; AL Any non-evil; LL 6; HD 1d4

# Parias

*(Intermediate God, Arcadia, Lawful Neutral Good)*

Parias is a power that represents Holy War in all its forms. It's said that he represents other things, but this has never been confirmed. He leads his forces forward from Arcadia in a never-ending quest to smite evil and bring death to the nonbelievers. He's said to be extremely intolerant of anyone that doesn't believe in the power that he wields, and has been known to slaughter disrespectful representatives of other powers.

**Statistics:** AL: ln (g); WAL any lawful; AoC holy war; SY banner of two spears meeting behind a sun

*Parias's Avatar (Fighter 18)*

Parias dispatches his avatar occasionally to the battlefield to raise the morale of his troops. He likes nothing more than righteous battle against nonbelievers, and is said to be the most militant (and unforgiving) of the powers in the Upper Planes. His avatar appears as a ten foot man in armor made of pure gold, wielding a two handed sword and a shield.

Str	24	Dex	18	Con	21
Int	15	Wis	12	Cha	14
MV	36	SZ	L (10')	MR	15%
AC	-5	HD	18	Hp	175 hp
#AT	3	THAC0	2	Dmg	1d10 + 5

*Special Att/Def:* Parias wields a two handed sword in battle (with one hand). Non-lawful good people hit by it must make a saving throw vs. spell or die instantly.

## Duties of the Priesthood:

Priests of Parias are often (nay, always) seen charging into battle, crying for the deaths of the heretics that would oppose them. Those worshippers who do not lead troops into battle are firebrand preachers, stirring up sentiment against the non-believers. Those worshippers who do not preach or lead troops into battle are occasionally foot soldiers. Those not foot soldiers are annihilated by the will Parias, who does accept slackers inside his religion.

**Requirements:** AB Str 14; AL any lawful; WP any; AR any; SP All, Combat, Healing, Law, Protection\*, Summoning\*, Sun\* War; PW none; TU none; LL 15; HD 1d8; Shamans no

# Monstrous Supplement

The following pages depict new monsters introduced somewhere within the text, such as the twisted shadow beings of Oranan.

## The Shadowed Ones

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<b>Climate/Terrain:</b>	Beyond the Void ( <i>Any</i> )
<b>Frequency:</b>	Common ( <i>Very Rare</i> )
<b>Organization:</b>	Solitary
<b>Activity Cycle:</b>	Any
<b>Diet:</b>	Light
<b>Intelligence:</b>	Very (11-12)
<b>Treasure:</b>	0
<b>Alignment:</b>	Neutral Evil

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<b>No. Appearing:</b>	2d4 ( <i>1</i> )
<b>Armor Class:</b>	-2 ( <i>2</i> )
<b>Movement:</b>	9, Fl 15 ( <i>C</i> )
<b>Hit Dice:</b>	8+3
<b>THAC0:</b>	13
<b>No. of Attacks:</b>	2
<b>Damage/Attack:</b>	2d4+4/2d4+4
<b>Special Attacks:</b>	Spell-like Abilities, ability drain
<b>Special Defenses:</b>	Hit only by +2 or better weapons, regenerate 1 hp/round in shadows
<b>Magic Resistance:</b>	15%
<b>Size:</b>	M (7' tall)
<b>Morale:</b>	Elite (13-14)
<b>XP Value:</b>	6,000

(The items in italicized parentheses above denote their statistics outside *The Canopy of Shadows*)

The servants of Oranan, created from larva that he buys from the night hags, are known only as The Shadowed Ones, also known as shadow beings. Only a precious few know of Oranan; most of the multiverse has forgotten about him. But The Shadowed Ones do not forget. Nobody knows of the origin of them, but most attribute them as being natural creatures of Gehenna (as natural as such creature come).

They appear as beings of pure shadow, with very little substance to them. Out of their backs grow huge bat-like wings, which allows them to fly. Their eyes glow of the purest white; usually this is all that a body can see of them, since the rest of their bodies are completely *invisible* in the shadows. Even when outside of the shadows (a rare occurrence) they are masked by a *continual darkness* spell. It's said that if one of these beings were to ever have light fall upon it that they would be utterly destroyed. However, there's not a spell in

creation that has been known to be able to pierce their veil of darkness.

**Combat:** In combat, shadow beings are ruthless opponents that strike with their two claws, which strike for 2d8 damage. Each claw also inflicts four extra points of cold damage on the victim. However, they are reluctant to enter combat, and prefer to kill from the shadows using their spell-like abilities.

Shadowed Ones can use the following spells at will, once per round, at the 8<sup>th</sup> level of ability: *continual darkness*, *demi-shadow magic*, *infravision*, *shadow door*, *shadow monsters* (1/day), *shades* (1/day), *shadow walk* (always active), *summon shadow* (1/day). Once per day, they may attempt to gate 1d4 other Shadowed Ones to aid them with a 40% chance of success.

While inside Beyond the Void, the realm of their god, shadow beings are much more powerful

because they derive their power from the Canopy of Shadows which covers the entire realm. While under it, their armor class becomes -2 and they can gate other Shadowed Ones in three times per day with a 100% chance of success. They can also cast spells as 8<sup>th</sup> level illusionists while under the Canopy.

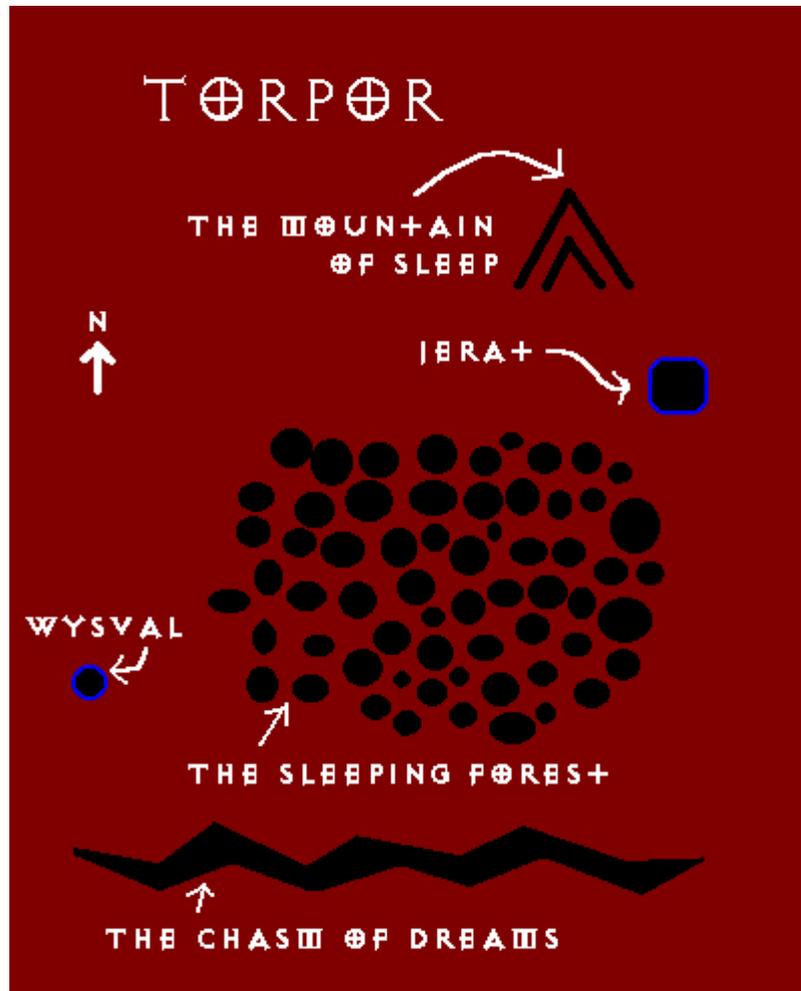
**Habitat/Society:** The Shadowed Ones are the creations of Oranan, and as such are completely devoted to his evil will. They are created by Oranan and his main proxies from larva using rituals that only Oranan knows. When created, they spring full-grown from the Canopy of Shadows that covers the realm.

All Shadowed Ones pay respect to The Veiled One (M/? Shadowed One/14 HD/NE), their earthly master in all things. The Veiled One commands all of the movements of the Shadowed Ones throughout the Planes. It's said he has a hidden agenda, but nobody's quite sure what it is.

**Ecology:** The diet of the Shadowed Ones consists completely of light, which they completely absorb and strengthen themselves with. Some would find it odd that beings of Shadow would need light to sustain themselves, but could Darkness exist without the Light?

# Maps

Finally, included here are the maps that I've made (please don't laugh) for a few realms. I've really only done this for the realms that have a large number of sites and towns within them. Yes, I know that they look pretty low-quality, but I do the best with the graphical editing programs that I have (Paint... and... umm... Microsoft Photo Editor, which is very good at not being able to edit photos).



(Not to scale. If it was, the towns would be little dots on the landscape compared to the sheer size of The Sleeping Forest and The Chasm of Dreams.)