

Ash

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • NATIVE SONS • Animental (PSMC3 14) • Ash Child (MMC) • Ash Witch (MMC) • Descrnat (PSMC3 123) • Ember Hulk (MMC) • Fundamental (PSMC3 46) • Genasi, Ash (MM) • L'zoir (MMC) • Mephit, Ash (PSMC 77) • Quasielemental, Ash (PSMC3 78) • Rast (PSMC3 86) • Ruvoka, Sartarin (PSMC3 90) • Tem'mat (MMC) • Ulish (PSMC3 123) • Xorn, Ash (Mimir.Net) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • ENCOUNTERS • Chososion (PSMC3 26) • Entrope (PSMC3 38) • Genie, Efreeti (MM 126) • Menglis (PSMC3 60) • Opposition explorers (PSMC3 66) • Primal procession (PSMC3 74) • Undead, any
---	---

The Ash
A Chinese Portrait (by [The Ash Lawyer](#))

Quasielemental

A natural phenomenon

A star dying

A metal

Cold Iron

An animal

An ancient serpent

A color

White, Gray, and Black

A mythological being

Hel

A human activity

A wedded couple, drifting apart.

A work of art

A dirge, sung in a monotone on the coldest night of the year

A weapon

A flint-lock pistol

An object

An abandoned furnace in a junkyard

Ash Quasielementals

Familiarity: The Empire of Former Flame dispatches quasielementals to make contact with those who might aid them in their "cold war" against the plane of Fire. To summon an ash quasielemental on the plane of Ash, snuff a flame and softly call for the spirits of former flame.

Demands: Snuff spirits ask those who would remain their friends to help them hurt things and entities of flame, heat, and passion.

Benefits: Ash spirits can act as guides and allies. The very powerful grant shamans, quasielemental priests, witches and sha'irs spells dealing with negative energy and cold.

History: In the Old Days, the spirits of Fire swept across the landscapes of the planes, creating and destroying, smelting and forging. The other spirits began complaining about what a nuisance they were, and eventually the gods got together to help control Fire's relentless shaping. "Fire," they said, "from now on there will be things you can burn only once, and afterwards they will remain, forever unburnable, and will strive against you. It was in this spirit that they took some of the most reckless Burners and killed them, bringing them back to sentence as ash quasielementals, who cannot burn or even join their former siblings, instead draining from their vicinities everything they once loved. The ash quasielementals hungrily seek to extinguish all the fire there is in the hopes that this will banish their feelings of loss and lack.

Spiritual correspondences: The quenching of outer and inner fire, the quenching of life, and the ending of the power to create, shape, and destroy.

Material correspondences: Ashes.

Taboos: Ash quasielementals must avoid Fire.

Attitude: Ash quasielementals meet strangers eagerly, aware of the effect their presences have.

Key to Abbreviations

PSMC	Planescape Boxed Set Monstrous Compendium Appendix [Buy it]
PSMC1	Planescape Monstrous Compendium Appendix I
PSMC2	Planescape Monstrous Compendium Appendix II
PSMC3	Planescape Monstrous Compendium Appendix III
PoLMC	Planes of Law Monstrous Compendium Appendix
PoCMC	Planes of Conflict Monstrous Compendium Appendix
PoXMC	Planes of Chaos Monstrous Compendium Appendix
MM	Monstrous Manual
MCA1	Monstrous Compendium Annual 1
MCA2	Monstrous Compendium Annual 2
MCA3	Monstrous Compendium Annual 3
MCA4	Monstrous Compendium Annual 4
MMC	Mimir.Net Monstrous Compendium

Ash Child (by Rip Van Wormer, art by Cliff Brannon)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	ASH CHILD
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	School
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Ashes
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (9)
TREASURE:	0 (A)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-12
ARMOUR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 (bite)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Poisonous bite, suffocation
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	S (4 feet tall)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	65

"Heh. Look at those little guys. Do you want to play? Do you want a penny? It's shiny, isn't it? I bet you've never seen a copper piece before, living so far away from anything earthy... hey! Leggo! One at a time! Stop that! SLOW DOWN! BACK OFF! No more..."

AAAAAHHHHHEERRRGGGGggg..."

-- Finn Mallow

Ash children are slim, almost skeletal, childlike beings wearing overcoats and tall hats. They carry large, stiff brushes useful for dusting each other off. They have large eyes the same uniform gray as their skin and enormous pointed ears like a gremlin has.

COMBAT: Ash children cling to their opponents, attempting to overbear them with surprise and numbers. Their bite is mildly poisonous, causing itching and occasional vomiting for a week or so unless cured (-2 to attack), but their most feared attack is suffocation. On a successful natural roll of 20, an ash child sticks its ashy hand or tongue into the mouth of its victim, cutting off all breathing (assuming the victim needed to). A strength check at -2 is required to pull the little pest out, at which point up to eight other children will all be competing to see who rolls a twenty next.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Ash children congregate in schools, and are often found around ash witches, although if none is available they will associate with even a mephit. Like the witches, they communicate in whispers, inventing rhymes and rhythmic patterns as they chatter excitedly at one another. They attack if ordered to, in self-defense, or if panicked by bright light.

ECOLOGY: Ash children are thought to be related to brownies, kilmouli, and other hearth spirits occasionally found on this plane. It's possible they were created by the same hag who first shaped the ash witches, but they're now manufactured by the witches themselves. The evidence is that after a century or so, the children grow into adult ash witches, and go off alone, never again to talk with its former siblings.

VARIANTS: Ash children could, with the DM's permission, be used as a PC race...

ASH CHILDREN AS PCS:

LANGUAGES: A well-educated ash child might know planar common, ash quasiaelemental, or night hag. The far-traveled might know the language of the genies.

ROLE-PLAYING SUGGESTIONS: An adventuring ash child has likely had its witch abandon or try to eat it, and it knows that another witch won't accept it after that. If alone, it will be very lonely and likely to attach to virtually anything friendly that comes by. It will initially expect its companions to help it overbear its enemies, and thus might easily get over its head in danger. Ash children like to touch and hug, and don't understand what anyone would have against soot stains. They are extremely loyal to their friends.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES: A wandering ash child retains its poisonous bite and suffocation ability. It is immune to the effects of the plane of Ash and to non-magical cold. It has a natural

armor class of five, which is not cumulative with armor. If it takes up the way of the pick and crowbar, its skills are adjusted as follows: *Move silently* +10%, *Hide in Shadows* +35%, *Open Locks* -5%, *Find/Remove Traps* -5% (ashy fingers just aren't built for it, eyes aren't sensitive enough), *Detect Noise* -5% (soot in their ears), *Climb Walls* +5%, *Read Languages* -15%, *Pick Pockets* -5%.

SPECIAL DISADVANTAGES: An ash child must be fed approximately thirteen pounds of ashes every day. While they don't leave a literal trail of ashes, they have great difficulty keeping things clean. It's difficult to fit armor for. It is not immune to the wasting effects of the Gray Waste. Fire causes it double damage, and it loses 2 points of strength for every ten degrees Fahrenheit above 60. When its Strength score reaches 0, it falls into a coma.

When wet, an ash child gets sticky. Removing a wet ash child from whatever it was clinging to requires a bend bars/lift gates roll with a +20% bonus.

MONSTROUS TRAITS: Small, gray, no pupils, big ears, speaks in whispers, tends to leave soot marks on things.

SUPERSTITIONS: Ash children believe they're dying when they overheat, and they will never harm an ash witch. Bright lights spook them, but cause no other hindrance.

WEAPON PROFICIENCIES: Ash children prefer small weapons, and pokers. Their brushes aren't weapons, and will be found hanging around their necks when not in use.

NONWEAPON PROFICIENCIES: Survival (Ash), Blindfighting, hunting, set snares, tracking, tumbling, jumping, gaming, dancing, and painting are common skills.

ABILITY REQUIREMENTS (before ability adjustments are added or subtracted):

STRENGTH	DEXTERITY	CONSTITUTION	INTELLIGENCE	WISDOM	CHARISMA
11/18	7/18	4/18	3/16	3/16	3/18

ABILITY ADJUSTMENTS

STRENGTH	DEXTERITY	CONSTITUTION	INTELLIGENCE	WISDOM	CHARISMA
+1	+1	-	-	-1	-

AVERAGE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT

HEIGHT*	WEIGHT*
BASE 46/46	MODIFIER 1d8
BASE 52/52	MODIFIER 1d8

(* Divided into male/female values. Heights are in inches, weights are in pounds.)

AGE

STARTING AGE	MAXIMUM AGE
BASE 0	MODIFIER 1d100
BASE 100	MODIFIER 1d20*

(* Upon attaining this age, the ash child curls up into a little ball and goes to sleep. After 6+1d4 months it emerges as a full-grown ash witch, after which it may or not be a NPC, DM's discretion.)

AGEING EFFECTS

None



Ash Witch (by Rip Van Wormer, art by Cliff Brannon)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Ash
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (18)
TREASURE:	M (Z)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	6
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6 + 5
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spells, poison blast, draining
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	Large (7-8')
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	3000

"Sure, I could've taken it. It wasn't no god or nothin'. It's just that... it was like there weren't no person there; like I was hitting bags of ashes."

"What's wrong with that?"

"I mean, I felt so stupid, like part of the plane had decided to wear clothes, and here I was pounding on the whole plane. It kept staring at me, with a face like a wall of ash with not even an eye to give it personality, and everything started feeling so hopeless, like what was I doing here anyway..."

"So... you just left? That doesn't sound like you at all."

"I dunno... it's just that, I mean, you weren't there..."

Ash witches are extremely tall and thin female forms composed of gray ash, with no faces. They wear long ash dresses and pointed, broad-brimmed ash hats. They carry brooms, which they use to sweep vainly at their surroundings.

COMBAT: Ash witches are magi, often necromancers, of levels 3-5. They can strike with their brooms for 1d6+5 points of damage. The witch may, once every five rounds, attack with a blast of the poisonous essence of ash, a truly ghoulish thing that inflicts 5d4 points of damage and afflicts its victim with a wasting curse, causing 1d4 points of damage for 2d20 rounds thereafter. A remove curse spell halts the loss, as does leaving the plane.

The ash witch can also create weakness in its opponents by gazing at them with its blank ashy face. A saving throw vs. petrification is required, or the victim loses a point of strength each round. The witch can only affect one character at a time, and the strength drain stops when the witch is no longer concentrating.

An Ash witch only attacks to preserve its solitude or in self defence. They don't like to be bothered, but won't pursue.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Ash witches are hermits, living in small caves and huts or found wandering. Occasionally one will be found in an advisory position among a group of quasiaelementals or ruvoka, the creatures the witches find most worthy of their time. A school of ash children will usually be found clinging to the ash witch's skirts. Ash witches never talk to each other, although they will make soft murmuring sounds to the ash children under their care. When casting spells or advising allies, the witch speaks in an almost unheard whisper.

ECOLOGY: A night hag named Hateful came to the plane of Ash quite a long time ago, fleeing yugoloth creditors. How she created her servants is unclear, even to them. Perhaps she used her dwindling supply of larvae, used a variant of the mephitis creation spell, or somehow mated with an ash quasiaelemental. There is evidence that it was a combination of all three things.

The draining effect of the Ash plane was one that even the hag, who understood the Waste so well, couldn't comprehend. The ash witches served the hag for few centuries until one day they conferred with each other for the first and only time. They then

coldly killed their mistress and wandered off to explore the plane in solitude.

CURRENT CHANT: An elder ash witch has been dismissed from her position in the Citadel of Former Flame, but was apparently (and evidently mistakenly) left alive and whole. Everyone from the efreet to the ruvoka to the mephitis want to talk to it and find what secrets it knows, but it has thusfar evaded or slain all investigators.



Ember Hulk (by Joshua Jarvis, art by Cliff Brannon)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Ash
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Band
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to Very (8-12)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-6
ARMOUR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	10, Br 8
HIT DICE:	6 + 6
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12 / 3-12 / 1-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Usually none, rarely confusion
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M (6' tall, 3' wide)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	420

The story of the ember hulk is an amazing tale of adaptation and evolution. It seems once a prime wizard sought domination over the plane of Ash, to forge an army of evil Ash-born creatures with which he could assail his home world. To gather these creatures he *charmed* some umber hulks and forced them into the planes. Most of them died, but those which survived he kept separate and allowed them to breed. However, the wizard failed to notice that not all of the umber hulk offspring returned to him. Some had become planeborne and rebellious, though any neogi can tell you an umber hulk with *proper* training from birth is a docile and complacent servant. The wizard's umber hulks raised some of their offspring away from his influence. When the time had come these planeborne umber hulks attacked and drove the wizard back to his world.

Ember hulks look like smaller, more upright, sleeker, umber hulk and have a definite look of intelligence in their eyes. They glow orange like burning hot coals, a survival trait they developed to fight off the cold of Ash. Most of them have four pairs of eyes but two of the eyes are noticeably bigger and have pupils, this helps them switch from seeing in the darkness of Ash (eyes with large pupils) and seeing in the blinding border of Fire (smaller eyes with no pupils); however this adaptation cost all but a few throwbacks their *confusion* ability. Their hot coal appearance is enhanced by the fact that their ancestors larger armoured plates have been replaced by smaller plates. Large plates are uncommon among them, though one individual has been seen with a skull shaped plate on his head with his smaller eyes serving as the skulls eyes.

COMBAT: Ember hulks are weaker than umber hulks but their natural heat makes the damage and up the same as normal for those without protection from heat. Those immune to heat take 1-10 / 1-10 / 1-8 from their claw/claw/bite attack instead. As mentioned above only a few throwbacks have the *confusion* ability but most ember hulk bands have one cleric.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Smarter then their prime born ancestors, Ember hulks have an intelligence and cunning that can only be found on the planes. Ember hulks like a nomadic life, wandering through the plane of Ash to the edge of Fire and back to Ash again. It's suspected that they must get close to fire to recharge their natural heat. While ember hulks are rarely found with treasure, every so often a group's cleric has a small magic item or an individual hulk carries a trinket that looks interesting to it. Truly valuable items are buried in sealed off chambers deep in Ash until they are needed again. Most of these valuable items are stores of dead animals though occasionally potions are kept in these caches.

Ember hulk priests tend to wear a few loose animal skins and they worship no gods. Instead, they place spiritual importance in certain natural features such as elemental pockets. Water pockets are especially valuable, despite the fact the hulks get most of the moisture they need from their prey. Water reminds them of the home they were torn from. The caves where prey is

common and living doesn't hurt has become their afterlife. A prime world as an afterlife sounds funny to me too but the stories passed down from their ancestors must sound like paradise to the hulks.

ECOLOGY: Ember hulk feed upon non-ashen creatures like descript and rasts. Their hide-and-burst-out hunting method has been replaced by a more successful one, especially since most non-ashen creatures here are small creatures. They have hunters run the tunnels, herding prey to a central tunnel. Here the band feeds. If they get a surplus of prey they eat what they need and block off (and often divert) the tunnels to save the rest for a time of need. The cold of ash freeze-dries their food, preserving it. The desperate lack of food leads ember hulks to trade as well. They recognise sentients (especially non edible ones like elementals) as potential sources of food for later times. After all why eat all the food now if that one prey item can bring you food continuously for years to come? This makes ember hulks neutral, compared to the evil of their prime cousins. Ember hulks have a limitless memory .

VARIANTS: Some ember hulks become mages. This is rare but true. Further mutations in their appearance are common, possibly due to inbreeding. Though family bands don't breed with members of their own bands, when a band gets too big it splits into two bands, both are treated as separate bands in every way including regards to breeding.



L'zoir (by [Lucas Berghaus](#), art by [Cliff Brannon](#))

	L'ZOIR	WARRIOR L'ZOIR
CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Ash, Ethereal	Ash, Ethereal
FREQUENCY:	Common	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Hive	Hive
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any	Any
DIET:	Heat	Heat
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5)	Average (9-10)
TREASURE:	Cx2, Fx2 in hive, glowstone	Cx2, Fx2 in hive, glowstone
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	5d20 x 5 in hive, 5d8	1d20+3 in hive, 1d20
ARMOUR CLASS:	4	2
MOVEMENT:	Fly 24 (B)	Fly 24 (B)
HIT DICE:	2+2	4+4
THAC0:	18	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4+1 / 1d4+1	1d6+1 / 1d6+1
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Absorb energy, stinger drain	Absorb energy, stinger drain
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Immune to heat	Immune to heat
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None	None
SIZE:	T (2 feet long)	S (4 feet long)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12), Fearless in hive (19)	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	75	150

L'zoir, or "ash wings", are small insects native to the plane of Ash. They resemble large gray or red butterflies with twin stingers. They have a limited intelligence, and communicate by pheromone scent to each other.

COMBAT: They attack heat sources, and absorb nutritious heat through their stingers. They can sense heat up to 200 feet away, so under normal circumstances, they are never surprised. They absorb heat energy if both stingers hit, causing 1d6 hp loss, and the temporary loss of 1-3 points of Strength. Creatures that lose strength may recover this strength with a cure light wounds or resting one hour per point lost. Creatures reduced to Str 0 collapses unconscious.

Mortals have found that merely being in the immediate vicinity of the L'zoir causes damage from their constant drawing of heat energy. This causes 1 hp loss per ashwing within 5 feet, per round. They favour swarm tactics, and attacking their strongest foes first. Ashwings are extremely deadly if confronted in their hive, where they fight to the death. Cold sources deal +1 damage on each die to ashwings. If confronted with cold, ashwings must make a morale check.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Ashwings have a low-level psionic connection between themselves. They have no concept of self, and willingly sacrifice themselves for the good of the greater hive. The communal strength of the connection provides MAC -2. If an L'zoir is affected by any telepathic power, the psionic connection between it and the others is severed, and the ashwing is truly *alone* for the first time. Reactions to such a thing are extremely unpredictable. Ashwing like shiny or hot objects, and most treasure should be such objects. A *flametongue* +1 is appropriate, for example.

ECOLOGY: Ashwing exist only to serve their hive, and the hive exists only to expand. L'zoir hives are great glowing embers riddled with small tunnels and air pockets. Such hives may (10% chance), hold mindless undead, which harmoniously coexist with the ashwing.

Also called *glowbugs*, L'zoir steal the heat from anything they can, and spend the energy creating the legendary *glowstones*. It is not known why. Various fiends and efreeti may think ashwing a culinary delight, but they would have second thoughts about attacking the hives. In order to power the hives, glowbugs store heat internally, and emit it into the glowstones.

VARIANTS: Warrior L'zoir defend each hive against attackers. They also direct worker ashwing in battle and other enterprises. Warrior ashwing can use tactics in combat and analyse the combat situation for the most favourable action. In the hive, warrior L'zoir never retreat, unless it is logically best for the hive.

CURRENT CHANT: L'zoir hives are deadly, but, one bubbler by name of Antonius the Cunning claims to have lifted a glowstone from the hive's centre, and all the ashwing died, instantly. He (of course) was the only survivor, but reliable chant tells did have an enormous clear gemstone, damn thing must've be worth thousands, emanating various lights. Antonius hasn't been seen in a few months, so it's as likely he's lost. Glowstones surely have intrinsic magical value to the hive, and never has a hive not had a glowstone.



Tem'mat (by Chris Murphy)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Ash (Ammet Han'sha)
FREQUENCY:	Very rare (common in Ammet Han'sha)
ORGANISATION:	Guilds
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to High (8-13)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1 or 3-7
ARMOUR CLASS:	As armour worn
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	By class and level
THAC0:	By class and level
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or by class
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	M (6 feet)
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	670 or by HD

The tem'mati are a splinter race of the githzerai. No one knows how or why they ended up in a remote corner of the Inner Plane of Ash, in their fortress city of Ammet Han'sha, not even the tem'mati themselves. All that is known is that these wayward gith established themselves shortly after the branch of the race calling themselves githzerai settled in Limbo.

Physically, tem'mati are identical in nearly every way to a "typical" githzerai. The only outward difference is their skin, which instead of the standard cream to mahogany tint, is a lightly, soft gray colour. The similarities end in appearance, however. The tem'mati split from the githzerai when githzerai culture was very young, so the language, customs, and government are different (although the tem'mati have the same chaotic outlook, and a more disorganised society).

COMBAT: The tem'mati are a fairly vicious people (living on Ash, this is no surprise). They are very brave and capable fighters. They have the same standard classes available to normal githzerai (although due to isolation, are no longer subject to the limitations imposed by the sorcerer-king), and fight accordingly. The vast majority of tem'mat are fighters.

Typical armament includes a light chain mail suit (metal is fairly rare here, and armour is considered sacred to the warriors), and one weapon, typically some kind of axe. Although unwieldily, axes are the primary weapons of the Warrior Guild, and nearly all have one.

Warriors in defence of Ammet Han'sha always travel in squads of 3 to 7, made up of fighters or varying experience level (although it is rare to see any of higher level than 5, more experienced soldiers often have more important duties).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The tem'mati have a fairly sophisticated, if chaotic, society. Every tem'mat belongs to a Guild, and those Guilds rule themselves in a mostly democratic fashion. There are Guilds: The Warriors (charged with the defence of Ammet Han'sha and the tem'mati), The Hunters (charged with the duty of finding food), The Travellers (charged with the duty of trading with other peoples and exploring the rest of the planes), The Observers (charged with recording the history and keeping records), and The Caretakers (charged with the thankless task of upkeeping the city and stopping riots, which is actually necessary).

If a member of one guild has problems with a member of another, the offended tem'mat goes to the leaders of the offender's Guild leaders and demands punishment. Obviously, this fact and the fact that there is no central government at all, makes the Tem'mati a very fractured people. Disputes arise over crimes, territory, food rights (in the plane of Ash, food is a very large concern). The only thing, it seems, that the Guilds will unite to tackle are outsiders. The Tem'mati are very suspicious of other people, even members of other Guilds.

ECOLOGY: The tem'mati have somehow managed to survive in the inhospitable plane of Ash. They eat primarily vermin and other native beings close to the fortress-city of Ammet Han'sha, and whatever they can get through trading. They have also found a pocket of pure Water very close to their city. All in all, they have totally adapted to this horrid place.

All tem'mati can breathe ash (and have little trouble breathing dust) as well as air, and have a very high heat tolerance. They also need very little food and even smaller amounts of water to survive.

VARIANTS: The tem'mati are a fairly small group, so there are more or less no variants. The only thing remotely resembling a variant species are a special group within the Travellers Guild. The tem'mati seem to have lost their natural aptitude with psionics. This subgroup, known as the *Ash Treaders*, have developed a psionic ability they use to propel large ships through the wastes of the plane. They are a very respected group within the Travellers, but, so far, they haven't developed any other abilities.

Ash Xorn (Anonymous submission)
by Hadjenn, an Ash Genasi of some note

Now, one of the only societies you're likely to find in the Ash is that of the ash xorn, a peculiar offshoot of the Earth's famous race. They're not much to look at - trilateral symmetry, with a single three-flapped mouth, long arms, short legs, and huge pearls for eyes. They're ill-suited to speaking any of the Trade Tongues, but a few have learned -- you'll find one in each successful tribe -- so communication shouldn't matter unless you're a Mindlander unfamiliar with out variations of Planar Common (or, better yet, Planar Uncommon).

The Ash Xorn're found mainly in three distinct regions -- the Ash's core, which makes up most of the plane, the Wasting Place, where the Ash meets the Dust, and the Cinder Wells, where the Ash meets the Magma. They aren't a highly organised society (like, say, the efreet are), but rather are clannish, and live in small nomadic tribes. Each tribe has one concern - finding enough to eat.

You see, like the Earth's xorn, ash xorn eat minerals and gems. However, their dual nature (being that of earth and dust) forces them into a more restricted diet. They eat gems called 'Firesouls' in their language - like diamond, but much softer and made from compressed ash, and they eat smelted metal, much like the kind which can be scavenged from the shores of the Cinder Wells. Rumour has it that they also eat frozen flames from the edge of the Fire, but most I've talked to have never done it themselves, nor met anyone who has.

Because there is less food for them to scavenge, ash xorn are cannier than the Earth's xorn (one argues that the increased competition has bred more powerful minds in them), and are incredibly skilled in a mystical art which allows them to find metals and minerals from a distance, using only their minds. However, since the Ash is so sparsely populated, ash xorn're much less confrontational - there are few borders they are required to respect.

Ash xorn're on good terms with the native quasi-elementals who, in general, consider them natives and a pleasant alternative to ash mephits. Since the one doesn't eat the food of the other, they exist as separate parts of the ecosystem, and rarely clash.

If you should meet any xorn of the Ash, they're sure to ask you if you've seen 'food' - tell them of any veins of metal you've crossed, and any gems you might have found. the help of an ash xorn is *far* more valuable than a few baubles, and the pleasant creatures will do much to aid an honest and forthcoming employer - the life of their tribe depends on food, so they get it by any means.

The flip side, of course, is that those who refuse to help ash xorn are likely to upset not only them, but any quasi-elementals friendly to the tribe. If the xorn think a person is hiding food (through their mystical art, for example), they will probably attack to get it if polite requests are refused.

There are no ash xorn cities, to my knowledge, but there are a very few hermitic xorn to be found. The industriously inaccurate chant has it that some ash xorn have mastered a sort of magic - the truth is that they have mastered something much stranger - an art humans have called 'psionics.' Through their minds alone, these mystics can form food of their own from the land around them, which they trade to travellers in

exchange for news of the multiverse, luxury goods, and training in new powers.

One last thing to remember about ash xorn - they aren't grazers like the Earth's xorn are. They are scavengers, who live by their own laws to get what they want. They may be a bit weaker, but they will ply their impressive intellects to defeat any foe they need offensive. They make excellent guides and unparalleled prospectors, but they also make fearsome enemies.

- NATIVE SONS
- [Aeshar](#) (MMC)
- Animental (PSMC3 14)
- Bulette (MM 33)
- Dragon, Brown (MM 80)
- Dune stalker (PSMC)
- Fundamental (PSMC3 46)
- Hatori (MM 185)
- Khirth (PSMC3 123)
- [Koylith](#) (MMC)
- Mephit, Dust (PSMC)
- Quasielemental, Dust (PSMC3 78)
- Rust monster (MM 305)
- Ruvoka, Gobinhu (PSMC3 90)
- Sandling (MM 102)
- Sandman (PSMC)
- Tabbibug (PSMC3 123)
- [Valkarhi](#) (MMC)
- Verd (PSMC3 123)
- Worm, Lukhorn (MA4 91)
- Worm, Purple (MM 364)
- ENCOUNTERS
- Chososion (PSMC3 26)
- Entrope (PSMC3 38)
- Genie, Dao (MM 126)
- Menglis (PSMC3 60)
- Opposition explorers (PSMC3 66)
- Primal procession (PSMC3 74)
- Web, Living (MCA3 117)

The Dust Quasielemental

A Chinese Portrait (by [The Dust Concubine](#))

A natural phenomenon

Erosion

A metal

Rust

An animal

An ageing elephant, limping into the savannah on a broken leg

A colour

Gray and other pastel earth tones

A mythological being

Chronos

A human activity

Destroying a great palace

A work of art

Deconstructionism

A weapon

A battering ram

An object

A rotten, moth-eaten wedding dress

Dust Quasielementals

Familiarity: To summon a dust quasielemental, an valuable object must be ritually destroyed. Crumble spirits like those unattached to material things, and vandals. Demands: In return for continued aid, dust quasielementals ask for rare minerals, art objects, and gemstones.

Benefits: Who wouldn't want a dust quasielemental for a friend? A friendly dust quasielemental won't kill you right away, for one thing. There are even stories of shamans and sha'irs and dust priests being supplied by them with destructive spells.

History: If the mineral quasielementals build the lattices of the worlds, dust quasielementals take them apart so they can be built again. It's thought that the spirits of Dust are the older of the two, and that they selected their duty themselves.

Spiritual correspondences: Crumbling, decaying, falling apart, destruction, disintegration, ageing, and time.

Material correspondences: Dust, sand, dry rot, mulch.

Taboos: Dust quasielementals can never create anything themselves.

Attitude: They are hostile to most everyone.

Aeshar (by Shawn Muder)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Dust
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Solid objects
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (9-12)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	8
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	2-12 / 2-12 / 3-18
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Whirlwind, decaying touch
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Aura of lethargy
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	35%
SIZE:	Medium (5-6')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	4,500

How many cutters know the exact number of deaths have occurred on the plane of Dust? Not many if any at all. But what is known is that the number of dead is high and that only the most barmy of adventurers will try and conquer this plane of total decay and disarray. The aeshar are undead, risen from the proximity of the Negative Energy Plane; they are the unfortunate souls that have been spared a most welcomed oblivion, tortured to roam the endless fields of Dust looking for nourishment of flesh and bone of the living to keep their forms lest they lay forever as a pile of hungry, insane sand.

The aeshar appear at first as a regular humanoids of whatever type they used to be, but their skin seems to be ashen and grey and they keep their eyes and mouths closed, walking about like some blind berk who has lost their way. This form is merely an exquisite sculpture of the body they once had, and if they do not feed they cannot even hold it.

when approached by a possible meal they will open their eyes and mouths to let the endless streams of choking dust pour from them making small piles of the dry substance at their feet and letting the sorrow filled moans of a lifetime of thirst out that only the most rigid of men can handle

COMBAT: The Aeshar are terrible fighters, most are clumsy and have a hard time staying on their feet when the opportunity to feed is near. Their overeagerness is often their downfall but this does not count them out completely, for they have the same abilities and proficiencies they had in life and can use everything from wizard spells to psionics. Nobody knows how these creatures can keep such knowledge after undeath, but greybeards reckon it was a part of their original creator's plan. Chant goes that the "Dark One", known as Lord Zanatose, created these horrid beings, but sources are few and when found they are often eliminated. Many think they were created to run the Doom Guard from the plane of dust so that a darker army could take over.

The aeshar have a blinding attack, as one of the only creatures that can even cause the dry wind to stir on this bleak plane the aeshar can assail their targets with funnels of dark and grating dust. Any sod unlucky enough to be caught in one of these maelstroms is allowed a saving throw vs. breath weapon to escape without harm. Those that fail are blinded for 2d6 rounds and cannot talk because of the dust filling their lungs, and even those that pass their saving throw take 3d8 points of damage from the blasting dust. This ability can be used as many times as the aeshar wishes, as long as they are on Dust.

Another devastating attack at the aeshar's disposal is the *decaying touch*. If they hit a body, this touch can cause the very flesh touched to disintegrate into useless dust causing 3d6 points of damage and the loss of use of that particular body part. A save versus death magic is awarded against this attack, those that pass just suffer the 3d6 points of damage and no limb loss. Anyone killed in this fashion will raise after 4d6 days as another one of the aeshar, cursed to plague the Dust forever.

Now a good defence that the aeshar has is their *aura of lethargy*. Anyone viewing the slightly smoky aura about the

undead is required to save vs. death magic or be slowed for 4d6 rounds at which time, if they are still alive, they are allowed to roll another save to break the lethargic magic enchanting them.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The aeshar have no society, they roam Dust endlessly looking for relief from their undead, emotionless existence. They do not consort with other intelligent undead, in fact they act like they are not even there. The Doomguard are extremely wary of these creatures -- even though they do promote entropy -- as not even the Doomguard is immune to the destructive forces the aeshar command. Chant goes that some of the more barmy Sinkers actually seek out these beings, but these berks are never seen alive again; in fact a good many of the aeshar have been spotted and identified as former faction members.

ECOLOGY: The Aeshar continue the endless decay of Dust and nothing else; they are not even aware they help the plane grow bigger as they destroy living creatures entering. Nor do they realise they are controlled by an unseen force on another plane; they just wish to end their unlfe, or to find the next barmy berk to snack on.

VARIANT/CURRENT CHANT: If a Aeshar has not fed within the number of years they lived when alive their forms will fall into a motionless, hungry pile of dust. These piles of dust have the same powers as the full aeshar except they are able to control the dusty environment around them. Once these beings have absorbed one living creature they will once again gain a structured form, however it will be of the person they digested and not their own. They have the number of years as the person they ate was old to find another meal, otherwise they will once again be reduced to a pile of hungry dust. This, apparently, is a great indignity to suffer, and aeshar try to avoid it at all costs by slaying almost anyone they encounter.

Koylith (by [Itzhak Even](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary or Group
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Non (0)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOUR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12, Br 6, Fl 12 (A)
HIT DICE:	2
THAC0:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Dust cloud
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	M (5')
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	420

Koylith, or "dusty death" are a special kind of mindless undead created by animating creatures that died from the *Tendrils of Dust* spell. These creature look like they did in life, with no visible wounds. They are controlled by their creator. If their creator dies then they will collapse and become dust.

COMBAT: The koylith attack by creating a small cloud of dust around the target causing it 1-10 points of damage. They can also burrow the ground and spring from it, but it can be done only in soft ground, such as mud or sand. They suffer half damage from all piercing and slashing weapons, as they are quite elastic.

They have a unique ability to assume a form of swirling dust, attacking their opponents by enveloping them. In this form they can fly at the same speed as they walk.

In addition to the normal undead immunities they are immune to spells of dust and earth, except the *Dusting* spell, and they become slowed if attacked with water or ice spells. Dust spells that would otherwise cause damage will instead heal them by the same amount.

When destroyed they turn into a small heap of dust.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: These unnatural creatures have no society. Ruled by their creators will they have no will of their own.

ECOLOGY: They have no part in the ecology, like all undead. It was noted by one mage that using the dust left when they die in the casting of dust-based spells inflicts a -1 to saves or increases duration by one round if no save is allowed.

Valkarathi (text and artwork by [Chris Tan](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Dust
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	See below
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOUR CLASS:	-3
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	6 + 20
THAC0:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8 (claws)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	L (9+ feet long)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	4,000

"Fearsome creatures of unspeakable horrors. They swimming through the plane of Dust, searching for their lost mother."

-- Extract from the journal of Stromwing

The valkarthi have always remained a mystery. As time goes by, more and more reports of the legends arise from distraught planewalkers, living and dying. There were always many speculations of what these monstrous horrors of the dust really were. The most notable was that they were distant cousins of the astral dreadnoughts, due to their resemblance in shape.

And on and on, the rumours continued until a young wizard, named Jarvest, set off into the plane of Dust in order to discover the truth. A week later, he returned with a huge dying creature that looked like it came out of a power's nightmare.

The creature was about nine feet in length, from head to tail, it's head resembled something like a disfigured Abyssal lobster. From its great torso sprouted two arms that ended in giant claws. There were no openings on the head of the creature for a use of a mouth, yet there were many *tentacles*.

But the creature was dying, and the young wizard did bring it to the planes to find out about it's origins. So soon after he got a psionist to tap into the creature's mind to discover the monster's secrets.

COMBAT: The Valkarathi are vicious hunters. They have acquired much knowledge in the ways of hunting and killing. A notable form of attack is by using a single valkarthi as bait, leading a careless victim into the pack's ambush range. Another form of attack is by superior numbers; this is a rare occasion, as valkarthi don't always work together well.

But a valkarthi is just as deadly on its own. It attacks its prey by use of its sharp claws which do 1d8 damage each.

As the valkarthi have lived in the dust for many centuries, they have adapted ways to use it to their advantage. A valkarthi can charge at its victim for 3d10 points of damage. The valkarthi has to be at least 60 feet from its victim to charge.

One of the deadliest attacks of this creature though, is through the tentacles on its head. On a successful attack with both its claws, a valkarthi can hold its victim and make an attack with its tentacles. If successful, it can drain 1d6 hit points from its victim and add it to its own. These affects are temporary. For the victim to be able to pry himself free, he has to make a successful bend bars/lift gate roll.

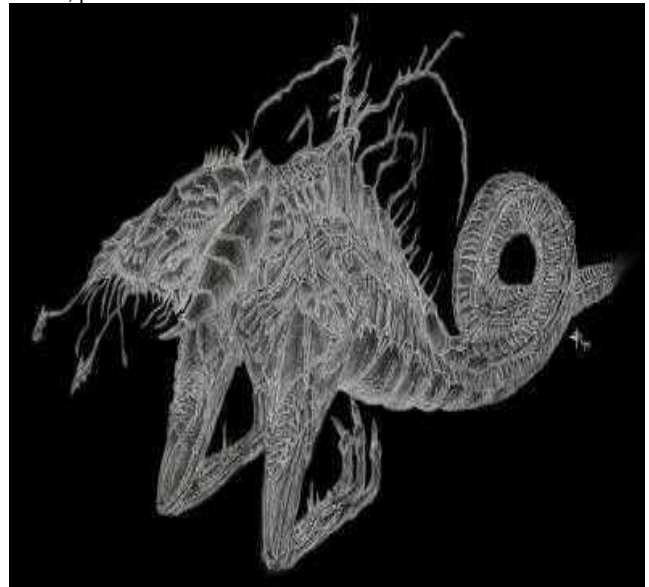
Although they have no visible organs (apart from a hidden set of eyes), a valkarthi is still very hard to surprise. They therefore receive a +3 to surprise rolls. Usually it is the valkarthi that surprises its victim.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Although valkarthi in large groups tend to be hostile to each other, they still do follow the orders of a *supreme* being.

A much larger being is believe to have spawned or created these monsters. And about a decade ago, she had disappeared from her lair in the dust. That is why valkarthi have became more frequent, they are searching for their lost leader.

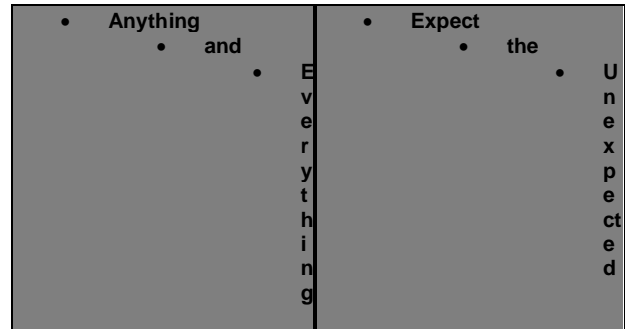
Valkarathi usually hunt in packs of 1-4, but they can also roam in larger parties of 1-10. There are also the occasional ones that move around on their own, these are supposedly loners who have decided to not to search for their *queen*. The valkarthi that was captured by Jarvest was also by itself, yet the psionist was unable to find about more about it before it died.

ECOLOGY: Planewalkers are still searching the dust for more information on these creatures, yet all attempt have ended in failure. Jarvest was never able to capture another valkarthi, let alone see one. Just recently, rumours have aroused that Jarvest has actually been killed on the plane of dust. Whether or not this is true, planewalkers still hunt the dust for the hunter.



Limbo

The Swirling Soup. The EverChange. Bolim. Olbmi. I'm sure you can imagine, the Plane of Pure Chaos has more than a few names. Some sages count its layers as five, but since there's nothing to tell 'em apart, it seems a rather futile gesture. On a plane with this many names, it's not going to be too much of a shock to learn that there are many, many creatures a berk can rub shoulders with. Too many. Limbo has a dangerous habit of opening gates and portals spontaneously to other planes and pulling creatures through. More often than not, they're fried or drowned or crushed or zapped, or if the slaad get hold of them first, eaten. Therefore, many of the encounters with off-planar creatures will be with being terrified by the chaotic soup, and probably very close to meeting their end in one of the aforementioned manners. Or another, if they're unlucky. Three types of creature are capable of surviving on Limbo: real natives of the plane; visitors with enough magic or willpower to hold the plane's swirling chaos at bay; and truly lucky berks who've landed in a stable spot. The latter type don't usually last more than a few minutes longer than their bubble of stability, though...



Native Sons (and Daughters)

- [Boggle \(MCA2 22\)](#)
- [Chaos Beast \(PoXMC 8\)](#)
- [Darkweaver \(PSMC2 20\)](#)
- [Doppleganger \(MM 60\)](#)
- [Elemental, Composite - Tempest \(MM 105\)](#)
- [Gibberling \(MM 148\)](#)
- [Githzerai \(PSMC1 48\)](#)
- [Gremlin, any \(MM 174\)](#)
- [Hakeashar \(MCA2 69\)](#)
- [Halfling of Barnstable](#)
- [Imp, Chaos \(MCA3 63 and PoXMC 10\)](#)
- [Khaasta \(PSMC2 58\)](#)
- [Lillend \(PoXMC 16\)](#)
- [Mimic \(MM 250\)](#)
- [Mimic, Greater \(MCA2 87\)](#)
- [Minion of Chaos \(MMC\)](#)
- [Peltast \(MCA2 94\)](#)
- [Petitioner](#)
- [Phileet \(MMC\)](#)
- [Raggamoffyn \(MCA2 100\)](#)
- [Slaad, any \(PSMC1 88\)](#)
- [Slaad, Rogue \(MMC\)](#)

[NB: These creatures aren't necessarily natives -- nobody really knows if anything could come from Limbo's churning chaos -- but they're certainly encountered more than other creatures there.]

Encounters

So, okay, you've seen the list below. No, I ain't a tout known for copping out, and I resent you thinking that. Trouble is, without listing every creature that's ever been known, it ain't going to be a complete list. You really can meet *anything* on Limbo. There's no rhyme or reason to it. Like I said above, there's an environment to support any kind of life here; the trouble is it usually doesn't last long unless the inhabitant has figured out the dark of concentrating to keep it safe for 'em. So, on Limbo you really can find unicorns, medusa, will o' wisps, orcs and efreet. Anything smart will try and leave pretty sharpish, though, before their luck runs out...

Minion of Chaos (by [Gabriel Eggers](#), artwork by [Steve Wallace](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Fluxuent
DIET:	Chaos
INTELLIGENCE:	Godlike (20-21) but unfathomable
TREASURE:	Random
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	Varies (10 to -10)
MOVEMENT:	Varies (3 to 96)
HIT DICE:	Varies (1 to 15+20)
THAC0:	Varies (20 to 5)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Special or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Cause vertigo, confuse, emotion
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Invisibility, blink, immunity to non-magical weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	Changes at will (3' to 300')
MORALE:	Varies from Fearless (20) to Fearful (1)
XP VALUE:	DM's discretion

Limbo is a strange and uncertain place. What would you expect, cutter? It *is* the pure essence of chaos, after all. Occasionally the plane seeks to spread its glory or perhaps escape itself, or so the chant goes. When a portion of chaos-stuff somehow escapes the soup it forms a semi-stable, semi-physical being called a Minion of Chaos.

These pieces of chaos are found (though very rarely) everywhere but Limbo, though most commonly on the Planes of Chaos bordering Limbo, and the Outlands. As you might imagine, however, Minions of Chaos delight in surprising a body's expectations and can turn up literally anywhere. Their shapes and forms are as fleeting and as variant as the plan of Limbo itself.

COMBAT: Minions of chaos use whatever combat statistics suit their current form, or don't fit at all with their current form. The can and will (usually) use some sort of chaotic magic or even psionic. Their powers no few limits, but that's not to say that they won't just cast pink and orange magic missiles from their bunny noses (if they happen to be in that form).

Invariably the form and method of attack should be both surprising and unique (unless it's more surprising for it to be normal and mundane). For some reason Minions of Chaos frequently take the form of a little human or elf girl and use attacks that induce vertigo confusion paralysis or strong emotions. But don't count on that, berk!

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Minions of Chaos have no known society as they appear to be are solitary creatures created merely by an act of chance. It is however possible for a single Minion of Chaos to simulate a society by projecting itself as multiple beings (who don't necessarily act like one being and may even try to kill other facets of themselves or work at odds).

A number of Minions of Chaos have been seen in the courts of some of the more lawful powers and some greybeards suggest that perhaps they're representatives of Chaos and are actually created for some reason. Whatever the dark, however, Minions of Chaos have a reputation for stirring up whatever they touch and causing trouble on a planar scale.

ECOLOGY: Chaos minion pop up anywhere and at any time. They have no real set ecology except that they seem to feed on chaos, and chaos feeds off them.



Phileet (by Shizumaru)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Limbo
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Hierarchy
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to Genius (13-19)
TREASURE:	Low to I
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral (majority), CG (minority)
NO. APPEARING:	2-8
ARMOUR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 24 (B)
HIT DICE:	13
THAC0:	1+1 HD to 12+12 HD
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6 / 1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	T (3' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	1+1 HD: 300
Each successive HD, add 50 XP	

Phileet (FI-LEET) look like the type of creatures children would love to hug and keep as pets for they appear to be furry, cuddly and fun loving. Phileet appear in many different colours of the rainbow, ranging from bright red to dark violet, much like a Nic'Epona but unlike those horse bashers they can't change their colour at will. Phileet are born one colour of the rainbow and stay that colour for the rest of their lives. With their furry wings and cute dark eyes every soft-hearted berk'd love to have a phileet as a pet, but to do so would be dangerous. Wise bloods who know this dark stay well away from them.

COMBAT: The phileet are defenders of their own tribe and can attack mercilessly to any berk that threatens its safety. They employ two claw attacks which do 1d6 points of damage. However this attack is insignificant compared with the real danger of the phileet. The home plane of the creatures is Limbo, and they derives their power from the chaotic powers of the Soup itself. Each day (or whatever passes for a day on Limbo, supposedly), a phileet can cast wizard spell level or priest spells equal to its hit dice, which means a 9 HD phileet can cast 9 levels of wizard or priest per day. Phileet can only use mage spells of the school of wild magic or priest spell from within the sphere of Chaos.

Every time a phileet cast a spell there is a 50% chance that a randomly-determined *wild surge* will occur within 20' radius. The phileet themselves are immune to the effects of their wild surges but unfortunately that ain't true for other cutters in the area. Basically, a cutter's got to really barmy to annoy them.

In addition every phileet has an innate ability to cause a wild surge once time per day. This wild surge is selectable, the phileet can choose any wild surge from the wild surge table in *Tome of Magic* or anything he desires.

If two phileet band together *each* can cast a wild surge twice times per day making a total of four surges per day, if three phileet band they each can cause three surges a day making a total of nine surges, each member of a family of ten can cast ten surges per day making a total of one hundred surges per day!

If things are really looking bad, a phileet can *planeshift* twice per day. Usually this is used to planeshift from home to some other place then home again. Phileet can planeshift an extra person depending on their hit dice. A 1 HD phileet can only planeshift itself, a 2 HD phileet can carry an extra passenger, a 3 HD phileet can carry 2 extra passengers and so on. Would-be hitchhikers are advised that it's risky to travel with a phileet, however, for there is a flat 3% chance that the passengers will shift to some other plane and be stranded there. Phileet of course are immune to this error and they know where their passengers have gone to, however they can't offer much help until the next day. Not a pleasant experience for a bunch of cutters who are wrongly transported into Baator eh?? Xaositects

seems immune to this happenstance (the DM may reduce the chance of error to 1%)

If in a particularly sneaky mood, the phileet can attempt to shift a passenger without shifting itself. For instance, a phileet could shift its friend and itself to Elysium or he could shift a pesky Baatezu to an a balor's fortress while remaining safely in the Outlands. Of course, planeshifting doesn't work into or out of Sigil. A target of an unwanted *planeshift* gets a saving throw versus spells to negate the effect.

Finally, in addition to its immunity to chaotic spell effects, phileet are also immune to all charm spells and illusions. Most berks don't know this, but the chant goes a phileet automatically knows if a charm has been used on it. Moral of the story: if you see a phileet casting a spell, RUN!

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Though inherently chaotic, the phileet work well in a group and their organisation follows a hierarchical system. When a tribe leader steps down or gets put in the dead book, its eldest offspring takes control. Other than that one rule they appear wholly chaotic, Xaositects like them and these feelings are usually reciprocated. The same is not true for the Mercykillers and the Harmonium; phileet dislike these authoritarian figures and fling wild surges at them for maximum effect.

These creatures giggle at almost everything and everyone, they can mess with a blood's library, kiss a Mercykiller, give a Harmonium a new hairdo or anything you can think of, they do it. Phileet also seem to understand the languages of any and all cutters they come across. Chant goes they got this gift from the powers of Limbo, but other sages reckon the phileet actually talk in *tongues*. They're fickle with this gift, however, for most of the time they just make gibberish animal sounds, much to the annoyance of many a cutter who's trying to make himself understood. Phileet have also been spotted talking to inanimate objects...some say it's just a part of their nature but since they can understand all languages, who knows.... Phileet are excellent flyers for they are the only ones who can fly straight, backward, sideways and even upside-down, some even walk in air.

Wizards with the right dark can attempt to summon one as a familiar, the ritual is up to the DM. Actually getting one would be quite risky. It's usually only wild mages barmy enough to try and summon them. If successful, the wizard gains the following benefits: ability to cast wild magic at his true level 3 times per day, immunity to create a wild surge once per day and gains +10 hit points when within 10' of the phileet. The phileet in turn gains the following benefits: any save vs. spells like *dismissal* can be made at a +4 bonus and gains 1 HD when within the wizard.

ECOLOGY: Phileet are very protective of their young and will use all of their special abilities to harm anyone who would attempt the theft of one. Unfortunately, phileet have become something of a fashion accessory in Sigil of late, and their hides can fetch a good price in the Night Market.

Phileet are very gregarious enjoying the company of many beings, even though they end up irritating many of them (not that they care a fig) but usually they hang out with Xaositects. If a phileet is pleased with a cutter, it may invite him to its home, or it may take him anywhere it wants to if the cutter is brave enough! An berk annoying a phileet may well find himself in an inhospitable plane; the usual haunts are the Abyss or Baator, right into a fiend's home!

Usually even fiends ignore phileet, for the chant goes there was once a tanar'ri who tried to capture a phileet for its own sick amusement, the next second the poor sod found himself blipped smack-bang into a pit fiend's stronghold!

Slaad, Rogue (by [Ben Harris](#) and [Jon Winter](#), art by [Jeremiah Golden](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Limbo (any)
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	High (13-14)
INTELLIGENCE:	Carnivore
TREASURE:	R
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	9 + 5
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6+2 / 1d6+2 / 2d8 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	+1 or better weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50%
SIZE:	L (7' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (12-14)
XP VALUE:	11,000



It's enough to make an Inner Planar boastful, cutter, but here's a stark example of the Law of Opposites on the Outer Planes. Even a greenish prime knows there are modrons and rogue modrons, clockwork creatures still obsessed by Law, but with the tiniest sparkle of Chaos inside them. Is it such a surprise, then, to find Rogue Slaad? As the Law of Opposites predicts (and how cross must the slaad be to find even they obey a law!), the rogue slaad are chaotic creatures through and through, but they're tinged with an essence of law. It's as if they took a step back from the churning chaos and asked..."but why?" It's this degree of introspection that sets 'em apart from the rest of the froglike race, too. So how do they appear? It's easy to imagine a lawful creature affected by a spark of chaos, but the other way around? Slaadi are ruthless creatures, existing within an pragmatic yet rigid hierarchy. At the bottom lie the red and blue slaadi, then come the green, grey and death slaadi. Though, as a race, the slaadi seek to change the established Planar Order, they are also obsessed with gaining personal power. The more powerful slaadi constantly engage in intrigue and power struggles; the political situation on Limbo is more complex than even a Xaosman can begin to fathom. Green slaadi, being ambitious to become more powerful, will often plot against grey and death slaadi. Sometimes these plots are successful, more often they aren't. Occasionally a green slaad will be lucky enough to survive but has to flee for its life. It is these fugitives that are called "rogue slaadi".

Perhaps these slaad have tumbled to a dark about their society and can't reconcile it with pure chaos, or perhaps they only failed in their bid to advance *because* they weren't purely chaotic.

Nobody really knows if it's a cause or an effect, but exist these cutters do, and make no mistake about it. Rarer even than rogue modrons, rogue slaad are still as unpredictable as a barmy Xaositect, most times. But there's something not quite right about them. If you don't know many slaad, you probably won't spot it, but there's something almost...*civilised*...about 'em.

Unlike other slaadi, rogue slaadi do not have any tattoos on their foreheads to distinguish station. How these are lost is a mystery, and rogues are always reluctant to talk about the subject. Wise bashers don't try and press the point. It does deeper than this, though. Rogues aren't so rapaciously chaotic; they're more considerate, if that's possible. Any berk can tell you that you couldn't sit down at a table and discuss what chaos really is without the slaad eating you. Or the table. But the rogue slaad, well, it's a different story.

Now that's not to say you should go putting your head in a rogue's mouth; that's just asking for trouble, berk. But take Luzzdobog, for example. It's a rogue slaad often found in the better parts of the Cage (still, no better than the Lower Ward mind, we're talking relative to the Hive here!) and it's an amiable enough cutter. You can share a mug of Limboan tea (better believe it's strong stuff, too!) and a smoke on a foul-smelling howling pipe (it makes an odd noise when you suck in, apparently, not dissimilar to the wind in Pandemonium) with the blood in little fear of your life. Some bashers have mooted the point that the infamous slaad "writer" Xanxost may actually be some sort of rogue rather than a good-natured (if odd) chaotic beast. Who can say, eh?

In any case, rogue slaad are exiles from their native society. Usually green (but sometimes of other colours, particularly a green-grey mixture thought to be somewhere in-between the two ranks), these rogues rarely set foot anywhere near Limbo or Xoas unless they're on a Mission with a Purpose. Presumably they're afraid of retribution from their former brothers. Uncannily like modrons, slaad usually try to destroy rogues on sight.

Rogue slaadi speak slaadi and common, as well as a limited form of *ESP* that allows them to understand and converse with all intelligent creatures.

COMBAT: Rogue slaadi attack with two claws (1d6+2 damage each) and bite (2d8 damage) in their natural form. A rogue slaad can *polymorph* at will into a duplicate of the human or demi-human that originally spawned it. In their polymorphed humanoid form they attack with any weapons they may be carrying. Rogue slaadi are intelligent, and can use any magical items they happen across. With their might-makes-right attitude, and tendency to grab whatever they want (well, if it works on Limbo...), they're often endowed with many an enchanted sword, wand or other knickknack.

Rogue slaadi have displayed the following abilities, usable one at a time, once per round, at will: *darkness*, *15' radius*, *delayed blast fireball* (once per day), *detect invisibility*, *detect magic*, *ESP*, *fear*, *locate object*, *produce flame* and *telekinesis*. No individual rogue slaad has shown all these powers, though some learn other wizardly magics, and even (the chant goes), psionics.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Rogue slaadi are solitary creatures. They actively avoid all other slaadi, fearing retribution for their past wrongs. While the slaad race as a whole isn't organised enough to actively hunt down or send assassins after rogues, their missing forehead tattoo makes them obvious targets should rogue and non-rogue happen to meet. And if this does occur, the fur (or slime) really starts to fly.

Most rogues are wilderness beasts, found wandering or hiding on far-flung planes. Many dwell forever in isolation, but after a period of self-reflection (or mourning?), some return to more civilised climes to make new lives. It's these individuals who dwell in cities like Sigil, the Town at the Centre, Faunel or Torch.

ECOLOGY: Some rogue slaadi are obsessed with revenge. They wander the planes, trying to gain followers and power to enable their revenge on the slaadi from whom they are fleeing. Most rogue slaadi prefer their humanoid form for dealing with other races, though this depends on the original host from which they were spawned. It also makes identification of them from the more common slaadi difficult. However, rogue slaadi who were spawned from baatezu or tanar'ri find that members of other races respond better to them in their slaadi form than humanoid.

Others have settled in other areas (even in Sigil) and whilst they can appear established in that area, the desire to return to Limbo to avenge their exile is often their underlying driving force. Several rogue slaad are said to be prominent members of the Pandemonian sect the Disposessed.

A third group seem content to reflect on the multiverse and just *be*. This way of thinking has led more than one rogue slaad to join the Ciphers, though the Xaositects are a usual obvious choice. It's these individuals who're most at risk from the wrath of pure slaad, who see their apparently pacifistic ways at the most perverted from the usual slaadi ideal. Fortunately for cutters like Luzdobog, these bashers know how to attract powerful allies...

Mechanus, Plane of Gears

Mechanus. The very name draws a picture, using set square and protractor, of the Plane of Ultimate Law. A more rational and ordered place you'll not find, but unless you can tumble to the logic behind it, the plane can be even more unfathomable than the chaotic soup of Limbo. Find out more, in the Mechanus part of the planes handbook (coming soon to a site near you...)

Native Sons (and Daughters)

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Baku, Holy One (PSMC1 30) • Beholder, Spectator (MM 23) • <u>Cogspawn</u> (MMC) • <u>Dimensional, all</u> (MMC) • Einheriar (PSMC1 38) • Gear Spirit (PoLMC 20) • <u>Golem, Gear</u> (MMC) • <u>Ispi</u> (MMC) • Marut (PSMC1 66) • Mediator, Mechanus (PSMC1 68) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Modron, all (PSMC 16-22) • Moigno, Irrational (PoLMC 24) • <u>Moigno, Rational</u> ((MMC) • <u>Moigno, Imaginary</u> (MMC) • Parai (PoLMC 26) • Petitioner • <u>Scurpyon</u> (MMC) • <u>Symmetrian, all</u> (MMC) • <u>Worm, 5.1976</u> <u>Pentranomeker</u> (MMC)
--	--

Encounters

(For random encounters, please see the chart on p5 of the PSMC2)

In addition to the native creatures of Mechanus, the following may also be encountered, if a cutter is lucky (or unlucky, depending on how she sees it, perhaps)...

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Aasimon, Astral Deva (PSMC1 6) • Arcane (PSMC2 10) • Archon, any (PoLMC 4-9) • Automaton, Scaladar (MCA2 12) • Automaton, Triobrand's (MCA2 16) • Baatezu, squadron (PSMC1 16-29) • Bladeling (PoLMC 14) • Cranium Rat (PSMC 8) • Demarax (PSMC2 22) • Dragon, Steel (MM 86) • Formian (PoLMC 18) • Keeper (PSMC2 56) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Maelephant (PSMC1 64) • Merkhant (PSMC2 62) • Myconoid (MM 264) • Observer (PSMC2 70) • Per (PSMC1 84) • Quill (PSMC2 74) • Reave (PSMC2 80) • Spellhaunt (PSMC2 96) • Tso (PSMC2 116) • Yugoloth, any (PSMC1 118-127)
--	---

Cogspawn (text by [James Bronaugh](#), art by [Belarius](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Clumps
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi to High (1 to 20)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-20
ARMOUR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	Nil
HIT DICE:	1-20
THAC0:	Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Gate in modrons if threatened
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Immune to non-magical weapons
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	100%
SIZE:	S (1' diameter) to H (20')
MORALE:	5
XP VALUE:	DM's discretion

Cogspawn are the "Unclaimed" of Mechanus. The easiest analogy would be to say that cogspawn are to Mechanus what larvae are to the Lower Planes. If a berk did not worship a specific deity in life, and he was lawful neutral, he forms on Mechanus as a cogspawn. Such beings appear as cogs in the great machinery of Mechanus. Like other neutral Unclaimed, they don't evolve into other life, (cogspawn aren't the source of the Modrons). Cogspawn are gears of various sizes and intellects, but all have vaguely humanoid faces on one side.

COMBAT: Cogspawn are all over Mechanus, as plentiful as larvae on the Lower Planes. They are rarely encountered though, because they do not wish to be. Dealing with other life-forms tends to ruin their meditations. Their faces are obscured by a form of permanent *invisibility*. The face can be seen only when the cogspawn has been injured, or if a *speak with the dead* spell is cast upon the cog. *True seeing* and *detect invisibility* have no effect. Cogspawn can only be hit by a weapon of +2 enchantment or better. Spells have no effect on them.

Cogs have no attacking capabilities, but if they perish, it causes disharmony in Mechanus. Therefore if any cog sustains even 1 point of damage, it can instantly *gate* in 1d10 pentadrones to defend it. All will fight to the death, until the attackers die or leave Mechanus. If the offending party manages to defeat the pentadrones, no new ones will be sent, as long as the offenders do not attack any Cogs.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Cogspawn have about as much of a society as a pile of larva. They form at the edges of Mechanus, slowly absorbing the essence of the plane. They begin as small cogs, a foot across and non-sentient. As the aeons pass, they gain more of an understanding of pure lawful harmony, and grow bigger (gaining another point of intelligence, another foot in diameter, and another hit die). Upon reaching an intelligence of 20, they merge with the plane, and the face vanishes from the cog forever. The cog may still continue to grow, however, into enormous sizes.

ECOLOGY: Like other neutral Unclaimed, the cogspawn does not become part of the plane's ecology, but rather its *geology*. Cogspawn feed off the essence of Mechanus, which also sustains such creatures as the modron. The few sages who know about the numerous yet almost unheard of creatures suspect that all the gears of Mechanus were, at one time cogspawn. Whatever the case, many larger cogs do not respond to any of the above methods for revealing cogspawn.

VARIANTS: A barmy wizard named Morrack has attempted to capture a cogspawn for his experiments in breeding a law-based imp (the opposite of the chaos Imp). So far, modron militia have chased him off, but he keeps coming back with bigger spells and nastier minions.

THE AUTHOR NOTES: The cogspawn wasn't meant to be big, or impressive. It was meant to fill a niche in the ecology of

the planes. The book *On Hallowed Ground* very briefly mentions the fate of those who didn't worship a Power in life. The book *Faces of Evil: the Fiends* detailed what I had already assumed, that the Godless (whom I dubbed the "Unclaimed") reformed as larvae if they were lawful, neutral or chaotic evil.

Because I like definition, I have designated "petitioner forms" for all Unclaimed:

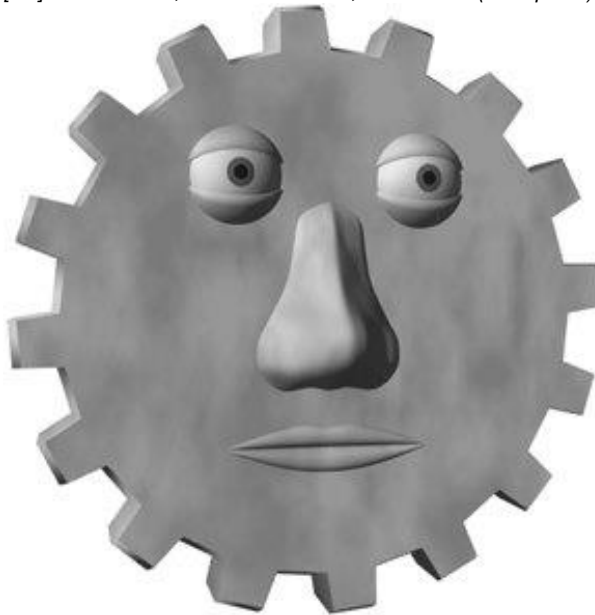
[LE, NE, CE] = Larva (can grow into baatezu, hordlings and tanar'ri)

[LG, NG, CG] = Lanterns (can grow into archons, but Unclaimed forms of guardinals and eladrin are unknown)

[LN] = Cogspawn (alternate name: coglings)

[CN] = Chaospawn (alternate name: chaos-clump)

[TN] = Takes form, but not memories, it had in life (landspawn)



Dimensional (by Joshua Jarvis, art by Jon Winter)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:			Mechanus, see below		
FREQUENCY:			Very rare		
ORGANISATION:			Solitary or squad (very rarely)		
ACTIVITY CYCLE:			Any		
DIET:			None		
INTELLIGENCE:			Genius (17-18)		
TREASURE:			Nil		
ALIGNMENT:			Lawful neutral		
NAT	UTI	DIMMIR	QUOT	ATAERO	O
NO. APPEARANCE RING:	1	1	1	1	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	Special	Special	5	5	5
MOVEMENT:	Fly 25 (A), or instantaneous				
HIT DICE:	11	12	9	12	13
THAC0:	12	12	12	12	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1	1	1	1	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By spell	By spell	By spell	By spell or 1d6/1d12	By spell or 2d10+2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Dimensionalise, undetectable strike				
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Dimensional immunity, teleport at will	plus escape / disappear			
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%	15%	20%	25%	30%
SIZE:	Non-existent	Non-existent x indefinite			
Non-existent x variable x variable	Non-existent x variable x variable x variable	Non-existent x variable x	Variable x variable		
MORALE:	Fearless (20)				
XP VALUE:	2000	2000	975	2000	2000

It is well known that Primus learns about the outer planes through his modrons during the watch, but how does Primus learn about the inner planes, astral, ethereal, and the outer planes that should be watched carefully? Well he sends out a dimensional. However, there's more to a dimensional than spying, for a dimensional to advance in type it must learn an integral truth about law.

Five types of dimensional are known to exist. The nat is a 0 dimensional point lacking length, width, and height. If it weren't for its concept of its own existence it might as well not exist at all. An uti is a 1 dimensional line (usually straight) that exists only as length it has no apparent end though if asked a dimmir will say it ends eventually. A dimmir is a 2 dimensional shape that must exist on a surface. A dimmei can change its

appearance at will, but it tends to prefer a square. A quot is a 3 dimensional cube, and an ataero appears as a strange changing blob that changes in seemingly impossible ways. That's because it's four dimensional and normal mortals can see only three of its dimensions at once. To four dimensional beings an ataero looks like a cube within a cube.

Since only those beings of your dimension or 1 higher or lower are visible (and the ataero can retract into the fourth dimension becoming undetectable), it's lucky for us three spacers that they act as a psionic beacon making users of mind detecting spells or psionics able to detect and possibly communicate with them.

COMBAT: Dimensionals are peaceful creatures which is all well and good, since many of them are either undetectable to mortals under normal circumstances or can strike undetectably from an unseen dimension.

As a rule the only dimensional that can be attacked physically are those of your dimension or own higher or lower. For all lower and higher (if they exist) dimensionals you have to use magics or psionics that can attack sentience or other dimensional beings (a *wish* works best, though few bashers have *those* to spare!).

All dimensional can *teleport without error*, use telepathy at will and can sense law and lawfulness.

All dimensional have two spells or psionics (DM's choice) plus one for each dimensional level they are above zero. If they have psionics they have 200 PSPs. Dimensionals seem to have no limit to the level of spells or type of psionics they can use.

NAT: Perhaps the weakest or dimensional, nat can only use spells/psionics and dimensional abilities.

UTI: Uti can block and ram other one dimensional beings assuming it can detect them. This does 1d6 points of damage.

DIMMIR: Dimmir can conjure a *hypnotic pattern* once per day and harm other two dimensional beings on the same dimensional "plane" for 1d6 points of damage. The only other well-known two-dimensional creatures are the moignos, and these bashers rarely get on with dimmir, perhaps for this very reason. NB: Dimmir must exist on a 3-D surface. This prevents them from harming people using duo dimension.

QUOT: A quot can ram someone (assuming they're 3-D) for 1d6 or grow blades from its corners and attack for 1d12. Quots can also attempt to cast a modified *hold person* on someone. If successful that person is absorbed into the quot's cube and held for the spell's duration.

ATAERO: An ataero can ram for 1d6 points of damage or target an enemy's internal organs to do 2d10+2 damage. If the damage is ten points or higher, a system shock is forced; failure causes the loss of 1d4 hp per round (1d6 if it scores a critical hit) until magically healed. The four dimensional ataero can manipulate space that us three spacers cannot perceive. This allows them to perform bizarre feats like change someone from left to right, place one object inside another, take apart a chain without breaking the links, tying a sphere in a knot (or spinning it to form a hyper sphere) etc.

The dimensional advantage/disadvantage in combat is that higher dimensioned beings can attack from a completely undetectable place thus instantly gain surprise. Abilities such as *danger sense* can tell you something is coming but not where to dodge to. All attacks vs. lower dimensioned beings with physical weapons (assuming they can be harmed) get +1 and vs. higher dimensional get -1.

Ataeros can open portals from the Outer to the Inner Planes at will (very odd, they access higher dimensions and search for links impossible for us three spacers to find) and can enter the Temporal Prime at will. However,

All dimensionals have an ability similar to the *duo dimension* spell in which they can bring others to their own dimensionality. It is very disturbing if a nat uses this power! Dimensionals themselves are very susceptible to *duo dimension*. Any 0, or 4+ dimensioned dimensional must save vs. death magic or cease to exist if this spell is used on them.

All dimensional are capable of carrying dimensional of lower dimensions on their sides, and indeed, this is one of their favoured modes of transport.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Each dimensional can be found in one of two places, helping Primus in Mechanus or the appointed plane for its form. In Mechanus, dimensionals are responsible for

regulating the laws of dimensions. If anyone brings in a unregistered four-space (four dimensional space) they call in the appropriate dimensional to take care of the job.

NAT: A nat is the dimensional found in the Inner Planes. Not only does it records the laws of existence there, it seeks the answer that will make it advance in dimensions. The nat's question is "what law is fundamental to all the planes?" This is a vital question when one realised the inner planes form the prime and the primes form the outer planes.

UTI: Uti dwell in the ethereal, their question is "what are the laws of possibility that make all exist?"

DIMMIR: Dimmir are found on the prime and often serve as educators. They must answer the question. "What laws underlie sentient behaviour?" or "what is the best form of governing and the laws that underlie it?"

QUOT: Quot occur on the astral. They ask "what laws underlie mortal thought and belief?" Quot often serve as philosophers and arbiters of disputes. Quot often seek the most fair way to end arguments and disagreements.

ATAERO: Ataero seek to find the answer to "What laws underlie all the Outer planes? what is the grand law that describes all the planes of belief?" Some say their are none and that's why no dimensional higher than ataero have been seen. No one knows for sure. Ataero also have two other responsibilities, which are (1) sending new nats to the Inner Planes and (2) reporting all they have learned about the state of the planes during their evolution to Primus.

ECOLOGY: These weird beings do not fit into or disrupt any environment save that of Mechanus.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I'd like to thank the Planescape Mailing List for help with making these creatures work.

Golem, Gear (by Belarius)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus, Lawful planes, Sigil
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Continuous
DIET:	Nil
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (9)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	-3
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	14 (62 hp)
THAC0:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	4d4 / 4d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Crushing, metallification
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Immunities, gearshell, regeneration
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	Large (10' tall)
MORALE:	Fearless
XP VALUE:	16,000

"YOU ARE GUILTY OF TRESPASSING."

-- The last thing you want to read on a note handed to you by a gear golem

Actually misnamed, gear golems were first created some 600 years ago with the endorsement of the modrons. Though not truly golems (see below), they fill the same role as magical constructs.

Gear golems are tall, hulking beings. they tower over most at their full height of 10', and are only vaguely humanoid in shape. They are composed almost entirely of gearwork, which is obvious and unprotected. Unlike most golems, however, they are quite intelligent and their man-like faces reflect this intelligence. They move with clockwork efficiency and in total silence, the only noise of their movement being a light metallic tick when their feet touch the floor.

Gear Golems, because of their mechanical nature, are incapable of speaking audibly. All gear golems, however, are literate and most can write messages if given the proper materials. On Mechanus. their messages are universally understood. On other planes, however, the language barrier comes into play again and the gear golem must write in a specific tongue. Most can write fluently in the modron or common tongues, and a select few can write and understand other languages.

"They are like family to me."

-- Unit 86, Rogue Modron

COMBAT: Created primarily as guardians, gear golems are fearsome opponents in melee. They have an effective strength of 22 for the purpose of lifting, throwing, and breaking things, and can strike twice a round with gear-toothed fists for 4d4 points of damage each.

If facing a small group of powerful enemies, a gear golem typically tries to use its crushing attack. In order to do this, it must forego a melee attack to grab at the target. This grabbing attack adds an additional +1 penalty to initiative and a -2 to THAC0, but the target counts only Dexterity and magical protection when calculating AC. On a successful grab, the gear golem has grasped its target, and shoves the target into its gears, which crush for an automatic 6d6 points of damage each round. A Strength check may be made each round after the initial attack at a -6 penalty to try to escape.

A gear golem's most frightening power is that of *metallification*. Usable only once a day, this attack turns a single target into a statue of solid iron, exactly like the type used in the gears of Mechanus. The gear golem forgoes all attacks and must make two grabbing attacks at the victim. Once both attacks have succeeded, its target is instantly transformed into iron. Oddly, the more lawful the target, the more susceptible they are to this power. A saving throw vs. petrification is allowed, but those of the Chaotic alignment get a -2 penalty, those of a Neutral (Neutral Good, Neutral Evil, and True Neutral) alignment get a -4 penalty, and those of a Lawful alignment get a -6 penalty. It is

believed that the iron, being the truest essence of law, is more similar to a lawful mentality.

Gear golems are not without defences. They can only be hit by magical weapons of a +2 enchantment or higher, and are immune to all gas, poison, or cold-based attacks. Acid does full damage, and rusting attacks do double damage. Non-magical fire has no effect on a gear golem, but magical fire restores 1 hp per die of damage. Magical force (e.g. *magic missile*) also restore health at the rate of 1 hp per die.

While in direct contact with the metal of one of Mechanus' gears, a gear golem regains 1 hp per round. The same applies if the gear golem is in physical contact with a modron. A gear spirit, if allowed to enter a gear golem's machinery, can restore 10 hp each round. Because gear spirits frequently come to their aid in Mechanus, gear golems are powerful enemies there.

A gear golem's most potent defence is known as a *gearshell*. If reduced to 15 hp or less, a gear golem allows its gears to come apart and reshape themselves into a solid sphere of gears 7' across, which surround and protect the central 'life force' of the golem. Because the gears are reduced to lifeless metal while in a gearshell, 150 hp of damage must be done to break through enough clockwork to be able to damage the core. During this time, if on Mechanus, a gear spirit will try and heal a gear golem of injury. It is important to remember that, when it returns to its original form, all damage done to the gearshell is taken directly by the golem's life force. Thus, heavily damaged gear golems usually remain in this form until recovered and healed.

Nutcracker"

-- Derogatory cant term for a gear golem

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Created as protectors by the Guvners, gear golems are almost without fail associated with the Fraternity of Order. There are a very small number of gear golems presently in existence, and most protect area of high importance with unending zeal. Others are assigned as assistants in labour projects. Because they are fairly intelligent and educated after their creation, gear golems are at least as well-read as the average Guvner, and only their artificial state keeps them from having full faction abilities. They are particularly sought by Mathematicians who wish to have working models to study.

Gear golems are sometimes used as scouts, spies, or stenographies, for their silence, perfect memories (they are incapable of forgetting anything), and efficiency. If a body sees a gear golem in their trial at a Guvner court, the care is probably considered very important. As such, a few gear golems have been encountered outside of Mechanus, either collecting information for the Guvners in areas dangerous to human health or attending legal functions in various cities.

"I've got two words for you: Chaos Imps"

-- 'Sly' Nye, to a gear golem stenographer in the City Court

ECOLOGY: As stated above, gear golems are not true golems. This is because a typical golem is infused with the life force of an elemental spirit. Because of the planar boundaries between Mechanus and the Elemental Plane of Earth, the Guvners petitioned the modrons for assistance. Primus, after some seconds of reflection, deemed that, if such creatures were to be made, they would have to be unyieldingly lawful, something not typical in the Inner Planes. Thus, the modrons provided the Guvners with the knowledge necessary to bind a willing petitioner from Mechanus into a golem's constructed body.

As such, all gear golems are effectively petitioners. For reasons of identification and simplicity, most petitions keep their original names when they are transferred, which is engraved in a plaque on the chest. In order to qualify, a petitioner must be willing to undergo the transformation and serve the Guvners and, ultimately, Law as a concept. They must also be without religious devotion (i.e. their spirits must not belong to any one Power), because this conflicts with the operations of representatives of an unbiased organisation. The construction of a gear golem's body is difficult, and it said to cost over 100,000 gp, requiring materials taken from the gears of Mechanus themselves. The Guvners must get the concept of the modrons before making a new gear golem, because mining of the gears in Mechanus is generally frowned upon. The secrets of a gear golem's creation are dark, but the list of spells needed is known to a select few: *animate object*, *fabricate*, *grease*, *wall of gears*

(The Mimir Spellbook), *life force transfer* (Complete Necromancer's Handbook), *major creation*, and *limited wish* or *wish*.

Though they are not a formal part of Mechanus' nearly nonexistent ecology, gear golems relate well with modrons and gear spirits. They are ignored by parai and they dislike moignos. They have no innate dislike for scurpyons, though they will hunt them down if ordered.

Ispi (text and art by [Jeremiah Golden](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi (2-4)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	-5
MOVEMENT:	Fl 21 (A)
HIT DICE:	1
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	Tiny (6" diameter)
MORALE:	Unreliable (2)
XP VALUE:	175

I glanced once more at my notes before looking up at the archway, standing above my head with small gears worked into its exterior. Part of the barmy Labyrinthine Portal, where getting lost was easier than offending a Modron. I stepped in, the gears of Mechanus momentarily disappearing behind me, when I saw them. Only in the instance it took me to travel the portal, I saw little creatures out of the corner of my eye, fluttering about in the blankness. Something living in between the Labyrinthine Portal, not here or there. Sodding Mechanus, can't even travel it's portals without seeing strange things."

-- Alexar the Tarnished, a planewalker visiting Mechanus

Ispi are mechanical natives of Mechanus, more accurately they are native to the inside the Labyrinthine maze. When one flies into a Labyrinthine portal, it doesn't come out anywhere else. See, Guvners have theorised that there is some hidden layer of Mechanus that is not a gear, but a dual-dimension of some type, and the Labyrinthine Portal leads to it. No ones managed to get to there though, and it's curious inhabitants are only ever encountered on Mechanus outside the portals, the Ispi having come through either out of curiosity or by accident. They will fly around Mechanus for months before getting bored and finding there way back into a Labyrinthine portal.

Ispi appear as small mechanical spheres with one eye and two pairs of wings. They have superb magnifying sight, able to magnify their eyes in or out, often seeing danger from miles away. Mages of Mechanus have begun to prize them as familiars for this reason, able to help examine spellbooks and components, and give extra viewing distance to extend a wizards spell range. They can also navigate the Labyrinthine maze perfectly, though they tend to stay there if their wizard is unkind to them or grows boring. Regular portals are often confusing to them, as they are used to the Labyrinthine portals that are their home.

COMBAT: The Ispi are not built for combat, preferring to run a way if attacked, using their superior speed and manoeuvrability to outrun an opponent. In Mechanus with the wide-open spaces between gears and numerous Labyrinthine portals, they can run away fast enough to stay safe. Outside of Mechanus they usually have no chance of surviving unless they are a mages familiar.

When unable to escape, usually being held in some manner, they can emit a small electrical shock from their eye that does 1d4 damage.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: It is theorised that in their layer within the Labyrinthine maze they have some type of society. Glimpses of them from planewalkers using the Labyrinthine always say they're clustered in a group, but outside of their home they are always encountered alone. If two happen to meet, for example if two wizards with ispi familiars are travelling together, the two ispi will ignore each other completely, as if they don't recognise they are the same type of creature.

ECOLOGY: The Ispi do not eat or sleep, however it is rumoured if they don't return to the Labyrinthine at least once a year they will perish.



Moigno, Rational (text by [Jon Winter](#), art by [Jeremiah Golden](#)) (c.f. Irrational Moigno in the [PoL PSMC](#), p.24)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary or matrix
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Numbers
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1, 4 or 9
ARMOUR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	Fly 24 (A)
HIT DICE:	9, 4, or 1
THAC0:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Special
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	+1 or better weapons to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	Small (1' diameter)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	450

Rational moignos are two-dimensional beings, and a basher who doesn't know much about maths will never be able to spot the difference between rational and irrational variants. A graybeard who knows his integrals from his differentials will easily be able to recognise the different mathematical terms from which the rational moigno is comprised; all of the equations that rotate around the body of a rational have real, discrete solutions (unlike those of an irrational, which give recurring or ambiguous answers).

COMBAT: The rational moigno's only attack is that of number-blindness. If threatened, the rational moigno can spray out a massive string of equations which dazzle and confound an attacker. Creatures with intelligence, should they fail a saving throw versus spells, are paralysed for a number of rounds equal to their intelligence. If a victim passes his save, this number is halved. Rational moignos do not generally try to kill adversaries, preferring to flee, but if the moigno is accompanied by more violent creatures, the victim may be in rather more danger. Creatures of animal intelligence (1) or lower are not affected by the number blindness attack, but since moignos are impossible for most predators to eat, this doesn't normally cause them too many problems.

The number of rational moignos encountered has implications on their statistics. If only one of them is met, it has maximum hit dice (9). If a matrix of 4 (2x2) are encountered, each has 4 hit dice, and if the maximum number, 9 (a 3x3 matrix) are present, they have only one hit dice each.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The irrational moigno is the species most commonly referred to as a "moigno". These two-dimensional creatures are obsessed with finding the most accurate values of pi and other irrational (never-ending, never-repeating) numbers like e and the square root of 2. They've been discussed before, and far be for me to repeat that here.

These sibling equations, the rationals, are less concerned with the infinite task of probing irrational numbers, and revel more in the day-to-day challenges of discrete mathematical calculation. They're not often seen by planewalkers because they're kept busy zipping around the cogs and crankshafts checking they're rotating correctly according to the accepted physical laws. When modrons decide to built or reposition a cog, a small army of rational moignos are called upon.

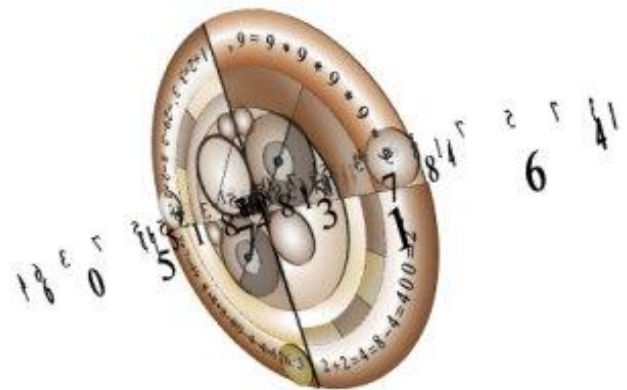
The problem with these creatures -- who're able to interact with mortals far more readily than their irrational brothers (while their "speech" invokes all sorts of mathematical terms, they understand more mundane language too) -- is that they're unbelievably dull. A rational moigno will count anything, from the number of words a basher utters, to the number of buttons on his boots, and the number of hairs on his head. And they'll share

all of this "fascinating" information with anyone and everyone who'll listen.

ECOLOGY: Rational moignos multiply their numbers by long division (sorry, an old modron joke, there). When the time is right (something to do with a factor of their age being equal to some prime number) the living equation undergoes a process which produces three smaller moignos. The parent moigno technically no longer exists, being replaced by these equation children (called *derivatives* by those who know).

Rational moignos play an important part in the smooth running of the newly-built portions of Mechanus. Prior to the appearance of moignos on the planes, the modrons found it very difficult to expand their realm by building cogs, and instead they had to claim and conquer neighbouring platforms. Now they have the mathematical know-how to construct and integrate new cogs with the surrounding plane, their empire-expansion is that much less aggressive, and even a little faster. Other than in this role of voluntary subservience to the modrons, rational moignos play no real part in the ecology of Mechanus.

It's though that the rational moignos were first created by irrationals who were fed up with having to do mundane calculations for the modrons. Over the centuries, numbers of rationals has increased dramatically, leaving the irrationals the time they need to calculate *pi*, a far more worthwhile goal in their "eyes". In fact, they have so much time these days that numbers like e or root two have become targets too; they're not the "holy grail" that pi itself is, but they're still useful numbers, and excellent proving grounds for young moigno still honing their skills ready for the day they're ready to consider calculating *pi*.



Moigno, Imaginary (by [Jon Winter](#), art by [Jeremiah Golden](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Unknown
INTELLIGENCE:	Unknown
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	Fly 24 (A)
HIT DICE:	1 hp
THAC0:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	N/A
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	N/A
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Limited wish
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	+1 or better weapon to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	Small (1' diameter)
MORALE:	N/A
XP VALUE:	250

Many cutter find it a hard concept to grasp, but really the imaginary (or complex) moigno doesn't exist. "Oh, so they're just a legend then", scoff the less-than-bloods. Actually, no. A cutter is just as likely to encounter an imaginary moigno as a real (rational or irrational), but that doesn't mean they are actually there.

See, some mathematical problems have answers that can't be easily explained away. The square root of four is two, right? So what's the square root of minus four? A number that when it's multiplied by itself gives a negative number...now that just ain't possible using any numbers that are real, but there's still an answer. Imaginary two.

So we have a number that doesn't exist, which when you multiply it by itself does. Does your head hurt yet? Well, think of it like this: two negative numbers multiplied together give a positive one. Two imaginary moignos multiplied together give a real one, too.

In fact, some graybeards reckon that all moignos start out as imaginary -- just figments in some mathematician's mind, and only when two meet can they interact and manifest themselves in the physical world. Well, that's as maybe, but it still doesn't explain how you can see imaginary ones, does it? Well, whatever its origin, the complex moigno has an imaginary component. Perhaps it's easier to think of a complex moigno as a living phantasm, or a purely illusionary creature? Well, whatever the truth, the complex moigno certainly has great dominion over the imagination of creatures it comes into contact with, and the physical reality of the location where it comes into non-existence.

When a moigno (or any sufficiently advanced mathematician) gets into a tight spot, there's a chance an imaginary moigno is created. These impossible creatures spontaneously appear, altering the local physical laws in a bizarre way that is always convenient for their creator. This allows the mathematician to give his foes the slip, call forth a convenient ally, or solve a tricky equation. There are also complex magical incantations that set up the correct equations to allow the formation of an imaginary moigno.

COMBAT: The imaginary moigno plays little part in combat situations, other than allowing its creator to temporarily bend the laws of reality. In game terms, the calling forth of an imaginary moigno allows the mathematician responsible to make a *limited wish*. To do this, the cutter must make an intelligence check at -4; failure means the *wish* is twisted in some way to harm the berk. That's not due to malice on a part of the moigno, but more an imperfect understanding of imaginary mathematics. If the *limited wish* is made successfully, the moigno shimmers and collapses in a puff of imaginary logic. Clearly, it's not a task to be undertaken lightly.

When they're not destroyed by *wishes*, imaginary moigno are highly telepathic, and tend to use psionic powers like they're going out of fashion (200 PSPs, Score 17; when all PSPs are used the moigno ceases to "exist" again). The bad news for psionists, however, is that since the complex moigno isn't actually real, it's nigh-on impossible to contact or fight -- when feeling threatened, the moigno simply turns its imaginary face towards the attacker and ceases to exist! The only way to harm a complex moigno is to surprise it in its "real" state and wound it before it has a chance to cease existing.

Fortunately, the imaginary creatures are unable to cause physical damage (except by psionic powers like psychic crush or through illusions like *shadow monsters*), but they can use an effect like the wild magic spell *there/not there* once per round. This isn't wild magic per se (that doesn't work on Mechanus), and has no danger of causing a wild surge, but the effects are virtually identical. The complex moigno can control exactly what appears or disappears and when. If pressed, a complex moigno can use this power to topple arches or trees onto enemies, drop them into pits and so on. Complex moigno are nothing is not imaginative!

Imaginary moigno can also cast illusion spells as if they were wizards of 14th level, even on Mechanus (this breaks the usual restriction).

If struck or harmed in any way by a magical weapon or spell before the wish can be made, a paradoxical situation occurs as real and imaginary interact. A small implosion of energy occurs, causing 3d6 points of damage to both the attacker and the moigno's creator, wherever they may be. Non-magical objects do not affect the moigno, since it does not really exist.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Existing for only short periods of time (no complex moigno is known to have survived for more than a few hours before returning to non-existence), the imaginary moigno can only interact with reality in a very small way! Real moignos know of the existence of imaginaries and frequently make use of their short-lived brothers when confronted by a dangerous situation. Mortal spellcasters, mathematicians and heirarch modrons can all invoke imaginary moignos, as can Signers who have an intelligence of 14 or greater, up to once per week. Cutters are warned against overusing imaginary moignos, however, for there is a cumulative 5% chance per calling that the creator is struck by a paradox backlash, for 5d6 points of damage and if a save versus magic is failed, flung into a random neighbouring plane.

Complex moignos realise they're the only illusions on Mechanus, and this seems to both please and trouble them. The little equations surround themselves with layers of deceit and counterintuitive logic, but it's not known why. It's almost like they're guarding some great secret...speculation ranges from the location of portals to their imaginary dimension, to them being the minions of some exiled power of Mechanus.

ECOLOGY: Not even existing when called forth (and note this can only happen on Mechanus anyway), the imaginary moigno has little impact upon the plane as a whole except when its creation is used to alter reality.

Since they do not exist, imaginary moignos cannot reproduce (and nobody knows where they go when they are destroyed). However, if two imaginary moignos should interact with each other they can combine to create a new real moigno -- whether this creature is rational or irrational depends on the nature of the equations used to create the imaginaries. This additional method of reproduction is most often used by moignos who need to increase their numbers quickly to perform an especially challenging calculation in a hurry.

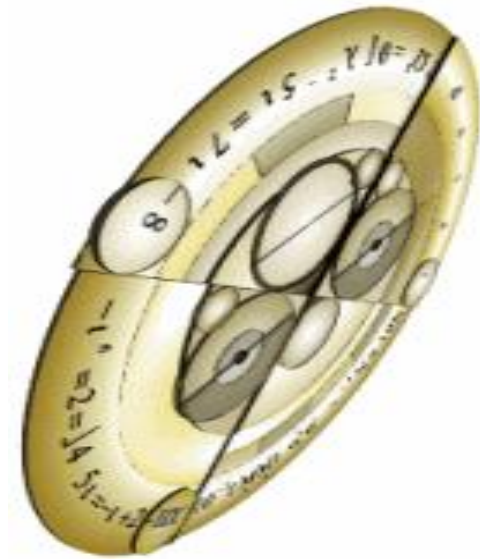
Imaginary moignos give less than a flying fig about the value of pi from what it seems. In fact, they're usually none too happy about being dragged into reality. As any Signer will tell you, it's a lot more fun to be imaginary than real!

Naturally-occurring imaginary moignos (as opposed to ones called forth by a mathematician's calculations) are rare creatures indeed. Chant goes that they pop in and out of reality, often in pairs, and just as quickly disappear again in a puff of logic. Perhaps, graybeards reckon, they're the spawn of some barmy Signer mathematician's addled imagination. Imaginary moigno are always curious, and want to learn everything they can about beings they meet. They do this by simple observation (usually from an unseen and virtually undetectable vantage point, as

they're slightly out of phase with reality at the best of times), but also using ESP and psychic probing.

Some graybeards reckon that the imaginary moigno are the real reason illusion magic fails on Mechanus. Perhaps the illusionary moigno drained the magical flux of its potential for illusions long ago, or maybe the plane itself reacted to their presence by preventing any further wizards using illusions. In any case, the complex moigno are the only known creatures on the plane able to use illusion and phantasm magic.

The diet of complex moigno is unknown; perhaps they subsist on magical energy, or maybe since they're not real they don't need real nourishment. In any case, nobody's ever observed a complex moigno eating. As you'd imagine, a creature that doesn't exist doesn't really contribute much to the ecosystem either!



Scurpyon (text and art by Belarius)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Metal (see below)
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12) or better
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral (lawful)
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOUR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	18
HIT DICE:	2 or more
THAC0:	19 or better
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4 or more
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Resistance
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	Tiny (2' long)
MORALE:	Unsteady (7)
XP VALUE:	
Drone	175
Patriarch	420
Manipulator	1400
Lord	2000
King	12000

Scurpyons are pests and scavengers. Much like rats on Prime worlds, scurpyons are often unseen but can inflict great damage. They gnaw at the parts of Mechanus that are not as well maintained, until they're eventually chased off by modrons or gear spirits.

A scurpyon looks like a large mechanical scorpion. All scurpyons are identical, and the method they use to distinguish between one another is unknown. Only in the rarer castes can size be an indicator of identity to outsiders. Made of dull iron, they have shell-like plates that completely encase them, giving them fairly good protection. They are deceptively heavy, weighing about thirty pounds. They have six legs, which end in a set of tiny but strong pincers. Somehow, these pincers can grip nearly any surface, and anything rougher than glass can be climbed with little difficulty. This allows the scurpyons to hid on the underside of gears. Instead of pincers, scurpyons have two large metal files at the end of their arms. They file shavings from the gears, and then eat them with a set of small, weak, and complex mandibles. Instead of a sting, scurpyons have three-fingered claw at the end of their tails. The claw, which is in no way humanoid, is armed with extendible talons.

Scurpyons can, surprisingly, speak human languages. Many know planespeak, so that they may bargain with planewalkers. Modron, formian, and their own indecipherable tongue are also common languages.

COMBAT: Scurpyons are not great combatants, and generally flee from conflict. When cornered, they attack with their taloned claws for 1d4 damage. They have no other attacks. Scurpyons are mechanical creatures, and thus have immunities and vulnerabilities normal creatures don't have. The below chart shows their resistance to basic attacks.

ATTACK:	EFFECT:
Acid	
Cold	
Edged	Half
Weapons	Half
Electricity	Half
Fire	Half
(magical)	Full
Fire	Half
(nonmagical)	None
)	
Gas	Full
(poisonous)	None
Magic	See below
Missile	
Poison	

Rust	
------	--

In addition, all scurpyons are immune to mind affecting magics or psionics, including illusions and phantasms. Only very special spells can affect scurpyons in this way, and those spells must be carefully researched with a scurpyon on hand. Needless to say, scurpyons are usually wary of mages.

Scurpyons are built armoured, and as such are not heavily damaged by hacking attacks. Slashing weapons are ineffective against their hard shells. Piercing weapons can, without too much difficulty, slip into cracks, and bludgeoning weapons damage the gears inside. Both do full damage. Since metal is quite durable, fire, cold, and acid all do half damage. Electricity conducts through them without encountering much resistance, so electrical attacks also do half damage. Finally, since they do not breath and have no circulatory system (apart from a oiling system), gasses and conventional poisons do nothing.

Modrons do have special oil-thinning poisons that cause scurpyons to bleed to death out of their joints, but this poison is both rare and not in great demand. Scurpyons are not affected by vacuum. It should be noted, however, that magical attacks, if not blocked by their magic resistance, do full damage, including magical heat and cold. Magical acid attacks are exceedingly rare, and, since they usually summon acid instead of altering temperature, still do half damage. Rust attacks do significant damage to scurpyons. For every point of AC a rusting attack would drop a piece of armour, a scurpyon takes 8 damage.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Scurpyons have much larger societies than many people suspect. Most travellers and even some natives view them as rare pests, and not very irritating. The modrons know, however, that the scurpyons have hidden cities where they number in the thousands, with always at least a Lord as a leader.

In these cities, for every twelve normal scurpyons is one patriarch, who has 4 HD. Patriarchs do 1d6 damage with their claw, and are 3' long. For every twelve patriarch scurpyons, there is a Manipulator, who had 6 HD and casts spells as a 3rd level mage. Manipulators are the same size and do the same damage as patriarchs. Also, Manipulators have unnaturally dexterous claws, and have a Dexterity of 15. For every twelve Manipulators, there is an 8 HD Lord, who is 6' long and does 1d10 damage twice in a round. In their largest cities, where there are twelve Lords, a King can be found. Kings have 15 HD, cast spells as 9th level mages, and are 12' long. These huge scurpyons do 2d20 damage thrice a round with their enormous and lightning-fast claw. Also, Kings have an Intelligence of 19.

Scurpyon society is organised into cliques at the lowest rank, which are made up of 3 normal scurpyons. Four cliques are a family lead by a patriarch. The patriarchs are gathered into groups of 12, called communities and lead by the Manipulators. Lords, with their twelve Manipulator barons, rule fiefs. When a city that holds a King can be found, that King rules the Capital, as it is called, and the twelve nearest scurpyon cities as well (no matter how far away "near" is). This entire area is collectively called a Kingdom.

Scurpyons have rigid rules of conduct that must be observed in cities, so as many as possible try to become "scouts," who search for rich deposits of iron on the gears, or poorly defended gears. These are the scurpyons commonly encountered. These scurpyons will assist planewalkers in exchange for a piece of steel (a delicacy to the scurpyons) against the modrons or other natives, as the scurpyons view these as common enemies. Scurpyons are loyal hirelings, as long as they are paid on time and treated well. If either rule is violated, they flee at maximum speed.

On rare occasions, scurpyons will give up their society and become "adventurers." These wandering individuals are usually killed by the gear spirits or modrons at the first opportunity. On even rarer occasions, these scurpyons will become the companions of other adventurers. Rumour has it that the Hopping Mage has one such companion.

ECOLOGY: Scurpyons are not born, they are manufactured. Only a Lord, with the assistance of at least four Manipulators, can construct a new scurpyon. Only a King and 24 Manipulators can create a Lord or a King. Scurpyons eat metal filings, which they shave off of metal with their file arms. Their jaws are weak,

designed for communication, and cannot chew big chunks of metal. Theoretically the iron filings are used to by the scurpyon to "repair" itself, but how this is done is unknown. Dissection shows no furnace inside, and their throat is quite shallow.

How scurpyons are intelligent is also not entirely clear. When killed and opened up, they appear to be nothing more than elaborate clockwork machines. They do not radiate magic and are not easily enchanted. Guvner greybeards theorise that the Manipulators have some kind of collective magical ability. It is argued exactly how powerful a single fief's twelve Manipulators are when casting together, but that is said to be the main reason the modrons do not seek out and destroy every scurpyon fief and Kingdom on the plane. And since Primus knows everything that happens on the plane, he must have a reason not to attack the scurpyons.

CURRENT CHANT: Though the modrons would never tell you, there has been an increase in scurpyon activity over the last two years. Some attribute it to a construction initiative the Guvners are pushing, which sinks metal beams into the gears for support. Some theorise that this is disturbing hidden scurpyon cities. Others say that some new element in their society has driven them slightly more chaotic, making them true-neutral, and that they are seeking portals to escape to the Outlands or Acheron. As is usually the case with scurpyons however, the truth remains dark.



Worm, 5.9176 Pentranomeker (by [Joshua Jarvis](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Mechanus
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon, (rare away from portals)
ORGANISATION:	Solitary or hextet
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Material of non-Mechanical origin
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1 or 6
ARMOUR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	8
THAC0:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Hextet circle defence
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	Huge (25.594 feet)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	650

Many have wondered why a unit of measurement called a worm (and its subunits called segments) exist in Mechanus. Little do they know that the answer is linked to a bizarre and fascinating creature."

-- From Nimal Amur's A Field Guide to the invertebrates of Mechanus

The 5.9176 pentranomeker worm is a strange creature that dwells only in Mechanus. It's name is a shortened version of the name the modrons gave it which was, A Large Pseudo-Arthropodal Annelid Of Approximately 5.9176 Pentronomekers In Length, Weighing Approximately 2 Tons at Maximum Weight, Which Feeds Upon Non-native Non-living Material.

This creature resembles a giant inch worm with a body divided into exactly 20 even lengths segments. its soft exoskeleton is largely green in colouration with amber disks. It has a snout similar to that of a star nosed mole surrounded by a circlet of black eyes. It has no mouth, instead a sticky disk is located on the underside of the head segment. The tail segment is encased with metal and used for defence.

COMBAT: When threatened a pentranomeker worm lifts up its tail segment threateningly and uses it to club his enemies. If a group of six (a hextet) of worms is threatened they form a circle with their heads facing the middle and all raise their tail segments, if the threats do not cease they send their tails crashing down on the unfortunate soul.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Most of these worms are domesticated creatures used as mounts (they travel at the average human walking speed yet never seem to tire), measuring devices, and clean up crews.

Wild pentronomeker worms (like the domestic ones) are solitary unless six meet up, then they travel in a hextet until one dies and they go their separate way or division makes the group have more than six members. Wild worms migrate from portal to portal feeding upon non-living material brought into Mechanus such as dirt. The non-living material sticks to the worms feeding pad and is absorbed by diffusion. An amazing thing about these worms is that the amber coloured disks on their skin contain small lines of different colours, these lines recorded how far and how long these worms travelled in a straight line, thus the worms have a built in record of their migration routes. Since these worms usually travel in straight lines most of their movements have been recorded by fastidious Guvner zoologists and the like. Pentronomeker worms reproduce by division. One worm splits along the middle from front to back into two evenly long worms.

ECOLOGY: These worms have a vital function of keeping the metal disks of Mechanus clean by eating foreign material. Oddly enough they cannot survive outside Mechanus.

The Outlands

More is known about the Outlands than many other planes put together, but there are also a great many mysteries to be encountered here. Not least is the Infinite Spire itself, a tapering pillar of dark rock that rises from the flat plains of the Outlands both suddenly and with eyewatering proportions. The plane itself can be divided into three portions: The Spire, the Gate Towns, and the Hinterlands... Find out more in the Outlands part of the planes book...(coming soon...)

The Gate Towns and In

- [Abrian](#) (PSMC2 8)
- [Baku](#) (PSMC1 30)
- [Bloodthorn](#) (PSMC2 16)
- [Bonespear](#) (PSMC2 18)
- [Concordanach](#) (MMC)
- [Demarax](#) (PSMC2 22)
- [Eater of Knowledge](#) (PSMC2 26)
- [Fhorge](#) (PSMC2 38)
- [Keeper](#) (PSMC2 56)
- [Khaasta](#) (PSMC2 58)
- [Leomarh](#) (PSMC2 60)
- [Malakin](#) (MMC)
- [Marl](#) (MCA2 85)
- [Mock](#) (MMC)
- [Nic'Epona](#) (PSMC 24)
- [Observer](#) (PSMC2 70)
- [Petitioner](#)
- [Quill](#) (PSMC2 74)
- [Reave](#) (PSMC2 80)
- [Rilmani, any](#) (PSMC2 84)
- [Tso](#) (PSMC2 116)
- [Vorr](#) (PSMC2 120)
- [Wastrel](#) (PSMC2 122)

The Hinterlands

- [Concordanach](#) (MMC)
- [Disenchanter](#) (MCA3 24)
- [Hakeashar](#) (MCA2 69)
- [Ixnae](#) (MMC)
- [Monster of Legend](#) (PSMC2 65)
- [Mudman](#) (MM 260)
- [Petitioner](#)
- [Rilmani, Plumach](#) (PSMC2 84)
- [Saurial](#) (MCA3 90)
- [Tarrasque](#) (MM 341)

The Spire

- [Avatars in discussion](#)
- [Demarax](#) (PSMC2 22)
- [Keeper](#) (PSMC2 56)
- [Petitioner](#)
- [Rilmani, any](#) (PSMC2 84)
- [Spire Butterfly](#) (MMC)

Encounters

The following may also be encountered, if a cutter is lucky (or unlucky, depending on how she sees it, perhaps)...

- [Aasimon, any](#)
- [Addazahr](#) (MCA2 8)
- [Adventuring Party](#)
- [Alaghi](#) (MCA3 6)
- [Ankheg](#) (MM 7)
- [Aurumvorax](#) (MM 10)
- [Aranea](#) (MCA3 8)
- [Arcane](#) (PSMC2 10)
- [Archon, any](#)
- [Baatezu, any or War Party](#)
- [Bariaur](#) (PSMC1 32)
- [Basilisk](#) (MM 14)
- [Bulette](#) (MM 33)
- [Bat, Sporebat](#) (MCA2 18)

- [Bog Hound](#) (MCA2 42)
- [Brain Mole](#) (MM 29)
- [Brownie, Dobie](#) (MCA2 23)
- [Brownie, Quickling](#) (MCA2 24)
- [Cat, Great - Cath Shee](#) (MCA2 25)
- [Catoblepas](#) (MM 39)
- [Centaur-Kin, Dorvesh](#) (MCA2 27)
- [Centaur-Kin, Zebranaur](#) (MCA2 30)
- [Chimera, Gorgimera](#) (MM 43)
- [Cockatrice](#) (MM 45)
- [Crabman](#) (MM 47)
- [Cranium Rat](#) (PSMC 8)
- [Doppleganger](#) (MM 60)
- [Dragon, Gem - Amethyst](#) (MM 70)
- [Dragon, Cloud](#) (MM 81)
- [Dragon, Mist](#) (MM 84)
- [Dragon, Neutral - Amber](#) (MCA3 28)
- [Dragon Turtle](#) (MM 88)
- [Dryad](#) (MM 93)
- [Dryad, Hamadryad](#) (MCA3 34)
- [Eladrin, any](#)
- [Faerie, Faerie Fiddler](#) (MCA3 43)
- [Faerie, Petty - Bramble](#) (MCA3 44)
- [Faerie, Petty - Gorse](#) (MCA3 45)
- [Foo Creature](#) (PSMC1 40)
- [Froghemoth](#) (MCA2 59)
- [Galeb Duhr](#) (MM 122)
- [Ghostlight](#) (PSMC2 40)
- [Giant, Firbolg](#) (MM 136)
- [Gnome, Spriggan](#) (MM 162)
- [Golem, Phantom Flyer](#) (MCA2 67)
- [Gorgon](#) (MM 172)
- [Griffon](#) (MM 178)
- [Gripli](#) (MM 180)
- [Guardinal, any](#)
- [Gulguthhydra](#) (MCA2 68)
- [Hippogriff](#) (MM 190)
- [Hook Horror](#) (MM 192)
- [Horse, Moon-horse](#) (MCA2 70)
- [Human, Vistana](#) (MCA2 72)
- [Hydra](#) (MM 200)
- [Kenku](#) (MM 211)
- [Kirre](#) (MM 213)
- [Leprechaun](#) (MM 220)
- [Leucrotta, Greater](#) (MCA2 78)
- [Lizard Man](#) (MM 227)
- [Locathah](#) (MM 228)
- [Mammal](#) (MM 241)
- [Mammal, Giant](#) (MCA2 83)
- [Mammal, Herd](#) (MCA2 84)
- [Meazel](#) (MCA3 80)
- [Merchant Caravan](#)
- [Merkhant](#) (PSMC2 62)
- [Merman](#) (MM 249)
- [Modron, any](#)
- [Mind Flayer](#) (MM 251)
- [Naga, any](#) (MM 266)
- [Needleman](#) (MCA3 82)
- [Ooze, Slithering Tracker](#) (MM 280)
- [Owbear](#) (MM 284, MCA3 85)
- [Satyr](#) (MM 308)
- [Scalamagdrion](#) (MCA3 93)
- [Slaad, traveller](#)
- [Snake, Messenger](#) (MCA3 95)
- [Snake, Winged](#) (MM 322)
- [Sprite, any](#) (MM 328)
- [Sprite, Seelie Faerie](#) (MCA2 105)
- [Sprite, Unseelie Faerie](#) (MCA2 106)
- [Spirit of the Air](#) (PSMC 26)
- [Squealer](#) (MCA2 107)
- [Tana'ri, any or War Party](#)
- [Umpleby](#) (MCA2 109)
- [Wemic](#) (MM 357)

- Worm, Purple (MM 364)
- Wyvern (MM 366)
- Xorn (MM 367)
- Yeth Hound (PSMC1 116)
- Yugoloth, any
- Yugoloth, Guardian (MM 371)

Concordanach (by Jim Barrett, art by Chris Appelhans)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Outlands, the Hinterlands
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	The Balance
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	V
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOUR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	6
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 (weapons or claws)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10/1d10 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spell use, can damage virtually any opponent (see below)
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Struck only by magical weapons, teleport, resistance reversal (see below)
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	L (8' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15-16)
XP VALUE:	5,000

The Concordanach, Outland Stalker, or more appropriately the Hinterland doppleganger, is thought to be a cousin of the rilmani or some planar variant of the prime doppleganger. Regardless of definitions or ancestry, the concordanach is an enigma of the Outlands, rarely seen and always causing intrigue when appearing. It is a creature that instinctively seeks to restore balance on the Outlands by infiltrating groups whose actions may cause imbalance on the Outlands.

Concordanachs are bipedal and generally humanoid in appearance. Their bodies are rarely seen in their natural state, which is said to have an emaciated and fluid appearance. Some have said their skin has the appearance of scintillating, prismatic metal.

COMBAT: This creature is able to assume the form of any monster, humanoid, fiend, celestial, planar or prime creature from small to large size with a 95% accuracy. This includes alignment, attitude, thoughts, attributes, appearance and even magical abilities and magical resistance.

However, the stalker must have a sample of the victim's blood, ichor, essence, etc. touch its skin before assuming the victim's form. Sampling the victim's essence usually involves direct combat when the victim is alone. A stalker initially has the abilities of a 6th-level thief. It usually attacks with its claws, and can hit and damage creatures that normally are hit only by magical or enchanted weapons. When able to assume the form and abilities of its victim, it also has (in addition to its own abilities) the full hit points, armour class, THAC0 and attack forms of its victim. It attacks to kill in the form of its victim, and will hide the body of those it has slain.

In addition to its excellent mimicry ability, the concordanach is able to reverse the resistances that its victim may have. That is, if the victim is unharmed by fire and cold, when attacking the stalker it is completely vulnerable to fire and cold. Half resistances to attack forms are unaffected. The stalker has resistances to attack forms similar to the rilmani: Acid = half; Cold = Full; Electricity = None; Fire = Full; Gas = Half; Magic Missile = Full; Poison = Half.

Concordanachs can use the following abilities once per round, one at a time: *know alignment*, *detect invisibility*, *ESP*, *darkness* and *silence 15' radius*. The stalker is immune to *sleep* and *charm spells* and rolls all saving throws as a 10th level fighter.

When assuming the form of a creature upsetting the Balance, or one in a group that may upset the Balance, it attempts to alter the plans or agenda that may lead to imbalance. It will do this in a sly, unobtrusive way, as not to lead the group into discovering its true identity or purpose. If this fails, the stalker simply uses its *teleport 10' radius* to move as much of the group as possible to the opposite side of the Outlands, beyond the gate towns, into what is often called the Hinterlands.

This means that if a stalker infiltrates a group near the Mechanus side of the Outlands, it will teleport as many individuals as possible to the Limbo side of the Outlands. The stalker can use this ability only once per day. The teleported group materialises in a place where the possibilities of their goals are nil. It will take the group 1-4 days to reach the Outlands from the Hinterlands using either magical or physical means. The stalker disappears at this point, and will not molest the group further unless the group upsets the balance again.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Concordanachs assume the forms of prominent and powerful creatures on the Outlands to restore the Balance, much like the rilmani. Concordanachs differ from the rilmani in that they focus on events and actions, rather than individuals and groups, that endanger the Balance. They are found near the rim of the Outlands (often called the Hinterlands), rather than near the Spire as the rilmani do. Stalkers know they are not as powerful as rilmani, and rarely attempt to kill many individuals upsetting the Balance.

Instead, they alter events and relocate groups that endanger the neutrality of the Outlands. They work independently from the rilmani, in an almost instinctual manner. Whether they 'smell' a potential shift in the Balance or 'feel' a tilt on the Outlands is not known. They seem to feed on balance, and will appear even more emaciated in their natural form when neutrality is threatened on the Outlands. Their actions will be desperate when the Balance is greatly endangered, and up to a dozen stalkers can be attracted to events upsetting the Balance.

ECOLOGY: Sages debate on whether the Outland Stalker is an exiled caste of the rilmani or the planar archetype for the prime doppleganger. Its abilities resemble a mix of both. The mercenary, and often senseless, actions of dopplegangers leads sages to believe that they are actually Outland Stalkers marooned on the prime, without a purpose. Other sages argue that the stalker acts in a very similar fashion to the cuprilach rilmani. The rilmani are silent on the subject, and have never admitted the Outland Stalkers are one of their own.



Malakin (by Martin Bourassa)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any Lower Plane and Outlands
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Band
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	High to Genius (14-19)
TREASURE:	L, T
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-6
ARMOUR CLASS:	5
MOVEMENT:	12
HIT DICE:	7 + 3
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1 or 2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d12+6 (Mala-griff) or 1d6/1d6 (claws)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Domination, music, spell abilities
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Hit only by +1 or better weapon
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	55%
SIZE:	M (5' tall)
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	6,000

The Mala'kin, or herders, are a race of nomadic fiends travelling the lower planes and the Outlands. They have no interest in the Blood War and their motives are kept mysterious. They herd petitioners like a man herds sheep (or a hag herds larvae). They keep magical controls over their "cattle" with their magical weapons called the *Talons of Malar*, their amulets and flutes. Mala'kin are a rather small race, averaging about 5 feet tall. They have thin long arms and most are pot-bellied. Their legs are goat-like, with sharp hooves and coarse fur. To complete their satyr-like appearance, they have short horns and goat ears. They have a long, hairless, prehensile tail. Their faces have always exaggerated, grotesque features, beastlike. Their skin color vary, though always sick-looking. Do not laugh, however, for mala'kin are powerful beings. They always carry a weapon called *Mala-griff* (talon of Malar). It looks like a pole with a mechanical claw at the top. An amulet and heavy chain usually rest on their chests.

COMBAT: Mala'kin prefer to attack with their Mala-griff. If disarmed, they claw at opponents with their strong arms. They have no problem with petitioners: a note on their magical flutes and the petitioners' wills are broken utterly, allowing them to be directed with the *Mala-griff* (save versus spell -4 to resist the effect of the flutes). Against other foes, things are different. The *Mala-griff* act as a *trident of domination* (save versus spell or helpless for 2-8 rounds). The amulet is more potent still: it act as a *charm person* (or *monster*) spell (1 time per person/week). What they can't dominate, they destroy. At will, they can summon the effects of a *chromatic orb* of any kind. *Slow* (3/day), *polymorph other* (1/week) and *teleport without error* (1/week). They don't use the last except when absolutely necessary because it lets their herd unguarded.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Mala'kin live to herd petitioners. They're on the move constantly and never willingly step into a town. No one knows why they herd petitioners, since they do not seem to gain nothing out of it. Another thing dark about this kind is their magical items. Maybe it's really their patron Malar they're always talking about that give them to the Mala'kin. Baatetzu respect Mala'kins for their loyalty (that makes them easier to peel) and Tanar'ri despise them. Once a petitioner is part of a Mala'kin herd, the fiend produces a little amulet out of his own and puts it around the petitioner's neck. Then the petitioner under go a radical transformation: in 2d6 weeks he mutates into a goat-like thing. It's a slow, progressive change, but after that time he walks on all four and he is not recognizable by anyone. A goat-like petitioner is called a Malakian. If someone steals the amulet of a still living Mala'kin (any, even a Malakian), he transforms into a Mala'kin of the same rank in 1d6 days as the original withers and die. The unfortunate thief cannot get ride of the amulet. If a Mala'kin is killed, its amulet is destroyed. A herder won't make his herd fight for him, for he place its value before his life.

ECOLOGY: Like many fiends, Mala'kin eat for pleasure only, and certainly never harm their petitioner/malakian charges. There are many rumours as to why this is, but it's a cert it's something to do with Malar the Beast Lord...

CURRENT CHANT: Mala'kin herds with the help of the Mala'dims (or brutes), strong mixing of fiend and machine. In order of promotion there are the Malakians, the "cattle", the herders, the brutes, the nomads (or warriors), the juggernauts, the Barons, and the all mighty Malarians. The guardians are Herders who got demoted when they lose their herds. This kind is barmy by any standards (even a fiend's), they are evil and loyal, yet their not lawful. The pattern of promotion is weird indeed: the herders fear being promoted to brutes because they are far less intelligent. Once in a while, however, when a herder's herd reach a certain size, he is drawn to a place known only to them, where the promotion occurs. the Malakians life force is used to fuel the transformation. Malakians are transformed into herders and so on. The whole barmy race seems to be an operation of Malar to drain gods of their petitioners but they do nothing about it. The Herders are not welcome on Pluto, the realm of Hades.

Mock (by [Martin Bourassa](#), art by [Jeremiah Golden](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Sigil, the Outlands, Pandemonium
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any (night preferred)
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average to High (8-14)
TREASURE:	S
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral (Good)
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	20
HIT DICE:	3 + 1
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d3 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Backstab, gaze attack
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Invisibility, thief skills
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	S (3' tall)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	650

They run trough the Cage, invisible, silent as shadows, stealing bits of food here and there and bits of chant too. They brag about being the best spies of the multiverse, and that's probably true. They are the sprites of the planes; they are the mocks. If someone spies a mock when it is visible, he might see a little, hairless, grey skinned humanoid, with an elongated head and features.

They have no noses, and only a slit of a mouth. They have cat-like ears, but down-turned. Their fingers are very long; all the better for snatching things. Their feet are big and flat. If someone met a mock's gaze he'd see that its eyes were black and pupil-less, and with something vaporous shifting inside. That might be the last thing he sees.

COMBAT: Of course, the mock is almost always invisible, because it doesn't want to hurt or scare people. In combat, a mock's invisibility lend him a great advantage, those who want to strike it does with a -4 penalty to attack rolls. A *dispel magic* makes a mock visible for 1 turn if he fails a saving throw versus spells. Mocks hate combat and do fight only when cornered, which is a very rare event. It is never surprised and can see all things invisible and through illusions. If they must attack, they do it by surprising it's opponent. They can also use these thief skills:

- Move Silently: 99%
- Pick Pockets: 95%
- Climb Walls: 90%
- Find/Remove Traps: 90%
- Detect Noise: 99%

They fight with blades as daggers and short sword. They can backstab an opponents for five times the normal damage. If invisible and silent, opponents are always surprised. Their last and most powerful ability is mostly a curse for most mocks...

If someone meets a mock's gaze, he must save versus petrification or be turned into an harmless shadow, turning barmy in 1-4 days and dissipating in 1-6 days. In that state, he cannot affect physical beings or talk. He can see invisible mocks and talk to them, but most can't help. Nothing less than a *wish* can save a *shadowed* berk. They may use potions.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Mocks are a sad bunch. Forced to be lonely for all their lives, which are usually long: their life span is of 250 years in the average case. Their only pleasure in life is to play harmless pranks on unwary folks. Only the dabus truly know of the mocks' existence in the Cage, and view them as mere pests. Sometimes a mock will stroll the streets wearing a heavy cape and cowl, but underneath it's still invisible. They may be hired as spies or thieves, for they are the masters of the arts nefarious. Evil mocks may be hired as assassins.

ECOLOGY: Many things hint that mocks are not natives of the Outer Planes, but most sages agree they are planars, plane-touched like the tieflings. They might have been Prime halflings, but they have been warped by the essence of a plane, surely Pandemonium. They have not been turned evil by the plane, but

they are highly chaotic. Yet they'll do a good action instead of an evil one, sometimes saving a life and fleeing afterwards. Some mocks resent their loneliness, and take out their anger on others. These are chaotic evil mocks.

CHANT: When invisible, mocks seem to slip slightly in another dimension as with the victims of their gaze. When there, they are vulnerable to the attacks of the hostile inhabitants: the *whogloaks*. Another rather interesting thing is that mocks don't need gate keys to operate portals in and out of Pandemonium as they seem to function as living gate keys themselves. Investigations continue...



Ixnae (by the [Groke](#), artwork by [Steve Wallace](#))

but as the pulpy embodiment of established mythology, the ixnae will always be half-there.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Desert, Hinterlands
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Tribe
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (6-8)
TREASURE:	Incidental (if any)
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING	1-12
ARMOUR CLASS:	8
MOVEMENT:	15
HIT DICE:	2 + 2
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Estrangement, concealment
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Vanish
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
SIZE:	S (4-5' tall)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	2,000

Beyond the well-honed belief-systems of the Outland Gate-Towns lie the Hinterlands -- an hypnotic vagary of hypothesis and conjecture. The ixnae embody this suspension of belief, natives of a gauze-like border between the Hinterlands and the the Ethereal Plane.

Each member of the ixnae (there is no singular noun) resembles a slender, Dwarvish humanoid. However, there is an unhealthy disproportion between the features of each individual. The heads are slightly too large, taking up almost a third of the creatures' height the arms and legs dangle beneath like taproots. The skull is more conical than round, tapering to a nobby cluster of hair. Each enormous pair of eyes seems wet and vulnerable in the sand-swept plains, yet burns with a savage hunger for the flesh of those with conviction.

COMBAT: The ixnae are essentially a race of cannibalistic humanoids, and they fight in a manner torn from a colonist's nightmare. Any sentient (believing) being is potential prey to the ixnae, who often begin by circling a party of explorers and 'tightening the noose'. After an initial volley of blown darts, the Ixnae pounce collectively, wielding clubs, claws, fists or stones. However, despite their ungainly appearance and mundane arsenal, the ixnae score damage in proportion to the strengths of their victims.

To elucidate: Imagine the *'Boy's Own Adventures'* popular in Victorian times. Picture the small party of knock-kneed explorers, all pith-helmets and handle-bar moustaches. Now picture a lost battalion of fiends, keyed up for the Blood-War. Now magnify the experience of the explorers so that it is proportionately equivalent to the baatezu victims.

The Ixnae also have the uncanny ability to blend into the desert around them, becoming completely undetectable until moments before the attack commences. This can also effect an escape if overpowered. Finally, the physical appearance of the ixnae is so unsettling -- so conceptually wrong -- that it can set an Ultraloth's opalescent eyeballs on edge. Sighting a member of the Ixnae warrants a save vs. Paralysis, otherwise the character is unable to act for 1d4 rounds.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Where there is a semi-mythical tribe of pygmy cannibals, there is certainly a chieftain and a witch-doctor / shaman. However, there is no individualism in the ixnae, they operate as a community. If there is a language behind their guttural grunting, no-one has yet been able to decipher it by means magical nor mundane.

ECOLOGY: Here's the dark of the ixnae ... being a semi-tangible blend of Hinterland and ether, the ixnae exist in the heads of their victims as much as in the metaphysicality of the Outer Planes. That is not to say that the ixnae are not real ... rather they are unreal. Not having belief of their own substantial enough to enforce their existence, the ixnae feed (literally) on the belief of others by consuming their bodies. Theoretically, a lack of nourishment would cause them to fade into the sand ...



Butterfly, Spire (by [Jon Winter](#), [Eric Jackson](#), [Ian Watson](#), [Simmo](#), and [Eliav Eini](#), artwork by [Jeremiah Golden](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Spire
FREQUENCY:	Common
ORGANISATION:	Swarm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Magical energy
INTELLIGENCE:	Semi (2-4)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	10-100
ARMOUR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	Fl 11 (A)
HIT DICE:	1 hp
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1 hp per 10 butterflies
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Prance, magic missile
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Drain magic
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	T (6" wingspan)
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	100

Think the Spire was just a magic-draining hunk of rock, cutter? Well, think again. There's more darks to the Spire than there are butterflies swarming around it. Butterflies, you ask? Yeah, the same. How can butterflies be mysterious, you ponder? Think on this: Of all the creatures that infest the planes, none can use their magical powers dead-center in the Outlands, save the Spire Butterflies. How, you wonder? Berk, that's just the way things are..."

-- Magnum Opus, curator of Sigil's [Musée Arcane](#)

One of the Multiverse's more perplexing mysteries, the Spire butterflies have long defied explanation by sages, mages and Guvner zoologists. Simply, their very existence see to thumb its nose at one of the Multiverse's Constants: *Magic Does Not Work At The Spire*. For the butterflies, it most certainly *does*.

Spire butterflies look much like normal monarch butterflies except they're a much more vivid colour scheme; pinks, yellows, cyans and turquoise greens, every one of them changing colour as the mood suits them. They're usually found in great flocks which dance about the Spire's skies like giant multicoloured clouds.

COMBAT: Spire butterflies seem slightly more intelligent than most insects. They're naturally curious, so when a swarm spots a new arrival to the Spire, it's more than likely they'll flit over en masse to inspect the cutter. Except the rilmani, that is. For some strange reason, butterflies always flee at first sight of one of these bloods. But unless you've got rilmani blood, expect to be liberally visited by Spire butterflies if you ever make the long trek to the Centre of the Outlands.

Sure, these critters are little more than insects, so you'd think swatting one would be little more than a moment's work. But cutter, before you get so heavy-handed, you'd better consider that special power of theirs again. Unique amongst creatures, this species of butterflies are able to use magic at the Spire. In fact, Spire butterflies apparently *feed* on magical energy. Their wings crackle, glow, screech, and shine with the sights, sounds, smell, taste, and feel of various spells. Without magical energy to sustain them, their wings eventually fade away, and the butterfly is helpless until it either gains more magical energy or dies. The wings fade completely within 48 hours of its last meal, and it dies 48 hours after that.

If you thought a creature that fed on magic and lived at the Spire would get mighty hungry, you'd be wrong. Somehow, the butterflies are able to sense magic *potential*, and congregate towards it. This basically means that if you've got an enchanted sword, and you take it to the Spire, while it mightn't function at

all, Spire butterflies can sniff it out from up to one mile away, and will pay you a visit.

That's not all. Spire butterflies can also "see" spells in the heads of wizards and priests, and it seems they're quite partial to those too. It takes one round to drain a charge from a magical item touched, and one turn to drain the highest level of magic from a wizard or priest. (This level loss can be restored with a full eight hours sleep). Spire butterflies are so light that one cannot feel the weight of one when it lands on him. From a distance, a landed butterfly might appear to be a bow or other head decoration, or perhaps a peace knot. After being drained, a cutter will feel a strange tingling sensation, and a mage or priest will be rather light-headed. The result of a butterfly's draining is similar to the effect generated by a wizard sitting on a spelljamming helm: It's as if the mage had cast all the spells they had memorised. Makes a body wonder what they make those helms from...

It only takes one 'fly to touch the magical source for the whole flock to feed. Strange, but apparently true. Spire butterflies can also absorb any spell that's cast at them, not that this happens very often. They're unaffected by any negative effects the spell may have.

If roused to anger (and that's not so difficult as you'd think, cutter) a swarm of 'flies will attack, their sharp wings and tiny talons inflicting 1 hp damage per 10 insects. Rather more fearsome, however, is their ability to sting. Like prime world bees, each butterfly can sting once and then dies. Unlike bees, their stings are basically *magic missiles*. They strike unerringly are 1d4+1 hit points of damage, and can be fired up to 30 feet! Imagine, then, how dangerous an angry swarm of one hundred stinging 'flies can be...

Spire butterflies also bob and weave (rilmani call it *the prancing*) in a strangely hypnotic way, if they so desire. Any basher who sees these colourful insects must make a save vs. spells or be charmed as if by the spell *charm person*. Charmed cutters can't be commanded unless they understand the 'flies strange language of dance and colour changes, but they're transfixed by the beauty of the dance and will try to protect the insects.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Spire butterflies are found almost exclusively around and on the Great Spire of the Outlands, and out as far as the second or third ring. They live as most butterflies, drinking the nectar of plants, but no matter how many flowers they visit, without magical energy, they fade away.

They appear to be semi-intelligent, berks have told stories about being getting lost near the Spire and then led to safety by Spire Butterflies.

A few rumours have rattled around the Cage of late about black butterflies living *inside* the Spire. These stories say that they're far more intelligent than the surface 'flies and have formed their own bizarre civilisation. Of course the berks who tell these stories also spend a lot of time drooling on themselves. Getting permission from the Rilmani to investigate this story has proved as difficult as a roomful of mephits.

ECOLOGY: Spire butterflies serve the same purpose as butterflies everywhere. They pollinate plants. Due to their small size and reliance on nectar as their only source of food, Spire butterflies pose no threat to humans or other humanoids.

See one mystery, see a raft of conspiracies. At least, that's what some cutters seem to think. The Spire 'flies have been the subject of much wild speculation by the self-same sages and mages and Guvner zoologists. Like all good conspiracy theories, these rumours are based on nothing more solid than fancy...but what if they were true...?

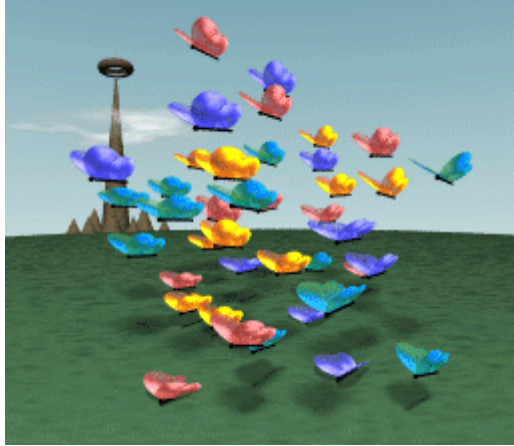
"After thinking about the butterflies that live at the Spire... I have come to the conclusion it is likely that the larval stage of their development is in humanoid shape. By that I mean the Dabus are the larval stage, and One butterfly in every generation becomes the parent of the new generation. That parent is none other than what is generally known as The Lady of Pain. The Dabus receive life energy from their parent who is a focal point of planar energy drawn up through the Spire."

-- Gothyk, a shaman-sage of the Third Ring

Whether this has anything to do with the strange aversion the 'flies have to rilmani is unknown, but some dark chant floating about reckons the rilmani have discovered a concoction of crushed butterfly that they can drink to temporarily regain the use of their own magical powers at the Spire. More screed?

Perhaps. But there are too many reports of rilmani doing things they shouldn't be able to do at the Spire to let this rumour rest in peace.

It has been speculated, however, that the butterflies are in fact agents of the rilmani, balancing the use of magic near the Spire. Legends are also told of a pit fiend who was defeated by a huge swarm of Spire butterflies. Apparently he was so ashamed he fled back to Baator and has never been heard of since.



Aasimon, Arthurea (by Shizumaru)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Upper Planes
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	High to Supra-Genius (13-20)
TREASURE:	Varies
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOUR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	12, Fl 25 (B)
HIT DICE:	15
THAC0:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d3 or by weapon
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	45%
SIZE:	M (6', 9' wingspan)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	15,000

In the Multiverse many strange things can happen: a Dustman may find joy and love, a Hardhead might ease up persecuting Indeps or a tanar'ri might give sweets to children. Few, however, ponder ask what might happen when a fiend falls in love with a celestial. One possible outcome when a non-evil succubus falls for a holy deva is the birth of an *arthurea*, a rare breed of planeborne creature.

Arthurea always spring from the union of a renegade succubus with a deva; they usually inherit the kind and compassionate nature of the deva (hence their good alignment) and the mischievousness and wildness of their fiendish blood (hence their chaotic alignment). Arthurea are unique in appearance; half of their hair is silver and the other half is black, the same goes with their wings. Even though they are considered celestials by most, other aasimon generally view them with suspicion, and archons are known to actively dislike them, probably due to their legendary disapproval or anything that can be traced back to the tanar'ri. Of all the celestial races, only eladrin and asuras really see eye-to-eye with arthurea.

COMBAT: Arthurea generally dislike fighting for they fear that they might lose control of themselves while in the midst of battle-lust. If pressed, however, they fight with daggers; about 30% of them carry daggers with no less than a +2 enchantment. Unlike other aasimon, arthurea have the ability to cast both priest and wizard elemental spells. In regards to the maximum levels and number of spells they can cast, they are treated as 10th-level casters, with regards to the damage and duration of the spell however, they are treated as 20th-level casters. When an arthurea is born they are blessed with the ability to cast one of the four elemental spells, (Earth, Fire, Air or Water), and it is only in this area they may use their magic.



peak of Arcadia,
Where the orb reflects light and darkness,
A couple bask under its radiance,
One reflects the darkness of
The other reflects the purity of innocence,

From the centre of wavering
The seed planted has blossomed into maturity, Come
forth creature of light and darkness,
Come forth World
Behold the creature of goodness, the Arthurea."

-- From *the Birth of Arthurea*, an ancient Upper Planar lyric

Arthurea also possess powers similar to that of other aasimon, such powers include: ability to assume other forms once per day, (gain special attacks but maintaining own hp, HD, intelligence..etc), *cure disease* (3/day), *cure serious wounds* (7/day), *heal* (3/day), the following abilities are usable once per day: *detect lie*, *detect good*, *remove curse* and *continual light*. Arthurea can also use the reversed form of their abilities where this is possible.

[NB: DMs with access to the *Dark Sun* accessory book "Earth, Air, Fire, Water" may use the new spells found there to add flavour to the arthurea.]

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The arthurea live out with other aasimon on the Upper Planes but as mentioned above other celestials view these rare creatures with a modicum of suspicion due to the fraction of evil blood coursing through their veins. It is apparently this evil blood which causes the arthureas' legendary tempers, fits of randomness, and general weird behaviour. Deep down the creatures believe in goodness but they are sometimes rather eccentric about promoting it. For example, an arthurea detect that a cutter is telling a lie, they might pick up a holy book and whack the poor sod's head with it, screaming "Thou shall not lie!" This suits the Xaositects and the Sensates (the latter faction has the most arthurean members, although you can count them on one hand) just fine, but the Harmonium aren't too happy about them. The arthureas are extremely passionate creatures and are renowned for their dalliances with mortal and planeborne being alike. This is their succubus heritage showing through, greybeards reckon.

ECOLOGY: It's estimated there are only some one hundred arthurea in existence, so the race generally does not have a part to play in the ecology. Individual arthurea, however, tend to be real movers and shakers; they aren't content to sit back and watch events. Generally, arthurea are fairly gregarious beings, and love hanging out with other bashers, though at times they feel the pain of their fiendish heritage and often prefer to be alone with their own thoughts.

SPECIAL EFFECTS IN RAVENLOFT: *Effects in Ravenloft: If an Arthurea should ever find him/herself in Ravenloft their celestial heritage will physically disrupt the fabric of the land and over time cause many natives to die. Their fiendish heritage allows them to cross any borders in Ravenloft, even closed ones; Darklords cannot keep an arthurea imprisoned when it wishes to roam. However, exercising this power calls for a Powers Check, starting at stage one and ending with stage six (see Ravenloft materials for more info). Nothing physically happens to them until stage six, when their souls rip into two, creating a good and evil version of the arthurea. A battle to death almost certainly would ensue.*



Aasimon, Twilight (by [Kelly Pedersen](#), artwork by [Chris Tan](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Upper Planes
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary or small bands
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any (primarily nocturnal)
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Exceptional (15-16)
TREASURE:	Incidental
ALIGNMENT:	Any good
NO. APPEARING:	1-4 (Upper Planes) or 1
ARMOUR CLASS:	0 (-1 in shadows)
MOVEMENT:	12 (15 in shadow), Fl 30 (C) (Fl 36 (B) in shadows)
HIT DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	By weapon type
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Blinding
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Spell immunity, never surprised, +2 or better weapons to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	50% (60% in shadow)
SIZE:	M (6 feet tall)
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	8000

Twilight aasimon have only recently been reported. Either they have been kept well hidden until now, or they were only recently created. The most prominent theory as to why they exist is that various good powers who have areas of control that deal in some way with the night wanted servants who could function effectively in it, and prove to others that darkness is not inherently evil. The result was the twilight aasimon.

Twilight aasimon are humanoid, standing about six feet tall. While they have no noticeable elven traits, like slanted eyes, or pointed ears, they also do not really look human. They are coloured the shades of the night. Their hair is a deep midnight blue, occasionally with just a touch of dawn or sunset red at the tips. Their skin is a deep gray, and their large wings are the silver of moon touched clouds. It is their eyes that proclaim their nature most noticeably, however. Twilight aasimon have no pupil, iris, or white in their eye. Instead, their eyes are dead black, scattered with glowing white point of light. In short, when one looks into their eyes, it looks like the night sky.

COMBAT: Twilight aasimon prefer to avoid combat as much as possible, relying on their extensive powers of stealth to get around possible opponents. However, when they do fight, they are as capable as any other aasimon.

Twilight aasimon usually carry a *staff of stars*, a magical +3 weapon, that does 2d4 damage. In addition to the attack and damage bonus, the staff can cast a *starburst* once a turn. This releases a burst of white sparks in a cone 30' long, and 10' wide at the end. Anyone caught in this cone must save vs. spells or be blinded. In addition, evil creatures native to the Lower planes take 1d6 damage, and undead take 2d6 damage. Twilights can attack twice per round with any weapon.

In addition to the spell-like powers usable by all aasimon, twilight aasimon can use the spell-like ability of *darkness*, 15' radius (5 times a day, twilight aasimon can still see). Also, the aasimon has night vision out to 120 feet. This allows the aasimon to see as though it was bright daylight, without penalty. Note that this is not infravision, and does not require heat sources to operate, and the aasimon is not blinded by sudden bright light.

The twilight aasimon can also hide in shadows, with an 80% chance of success. The twilight aasimon, in addition to the immunities shared by all aasimon, is immune to any attack based on blindness, and takes only half damage from spells based on shadow (this includes demishadow monster and shadow monster spells). The aasimon is generally a better fighter in shadow or in the night, seeming to draw strength from the darkness, starlight, and moonlight.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Twilight aasimon are usually solitary. They are the covert agents of the Upper planes, using what many consider the tools of evil to fight it. They are also found in the realms of good powers of the night, where they feel more

comfortable than other aasimon. They have a relatively solitary society, although on the Upper planes they will sometimes band together in small groups to carry out missions to difficult for one alone.

Sometimes, a twilight will come upon a mortal in its travels that it likes. Often, such a mortal is one who uses concealment and stealth to work good. If this happens, the twilight aasimon will follow the mortal, aiding him or her secretly. If the mortal discovers the twilight aasimon, the aasimon may leave, or stay with the mortal, depending on the mortal's reaction and the aasimon's personality.

ECOLOGY: No one knows how twilight aasimon are created. Some theorise that particularly pious petitioners of night powers are sometimes turned into twilight aasimon. Others claim that when thieves who worship no particular god die when on a mission for good, they become twilight aasimon. Some sages even claim they form spontaneously in Upper planes that are often dark. No one knows for sure.



Aasimon, Soul Child (by [Kelly Pedersen](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Upper Planes
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (8-10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Any good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	-5
MOVEMENT:	Fl 24 (A)
HIT DICE:	5
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Spell immunity, +2 weapons to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	15%
SIZE:	M (5'-6')
MORALE:	Fearless (19-20)
XP VALUE:	2,000

On all the planes, petitioners go about their lives, learning more about their deity, and eventually merging with them. Most of these petitioners have human form, but not human functions. They simply not possess many common biological functions, including the ability to reproduce. But what about petitioners of gods of love, fertility, childbirth, and family? If these petitioners were incapable of reproducing, they would not be following their god's doctrines.

So good powers of these spheres of influence somehow grant their petitioners the ability to reproduce as mortals do. But what is the result? Surely not more petitioners, because then these gods would have self sustaining populations of believers, and become massively more powerful. Yet not mortals, either, since the petitioners no longer have true mortal material in them to create mortals. No, the real result of a union of petitioners is an species of aasimon called a *soul child*.

Soul Children have two phases of life. In the first phase, they look exactly like a normal mortal of the race their petitioner parents seem to belong to. In the second phase, soul children appear to be humanoid forms made up of scintillating mist.

COMBAT: In their first phase, all soul children behave as though they were a mortal of 0 level of the race they appear to be. Treat them as such with regards to hit dice, THAC0, attacks and defences, etc.

All soul children in their second phase have the following abilities:

- They are never surprised.
- They can only be struck by a +2 or better weapon.
- They can concentrate the life energy that exists within them into a potent force. When it strikes another being, it has the same effect on the flesh touched as too much contact with the Positive Energy Plane. The flesh touched explodes in a flash of light, and disappears. This attack does 1d6 damage normally, and double damage to undead.
- In addition to the spell like abilities common to all aasimon, all soul children can cast the following spells, once per round: *charm person* (3 times per day), *colour spray* (once per day), *protection from evil*, *10' radius* (once per day), and *aid* (3 times a day).

Soul children only fight when someone threatens the person or group they are guarding. Even then, they prefer to use their charm abilities and protections skills to defend, rather than attack.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The soul children do not fit into the normal hierarchy of aasimon. They are neither Warrior aasimon nor Celestial Stewards. They exist only to protect their charges and to learn more about their Power. Although soul children do not have a society as such, they do help each other.

Almost all soul children guard families in their Power's realm. Since some of these families are composed of petitioners, with first phase soul children in them, the soul children protect and

guard the future of their race. However, they do not guard any other family any less.

Like petitioners themselves, soul children are very rarely found outside the realm of the Power where they were born. Inside the realms of Powers that create soul children, they are rare. Outside, they are very rare.

When a soul child enters its second phase, it automatically learns all it needs to know to survive as a soul child. Its memories of its first phase fade into misty, half-glimpsed scenes, although it always tends to feel more attached to its petitioner parents, and untransformed siblings, than to anyone else. Outside of that, the soul child has no real contact with others of its kind. Each soul child works alone. If two are in the area when a good person is attacked, they will both come to defend him or her. However, they will not co-ordinate their activities, both fighting as though they were the only one there.

ECOLOGY: Depending on the area of control of the Power that created them, soul children have different lengths to their life cycles. Powers of love tend to want their petitioners back into the love game as soon as possible. Therefore, a petitioner's pregnancy will usually only last from a week to a month, and the soul child often enters its second stage after only a few weeks in the first, while it still appears to be a baby. A cutter might expect a promiscuous power like Sune to have a veritable army of soul children at her disposal, but this isn't the case. If her soul children servants are numerous, they don't show their faces often, because they're still rarely encountered.

Powers of childbirth let their petitioners have a normal gestation period. However, the Powers are not usually concerned with the child after it ceases to be a baby. Thus, most of these soul children enter their second stage after only two or three years.

Powers of fertility also have a normal gestation period. However, to demonstrate the fertility of a petitioner, the child must be kept for a while longer. Thus, most soul children of this persuasion enter the second stage at puberty.

Finally, Powers of family have a normal gestation period, and keep the soul children in the first phase until they reach adulthood, when a mortal would go out to seek their own family.

Soul children, in their first phase, have exactly the same contribution to the ecology as a normal child of that race. In their second phase, they do not consume things. Instead, they live to guard something their Power values. In the realms of Powers of love, this would be lovers, or prime trysting areas. Powers of fertility and childbirth would have soul children guarding pregnant women, midwives, and places for giving birth. Powers of families would have soul children watching over families and homes.

It is said that if a soul child gains enough knowledge of their god's principles, they are granted a reward, similar to that of a petitioner who merges with his or her deity. The soul child is taken by the god, and its intellect is dispersed. Its essence is then added to the newborn child of one of the Power's mortal faithful. The soul child becomes an integral part of the new being, and the child is much more likely to take up the religion of its parents, and remain more faithful than the average mortal. When the mortal dies, his or her soul is that much closer to merging with the Power. When it finally does merge, both the mortal and the soul child essence within it join the god.

Soul children are apparently not useful for any magical items or spells. This is good, since there aren't many of them in the first place, and having unpleasant mages come in and kill them for parts would certainly not help.

CURRENT CHANT: Rumours have it that an evil counterpart to soul children exist in the realms of Kali, the Black Earth Mother, of the Vedic pantheon, and Inanna, of the Sumerian pantheon. These evil soul children use their dark powers, twisted versions of their good opposites, to hurt and kill their parents, those who aren't destroyed at birth. It is uncertain whether this is accurate or not.

Dragon, Limaxian (by Jim Barrett, Art by Zak Arntson)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Elysium, forests, meadows and woodland
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Herbivore, fungivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Special
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
NO. APPEARING:	1 (2-5)
ARMOUR CLASS:	-1 / -4 (base)
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	10 (base)
THAC0:	11 (at 10 hit dice)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-6 / 1-6 / 1-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Spore cloud, acid spit
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Slime trail, shell
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Variable
SIZE:	L (10' base)
MORALE:	Steady (11)
XP VALUE:	Variable

Dragons are only a small part of the Multiversal flora and fauna, and are curiously sparse on the Outer Planes. In the verdant woodlands and fields of Elysium, however, the Limaxian dragon can be found. Anatomically unlike most dragons, the Limaxian dragon has neither limbs, wings nor scales. It most closely resembles a huge garden snail, with a pearlescent shell that grows with age. Its head is draconian in appearance, with slitted reptilian eyes and a forked tongue. Its hide is a glittering emerald in colour, and its many ivory horns spiral and point this way and that. Despite its scary appearance, the Limaxian dragon does not radiate any dragon fear, nor does it care to.

COMBAT: The Limaxian dragon avoids combat whenever possible, as it is by nature a pacifistic creature. Its shell has a base Armour Class of -4, which improves as the dragon gets older. While the shell can be damaged by any weapon, its hide can only be damaged by edged or pierced weapons, due to its elasticity. The shell contains most of the dragon's vital organs, and fortunately for the dragon it gains the resiliency of stone over time. If the dragon is damaged for more than 25% of its hit points, the dragon retracts its head, tail, and other softer (base armour class -1) body parts completely into its shell, leaving only its horns exposed. When the dragon loses half of its hit points it will extract itself from its shell and fight fiercely.

With slashing horns the dragon can do 1d6/1d6 points of damage each round in addition to 2d6 points of bite damage. Anyone near its vestigial tail can be slashed for 1d6 points of damage as well.

Three times a day, once every three rounds the dragon can spit a blob of acidic goo at anything within 90 feet. The diameter of the goo splash increases as the dragon gets older, 5' per age category. Thus, as an Adult (category 5) the dragon can spit an acidic blob that affects everything in a roughly 25' diameter circle. All creatures caught in this area can save vs. breath weapon for half damage. The acidic goo corrodes and dissolves almost anything, and must be washed off for the substance to stop dissolving things.

If not washed off a living creature or object, the goo continues to do 1d6 points of damage per age category per round for as many rounds as the age category of the dragon. For example, our Adult Limaxian dragon's acidic blob will continue to do 5d6 points of damage each round for 5 rounds after it is initially spat. The Limaxian dragon is immune to the effects of its own acidic goo. Creatures and objects disintegrated by the goo make excellent fertiliser in Elysium after the acid loses its potency.

Mushrooms and other fungi are the main bulk of a Limaxian dragon's diet. When it eats fungus it can somehow extract the spores from its meal and store them in a special chamber in its digestive tract. This stored spore supply can be breathed up to three times a day, once every three rounds, in a cloud 50' long, 40' wide, and 30 feet high at opponents. Each victim within the

cloud must save versus breath weapon or suffer 1d6 of the following effects, rolled randomly:

1. *Forget* - similar to the 2nd level wizard spell
2. *Confusion* - as the 4th level wizard spell
3. *Otto's Irresistible Dance* - as the 8th level wizard spell
4. *Tasha's Uncontrollable Hideous Laughter* - as the 2nd level wizard Spell
5. *Ray of Enfeeblement* - as the 2nd level wizard spell

Emotion: Happiness - as the 4th level wizard spell

Note that each effect(s) affect the victim separately, so the DM must roll for each victim who missed his/her save versus breath weapon. Also, the effects are non-magical in nature, so magic resistance does not apply, although immunities to poison may. Some effects may contradict and counteract each other, at the DMs discretion.

At birth, the Limaxian dragon is immune to acid and any fungus toxins. As they age, they gain the following additional powers:

- Very Young: *Sanctuary* once a day.
- Juvenile: *Obscurement* once a day.
- Adult: *Remove Fear* once a day.
- Old: *Entangle* once per day.
- Venerable: *Plant & Fungus Growth* once a day.
- Great Wyrms: *Pass Without Trace* three times a day.

Additional Priest spells gained with age are usually from the Animal, Plant, Protection, Sun, and Charm spheres (see table).

Finally, the Limaxian dragon leaves a slime trail behind it wherever it goes. Its lair may be coated with this slime, as will the area immediately behind it in a 10' wide swath. Anyone treading on the slimy area is subject to the effects of a Grease spell, but must save versus paralysis, rather than magic, to avoid its effects.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Limaxian dragons are found in peaceful sylvan areas of Elysium. They prefer secluded glens, valleys, forests, meadows or fields and will lair in a cave nearby. Most creatures are initially intimidated by the dragon's fearsome appearance, but since it does not radiate any dragonfear aura, it can make friends easily. It prefers the company of woodland creatures, faerie folk, and peaceful races.

Limaxian dragon couplings are infrequent, as they tend to live for extremely long periods of time. They will pair up until their 2 to 6 eggs hatch and the young reach 50 years (Juvenile) of age.

ECOLOGY: The area around any Limaxian dragon lair is always verdant and extremely lush with vegetation and fungi. This is because the dragon's slime trail not only helps decay and fertilise the area it coats, but the slime also contains spores for the growth of new fungi. Diverse species of fungus can be found near a Limaxian Dragon lair, and the dragon may know medicinal uses of almost every fungus species in the area. A cave inhabited by a Limaxian Dragon will almost always be filled with fungi, many of an offensive nature (violet fungi, shriekers, etc.).

Few creatures prey on the Limaxian dragon, as they are difficult to hunt and kill, and their flesh tastes like dirt. The dragon is a strict herbivore, and cannot digest meat, gems, or other things that most dragons crave. The dragon's shell becomes brittle soon after the dragons' demise, and is possibly useful only for magical spell components of spells in the Enchantment / Charm spheres of magic.

CURRENT CHANT: Some fungi found only near Limaxian dragon lairs can cure extremely rare magical and natural diseases. Others have strange magical effects for those that eat them, including plane shift, divination, and other curious results.

Age	Length	AC	Breath Weapon	Spells (Priest)	MR	Treasure Type	XP Value
1	3-6	2 / -1	1d6+1	Nil	Nil	Nil	2,000
2	6-11	1 / -2	2d6+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	4,000
3	11-17	0 / -3	3d6+3	Nil	Nil	Nil	5,000
4	17-21	-1 / -4	4d6+4	1	10%	Nil	7,000
5	21-24	-2 / -5	5d6+5	2 1	15%	1/2 F	8,000
6	24-27	-3 / -6	6d6+6	2 2	20%	F	10,000
7	27-30	-4 / -7	7d6+7	3 2 1	25%	F	11,000
8	30-33	-5 / -8	8d6+8	3 3 1	30%	F	13,000
9	33-36	-6 / -9	9d6+9	4 3 2 1	40%	F x 2	14,000
10	36-39	-7 / -10	10d6+10	4 3 2 2 1	50%	F x 2	16,000
11	39-41	-8 / -11	11d6+11	5 4 3 3 2 1	60%	F x 2	17,000
12	41-44	-9 / -12	12d6+12	5 4 3 3 2 2 1	70%	F x 3	19,000



Ethereal Swimmer (by Michael Daisey and Jon Winter, art by Chris Appelhans)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Deep Ethereal
FREQUENCY:	Very Rare
ORGANISATION:	Clan
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Unknown
INTELLIGENCE:	High (13-14)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-8
ARMOUR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	12, Sw 24
HIT DICE:	4+4
THAC0:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Dreamstirring
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	L (9' tall)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	2,400

"It was like I was drownin' in barmies, I tell ya, an' it wouldn't surprise me if there wasn't a body nowhere that was believing me. Sure, I'd been called a blood by folks in the Land and out of town, an' pikers from The Mount to the deep Abyss knew me as a righteous basher in the know.

"So I ask ya now - why would I make up the Soup Demons, eh? They're real, alright...and they'll put ya in the dead book right quick, 'cause you'll never know who they are. An' that's what they're scared of too...so be careful how deep ya swim in the Ether Soup."

Chant from a planewalker just back from the Deep Ethereal

Ethereal Swimmers are an elusive and poorly understood race that have an intimate connection to their native plane, similar to that of the baatezu and the tanar'ri. Due to their unique culture and situation, communication with them is extremely limited, but it is known that they refer to themselves as *The People* or in longer form, *The People Of The Heart Of The Dreaming*. As natives of the ethereal, their ecology and habits have been difficult to track, so DMs should ensure that most of this information is either hearsay or conflicting rumours, with the truth being scanty and difficult to come by.

Ethereal swimmers are bipedal humanoids that measure nearly nine feet tall, weighing only 140 pounds, on average. They're thus extremely thin and have almost semi-translucent skin, with their internal organs visible as a number of pulsing masses slowly moving within them. Overall they appear extremely aquatic, with hands that have been moulded into fins edged with primitive fingerlets that do allow tool use.

Their heads are roughly humanoid, slightly elongated and missing eyes - no eye sockets, just a smooth and rubbery skin passing over that space. The mouth cavity is an open gash, no teeth and no tongue. Even the bones of the body are pliable, and watching the creatures swim in the ether is very reminiscent of looking at fronds waving in currents undersea...and nearly as unnerving. It should be noted that it is nearly impossible to see the swimmers in their native forms, due to their empathic abilities.

Swimmers have no senses as we know them...rather, they absorb the wants and desires of those around them, through empathy. As such, their senses are nearly impossible to understand for the rest of the universe. They do sing to one another in the Deep Ethereal, and it appears that their entire culture is centred around a mutual dreamscape that they all contribute to. If removed from the Dreamsong, they adapt their senses to the empathic desires of those around them.

COMBAT: Ethereal swimmers are more inquisitive than dangerous, but their diet of dreams (as some cutters would have you believe) gives them some interesting powers which they can use against potential foes. Firstly, if a swimmer so wills it, it can, by touch, cause great drowsiness in a victim. A swimmer can

attack in this way twice per round; each successful hit causes a temporary -1 penalty to hit and damage, a +1 penalty to AC, and a cumulative 20% chance for spellcasting failure, as the victim drifts closer and closer to sleep. When the target has been hit successfully five times, he simply falls asleep. It's unknown what swimmers do to berks they manage to disable in this way, but very few are ever seen again...

A second power of the swimmers involves a strange magic called *dreamstirring*. The swimmers are somehow able to call the energies that sleeping primes channel into the Ethereal plane. Basically, they can reach into a dream and pluck out creatures, people or items that might be useful to them. In game terms, this is like a *limited wish* spell, that each swimmer can use once per day. Only the swimmers can see these dream objects as they float around the Ethereal, or so the chant goes. It's unknown what effect using this power has on the poor prime who's dreaming the dream in the first place.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: It is difficult to understand the swimmers' culture, as it is so entirely alien to most of the universe. Their races' concerns revolve around the Dreamsong, the song of their people. In a fashion similar to that of great whales, the swimmers echo their dreams through the Ethereal depths - and live out their lives in that song.

This leads to some unusual conditions. Although seemingly advanced, it is difficult for 'normal' beings to understand the wants of the swimmers. They spend endless days and weeks swimming in complex and eye-bending patterns in the Deepest Ethereal, moving so slowly that to the human eye, they seem to be still for hours, and then abruptly flash into new shapes.

It's said that the ether in the vicinity of their dancing (generally 20-40 swimmers) takes on bizarre forms, creating symbols and landscapes that approach reality in the soupy mist. There are even those that maintain that should an individual be trapped alone in these illusions, over time the other swimmers make use of the being, slowly transforming her into a swimmer themselves. As it is difficult to get many sages to confirm a belief in these bizarre creatures, this theory is very sketchy.

ECOLOGY: Simply put, Ethereal swimmers are whatever you want them to be. The creatures immediately adapt the shape and personality of whatever person the viewer most desires: A long lost relative, a good friend, even a hated enemy if the desire is right. Through a process that is poorly understood, they absorb a creatures' innermost desires, even through psionic protections. They then become that being, down to any trait that the subject wants the fantasy to have.

It bears noting that the swimmers are not dopplegangers; they sincerely believe that they are the creature they turn into, and will behave in a manner entirely appropriate to the being they are mirroring. One of the few desires that will be different is the swimmers constant desire to be alone with the subject - this emerges from self-preservation.

Because they're so malleable, if a swimmer encounters more than one being at a time, it will try to fulfil two desires at once, and become conflicted. Maintained pressure of this kind will kill the Swimmer in time, as its body and mind morph from one state to another. If dropped into the middle of the Grand Bazaar, they would die in moments as hundreds saw their greatest desire before them and tried to impose their will. It is due to this chief weakness that swimmers are a rare and legendary race.

CURRENT CHANT: Si Two groups that display great interest in the swimmers are the Godsmen and the Signers. The Godsmen organise search parties for swimmers when funding allows as part of their exploration of the Ethereal Plane, and because the swimmers obviously create a reality around themselves, which appeals to some Godsmen. There is, however, a conservative faction of Godsmen who think that because the swimmers immerse themselves in the dreams of others, their being is flawed - thus the Searchers seek evidence of Dreamer culture in a hope of proving their creativity and then seeking protection for them.

Signers think that swimmers are the perfect looking glass - they reflect the multiverses' adherence to the idea of self by showing a body just what he wants to see. Signers want desperately to acquire swimmers for aesthetic and propaganda purposes - rather than simply saying the multiverse is created by each

being, they could display an example. So far they haven't had any luck.

One persistent rumour that just won't die is that the Sensates actually have a swimmer that lives in the secret chambers of the Great Festhall. According to who you talk to, it is an emissary, a prisoner, an awe struck scholar or a non intelligent shapeshifter. This chant has been dancing up and down the wards for a decade, but it always seems somebody new sees it in the Festhall just before it is about to die down again. As usual, the Sensates have no comment, but will have a gorgeous reception party in a week to address any new questions on policy. Unusual dress is required.

SUGGESTED ADVENTURE HOOK: Si Berks are lounging in Sigil, back from their last jaunt. A young tiefling approaches them, saying he represents folks interested in a little kidnapping. They are to break into a small tower in the Lady's Ward that is owned by a second-rate alchemist and steal away his daughter, because he is doing "unsavoury" experiments with her flesh...the mother is the sponsor of the little expedition.

What really happened is that the Signers have been smuggling swimmers into the city, how no one yet knows, and using them as "perfect mirrors". The Godsmen would be completely appalled, but only the conservative faction that thinks they approach "false perfection" knows about the cross trade. A factotum (the alchemist, really a mage) of the conservative Godsmen managed to capture a swimmer from its Signer shipment, but promptly became enamoured of his perfect lover.

The Signers are hoping that the PCs will break in to "save the girl", and by doing so kill her. If they do, the alchemist will do his level best to make sure the body is never seen by the public, and thus hide his failure to inform the high-ups.

The players will be very surprised, not be paid, and chances are a good DM can find hooks galore with this unusual slave ring...and where do the Sensates fit in...?



Faery, Stair (by Tom Bubul)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Infinite Staircase
FREQUENCY:	Very rare, or uncommon if on the Stair for a long time
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Very intelligent (12)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	3 or -2
MOVEMENT:	9, Fly 18 (A) or 36 (B)
HIT DICE:	1 + 3
THAC0:	18 (see below)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Gravity shift
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Speed, +1 weapons needed to hit, Timespace warp
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	S (8"-14" tall)
MORALE:	Average (8)
XP VALUE:	500

"We'd been climbing the Stair for two weeks when we came upon a Stair Faery, or rather, a Stair Faery came upon us. He was a skinny little thing, and looked quite a bit like a Coure Eladrin. His four dragonfly wings beat about like mad, and he zipped around our heads like an angry insect, which is what we mistook him for. We swatted at him for a moment, until he said in his small voice 'Hey! Whatcha swattin at me for frien'?' We were baffled. He went on to tell us he'd been watching us progress our ways up and was wondering where we were headed, and why the powers it'd been taking us so long to get there. After we told him, he chuckled a bit and told us we'd made an easy enough mistake... that of looking on the wrong side of the steps, and that he'd fix that right off. He spun around us a bit, told us to hold onto the railings, and blasted us with some sort of magic so disorienting we didn't know what'd happened. I couldn't figure it out, except when I realised that I was missing my longsword. Looking down, I saw it lying teetering on the edge of the landing, underneath us. He'd knocked us to the underside of the steps, and after walking 'up' for another hour, we arrived at our destination."

- Zif, Prime Explorer, from his notes on his first time on the Stair

Stair faeries come in all shapes and sizes, and are the saviours of all the poor sods who get lost on the Everclimb. They come in all shapes and sizes, but they all share the characteristic trait of four dragonfly like wings that constantly beat with magical power. Most commonly, they're no taller than a foot, but faeries as large as two feet aren't unheard of. As well, they all have a singsong sound to their voices, and a greenish glow in their eyes that lets any well lanned cutter know who he's dealing with. Stair faeries (male and female alike) are also bald for the most part, but sometimes grow enough hair to pull back back into a single shoulder length braid.

COMBAT: Stair faeries avoid combat at all costs, because of their fragile, easily broken wings (and bones). When forced to fight, they usually fly as far from the Stair (usually around 20 feet out) as possible, and use their lethal *Gravity Shift* ability to send a sod flying into the abyss. The *Gravity Shift* is a powerful illusion that changes a single person at a time's perspective of up and down, and causes them, basically enough, to "fall up" into the nothingness surrounding the Stair, usually plunging into an unknown or inescapable plane. This attack can be resisted with a successful save versus illusions with a -4 penalty, and there's an additional -1 penalty for each person the affected cutter saw fall up (seeing someone fall up causes confusion to one's own perspective, weakening protection against the faerie's attack). The faerie's disadvantage with this attack is that they can only use it once on each target, so if someone passes their save, they have to find other means to get rid of them.

If the *Gravity Attack* fails a faery, they can invoke their amazing speed to decrease their armour class to -2 and increase their flight speed to 36. If they still can't escape combat, they can create a rift in the space-time continuum around the stair, and slip through to another area on it.... but this is extremely taxing to their psyches, and can only use it once in their lives. A given Faery has a 75% chance of still having this power, as they're very conservative of its use.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Stair faeries don't have any organised society, each is a unique individual that flies about the Stair in search of lost folks to help. They enjoy their work to the fullest, and don't take any rewards, except in the form of fruit, which they love. The way to Faerie's heart is through a pomegranate. A faery's occupation consists of giving directions, putting folks on the correct side of the Stair, and reporting trouble to the lillendi, who take care of such things. As well, they serve as messengers amongst the Stair's inhabitants, and are often seen flitting about with little messages in cylindrical brass cases. If a cutter needs to get a message to somewhere else on the Stair, get a lillend's attention, or other such thing, the faeries' messaging system is the best.

ECOLOGY: The faeries live lives of 100 years on the Stair. After their lives expire, their spirits leave their current body and possess new ones, and the cycle repeats itself. They supposedly breed their bodies and store them somewhere for later use. This practice is called by some Amphibianism, coined by a prime storyteller. To find a cache of faerie bodies would be to bring the attention of the whole race, which would most likely kill to have their secret kept.

The spirits themselves are magical creatures of pure creativity, and were originally spawned by the Stair itself, and cannot survive off of it. No greybeard has ever studied the process that brought about Amphibianism, and narrow minded folks fear it, including some folks from the Planewalker's Guild; rivals of the faeries for their service to travellers. The faeries will flee at any sign of the Guild, because in the past they were hunted by them for the study of their spirits... the only result was the killing of several faerie bodies. Some from the Guild are still trying to further the study.

Forgetful Snapper (by Phandaal)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Lower Planes, the Styx
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	Sw 15
HIT DICE:	9 + 3
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-18 / 3-12 / 3-12
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Fin trapping, spit Styx water
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	None
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	20%
SIZE:	L (8' long)
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	5,000

These odd, fish-like monsters can be found only on the Lower Planes, and there only in Styx water. They appear to be pinkish white in colour, with a long fish shaped body as large as a steer. Their wide mouths hang open at all times, letting the blood red Styx water circle through their systems (consequently draining them of their memories, and giving them their name as well). A foot or two behind the snapper's eyes, on either side of the beast, grow long pectoral fins. These crimson fins are almost wings, being as long as the snapper itself is and having three thin little arms running the length of them. At the end of the fins and arms are a short row of razor sharp barbs, made to help the forgetful snapper capture its food.

Because they live in the River Styx, forgetful snappers have no memories, or even the ability to remember anything. They simply act on instinct and hunger, which often leads them to attacking anything which comes near them. This habit, coincidentally, has led to their near extinction.

COMBAT: As was mentioned not a few seconds ago, forgetful snappers have the tendency to attack most anything that comes near. They will leap from the water and quickly leap back, with enough time to snap at a foe and grab at it with the snapper's barbed pectoral fins. The dangerous bite of this fiendish fish inflicts 3-18 points of damage, and each strike with a fin inflicts 3-12 points of damage. If both pectoral fins strike the same foe in the same round, then that foe will become fin trapped. A fin-trapped person will be dragged back into Styx water by the snapper (a saving throw is allowed every round to avoid memory loss), which can now hit the trapped victim with both fins and mouth automatically every round. A strength check is required to escape the clutches of the snapper.

If the snapper loses more than half of its hit points, it will spit a stream of Styx water (mixed with the beast's saliva) at whoever last caused it damage. This stream of Styx water can hit foes up to 50' away, and does not require an attack roll. The person hit must then make a saving throw vs. poison or lose all memory of the events of the past day.

As a side effect of their mindlessness, forgetful snappers are immune to all mind-affecting spells and powers, including means of communicating telepathically or magically holding or incapacitating the creature. They are also relatively fearless, and will attack pretty much anything (something which has only helped lead to their near extinction).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Only in the Styx can one find a forgetful snapper. And even in these deadly waters they are exceedingly rare, thanks to millennia of being hunted down and destroyed by adventurers and fiends alike. The latter beasts have been known to actually eat the snappers once they've been cleansed of Styx water and properly prepared. Occasionally these fiendish fish are found in the headwaters of the river Styx, in places like Pandemonium and the Abyss. They are thought to be rarest in Gray Waste, although no one really knows why. In fact, almost everything we know about the snappers is either

fiction or theory. Fortunately, several Guvner sages are now doing studies on these beasts to discover the truth of their nature.

Because they drink the Styx water at all times and are always in contact with it, they completely lack the ability to remember anything. Every instant is like their first, for they remember nothing from before. All they can do is act on instinct and impulse, for there is nothing else for them.

ECOLOGY: It is unknown whether or not the forgetful snappers are true natives to the river Styx, or fish of some other type that fell into the Styx and were never able to leave. Most planewalkers are smart enough not to try eating a dead snapper, but a few Sensates have actually sat down with the fiends to dine on properly prepared forgetful snapper. According to them it was the finest meal they ever had, but only a month after dining they mysteriously disappear...

Halato (by Center of All and Jon Winter, art by Jeremiah Golden)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Sigil
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Portals
INTELLIGENCE:	None (0)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	N/A
MOVEMENT:	Fly 48 (A)
HIT DICE:	N/A
THAC0:	N/A
NO. OF ATTACKS:	0
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	None
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Intangibility
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Special
SIZE:	T (5" to 1')
MORALE:	Special
XP VALUE:	2,000

A curious phenomenon found only in the City of Doors, the halato are on rare occasions seen in peaceful orbit around one of Sigil's many portals.

The *Lady's eyes*, as they are sometime called, take the form of a shimmering, monochromatic ball of light, trailed by motes of a slightly lighter shade. They are generally small in size, and are entirely intangible, ignoring anything physical in their path. Their orbits, which range from one foot to twenty around the portal, often take them right through walls or nearby Cagers. This apparently harms neither the halato or the Cager.

COMBAT: As they exist only in the realm of the visual, it is extremely difficult to damage a halato in any way, much less engage it in physical combat, though some bashers claim that a *dispel magic* will sometimes scare them off. This doesn't stop them from causing trouble around them, though. A *limited wish* spell will drive a halato off for at least a day (they don't always return), or a full *wish* will prevent any halato from ever infesting a particular portal. For any other spell, the halato possesses a 100% magic resistance.

First off, any mage or other spellcaster who casts a spell within the halato's orbit has a 50% chance of setting off a *wild surge*, as per the rules in the *Tome of Magic*. With a wild mage, there is no doubt; a wild surge will go off. Rather than whatever the berk was trying to cast it on, the portal itself always counts as the target, with the 'mouth' or 'eyes' being the portal's archway, and any body parts being either the material of the portal or the halato itself. If the result isn't applicable (such as the portal changing sex), roll again.

Proxies and priests usually feel a deep reluctance to go anywhere near an Eye's orbit. Though they're not physically restrained from doing so, they tend to be extremely edgy the entire time, and any of a priest's abilities as a servant of a power won't function during that time. A proxy will only enter the radius if ordered by his deity.

The portal itself is affected strangely, as well. Any cutter who walks into it bearing the proper key will be immediately shunted off to a random plane. If they don't make a saving throw versus spell, they'll be drained of 1d4 hp worth of hit points as well. Smart planewalkers stay well away from a halato's chosen portal.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Halato are solitary creatures, and are only ever encountered as individuals. Other than circle their chosen portal and hamper planar travel, the halato has little interaction with the rest of the Multiverse. Certain bashers claim to have conversed with a halato in a manner not dissimilar to that with a will o' wisp (the beings are though by some planar zoologists to be distantly related; perhaps the halato being plane-touched wisps...), with the brightening, dimming, shimmering and speed of orbiting having subtle connotations. If these half-barmies can be believed, the halato seem obsessed

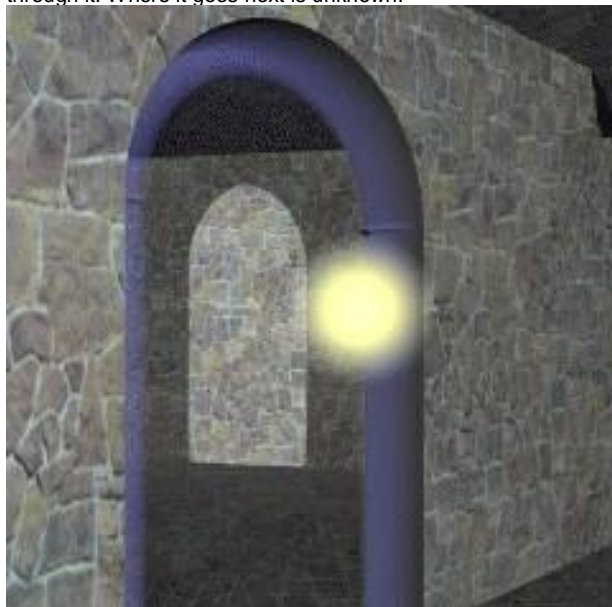
with the Lady of Pain, dabus and powers, though the nature of their concern is not apparent.

It has been often suggested that halato are creations of the Lady of Pain who sometimes wishes to seal off certain portals without putting them completely out of action. The tales go that when a halato is in residence the portal key changes, and should this new key be used instead the portal functions correctly. However, *portal feel* and other spells and powers used to probe the required key only reveal the original, malfunctioning key, to the inquirer.

Another theory is that the halato are parasitic pests that feed off travellers passing through their portals (remember, the halato only appears on the Sigil side of the portal, so travellers coming into Sigil will be drained, although the portal's destination is as expected...it is only travellers leaving the Cage that are affected by the random destination). This theory is borne out by the occasional team of dabus who go to great trouble to remove a halato from a particular portal. But this happens only occasionally; many portals are just left infested.

The most popular chant is, however, that the Lady of Pain places halato upon portals she wishes to observe closely, perhaps fearing an invasion or other trouble. It could be that the mysterious halato are some kind of ward against Powers entering the Cage. The saying goes that if all the halato left Sigil at once, the doors would be thrown open to invasion from whatever power fancied taking the barmy burg.

ECOLOGY: It's often wondered if indeed halato are even alive. It's quite possible that they are in fact a curse or magical effect created by eccentricities in Sigil's orbit. They don't appear to reproduce or even meet others of their kind, and a halato has never been observed outside of Sigil. When one appears, it simply springs out of the portal and begins to circle it. Should one be dispelled or leave of its own accord (again, for reasons equally dark), it moves into the portal's arch and disappears through it. Where it goes next is unknown.



Mephit, Shadow (by [Katclaw](#), [Jon Winter](#) and [Draegarius](#), artwork by [Steve Wallace](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Demiplane of Shadow, Lower Planes, Sigil
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANISATION:	None
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Special
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (9-10)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-4
ARMOUR CLASS:	4
MOVEMENT:	12, Fly 24 (B)
HIT DICE:	3
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d2 / 1d2
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	5%
SIZE:	M (5' tall)
MORALE:	Average (8-10)
XP VALUE:	500

Blasted thing!" Gan cursed as he bent down to retrieve the ring that had rolled off the table where he was sifting through his jink. Reaching down under the table proved to be a mistake at that point in time, for he had forgotten his 'partner' Sceadu was nestled underneath. The resulting puff of wispy black smoke surprising him. "Told you not to touch, 'uman thing," a wheezing hollow voice echoed from the underside of the table. "Now ring is mine.." Gan could hardly protest as he clutched at his blinded eyes, slumping to the floor, suddenly weak. "Wut good is blind teef?" Sceadu asked through a willowy cloud of moving shadows. He withdrew from the confines of the table and snatched up the rest of the loot he'd helped the human acquire. He then hopped back into the shadows under the table and left the thief to his blind stumbling.

There's much debate in scholarly circles as to the nature of the so-called "shadow mephit". Classical mephit theory held that there is one species of mephit per Inner Plane. The discovery of Mist and Steam mephits sharing the plane of Steam threw this theory to the wind, and then the shadow mephits were encountered. This could be a suggestion that the plane of Shadow is gaining influence in the Great Scheme of Things and is poised to become a full-fledged Inner Plane. It could be that mephits aren't just confined to Inner Planes. Or perhaps the shadow mephit is simply a misnomer; while it might look and behave like one of the irritating little pikes, its special powers belie its shadowy nature, and some greybeards have suggested it may even be an exiles race from the Negative Energy Plane or a Lower Planar being. Some wag has even suggested shadow mephits are immature shadow fiends. Of all things! Shadow mephits look like amorphous clouds of dark grey to jet black shadow. On a whim the can take a visible humanoid form, the sharp angular features of their race apparent. They're snidey little blighters, always quick with a cutting remark, and like fiends they're unwilling servants, always trying to get the upper hand over their masters. Wizards wishing to summon or use shadow mephits are warned to keep their eyes peeled for dirty tricks.

COMBAT: Shadow mephits' clawed hands hardly make them dangerous opponents in combat, doing a mere 1d2 damage each. The real danger lie in their two breath weapons. The first is a cloud of dark shadows that blind all within a 15' radius as the wizard spell of the same name, with no saving throw. There is a five percent chance that the *blindness* becomes permanent, and only curable by magical means.

The second is even more malignant. Once per day a shadow mephit can expel a roiling black cloud of energy-draining shadows, much like a shadow dragon's fearsome breath weapon. This has the effect of draining 2 energy levels from all within 5' of the mephit. A successful save vs. breath weapon halves the effect.

Shadow mephits can cast invisibility, and blur on themselves once a day. Once per hour they can attempt to gate in 1-2 other mephits, shadow, or radiant mephits most common. Presumably, the Inner Planar maxim "You can't have shadows without light" applies to mephits as well. If two mephits arrive they are always of the same kind.

Shadow mephits regain one hit point per turn when in contact with any kind of shadow. Conversely, complete darkness or bright light (such as the spells *continual light* or *darkness*) are counter to their very nature and causes 1 hit point damage per round damage. When a shadow mephit dies its body explodes in a dark cloud of negative energy, draining one level from all within 10'. A saving throw verses death magic negates this effect.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Shadow mephits can be encountered on the Demiplane of Shadow, and increasingly in Sigil and the Lower Planes. They're rarely encountered in pairs or larger groups; shadow mephits hate nothing more than being tricked by other shadow mephits. It's a wonder the creatures can even reproduce, they're so mistrusting!

Shadow mephits consume both light and shadow; when 'eating' the light level in a 20' radius becomes muted, both bright and dark turning to grey. The creatures must spend at least an hour oper day eating, during which time they adopt a trance-like state and are particularly vulnerable. If interrupted during the period, their armour class is reduced to 10 and they are unable to use any of their energy draining powers. It also appears the shadow mephits can consume any energy they do drain from victims; each level they drain negates the need for them to feed for one day.

ECOLOGY: In the complex Lower Planar [Mephit Code](#), receipt of the shadow mephit means that an enemy of the recipient has discovered his plans (especially if those plans are against this enemy), has subverted and is now manipulating them to his own ends. For a fiend, it's one of the most feared messages, because they never can tell which of their many enemies, and which of their many plans and schemes this concerns. This make a lot of recipients nervous, paranoid, and generally makes them change plans, make mistakes, etc... This can, of course, be used for bluffing, but it's seldom done, for the senders fear that if this rare mephit is used too often, it will be taken for bluffs too much, and then won't be useful as bluffs...



Scarling (by Jim Barrett, Art by Chris Appelhans)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any city or rural
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon or rare
ORGANISATION:	Pair or flock
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Day
DIET:	Scavenger
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (0)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2d4
ARMOUR CLASS:	8
MOVEMENT:	1, Fl 24 (B)
HIT DICE:	1-4 hp
THAC0:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Disease
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Nests in razorvine
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (4" long)
MORALE:	Variable (see below)
XP VALUE:	30

The scarling appears to be a close relative of the common starling, and is only slightly more dingy and sooty-grey than its cousin. It has dull, greasy feathers, a yellow-brown beak, and thin, grey legs. It is a bird native to Baator, but has spread throughout the lower planes, The Outlands, several prime worlds, and most recently to the city of Sigil. It prefers to live amongst people and other humanoid races in large cities, where it is often seen picking at garbage heaps and trash pits.

COMBAT: While feeding, roosting, flocking in trees or on buildings, the scarling is very likely to flee (morale: 2-10) from anything larger than itself. However, the scarling aggressively defends its nest and young, and if anything comes within three feet of its nest it will attack with as much ferocity as it can give (morale: 18). It attacks the face and eyes of its enemies with its beak and tiny talons. It is unable to claw or peck through anything tougher than cloth, and the sum of its attack is only 1 hp of damage. However, even the most superficial scratches on exposed flesh will become infected (no save) within 4 to 6 hours, requiring a combination of cure disease and a cure light wounds spell.

If scarling wounds are not treated with magical healing after this time, horrible scarring will occur, reducing the scarling victim's Charisma by 1. If curative magics are not applied within 20 hours, infection and blood poisoning will kill the scarling victim. Scarlings acquire germs from the garbage and offal of dozens of planar races, and only those creatures completely immune to disease and poison are unaffected by the bird's infectious diseases.

Scarlings prefer to build woven nests within bushes, cavities, under eaves and awnings, or almost anywhere. They have been observed building nests and living amongst razorvine, seemingly without harm from the vine's sharp stems.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Scarlings flock once per year to pair up for the remainder of the year. A pair constructs a nest away from excessive human activity, and proceeds to lay 2 - 8 eggs and raise a brood to maturity. Adults will feed and protect their young for one month, when the young fledge the nest and are on their own. A mated pair of scarlings may produce 1-3 broods per year. Juvenile scarlings are able to mate 3 months after fledging the nest.

ECOLOGY: Scarlings are true scavengers, and serve to clean up what others leave behind. Scarlings thrive where there is food that is easy for them to scavenge. They will nest near granaries, garbage dumps, and city bazaars, or wherever humanity may leave the scarling a bite to eat. Where the scarling works to clean up in the day, rats take over the task by night.

Scarlings have been known to nest in boxes provided by those who want to deter thieves. The rich, royal, and others who wish to keep their wealth, privacy or secrets to themselves have set up scarling nest boxes on perimeter walls and castle entryways.

A thief trying to enter such areas and disturbs a scarling nest is literally marked for life, if he survives the scarling infections.



Stithid (by [Jim Barrett](#), art by [Zak Arntson](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The River Styx
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Thoughts, carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	12, Sw 18
HIT DICE:	10
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2, 5 or 1 (see below)
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8 (see below)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Memory loss
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Styx skin, immunity to mind-affecting spells
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	30%
SIZE:	L (14' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (15)
XP VALUE:	8,000

The Stithid, or Styx Beast, is a denizen of the River Styx, and is neither a fiend nor a friend to lower planar travellers and residents. It resembles a large mind flayer (illithid) in some respects, except that it lives in an aquatic environment. It is somewhat immune to the memory draining effects of the Styx. Its four-fingered hands are webbed, as are its flipper-like feet. A long, finned tail extends from its hindquarters, which aids in swimming. The hide of the Styx Beast is oily and slate-coloured in appearance. Five sinuous tentacles surround a beaked mouth, and squid eyes stare listlessly from its many-horned, bulbous head. When seen out of the polluted waters of the Styx, it oozes putrid, unholy fluids from its gills, mouth and pores.

COMBAT: The stithid can strike with two clawed hands for 1d8 points of damage each, or may choose to attack with the five horned tentacles that writhe around its beak. Each tentacle can do 1d8 points of damage. If at least two tentacles score a hit in a round against a man-sized or smaller victim, the stithid can freely bite with its beak each round thereafter for 1d8 points of damage. It may then seek to feed on the thoughts of its held victim. However, by the time a victim is held by the stithid, most of its memories and thoughts have already been washed away by the Styx-fluids that ooze out of every pore on the stithid's leathery hide (or from the waters of the Styx itself if the victim is attacked in the Styx). Therefore the stithid usually does not directly confront a victim if it is seeking thoughts and memories to feed upon.

Any stithid can make forays onto land for up to 6 hours before returning to the polluted waters of the Styx. While on land, the stithid continues to ooze the foul fluids that have the same memory-stealing properties of the Styx. Therefore, any creature who touches the skin of the stithid with bare flesh will suffer the same effects as if he/she had touched the waters of the Styx (save vs. spells or lose all memory of past life).

The stithid is immune to mind affecting spells, mental probes, or psionics. It may have once possessed magical or psionic attacks, but has since forgotten how to use them.

The stithid craves fresh thoughts - the memories recently washed from the minds of those unfortunates who have touched the foul waters of the Styx. Thus it will often attempt to overturn Marraenoloth ferries and then filter the memories from the waters where the boat was capsized. If the ferry is well defended or too large to be swamped, the stithid will simply splash 1d6 passengers and crew in the hopes that the waters will rinse some memories overboard into the Styx.

Some stithids are smart enough, or are able to remember that they can simply threaten travellers to give up a thought or two in return for safe river passage. If a creature allows it, the stithid can simply touch the willing victims head with a tentacle and remove a thought, proficiency, skill, spell, language, or memory. Again, the victim must also suffer the same effects as a splash of the Styx's waters, since the stithid's skin oozes Styx fluids.

The stithid can digest one proficiency, skill or spell per round. The thoughts and skills are removed in order from latest learned to the oldest memories. If a stithid is able to hold on to a victim and digest thoughts for a turn, the victim loses one level per turn. But by this time the victim must have made 10 successful saves vs. spells in order to have any memories or levels at all! This feeding conflict often frustrates the stithid, since it can sense the thoughts that slip away (due to the Styx-fluids of its own body), before it can feed on them. At this point the hungry Stithid may go into a rage and flay the victim(s) that denied it its meal.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Fortunately for Marraenoloths, lower planar fiends and planewalkers, the stithid cannot remember much beyond a day, and forgets the locations of frequent river crossings and bridges where it can consume fresh memories. It spends most of its time on the bottom of the Styx, filter feeding out random thoughts as they flow by. When it craves fresher thoughts, it can think enough to plan the capsizing of a ferry boat, or even to venture forth on land to hunt.

ECOLOGY: The stithid filter thoughts washed away from the memories of those unfortunate enough to touch the foul, memory-draining waters of the Styx. Stithid can subsist on these thoughts, but consider them to be stale and tasteless. They crave fresh thoughts, straight from the minds of live fiends and planar travellers. Since they are apparently the only beings that can withstand the memory-stealing forces of the Styx, they have no natural enemies or predators. Fiends avoid any known stithid activity, since they are susceptible to memory loss as well.

CURRENT CHANT: Sages believe that the stithid is another spawn of Ilsensine, the mind flayer power that resides on the Outlands. It is thought that Ilsensine wanted additional spies on the lower planes to learn more about the eternal Blood War, and sent minions to ply the waters of the Styx to gather information. However, even the awesome creation that was the original stithid was not completely immune to the memory draining effects of the Styx as Ilsensine had hoped. All of Ilsensine's aquatic creations soon forgot about their mission and even their master, and now roam the waters of the Styx without a purpose.



Stygian Memory (by [Tom Bubul](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Lower Planes, the Styx
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	None
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (6-7)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	Fly 18 (A), Swim 12
HIT DICE:	3 + 5
THAC0:	15 (see below)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Inhabit mind
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Invisibility, silence 15' radius, +1 weapons needed to hit
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	None
SIZE:	None (see below)
MORALE:	13
XP VALUE:	2,000

"After 4 weeks in Pandemonium, our wizard Naphis went barmy and dove into the Styx to clean his memory of the chaos and horror we had so far encountered. He knew he'd come out of the dirty water with the smarts of a little kid, but he didn't care. He just couldn't take it. After seeing 6 of your best friends dismembered and eaten, he had to forget it somehow. He did, but the memory remains... elsewhere."

-- Winking John, Master Thief and Explorer

When a cutter that's witnessed such horror and sadness willingly jumps in the Styx to clean his brain, then the conditions for a Stygian Memory form.... a magical being of pure sound, the same sounds of horror and evil that drove the sod to take a dip in the black waters. The memory then flies about the lower planes, and swims through the Styx, looking for a new head to inhabit... and a new mind to torture.

COMBAT: The Memory enters combat whenever it finds a mind it thinks it can inhabit... preferably that of someone who shares the profession of it's original owner. It attacks by creating a sonic blast of some sound contained in itself, usually that of crying or screaming, dealing 1d10 points of damage to everything in a 30' radius. When making such an attack, all non-magical armour and bonuses to AC due to high dexterity are ignored. Note that this sound is directly implanted into the mind, and deafness doesn't protect from it. They cause Silence 15' radius at will, and for combat purposes are considered under the influence of an Invisibility spell at all times.

A memory can also try to inhabit someone's mind. To do so, it needs only make a successful sound attack, directed at a particular target. The target then makes a saving throw versus death, a failure indicates the Memory has gotten inside their head. From inside, it wraps itself into the poor sod's subconscious, and causes constant nightmares of it's contained memories during sleep. This causes it's host to lose sleep and awareness. Healing through rest only works at half speed. Saving throws suffer a -1 penalty. Melee attack rolls suffer a -1 penalty to hit, missile attacks a -2 penalty to hit. Spells have a 20% chance to fizzle. The only way to rid oneself of a Stygian Memory is a Wish, Limited Wish, a psionic Psychic Surgery, or the same way it's original owner got it out: a bath in the Styx.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Stygian Memories are completely independent of one another, and aren't even aware of any other Memory's existence. They live mostly on the banks and in the waters of the Styx... searching constantly for the odd adventuring band or the group riding by on a marraenoloth's skiff.

ECOLOGY: Winking John, on the nature of the Stygian Memory:

"When poor Naphis dove in the water, his memory rose up and came for me. After fighting the thing off, I did a little research on them, as I've never seen... rather, heard, quite a thing in me life. Turns out, they don't reproduce, and are only created when

someone that has a lot of magic in them takes a willing dive in the Styx, so there's probably only a limited number in existence right now. Also, they seem to never attack 'loths, but I've read of instances where abishai have got their brains possessed... I figure they'd have no effect on a tanar'ri, but I don't know for sure."

"Anyway, I talked to some Guvner sod a little ways back. He claims that the things don't mean no harm, but have to inhabit a mind to survive. He claims they can't live outside of a body for more than a few months. He also claims that they can leave at will, in hopes of entering a better mind, but I think that's a bunch a screed. What Guvner who knows what he's talking about talks for free? Anyway, I don't know... trust him if you like, he might've knowned what he was babbling about."

[Author's note: The sound was made from the crying on the "Spin Spin Sugar" track of the Sneaker Pimp's "Becoming X" album. The background comes from the track "6 Underground" on the same album. The laughter at the end comes from the track "Vit Drowning" on the Future Sound of London's "Dead Cities".]

Tanar'gre (by [David Paul](#), artwork by Zak Arntson)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	None
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Average (10)
TREASURE:	M (Q, B, S)
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
NO. APPEARING	
2-10 (1d4 + 1d6)	
ARMOUR CLASS:	0
MOVEMENT:	9
HIT DICE:	6+6
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2 claws or 1 weapon
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d10+7 / 1d10+7 or by weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25% - 1d10%
SIZE:	L (9'+)
MORALE:	Elite (13)
XP VALUE:	1,000

Tanar'gre, or Abyssal ogres, are the result of the magical and evil manipulations by the feared tanar'ri high-ups Mith and Djoran. They are extremely physically powerful, and possess some of the powers innate to tanar'ri. Like the tanar'ri, the Abyssal ogre has many special abilities, defences, and attacks. Tanar'gre have the same resistances to attacks as all tanar'ri. However, their magic resistance isn't stable, and isn't generally as good as a full-blooded tanar'ri's. A tanar'gre can be hit by magical weapons of +1 or better enchantment.

COMBAT: A tanar'gre can (and will) attack with its strong claws inflicting 1d10+7 points of damage from each claw. Some carry weapons and will use these instead. Generally the weapon is a magical weapon and of +2 or better enchantment. The chance of having such a weapon is 15%.

They do have one special attack which can be used once per day; they can alter their form into that of any tanar'ri which they've seen, for up to one hour. While they get none of the magical powers of that creature, this ability usually allows them to hide or get away, or to seem much more powerful and threatening than they are (which is already a fair amount). One in every 20 tanar'gre can *teleport without error* once per day.

When in packs, they will attack ruthlessly, each trying to prove its superiority over the others. Only if they are clearly overpowered will they ever think of retreat. As tanar'gre are a little more intelligent than normal ogres, they aren't as likely to be tricked. However, as they are of tanar'ri blood, they usually succumb to opportunities to show off for one another, and in this way planewalkers have found tanar'gre can be pitted against each other.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Tanar'gre live in small groups, often clan-like, but with less cohesion. Many members are actually nomadic, wandering across layers of the Abyss, or even the neighbouring planes. They are natives of the Abyss, but can also be found living in the Outlands, Carceri, and in Sigil.

Like both of their parent races, tanar'gre have a great love for treasure (particularly gruesome trophies from past combats) and a highly personal regard for anything they own. Unlike normal ogres, they aren't likely to be found living in conditions of pure squalor as they are a little more capable of providing for themselves. However, in the Abyss, the tanar'gre are fairly low on the scale of power and will not be found nearby more mighty creatures except as slaves or guards.

Tanar'gre are free-willed beings and if they aren't being *charmed*, *garnished*, *geased* or otherwise controlled they will act purely for their own interests. Like all other chaotic evil beings, tanar'gre fear those they believe to be more powerful than themselves and so behave as though they have respect for those that are clearly superior to them. Like all chaotic evil creatures, however, they will always look for ways to get out from under anyone holding them in subjugation.

ECOLOGY: A tanar'gre has no place in the ecological system of any place. They have been introduced by outsiders whose motives are purely malicious, and they've caught on in a big way...



Tanar'ri, True - Dracor'ri (by Karl Thierfelder, artwork by Michael Corriero)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Abyss, Baator
FREQUENCY:	Unique
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Any
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOUR CLASS:	-14
MOVEMENT:	20, Fl 50 (C)
HIT DICE:	26
THAC0:	2
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 + special
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3d10 / 3d10 / 6d10
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Special
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Variable
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	70%
SIZE:	G (450' long, with equally long tail)
MORALE:	Fearless (19)
XP VALUE:	50,000

A great roar resounded through the green stone cathedral, shaking its foundations. The gold scaled great wyrm recognised the trap at the last possible moment, spinning and trying to get out of the cramped room. She was too late, a giant cage of shimmering green energy surrounded her, constricting, she was caught.

She lay there, struggling to breathe, and severely weakened by the magical net. Her attention turned to the side of the small chamber as the image of her abducted hatchling faded completely now, revealing a grinning cambion.

The dragon tried to launch a gout of flames at the Tanar'ri, but found the net too constricting to do so. The cambion laughed and was gone, his departing wink was promise of an unenjoyable stay in the Abyss.

The Dracor'ri are direct descendants of that first dragon's bloodline. The tanar'ri's motives were clear enough. They wanted to breed a new race of themselves to help wipe out the baatezu. And they nearly succeeded.

The captured hatchling male was whisked away and held until mature. The mother was immediately used as breeding stock, kept alive by the fact that she bore eggs rather than birthing her babies. Since the successful creation of the Dracor'ri, many more dragons, both good and evil have been abducted and used in such a way. There have only been a few offshoots of this race, only the following have been catalogued by Guvner sages:

Tanar'ri, True - Dracor'ri (Demon Dragon)

Parentage: True Tanar'ri + Female Dragon
Method of Birth: Hatched.

Tanar'ri, Greater - Dracorian

Parentage: Greater Tanar'ri + Male Dragon
or Dracor'ri + Humanoid
Method of Birth: Born or hatched, depending on its mother.

Tanar'ri, Lesser - Dracor'ling

Parentage: Humanoid + Dracorian
Method of Birth: Born.

NB: *The explorer mimir holds dark on only the Dracor'ri itself at present.*

Chant goes the dracor'ri is the most furious creature ever to be spawned by the Abyss. Immensely huge, its entire purpose of existence is to destroy. It is highly intelligent, save in battle, for once battle lust takes it over it becomes a mindless machine of destruction. By happy coincidence, this is exactly what the tanar'ri wanted.

The only tanar'ri to be born into "greater" status, rather than advancing to that power stage, the Dracor'ri understands all spoken languages, and communicates by telepathy. When enraged it screams its speech out loud; a truly deafening display.

From birth, to death a Demon Dragon's scales are pitch black, the edges of each scale highlighted by the colour of its parent's scales. "ie. black highlighted by gold."

Aside of their average draconic (if immense) appearance they have numerous small tentacles hanging from the sides of their forepaws, they uses these to cling to victims. Similar appendages make up a large beard-like growth on their chins.

COMBAT: Demon Dragons are never surprised. Their natural senses extend far beyond mortal reach, their magical senses even farther. There's a good chance a Demon Dragon will know you're coming before you do.

The daco'ri attacks with a claw/claw/bite attack most often, holding its victim in its tentacles. It likes to grind victims under its massive paws, or swallow a victim whole.

If slain in the Abyss, the Demon Dragon will slowly melt into a boiling mass of acid. If slain on Baator, it will explode in a blinding ball of pure acid (50 hp damage for 100' radius. Double damage to Baatezu), 3d10 *lightning bolts* streaking out from the centre as well, causing 3d8+4 damage each (double damage to baatezu) and leaving a 40 foot deep, 100 foot wide pool of acid in their place.

In addition to those available to all tanar'ri, the Demon Dragon can use the following spell like powers at 20th level of spell use: *detect invisibility* (always active), *detect magic* (always active), *true seeing* (always active), *detect lie* (always active), *dispel magic*, *corrupt water*, *darkness*, *summon insects*, *control winds*, *affect normal fires*, *pyrotechnics*, *heat metal*, and *shapechange* (Most often into a normal looking dragon. Rarely it takes humanoid form). Once per hour it can automatically *gate* in 1-8 least, 1-6 lesser, 1-4 greater, or one true tanar'ri.

Demon Dragons cannot cast magic, perhaps because they are too insane. They are immune to fire/acid/electrical/gas damage. Other than this they possess standard tanar'ri immunities.

BREATH WEAPON: The Demon Dragon can use the following breath weapons:

- Cone of fire 120' long, 20' wide at the mouth, 90' wide at the end.
- Stream of acid, 20' wide, and 90' long, fired in a straight line.
- 20' wide bolt of lightning that streaks out 160' in a straight line from the dragon's mouth.

Having a variety of breath weapon attacks ensures the dracor'ri will be able to maximise damage to fiends immune to one or more types of attack. Damage in all cases is as severe as that of a great wyrm, at 24d12+12.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Lucky for the Baatezu only one Demon Dragon exists at a time, much like the Prime's Tarrasque. Demon Dragons exist for one purpose, and one purpose only: War with the Baatezu. When a Demon Dragon egg is laid it is taken to a large secure cave in the depths of Pandemonium, where the hatchling inside is bombarded with the insane noises from that plane. Within days the egg grows to 60' feet in size and the hatchling extricates itself from within. The tanar'ri guards (consisting of no less than twenty cambions, and two chasmes) bind the hatchling with magic and feed it a steady diet of slain baatezu. It immediately begins growing, at a rate of 10' a day. Once it reaches the full size it is *planeshifted* to Baator and set free. Its natural hatred, and bloodlust for the plane's inhabitants takes over. The dracor'ri fights to the death (which has been known to take several weeks, costing countless thousands of baatezu deaths); the perfect kamikaze monster.

Once the tanar'ri learn of its death, they immediately begin the process again. It's unclear why they don't make more dracor'ri at once, however...

Very rarely a Demon Dragon will overcome its insanity long enough to think for its self. Even more rarely will it take a mate. The resulting offspring is always a Dracorian.

ECOLOGY: Demon Dragons will eat anything, for their stomachs are filled with volatile acid, which digests anything within minutes. Swallowed prey suffers 50 hp worth of damage a round. The only thing they hate more than the baatezu, are their

parents. They can instinctively identify them and attack on detection.



Tanar'ri, Greater - Kah'Lesar (by John Kastronis, Gothenem and Jon Winter, artwork by [Michael Corriero](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Abyss, Lower Planes, Prime
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (12-13)
TREASURE:	Qx3, L, M
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Evil
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOUR CLASS:	-1
MOVEMENT:	14, Fl 15 (B)
HIT DICE:	9 + 6
THAC0:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d8+2 / 1d8+2 / 2d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Bleeding, innate spells, poison
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Pain absorption
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
SIZE:	L (9' tall)
MORALE:	Champion (16)
XP VALUE:	14,000

"I heard o' a Kah'Lesar once, the berk kept on rattling his bone-box on how the tanar'ri were just about to take over Baator. I saw the berk tell a pit fiend that. Poor sod's in the dead book now."

- Krainius Talfar, tiefling mercenary

Obsessed with pain, inflicting it and receiving it, the Kah'Lesar are probably the most dangerous tanar'ri in a toe to toe fight. They have no regard for their own bodies, flinging themselves into combat with abandon.

Kah'Lesar appear as large humanoids, covered in thick, rubbery, red-black skin. Hideous scars cover their bodies and open wounds ooze out thick, gummy blood that gives them a sickening sheen. Kah'Lesar use only a scythe-like sword as a weapon, and they seem to display an almost symbiotic link to it, prompting some scholars to suggest the scythe is actually a part of the creature rather than a weapon. This may well be so, for a Kah'Lesar has never been spotted without its weapon, dripping almost constantly with something blood. Their teeth are pointed and many, often too large for their mouths, forcing their mouths to jut open and giving them a gruesome appearance.

Kah'Lesar are usually the leaders of Blood War diversionary units, they're renowned (more so than your average tanar'ri) for attacking baatezu on sight. Unlike many tanar'ri, Kah'Lesar are *not* immune to electricity, they suffer half damage from it. They can communicate by telepathy.

COMBAT: These tanar'ri love combat more than anything else. They attack anything and everything unless a smarter or more powerful tanar'ri commands them not to. And sometimes they don't even listen to those orders. They recklessly throw themselves at opponents, no matter how dangerous.

Kah'Lesar can strike with their scythes for 1d8+2 damage twice a round, and with their pincers that do 2d4 damage. A creature bitten must make a save vs. paralysis or bleeds for 1d6 damage per round until the wound is bound. If a Kah'Lesar inflicts more than 30 points of damage in a single round, it flies into a blood rage, doubling the number of scythe attacks it can make per round. Worryingly, with every successful scythe strike, a Kah'Lesar gains 2 hit points.

Weapons that aren't holy, baatezu-, or yugoloth-forged have an unusual effect on Kah'Lesar. Instead of causing the tanar'ri damage, the Kah'Lesar are actually *healed* of the same number of points of damage the wound should have inflicted. There must be something about the force of hatred behind an attack these creatures can feed from, for only attacks intended to kill the Kah'Lesar have this effect. In addition, weapons of +1 or greater enchantment, even those forged by the aforementioned races, have no affect on the Kah'Lesar.

The bane of all Kah'Lesar are healing spells. All spells that would normally heal the target act as a reversed form of the spell (ie. a *cure light wounds* would become a *cause light wounds*).

Damaging spells are also reversed, if possible (ie. a *harm* would become a *heal*, but a *fireball* would still deal normal damage). In addition to those abilities common to all tanar'ri, Kah'Lesar have the following spell-like powers: *cause light wounds*, *cause serious wounds*, *cause severe wounds*, *harm* (5 times per day), *detect good*, *detect invisibility*, and *detect magic*. They can also attempt to *gate* in 1d4 other Kah'Lesar tanar'ri once per hour with a 40% chance of success.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Kah'Lesar are often used to cause heavy damage in combat. They can inflict heavy casualties before they fall. They are often kept in isolated pens until battle, because they would attack their fellows if they were allowed to go free.

Occasionally, a slightly more self-controlled Kah'Lesar will be the leader of small groups of tanar'ri troops in the Blood War; in fact, anything considered a suicide mission by the tanar'ri high-ups is led by a Kah'Lesar. Strangely, perhaps, the Kah'Lesar don't seem to mind. Their hatred of baatezu is almost holy -- as much as the word "holy" can be applied to the foul tanar'ri -- in fact, it is rumoured by some members of the race that the Blood War started because of a Kah'Lesar.

Nobody really knows how these hideous creatures came into being, but chant goes it was an unnatural and terrible magical experiment conducted by a twisted Abyssal Lord or three. If their purpose was to find a new weapon to use against anything living, they certainly succeeded. Now, Kah'Lesar are usually created when a bar-lgura is promoted for exceptional service. Known for their stupidity, bar-lgura consider this a great honour - high-up tanar'ri know the promotion's basically a death warrant, and a short one at that. But for those brief few days, the Kah'Lesar will be highly respected by his fellow tanar'ri. Well, as much as a bloodsucking beast of pure evil can show respect, at least...

Kah'Lesar are usually the first to die in a Blood War, because of the reckless abandon that they throw themselves at their enemies. They usually take with them a swathe of baatezu troops; the tanar'ri berserkers are well feared by the lawful fiends, who call them "Ravagers".

ECOLOGY: Kah'Lesar care for nothing other than hurting and being hurt. They do not seem to understand anything else. The Blood War is only an easy way to cause harm to them. They usually don't live more than a few weeks in tanar'ri society, therefore their impact upon the Abyssal ecology as a whole is small. They are carnivores, and they can also eat teeth. No one knows why teeth are a delicacy to Kah'Lesar, but they are. Chalk it up to a mystery of the planes, eh?



Taster (by Ben Harris)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Jungle, the River Styx
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANISATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Animal (1)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1-2
ARMOUR CLASS:	10
MOVEMENT:	2
HIT DICE:	1 hp
THAC0:	Nil
NO. OF ATTACKS:	Nil
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	Nil
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Psionics
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Psionics
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (2" long)
MORALE:	Unsteady (5-7)
XP VALUE:	35



Tasters are small slug-like creatures that inhabit the jungle and banks of the River Styx. Strong in the Will, they use their psionic abilities in their natural habitat for feeding and self protection. In recent times, however, their psionic abilities have made them popular in Sigil. Many members of the population, more often Sensates than not, can be seen with a taster nestled behind their ear, rather incoherently extolling their "mind expanding" virtues and the wonder of the world "through a slugs eyes". The Guvners are currently debating whether they should be outlawed in Sigil.

COMBAT: Tasters are totally unwilling to engage in combat. If they feel threatened they will attempt to engage their attacker psionically. Once they have established contact with their attacker they will then use their false sensory input and daydream devotions to daze their attacker long enough for the taster to slither into physical contact with them. Once that is done they will feed on their attackers in the normal manner (see below).

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Tasters are solitary creatures, tending to avoid each other even for purposes of procreation. Tasters gain sustenance from feeding on the health of other creatures. When attempting to feed, the taster comes into physical contact (described above) with a creature with intelligence of 3 or more. The taster uses its psionic ability to alter the creature's visual and aural perception in a pleasurable, though disorienting, manner. At this stage the creature being fed from becomes largely unaware of the taster's presence and save versus magic to remove it. In the course of feeding the taster reduces the creature's constitution by one every day (or half a hit dice), fattening in the process. When the creature's constitution reduces to zero it dies and the taster splits in two, producing an almost identical offspring.

ECOLOGY: Tasters are relatively common along the banks of the River Styx. For centuries they were known but avoided by denizens of that area. It was only when some clueless berk brought some back to Sigil that their psychotropic properties became widely known. Now several cutters have taken to breeding them. A taster costs between 4 and 12 sp depending on supply. Some enterprising individuals have been taking advantage of the craze on tasters by selling normal slugs to unwary customers.

Termite, Jewel (by Jeremiah Golden)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	The Infinite Staircase
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Swarm
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	None
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good (Chaotic Neutral)
NO. APPEARING:	See below
ARMOUR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	6
HIT DICE:	See below
THAC0:	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	See below
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	None
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	10%
SIZE:	Individual: T (1")
Swarm: see below	
MORALE:	Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	See below

"I land above the stairway, my wings gently setting me to the ground. The stairs show the tell tale signs of the Jewel Termite, surely one of the strangest creatures that Selune had blessed our realm with. The wood of the steps is rotted, criss-crossed tunnels created by the termites weakening its structure. Yet, each tunnel weakening the Stairs is also a pattern, a beautiful etching that covers the inside and outside of the steps. While the termite destroys, it also creates patterns, and thus its creativity strengthens our realm. But the queen of this colony is too new; I feel her mind beating within the tunnels of the Stair, her instincts urging her only to eat and make more. I touch her mind gently, showing her how she must only eat this much and make this much; the Stair provides for all and she should enjoy making her patterns in the wood, but only to strengthen it, not destroy."

- Avidna, a Lillend

Jewel Termites are much like normal termites -- a colony of insects ruled by an egg laying queen -- but what is unique about these is their creative ability to always make tunnels and etchings in beautiful patterns pleasing to others' eyes. This stems from the queen's own intelligence as she rules over her colony, the strange patterns coming from her mind and being relayed to every drone in the colony. Though the termites weaken the Stair by tunnelling and eating it, if balanced properly with their creative patterns, they can actually make a section of the Stair stronger than those without them.

The drones of the colony appear much as normal insects of their kind, except that their abdomen has a beautiful jewel embedded in its top, which is always a unique colour for every termite. These jewels that are the source of their name give the termites crawling outside the Stair the appearance of a colour-shifting cloak, the patterns etched on the Staircase dancing with colour. The queen looks much the same except she is larger, her abdomen appears as many multi coloured jewels, and she has two pairs of useless silk wings.

COMBAT: The Jewel termite colony only attacks when an opponent is on their chosen section of the Stair, and will never follow an attacker off of it. However, while normally a colony will only attack if their territory is actually threatened and leave travellers alone, a new colony with a young queen who has not yet been spoken to by a lillend (and is thus Chaotic Neutral) will attack any traveller coming on the stairs. These young colonies are truly dangerous, as though they have not yet grown to full size (about 10,000 termites) they are still formidable enough to attack in a swarm and overcome multiple attackers.

The termites attack as a swarm, coming out of the steps which the attacker is standing on and swarming up his feet. The colony will usually split up for more than one attacker, with up to a 1000 attacking one person. A swarm on an attacker will do 2d8 damage per turn as it eats away their flesh and armour, with the attacker's armour worsening by 1 point each round as the swarm

penetrates her protective layers. Even when attacking, the termites leave a mark, flesh and leather getting ripped away in a beautiful but grotesque pattern imprinted on flesh and armour. Those surviving a Jewel Termite swarm can always be identified by these patterns, and some Sensates have even undergone this process on purpose.

Killing a swarm that is clinging on to a person is almost impossible (and the termites have a collective AC of -1 because of the jewels on their backs) without injuring the victim, however making a Dexterity check at -4 will temporarily shake them off, and leaving the colony's vicinity instantly stops the attack as they jump off and crawl back to their tunnels. Those surviving an attack in this way should get 500 XP. Actually killing a colony, and thus the queen, usually entails actually destroying part of the Stair to get to her, and thus looked down upon by the Lillend, and no XP should be rewarded. However, reporting the young colony to a lillend deserves a 1000 XP reward.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The Jewel termites work as a colony, the drones only living to serve their queen. The queen is actually quite intelligent, and after discovering the balance of her creation and destruction, she works to create the most beautiful patterns in her Stair as possible.

ECOLOGY: The queen, and thus the colony, live about 250 years. Upon her death all the drones die, and her body decomposes with each of the jewels in her abdomen turning into a young new queen. The new queens are small, only having one jewel in their abdomen, but with two pairs of strong wings to take them anywhere on the Infinite Staircase to start a new colony. These young queens on starting a new colony are ruled by instinct, and only learn to strengthen the stair after being talked to by a lillend. The old Stair remains with all its beautiful patterns carved in.

The termites thrive off the wood of the stair, but will eat about anything else including leather and flesh.

The jewels of the termites are actually semiprecious, fetching up 8 jinx per jewel. However, it's virtually impossible to get more than a 100 jewels from a colony without actually having to destroy the Stair itself to get at them.



Wasp, Bytopian (by [Jim Barrett](#), Art by Zak Arntson)

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Bytopia
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANISATION:	Pairs
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Omnivore
DIET:	Low (5-7)
INTELLIGENCE:	R
TREASURE:	Lawful Neutral (Good)
ALIGNMENT:	2
NO. APPEARING:	2
ARMOUR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 24 (B)
HIT DICE:	7
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-8 / 1-6 (see below)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Paralysing, wounding, grab
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	L (10' long, 18' wingspan)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	2,000

"You can't throw a mephit forty paces without hitting some industrious worker in Bytopia, berk! An not all of em have two legs, (and I ain't talking about bariaur). Take the giant wasps over there buzzing about those gnomes. In exchange for some honey-sweet cider, the Bytopian Wasps gladly ferry bloods and goods from Dothion to Shurrock and back. Sure, nobody can speak Wasp, but there's an understanding between the gnome petitioners of Bytopia and the Wasps. Nobody's quite sure if the wasps are petitioners as well, but well leave it up to the Guvners to ask such things. Now, why don't you pick up that shovel and give me a hand here, how do you expect to get any work done by mid morning?"

-- Durham McLaerty, a dwarf merchant of Yeoman

The Bytopian Wasp looks just like any prime wasp -- except that it is almost ten feet long and is always found in pairs. Its formidable size also allows it to carry up to 200 gp in weight, usually a gnome rider and/or goods. A barbed stinger can be seen flicking in and out of its abdomen, and its mandibles may click and chatter with intelligence. Bytopian wasps are usually coloured in combinations of black, orange, red and yellow. Its huge, multifaceted eyes scintillate with sagacity.

COMBAT: If angered, a Bytopian wasp may attack with its mandibles and stinger in the same round. The mandibles will deliver 1d8 points of damage, and the victim must make a save vs. poison or be affected by the anti-coagulating saliva of the wasp's bite. If the save is unsuccessful the saliva injected into the bite wound will cause an additional point of bleeding damage each round until the victim is unconscious.

The stinger does 1d6 points of damage, and the victim must save vs. poison or become paralysed for 2d12 hours. The wasp is also smart enough to grab a berk (after a successful attack roll) and fly 20 to 200 feet in the air and simply drop him from such heights, causing 1d6 points of damage per ten feet of elevation.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: Bytopian wasps are always found in pairs, whether it is a breeding pair or siblings. They become lethargic and depressed if away from their partner, and a rider is only a feeble substitute for one of its own.

Bytopian wasps construct chambered nests of a hard, woody substance that is actually masticated wood particles. The same element in their saliva that softens wood also thins the blood of any bite victim of a Wasp. They chew up dead wood, store it in a chamber in their thorax, and regurgitate it to form geometric chambers that become their homes and brood cells.

In Bytopia, the wasps cooperate with gnomes in construction projects, usually in exchange for gnomish honey, mead, cider or sweet treats. Their special woody substance is useful in gnomish building projects. They also serve as gnomish mounts in defence of Bytopia, and fight fiercely in the name of their home plane. Wasp nests may be found hanging from trees right next to a gnomish village.

The wasps not only enjoy gnomish sweet treats, but have an almost gnomish penchant for gems and other glittering objects. Thus, gems, glittering ore nuggets and even Bytopian works of art may be found in their living chambers as treasure.

ECOLOGY: Bytopian wasps must lay their two eggs inside the paralysed body of some offender to Bytopia, usually a fiend or some evil berk who thought he could give Bytopia the laugh. The adults keep the victim paralysed as the larvae mature over the course of 6 months. When the victim is consumed from within and dies, the larvae then form cocoons and mature inside the case for one month. After that period, two juvenile Bytopian wasps emerge from their cocoons to seek industrious deeds as soon as possible.

CURRENT CHANT: Guvners believe that the Bytopian wasps are the petitioners of those twins, lovers, siblings, or friends who died together working for a common cause.



Waurac (by [Jeremy Owen](#), art by [Chris Appelhans](#))

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Urban, any plane but Limbo
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANISATION:	Family
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very 911-12)
TREASURE:	0
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	2-5
ARMOUR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	10
HIT DICE:	2
THAC0:	18
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1d4 / 1d4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Scream, berserking
SPECIAL DEFENCES:	Dodge
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	25%
SIZE:	T (2' tall)
MORALE:	Unsteady (5) / Fearless (20)
XP VALUE:	500

The waurac are generally regarded as the best musicians in the multiverse, except by two races: The modrons (who dislike music in general, seeing it as wasteful and unproductive), and the slaadi (who dislike the waurac specifically, unless they're the main course at dinner). Why do slaadi hate them? Who can figure out anything about that race of barmy frogs, cutter? It was, in fact, the slaadi's hatred of them that caused the waurac to flee Limbo, never to return.

Well, that and the fact that the slaadi expressed their hatred by killing them on sight. Standing around two feet, these diminutive, furry creatures are often called "musicmen" as a compliment, or "musicmidget" as an insult. They never wear clothing, with the exception of a weapon belt holding both knives, flutes and tiny lyres, and the only discernible difference between the males and females is a predominant pouch on the latter, much like the prime "kangaroo".

COMBAT: Waurac detest combat, and will go to nearly any lengths to avoid it, even selling family members (with the exception of a mother waurac and her pouchlings) as garnish to prevent violence from breaking out.

Nonetheless, their bloody encounters with the slaadi taught them well, and no waurac is ever seen without their trademark daggers strapped on. The waurac possess such dexterity that they can fight with a weapon in each hand without penalty, as well as get an automatic attempt to dodge melee attacks (use the extended combat rules for dodging or alternatively allow a save vs. wands each round, success meaning the waurac has ducked out of the way of an attack that would have otherwise hit).

If forced into combat however, a waurac will fight halfheartedly, using its dodge ability to avoid damage, and possibly striking with its daggers (50% chance per round). It will fight like this until either its opponent quits or is slain, or its automatic dodge fails, and it suffers physical damage. At this point, the waurac flies into a berserk rage and will attack all foes until they are either dead or stunned (see below); gaining the effects of double weapon specialisation for the duration of the rage (+3 to strike and damage).

As well, when enraged, the waurac will instinctively use a powerful scream once a round for the duration of combat. The scream is so jarring that all those within 20' must make a save versus petrification or be stunned for 1-3 rounds. An enraged family's screams reinforce one another's, so that for each additional waurac, the radius is increased by 5' and a -2 penalty imposed on the saving throw. Once the waurac has stunned all its foes (presuming its still alive), the rage is broken, and it flees. While enraged, the waurac still receives its automatic dodge.

HABITAT/SOCIETY: The waurac are a race of exiles, never allowed to return to their home plane of Limbo for fear of annihilation by the slaadi. Despite this, they still continue to play their music for audiences in exchange for food and lodging. Waurac today are wanderers, never staying in one place for

long, and constantly searching for a new place to call home. The waurac are organised in loose-knit family', which stay together until the pouchlings are old enough to play an instrument and wield a dagger, at which time they split and go their separate ways.

ECOLOGY: Waurac young are born premature, and then raised to infancy in their mother's pouch. At eight months, the pouchling leaves the pouch and begins learning from his/her parents all the skills it will need to know. At the age of four, the waurac departs on its own. Each waurac brood consists of 2-4 pouchlings.

The average life-span of a waurac is around 40 years, although few survive this long. Due to their small size, waurac are extremely susceptible to sickness and disease, which usually is the death of them. However, no disease, not even lycanthropy is passed on from parent to child. Slaadi love waurac meat and will often pay up to 100 gp for a lone waurac corpse, rising to 300 gp if they get to kill it themselves.

