

THE GREAT ELEMENTAL NETBOOK: A Guide to the Inner Planes

(Version 1.0)

Greetings to you all, this Netbook contains some new information concerning the inner planes that we hope you will find useful. The Netbook was created with the idea that the material can be adapted to any campaign but we accept material that is world specific. This is because some of the worlds, like Dark Sun, have strange phenomena that cannot be found in the other worlds.

Flame Songdance, who was the first to come up with the idea of this Netbook, had compiled some of the material we have here but has since abandoned it and has sent us all the material he had. We do not know the source of all the material and for that we apologize. Another major contributor is Heregul, who gave us so much info on the inner planes it almost crashed our word processor. Also, some of the material that appears in this Netbook can also be found in the Dark-Sun Netbook, the Al-Qadim Netbook, the Tome of Vast Knowledge program, The Mimir.net website, and other locations on the net. We were given permission to use this material.

Some of the names of our contributors have been lost (sadly), so if you see anything that is your creation contact us and we will link your name to it.

We hope you'll enjoy reading this Netbook as much as we enjoyed making it.

The Netbook is a growing project and we would update it as we get our hands on new material.

*Your material/comments/whatever should be sent to ElementalNetbook@rpghost.com
Either Itzhak Even or David Alexander will answer you.*

Notes from the Authors:

All submissions have been edited using Americanized spelling. This was done simply to give the [Great Elemental Netbook](#) a more coherent appearance, and should not be meant as a slight against our Anglicized authors.
The [Great Elemental Netbook](#) Release Date: 26, September 1999.

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INTRODUCTION

When this project's idea was first raised me and David wanted to create a large source of material about the inner planes. We started this by creating the elemental mages, spells, some monsters, and magical items. But due to other obligations we were forced to work very slowly on developing new material.

A few months later we discovered that Flame Songdance worked on a similar project. We decided that it is best if all the material will be gathered in one netbook, so we contacted him, asking him whether he still works on that project, and if not then maybe he would be willing to give us the material he has gathered. Soon we got a lot of new material and the netbook got a major kick. We then started contacting people on the net that we saw in their sites material about the elemental planes. Responses were good, and we got permission to use material from netbooks and sites across the net.

But it was only until we got permission to use his material that we received a lot of new material that really made our vision of the netbook come to life. This is not to say that the material we got from other sources is not good, but Heregul gave us many locations, people, and groups from across the inner planes. Thus making the planes come more alive.

This Netbook is intended as a supplanet to the *Guide to the Inner Planes* book. It gives more info about the inner planes, and about things connected to them. A reader that has the above book will note taht much of the info preseted is mostly absent from the accessory.

In some places in the netbook you will note the term "dreamers"; it's from the Mimir's cant dictionary, and it's a condescending term used by Inner Planars to describe Outer Planars

Enjoy the book - we tried to make it extensive and to include things so that every DM will find some use to it, and we like to get whatever feedback you have to throw at us at ElementalNetbook@rpghost.com

- Itzhak Even & David "Draegarius" Alexander

CHAPTER I: A TOUR OF THE INNER PLANES

Here will be the intro page for this chapter.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Not much may be common to all Outer Planes, but some things, like spells and psionic abilities for surviving in them, are constant. This section also contains new Inner Planar Sects (the Brotherhood of Alchemy, the Evolutionists), new spells and psionic powers designed for surviving in the Inner Planes. Also described in this document are the Lords of the Quasielemental Planes. Mephits they may be, but they're still major powers in their Elemental Planes. Basically, this chapter is a splattering of new information about the Inner Planes in general; cutters wanting more specifics can go towards the chapters that follow.



ALIGNMENTS IN THE INNER PLANES

An Extremely Brief Dissertation on the Role of Alignment (and Lack Thereof) in the Inner Planes

It's no dark that the alignments as defined by TSR in the Player's Handbook are extremely important among the home planes of belief in the Great Ring. However, what place do alignments have in the Inner Planes? They certainly must, because there's no place in the multiverse that doesn't bow to the warring forces of law and chaos, good and evil. (That last sentence was sarcasm, berk!)

A cutter that travels to the Inner Planes will find a lot less theological and philosophical warfare and a lot more basic warfare: war in the Inner Planes is about such basic things as existence and nonexistence. That's a bit more important than barmy beliefs. As a result, only the factions with a realistic view of the Inner Planes seem to establish any presence (if any) among them. Of these, the Doomguard is probably the most prominent of these - it's even rumored that the Doomguard had their origins among the Lower Quasielemental Planes.

On the Outer Planes, Law and Chaos are usually more important than good and evil: the primal struggle of order and disorder is something represented in the Blood War. Good and evil are important as well, but both seem to bow before the base struggle of law and chaos. However, on the Inner Planes, law and chaos don't seem to matter as much anymore. That's not to say that good and evil are more important: alignment and philosophy gives way to cold, harsh reality. In the reality of the Inner Planes, it's not likely that someone will find a native of base law, chaos, good, or evil. Sure, they may have their alignments listed as such in their description, but they don't really believe in evil for evil's sake. They believe in evil for the sake of advancing their particular element. And that is the difference between the Great Ring and the Inner Planes.

- Heregul, Planar Sage of No Repute whatsoever, Master of the Psionic Arts, and a Member of the Sign Of One



THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALCHEMY

(The Alchemists, The Brotherhood, The Scientists)

SECT PHILOSOPHY. The Multiverse is constructed from the Inner Planes: everything in existence is formed from a combination of the proper elemental substances and the proper mixture of positive and negative energy. For example, a sword is earth + fire, glass is earth + air, and a human being encompasses each of the four elements + positive energy. That's not in dispute. However, plenty of people fail to see the practical application of such knowledge. If everything is created through the mixture of various elements and positive or negative energy, then through a mixture of various elements and positive or negative energy, anything can be created. The trick's in getting the parts right.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Scientists don't like the Outer Planes: there, nothing is really real at all, merely empty and meaningless constructs of belief. As a result, they keep their distance from the Astral and the Outer Planes. Certain sect members have been known to travel to the Outer Planes in search of "distilled belief," but they've been mostly unsuccessful. Their Primary Plane of Influence is the Prime Material Plane, as it represents their sect philosophy exactly. However, the Scientists only have one fortress on the Prime Material Plane; it's on an out-of-the-way planet in a mostly unimportant crystal sphere. It's called the Fortress of Solitude, and the Alchemists resent intrusion into their experiments: a body'd best be keeping away from it. However, most Alchemists can be found out and about in the Inner Planes. No specific Inner Plane is viewed as "better" by any of the Alchemists; rather, they attempt to mix the distilled form of many elemental substances with energy. The Brotherhood keeps strongholds on the Elemental Plane of Water and the Elemental Plane of Earth. Both contain permanent gates to their Prime Material Fortress within them.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Brotherhood of Alchemy gets along well with the Fraternity of Order (the Brotherhood was originally a subset of the Guvners, much like the Mathematicians) because they both believe the multiverse to be ruled by laws. However, the Brotherhood has enemies in the Doomguard, whose entropic beliefs conflict with those of the Alchemists.

ELIGIBILITY. Any blood who wishes to join the Alchemists had best like chemistry: it's basically all that the Brotherhood does. In addition, Alchemists must be lawful or neutral; the study of elemental combinations isn't a job that a chaotic person could understand. Because of this, githzerai and bariaur rarely join the Brotherhood. Doesn't matter anyways; they're mostly Outer Planar. This sect wouldn't want those dreamers sticking their noses in where they don't belong.

BENEFITS. A member of the Brotherhood can request one recipe per month from his fellows. These recipes are for processed substances, including any of the following: a specific type of potion with an experience value of no greater than 500, a specific type of non-poisonous gas, a specific type of poison (from the DMG table), or any other basic substance based on the four elements. The examples listed above are the ones most likely to be requested by adventurers, although more mundane substances can be created (glass, silt, marble, etc.)

The recipes of the Brotherhood are collectively stored within the Fortress of Solitude and each of them is at least five pages long. The recipes detail the exact number of elemental parts that must be mixed in order to achieve the end result. Of course, the ability to request the recipe is useless unless a cutter's willing to go out into the Elemental Planes and find the ingredients. In mixing the ingredients, a cutter must be very careful; the slightest error could cause a result that would be quite opposite from what he intends. In game terms, the Dungeon Master must make secretly make an Intelligence Check for the Alchemist. Success indicates the substance has been created. Failure indicates that something has gone wrong: perhaps the potion is of the wrong kind, or perhaps it's just become a colored bottle of water. This applies to all substances; not just potions (although potions are probably going to be the most common applications of this ability).

RESTRICTIONS. An Alchemist can't leech off his Brothers in Alchemy forever. Once per year, the alchemist must spend at least a month in research and study to create a recipe of his own to present to the other members of the Brotherhood. Such study takes at least 500 gold pieces and 2d4 weeks of game time. If this is neglected, the Alchemist will not be consider a member in good standing

and cannot request recipes from his Brothers. He probably won't even be regarded as a Brother until he fulfills his obligations.



THE EVOLUTIONISTS

(Godsmen Subset; *The Darviinists, the Sadists*)

SECT PHILOSOPHY. Take a look at the Inner Planes. They're some of the most inhospitable places that a Signer could dream of: completely single-minded and relentless in their existence. On the Outer Planes, wars are fought over belief. In the Inner Planes, wars are fought over existence. That's why it takes a special type of cutter to survive on the Inner Planes. Look at the towns and realms throughout the Inner Planes; the cutters living there have managed to survive, despite all the odds against.

That's proof enough the Inner Planes mold a body. They force him to think about survival rather than petty matters such as belief. They force him to strengthen and protect himself with powerful magics in order to stay alive. A body coming to the Great Ring from the Inner Planes sees the dwellers of Sigil as pampered weaklings, and there's a reason for that, too. The Inner Planes are proof positive that life in the face of death improves a body.

The Godsmen believe that through improvement, a body can advance to a power. That's true: look at some of the creatures of the Inner Planes. The white dragon Albrathanalir has become a major force to be reckoned with on the Plane of Ice, and the archomental (known to the Clueless as the Elemental Princes of Evil and Good) are as close to a gods as a body gets without actually being one. The rest of should stop debating the proper beliefs and actions that lead to ascension and cool their heels in the Inner Planes for a while. They'd see the truth eventually.

This sect was founded by an elf named Darviin (Pr/male elf/fighter 16/Godsmen [Evolutionists, sectol]/LN) from the Outer Planes who was sold into slavery in the Inner Planes. He served as the slave of an efreet for a hundred and one years before he managed to overthrow and slay his former master. Years and years of slavery and exposure to flame had left him scarred, but powerful. Upon leaving the palace of his former master, he found that he was immune from the effects of the Elemental Plane of Fire because of the fact that he survived for a good number of years on it. He returned to Sigil, but he found that it wasn't the same; belief didn't matter any more. He sold his pitch to a few members of his faction, and they followed him to the Inner Planes. Some lived, some died. Eventually, the splinter of the Godsmen grew in repute, and it has been attracting members at a steady stream for a while now, six years later.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. Like most Inner Planar sects, the entire of the Inner Planes serves as the primary plane of influence for this faction splinter. However, even the Energy Planes are too harsh for them (of course, some still try to survive in them). The Lower Elemental Planes are popular grounds for them to explore, because of the sheer hostility of them compared to the rest of the Elemental Planes. They are also extremely common throughout the Elemental Plane of Fire; becoming resistant to the primal force of fire is a goal that many wish to accomplish. The Evolutionists maintain no stronghold, preferring to be out among the Elements and growing in strength.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Evolutionists share the same allies and enemies with the Godsmen except for the fact that the Evolutionists see the Sign of One as a group of deluded and arrogant dreamers bent on self-glorification. They respect the Society of Pain, but they don't understand the fascination of pain for its own sake.

ELIGIBILITY. Any basher with a constitution of 14 or higher may join the Evolutionists. Mages are the most common because of their ability to shield themselves from the effects of the elemental planes. Of course, a good number of fighters wishing to become more powerful join up (and usually drop out or die; most Outer Planars aren't prepared for the sheer one-mindedness of the Inner Planes).

BENEFITS. A member of the Evolutionists, through an extraordinary expenditure of time and effort, may attune himself to the physical conditions of an Elemental Plane. This does not grant a member the ability to breathe or to move freely; it only allows him to survive from the immediate physical conditions. Examples include surviving the flames of the Elemental Plane of Fire, avoiding the disintegration effect of the Quasielemental Plane of Dust, or being able to see normally in the Quasielemental Plane of Radiance. This also allows a body to survive in elemental pockets or conditions that mirror the conditions of any of their attuned planes (such as being immune to hot pockets in Steam if attuned to Fire).

Of course, this attunement doesn't come free (nothing does, berk!). To attune himself to an Elemental Plane, a body must spend around a year within their Elemental Plane of choice and survive.

This is usually done by throwing on a magical shield and the like. However, it's not just surviving that counts. A body has to slowly wean himself off his protection devices; at the end of 3d6 months, they make a Constitution check. If it's successful, he'll find himself immune to the physical effects of the Plane. A body can attune himself to any of Inner Planes (other than the Energy Planes) this way. In addition, he may only attune himself to a number of Elemental Planes equal to a third of his Constitution score (rounded down). All Evolutionist PCs start out being attuned to one Elemental Plane of their choice.

Evolutionists forfeit their normal Godsmen bonus as a member of their faction splinter because they simply do not spend enough time in the Outer Planes to receive their bonus. They do not receive a similar bonus in the Inner Planes because of their beliefs that every person should work for themselves.

RESTRICTIONS. An Evolutionist has the same disadvantages of members the Godsmen faction (they are still technically a part of the Godsmen). In addition, an Evolutionist who returns to the Outer Planes suffers a -3 to their reaction checks and eventually loses all their benefits if they stay away from the Inner Planes for more than three years.



THE MERKHANTS IN THE INNER PLANES

Normally the thought-guilds of the Outer Planes keep to themselves, their precious "Great Ring," and their sodding donut city, with the exception of the Doomguard. Recently however, the Merkhants have been expanding a good deal of influence in the Inner Planes, seeking to bring them and their (supposedly) fledgling economies under control. While this isn't a unified sect effort - there's really no such thing as unified when it comes to the Merkhants - there have been no fewer than four major Merkhan player players that have begun to attempt to control the Planes of Reality. The natives are mostly oblivious as of now, but a few bloods have dedicated themselves to stopping the influence of these "dangerous dreamers." The first Merkhan to enter the Inner Planes was a berk named Herion Ghohiel, and he apparently wasn't discreet enough because three other Merkhants heard about it and sought to enter the market about a month or three later. Since then, a good deal of lesser Merkhants have come to the Inner Planes to deal, but they're mostly too cowardly to leave the Elemental Plane of Air. They're used mostly as puppets by the "original" four in their own designs for economically conquering the Inner Planes. Remember, however, that these four characters should almost never be met in combat: they'll have minions and hired thugs aplenty to make sure that they'll never be implicated.

Herion Ghohiel

(Planar/male human/T14/Merkhan/LE)

Herion was the first major Merkhan to attempt to make inroads into the Inner Planes. He managed to seize control of a good deal of trade onto and off of the Elemental Plane of Air, which is by far the most traveled of the Elemental Planes. He's also expanded into the Positive Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, although it hasn't paid off as he's expected. However, due to the fact that he economically has a stranglehold over thirty percent of the trade coming into the Elemental Plane of Air from Prime, he's stayed ahead of the other Merkhants that have encroached onto "his" territory.



Pallius Silvertouch

(Prime/male elf [gray]/W15/Merkhan/LN[E])

The staid and calculating Pallius Silvertouch has maintained a economic hold of twenty percent of the trade throughout both the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke and the Elemental Plane of Fire. He's been doing his best to profit off of the eternal war between the djinn and the efreet by selling weapons to both sides, although much of his efforts to control the djinn side of the equation have been thwarted. He's begun to buy slaves from the dao, but X'anzach'ar's own operations have curbed his attempts to sell slaves to both sides of the war. He limits himself economically by sticking to the war, but he's made tremendous returns on his initial investments already.



J'spar X'anzach'ar

(Prime/male githyanki/F10-T10/Merkhan/NE)

The githyanki J'spar X'anzach'ar has attempted to set up a lucrative slave trade from the Elemental Plane of Earth to other Planes with similar conditions (Ash, Salt, Mineral). So far, he's been most successful in selling slaves to the Mineral Quasielemental Lord Crystalle (he is separate from the mephit lord). He has about fifty thousand gold pieces tied up in various activities throughout the

Elemental Plane of Earth; his enemies are working hard to bankrupt him now so that he'll be cast out of the Merkhants. Of course, he's finding it difficult to make a niche in the slave trade, a market that has made the Inner Planes run quite smoothly before any dreamer stumbled across them.



Merian Cerulia

(Prime/female sea elf/C6/Merkhant/NE)

The final major Merkhant player in the Elemental Planes is Merian Cerulia, a bitter and thoroughly evil sea elf from some Prime World where she gained her riches by sinking ships and looting their holds. Now that she's on the Planes, she's seized twenty percent of the trade heading into the Elemental Plane of Water from the Prime and Outer Planes by hiring bruisers at the most well-known gates who carry cargo. Her basis of operations is the City of Glass, where she has many friends among the most greedy of the marids. A body messing with her will find himself in quite a bit of trouble. However, she's also (supposedly) the least wealthy of the four Merkhants, and it's said that she's always looking for the economic advantage. She's not one for risks.



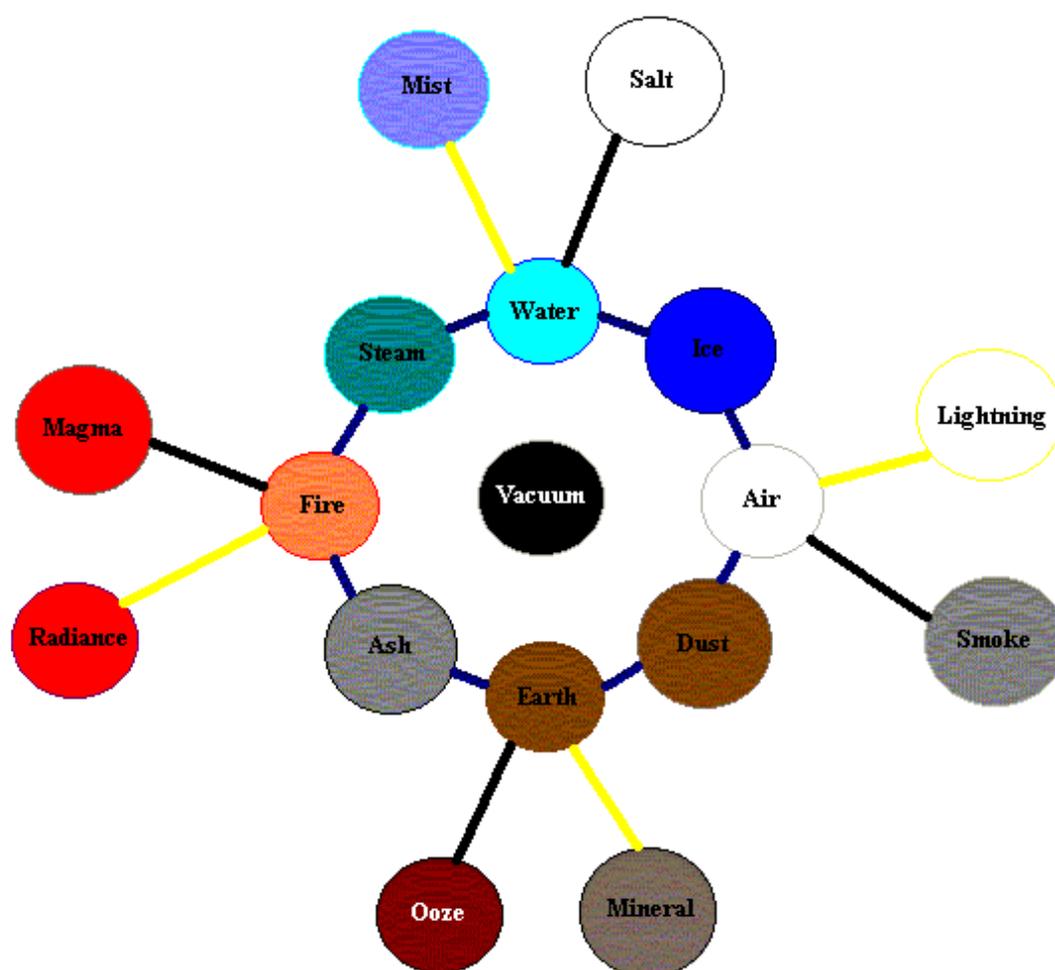
Negative-Based Undead

The Negative Material Plane and all the Quasielemental Planes leading into it is the source of most every undead creature in existence. As such, undead in the Quasielemental Plane or the Negative Material Plane are borne of an undying hatred of all that lives - much more so than a normal undead. The undead in the Lower Quasielemental Planes tend to be skeletons, zombies, ghouls, and ghouls, while those staying to the Negative tend to be more incorporeal in nature. Each of the Negative Quasielemental Planes has spawned different varieties of the basic undead: these are discussed in their various sections. Specifically spawned undead from the Lower Quasielemental Planes are rarely - if ever - encountered off their home planes. In addition, undead spawned of these planes have an extra hit dice, of which any rolls of a "1" are re-rolled. More information can be found in their specific sections.



THE PREVIOUS LAYOUT OF THE INNER PLANES

Containing Heregul's Theory as to the Previous Composition of the Elemental Planes Before Their Transmogrification into the Layout of the Form they exist in Today



Planar scholars and sages have hypothesized that once the Inner Planes held a different form than they do today. This is proven by numerous inconsistencies around the Inner Planes; the most notable of which is the Quasielemental Plane of Steam. While the name conjured up images of a scalding sea of steam, it resembles Mist more than Steam. In addition, the Plane has supposedly spawned an unusual two varieties of mephits instead of the traditional one. I believe that the Quasielemental Plane of Steam was actually two separate planes eons ago before the reformation of the Elemental Planes into the forms that they occupy now. The Plane of Steam was at the border between Fire and Water, and the Plane was indeed a scalding sea of steam. The Plane of Mist formed as Water approached the Positive Elemental Plane and became thinner, like a gentle and soothing rain. Eventually, however, the two Planes became indistinguishable due to the large amount of conduits leading back and forth between the two. As they both evolved into something else, they became as one. Today, the Plane of Steam is in actuality the Plane of Mist, but the two races of mephits battle over it. Should the Steam Mephits ever take control of the Plane again, it's a sure thing that they'd

begin to heat the mist back to the way it "was meant to be," possibly causing another Planar rearrangement.

In addition, before the reformation the Plane of Vacuum was not a Paraelemental Plane or a Quasielemental Plane, as it is now. It was something greater than even the basest Elemental Planes; the apex of what was to come from the future of the multiverse, as the Doomguard currently claim. It was not of the elements, simply the absence of them. It stood in the center of the Elemental Planes, with everything approaching it being slain by the vacuum quasielementals, then the only inhabitants of that plane. Then, mephits were created by mortal spellcasters looking for cheap labor, and in this process, void mephits were created by the score. The Vacuum quasielementals saw the vacuum mephits as an abomination, and a genocidal war was waged between the two. The victor of the war is painfully obvious. Only a few vacuum mephits exist today from that fierce war, and all of them stay far away from the Inner Planes, fearing their destruction as well. However, the war weakened the vacuum quasielementals greatly, and eventually, travelers came and diluted the plane of Vacuum. No longer was there an absence of all elements, there was simply an absence of air (a small problem compared to other Elemental Planes). I believe this is what caused it to shift into the position that it contains today.

Other Elemental Planes also occupied different positions. Ash was formed at the junction between Fire and Earth, as Fire burned away the Earth leaving behind only ashes. The Plane was much hotter then, not the cold group of ashes that exist now. However, when the eternal flames eventually died out (because you cannot burn ashes forever), the Plane began to shift to the Negative. At the border between Earth and Air there existed the finest Dust. In the past, Paraelemental Dust did not disintegrate, and it was much less fine and more like the consistency of Sand. I am unsure as to the reason that it became a Quasielemental Plane, but I blame the occurrence on two factors. First, it's said that a barmy mage opened a portal to the Negative with an artifact deep within the Plane of Dust, which caused the dust to trickle down into the Negative Material Plane. Secondly, a good number of Planes were also shifting; it's possible that they pulled Dust down with them.

Once, the Quasielemental Plane of Ooze was a stinking morass of poison and filth. It hasn't changed much, actually, but its proximity to the Negative can be seen by a simple trip to the Plane; it's a place of caustic poison and vileness as bad as any of the Lower Quasielemental Planes are today. Magma was once a much more hellish Plane; although it's heated up considerably from the way it used to be. Once it was a horrid flow of lava as the entire plane fell into the Negative and cooled; people could be caught within and transformed to statues of cooled magma. It wasn't exactly a pleasant place then. 'Course, it's not much better now.

Finally, the Quasielemental Plane of Smoke was much more hostile place to a body; poison gas was extremely abundant within it, and visitors there would find themselves dead within the hour because of the numerous Negative pockets that existed scattered throughout the Plane. It's said that the djinn once used this Plane as a secret hiding area for their most top secret of plans. After a massive efreet army stormed the djinn's major palace of the area and began to fortify the Plane against attack, the Plane began to shift as the smoke heated up and became as it is today.

This prior arrangement of the Planes explains a great deal of Inner Planar history, including the hatred between djinn and efreet because of their previous opposition in elements. It also explains the existence of both Mist and Steam mephits, both supposedly borne of the same Elemental Plane, and the absence of the void mephits. Of course, this is but theory, compiled from various sources and my own conjecture; take it as truth at your own risk.

- Heregul, Planar Sage of No Repute Whatsoever, Master of the Psionic Arts, and a Member of the Sign Of One



PSIONIC POWERS

The Psionic Powers presented here were originally presented in "Psionics in the Planescape Setting" document, available on Dreams of Dreams, the author's website. They are included here because they were specifically written for survival in the Inner Planes.

Psychometabolic Sciences

Attune Body

Power Score:	Con -6
Initial Cost:	30
Maintenance Cost:	10/turn
Range:	0
Preparation Time:	0
Area of Effect:	personal
Prerequisite:	body control, elemental respiration

This power allows the psionicist to completely attune his body to one of the four basic elemental planes (Air, Earth, Fire, Water). While attuned, the psionicist may breathe, survive, and move freely in the basic elemental plane of their choice. They may also survive in the paraelemental plane and any quasidelemental plane that borders their elemental. This power does not allow the psionicist to fly outside of the Elemental Planes. However, this attunement does not come free: by attuning the psionicist's body to a particular elemental, they are unable to survive outside of this habitat: a psionicist attuned to The Elemental Plane of Water finds himself unable to breathe the air of Sigil.

Genasi may not use this power to attune themselves to anything besides their native element because they are unable to completely attune their already inherently elemental natures to another element. However, a fire genasi psionicist may use this ability to survive in the plane of ash or radiance.

Breathing in the plane of Vacuum may not be accomplished through the use of this power.

Power Score: The psionicist may also survive in his natural habitat.

20: The psionicist attempts to attune his body to a particular element, but fails. He suffers 1d6 damage from the attempt.

Psychometabolic Devotions

Elemental Respiration

Power Score:	Con -3
Initial Cost:	10
Maintenance Cost:	4/turn
Range:	0
Preparation Time:	0
Area of Effect:	personal
Prerequisite:	none

When a psionicist activates this power, he enables himself to breathe a specific type of element, specified from one of the Inner Planes (other than Negative, Positive, and Vacuum). For example, the psionicist may give himself the ability to breathe smoke or ooze. However, in giving himself the ability to breathe one element, he loses his ability to breathe his native element, so that a psionicist attuning himself to breathe Ooze would be like an elemental Ooze fish in the Plane of Air.

Power Score: The psionicist can also survive in his natural environment.

20: The psionicist cannot use this power again for 1d6 days.

Metapsionic Devotions

Psionic Sustainment

Power Score:	Wis
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Initial Cost:	20
Maintenance Cost:	10/turn
Range:	0
Preparation Time:	0
Area of Effect:	personal
Prerequisite:	none

Through the use of this power, the psionicist learns to sustain his body through his psionic powers. This power is far more consuming than Elemental Respiration, but it allows a body to survive for a short period of time on the plane of Vacuum. The psionicist using this power loses all requirement to breathe, eat, or drink, finding himself completely without bodily needs. However, because of the high maintenance costs for this power, it is less used for survival in most of the Inner Planes and instead is a fallback should a planeswalker psionicist become trapped in Vacuum or the like. Power Score: The maintenance is paid for the first four rounds.

20: The psionicist loses half the initial cost and two rounds' worth of maintenance as he tries to sustain his organs on thought alone and fails.



THE QUASIELEMENTAL LORDS

The Core Elemental Planes are contested by three elemental rulers; one being an absolute power and the others being archomental of good and evil. The Paraelemental Planes are not as contested; each other them has one ruler who claims themselves to be the ruler of the Plane and either nobody else wants the title or cares to challenge them. 'Course, the Paraelemental Lords are less focused on their elements than the core archomental because their Planes are formed from a mixture of two Elemental Planes. At best, the Paraelemental Lords (other than Cryonax) are just mephits that are stronger than most.

Still weaker are the Quasielemental Lords, mephits formed from a combination of Positive or Negative energy and one of the Core Elemental Planes. Usually only having the maximum hit points per hit dice, they are rarely major contenders in their Quasielemental Planes, preferring to lay low and gain some satisfaction from what little power they can gain. The only exception to this is the Quasielemental Plane of Steam, which has not one but two Quasielemental Lords who constantly struggle for dominance over the plane (more information below). However, as a general rule, the Quasielemental Lords prefer to stay away from the more powerful beings of their Elemental Plane (like King Black and Queen White from the Quasielemental Plane of Radiance or the brine dragon Tor Salinus), for to tamper with the schemes of these powerful creatures would be to invite destruction. Rather, they keep to their own designs, which usually include the overthrow of their enemies and the triumph of their element over all others.

The eight Quasielemental Lords are as follows, with their own pompous titles attached for levity:

Cinder, Lord of Quasielemental Ash, Douser of Flames, Chiller of Mortal Hearts, Destroyer of Life, and King of the Ash Spirits.

Jeriayn, Lord of Quasielemental Dust, Disintegrator of Empires, Slayer of Existence, and Queen of the Children of Dust.

Seiyhock, Lord of Quasielemental Lightning, Fastest among the Firmaments, Discharged of Lightning, and King of the Clouds.

Dvelrei, Lord of Quasielemental Mineral, Richer than Croseus, Keeper of the Glittering Horde of the Multiverse, and King of Crystal.

Brilostyr, Lord of Quasielemental Radiance, Child of Father Sun, He That Lights the Darkness, and King of All the Spectrums of Color.

Epsilon, Lord of Quasielemental Salt, Destroyer of Liquid, Mummifier of Corpses, Corrupter of Water, and King of the Salts.

Vapiax, Lord of Quasielemental Steam, Archetype of the Truest Race, Defender of the Oppressed, and King of the Scalded.

Venies, Lord of Quasielemental Mist, Lighter of the Fogged, Victor Over the Usurpers of Steam, and Queen of Drizzle.

While the Quasielemental Lords keep mostly to the shadows (with the exception of Vapiax and Venies, and possibly Seiyhock), a body'd still better be aware of them. They're bloods with more than a little bit of experience in dealing with situations related to their prime element.

RACES OF THE INNER PLANES

The inner planes are home to new races, creatures that have adapted to the special conditions that exist in their home plane. Some have even expanded beyond the ken of a single plane, and have spurred various subraces, but some have managed to adapt to several planes without a major difference in their abilities.

ELEMENTAL ELVES

(YES, MORE ELVES...)

(Author: Alan D. Kohler)

Designer's Background:

When I updated my outer planar elves to the Planescape setting, I got to think about another planar elf species that I saw while wandering the web. I ran across an interesting page, Eric Noah's Planescape Campaign Page, which featured wind elves. According to Eric's page, wing elves are a race of elemental-kin that are also apparently akin to elves.

This notion intrigued me. Elves who settled on the inner planes might have mixed their blood with that of other inner planar creatures, essentially making them the elven equivalent of Genasi. Perhaps in times ancient, elves allied with and occasionally crossbred with some manner of elemental kin, the prime candidates being sylphs and nymphs. Over the years, perhaps the elves' habitation on the elemental planes and further crossbreeding bred those traits into the species for the long term.

Why more elves?

You think that after introducing the outer planar elves into my campaign, that would be enough. Well, I try to run my campaign by three main principles (there's that rule of three again...): Demand, logic, and background.

Starting with demand: more players in my campaign play elves than dwarves or other demihumans. Some DMs try to fight this trend. I, on the other hand, decided to go with the flow. I think it's fairly safe to import that attitude into my Planescape campaign.

As far as logic goes, it makes sense that more elves will have migrated to the various planes than dwarves (for example.) The magical ability of elves lends them to having access to the planes more easily than nonmagical dwarves. Further, with the low reproduction rates of elves, it is a survival trait for elves to flee to new lands whenever they are faced with a militarily superior foe. Dwarves are somewhat shorter lived and more fecund, and thus more likely to "stick it out" in a bad military situation. Given the nature-oriented tendencies of elves, I think it just as likely that some offshoots migrated to the inner planes as the outer planes.

Finally is background. I've always assumed that elves have been the forebears of mankind in the realms of magic and other areas of cultural development. Accordingly, I think it is fairly safe to assume that elves would migrate to the planes as soon as or sooner than humans.

The Gear (that's rules, for you primes):

Though I've not yet formally introduced elemental elves into my game, I would entertain the thought if a player expressed interest in such. Here's how, assuming that you use the Skills & Powers rules for Planescape characters per Dragon #235:

Water and Air ("Wind") elves are most likely, but earth and fire may be allowed at the DMs discretion.

Water elves start out with the general abilities of aquatic elves; all other elemental elves start with the basic statistics of high elves (you might want to use Eric Noah's altered stat modifiers for wind elves: -1 str -1 con +2 dex. Water and fire elves would be the standard +1 dex/-1 con, and earth elves might have no modifiers: being in the plane of earth doesn't lend one to rapid motion, but it does lend one to extreme hardness.)

When choosing abilities, the player may choose either standard elf abilities (per S&P or Dragon #235), or abilities from the appropriate element's Genasi list in Dragon #235. Any abilities taken from the Genasi list costs 5 extra points each. (This is because while Genasi are allowed 30 points to buy these abilities, allowing elves 45 points to buy the same abilities wouldn't quite be fair--the intention of this

article is NOT to create super Genasi.) Further, it is consistent with the half-elf "+5 point for parental ability" rule in Dragon #235 for half-elves. No, elemental elves aren't half-elves, but some of their abilities are assumed to come from crossbreeding with elemental-kin.

Finally, the surcharge helps ensure that the elemental elves have some standard elven abilities, and thus are somewhat elven in flavor, not just a different kind of Genasi.

Standard Abilities (Wind Elves): Elemental Powers, Major (20), Levitation (10), Bow Bonus (5), Resistance (10).

Standard Abilities (Water Elves): Elemental Powers, Minor (15), Trident Bonus (5), Secret Doors (5), Resistance (10), Confer Water Breathing (10). As per aquatic elves in S&P, water elves automatically breathe water, but can only be out of water for a number of days equal to their fitness scores. If the elf buys "water breathing" off of the Genasi list, they do not have this drawback and may simply breathe water OR air as the need arises. Water breathing should be considered an exception to the 5-point surcharge rule; it only costs the elf 10 points.

Earth and fire elves would be semi-unique beings (at best) and have no standard abilities.



THE (NEARLY) COMPLETE GENASI

(Author: aburner@erols.com)

The following section details the race called Genasi. They are a race of plane-touched, similar to the tiefling and the aasimar, except that their planar parentage is from the elemental planes. In the **Planewalker's Handbook** TSR detailed the genasi for the 4 main elemental planes. The following pages will detail the genasi from the Para- and Quasi-elemental planes, with a table at the end that summarizes the relevant material to create them as PCs.

ASH GENASI

In many respects, Scions of the Dying Embers are the opposite of their Smoke Genasi counterparts. Whereas Smoke Genasi prefer the closed-in hustle and bustle of a well-populated city, Ash Genasi have little use for large cities and even less use for crowds. Residents of the Plane of Ash have a very solitary outlook on life, even more so than the residents of the other Inner Planes, and this outlook manifests itself in the Ash Genasi's natural dislike of cities and crowds. This isn't to say that Ash Genasi are anti-social or that they don't like the trappings of civilization; they just prefer a less hectic existence free of large *concentrations* of civilization. Unsurprisingly, Ash Genasi and Halflings get along quite well.

When an Ash Genasi first leaves the Plane of Ash, they normally find themselves square in the middle of Sigil. Given their solitary natures, and given that Sigil is one of the largest, most crowded cities in the Multiverse, most Ash Genasi quickly decide that they've seen enough of the planes for one lifetime and head back to the Plane of Ash. Consequently, Scions of the Dying Embers are rarely found outside their native plane.

But occasionally an Ash Genasi's natural curiosity about the Multiverse will overcome her initial reaction to Sigil. And even more rarely, an Ash Genasi will find a portal or vortex that leads to someplace *besides* Sigil. Regardless of how it happens, these rare Ash Genasi avoid turning tail and heading back to the Plane of Ash, and they head out into the vast Multiverse looking for the secluded areas they enjoy.

In some cases, Ash Genasi who leave their plane take a liking to a particular area and settle down to live out a simple, comfortable existence. In other cases, they become Planewalkers, going from plane-to-plane experiencing a variety of rustic towns, isolated villages, and remote wilderness regions. Note that a sweltering, unpopulated tropical jungle on a prime world, a relatively clear and difficult-to-reach plateau in Gehenna, and the gatetown of Faunel would all be equally attractive to the average Ash Genasi.

In appearance, all Ash Genasi will have one or more of the following traits:

Perpetually soot-covered skin

Skin that, while not appearing to be sooty, will leave an ashy residue on anything touching it

An odor reminiscent of burnt wood

Dark grey skin and/or hair

Ash Genasi are the only Genasi that don't receive modifiers to their ability scores. However, they more than make up for this lack with their innate abilities. Ash Genasi are immune to the effects of both non-magical fire *and* non-magical cold, due to the nature of their native plane. Additionally, every five levels they gain a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. magical fire-based attacks (but not against magical cold-based attacks). Finally, Scions of the Dying Embers can *Extinguish Flames* once per day. This ability is similar to the *Affect Normal Fires* ability of Fire Genasi, except that it can only be used to extinguish fires within the area of effect. Ash Genasi can use this ability as though they were a 5th-level caster.

Ash Genasi can be fighters, mages, Fire Elementalists, Necromancers, fighter/mages, fighter/Fire Elementalists, or fighter/Necromancers. Ash Genasi can also become rangers or druids due to their affinity for isolated wilderness areas, but since they have no way to study the necessary wilderness skills while on the Plane of Ash, all Ash Genasi rangers and druids must learn these skills after leaving the Plane of Ash. This means that Ash Genasi rangers and druids will be, on average, several years older than non-ranger, non druid Ash Genasi of similar experience level will. To reflect this, determine their starting age normally and then add 7d4 years. Scions of the Dying Embers can be of any non-Lawful alignment.



DUST+ GENASI

In the minds of most cutters, the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Dust conjures up images of decay, decomposition, and disintegration. The Plane is inimical to both life and to created items, and both will quickly turn to dust without the proper magical protection. Amid all this waste and desolation are the Loreseekers of the Eroding Sands -- the Dust Genasi.

Dust Genasi are fascinated by the history of things: Buildings, magical weapons, famous (or infamous) bloods, regions, towns, you name it. Most sages and scholars claim this is due to the fact that Dust Genasi are raised on a plane where they routinely see the ultimate embrace which awaits all things, and have therefore developed a curiosity about the life *before* the decay. On the other hand, some claim that it's the symbolism of accumulated dust (or sands through an hourglass) representing the passage of time. And a few berks say it's because researching the history of dead people and ruined towns is the only thing that matches the dry, somber personality possessed by most Dust Genasi. (Note that this last is woefully inaccurate. While Dust Genasi are indeed more subdued than most other Planar races, only their Magma Genasi cousins match their enthusiasm for research.)

Whatever the reason, most Dust Genasi explore the planes in much the same manner as their Magma Genasi cousins. Some Loreseekers of the Eroding Sands focus their research on one particular location, person, or item, and spend the rest of their lives unearthing its history. Other Dust Genasi prefer to dabble, rather than delve. These are the Planewalking Loreseekers, and they accumulate a broad base of knowledge by travelling around the Multiverse. And finally, some Dust Genasi exist somewhere between the two, wandering the planes for the most part, but occasionally settling down for a year or more to more thoroughly investigate a particular item, region or person.

All Dust Genasi feature a colored pattern to their skin reminiscent of sand. Additionally, they will have one or more of the following:

A thin, perpetual coating of sand on their bodies and/or in their hair

A dusty haze surrounding them, extending about 1 foot out from their body

The faint howling of a sandstorm in their voice

A somewhat flimsy consistency to their body, as though their flesh was filled with sand instead of bones and muscle

Dust Genasi receive a +1 bonus to both Dexterity and Constitution, and receive a -1 penalty to their Strength and Charisma. They are completely unaffected by the disintegrating nature of their native plane, and they have a 50% magic resistance to *Disintegrate* spells (or any other spells which attack via disintegration-like effects), in addition to whatever saving throws may be applicable. Additionally, they

gain a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. Earth-based magic every 5 levels. Finally, Dust Genasi have the ability to *Shatter Rock* once per day. This is identical to the 2nd-level Wizard spell *Shatter*, except that it works only by touch, and it affects only rock or stone. Dust Genasi can use this ability on up to 20 cubic feet of rock or stone.

Dust Genasi can be fighters, mages, Earth Elementalists, Diviners, or bards. They also have the option of being a fighter/mage or fighter/Diviner multiclassed character. Dust Genasi can be of any non-Chaotic alignment.



ICE GENASI

The crisp, refreshing chill of a mountain stream fed by melted snow; the biting cold of a deep blizzard. These are at the heart of Ice Genasi.

The common joke is that Ice Genasi must be emotionless since they're so cold-hearted, but the truth is that Ice Genasi are among the most passionate of all Genasi (Para-, Quasi-, or otherwise). Like all Para- and Quasi-Genasi, the Children of the Glacier are intensely curious about the rest of the Multiverse, but the curiosity of Ice Genasi takes on a passionate (some berks say "desperate") edge. Common chant says that life on the Para-Elemental Plane of Ice doesn't swing much through any particular emotional extreme, since the natives there *do* tend to be a touch on the dispassionate side. So when the Ice Genasi venture out into the big, wide Multiverse, it seems they want to make up for lost time and lost experiences. (As such, most Ice Genasi gravitate naturally to the Society of Sensation, which shares a similar philosophy.)

In appearance, all Ice Genasi tend towards sharp, angular features. Additionally, they have one or more of the following traits:

White or bluish-white hair and/or skin

Extremely cold flesh

A thin layer of frost in their hair

The faint sound of a snowstorm in their voice

Due to their extremely curious and outgoing natures, Ice Genasi receive a +1 bonus to both Intelligence and Charisma. Since their curiosity often gets the better of them, they suffer a -1 penalty to Wisdom. Additionally, their health often seems as brittle as a snowflake, so they suffer a -1 penalty to Constitution. Ice Genasi are completely immune to the effects of non-magical cold, and can move across slick, icy surfaces at their normal movement rate without fear of falling or slipping. As such, Ice Genasi are often hired by important primes to explore the arctic areas of various prime worlds. They are affected normally by magical cold attacks (such as the breath of a white dragon), but they gain a +1 to their saving throws against all ice- or cold-based magic every 5 levels.

Additionally, Children of the Glacier can cast *Frost* once per day as though they were a 5th level Wizard. *Frost* covers various surfaces with a thin layer of ice, but is otherwise identical to the 1st-level Wizard spell *Grease*. Ice Genasi call this ability "composing a rime." (Ice Genasi are, for the most part, incorrigible punsters.)

Due to their inquisitive nature and their desire to experience a variety of things, Ice Genasi can be any class except ranger or paladin. They can also be multi-classed, and in fact most of them take the multi-class route since they don't want to restrict themselves to just one set of experiences. A combination of any two of the four main character classes (fighter, mage, cleric, thief) is allowed as an acceptable multi-class for Ice Genasi. If an Ice Genasi chooses to be a specialty Wizard, he/she must choose either Air or Water Elementalism. Similarly, an Ice Genasi specialty Priest must worship a power of Ice, Cold, Air, or Water.

Ice Genasi can be of any alignment.



LIGHTNING GENASI

More than any other Inner Plane, the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning gets lots of visits from Powers. Oh sure, the four major Inner Planes see their share of visiting Powers, and the Plane of Ice gets a few now and again. As for the other Inner Planes, they *occasionally* get a Divine visitor from time-to-time, but it's soddin' rare (and they visit the Plane of Ooze least of all -- a fact that really torques the Ooze Genasi). But the Plane of Lightning gets 'em on a fairly regular, fairly frequent basis. Sometimes it seems you can't swing a dead wererat without it passing through some God's divine aura.

Sages of the Multiverse are wont to speculate on most things, and this subject is no exception. The consensus seems to be that the various Powers of storms, lightning, and thunder are more likely to revel in their area of control. See, most Agriculture deities (for instance) won't usually have an urge to roll around in a big field of wheat. But the various storm-related Powers seem to really delight in just hanging out in the middle of rampaging thunderstorms. Thus, they're more likely to take a side trip to the Plane of Lightning so they can immerse themselves in the raw, unbridled display of *The Storm*.

Whatever the reason may be for these visits, most Lightning Genasi have experienced the nearness and presence of a Diety at least once in their lives. Of course, since being in the direct presence of a Power is usually enough to turn most cutters to dust and ashes, Lightning Genasi (at least the ones still living afterwards) are usually several miles away when they experience this brief brush with divinity. But divine power being what it is, this is usually enough to have a profound impact on a sod's life, and the Lightning Genasi seem to bear this out.

Powers fascinate vassals of the Storm (as they call themselves). Their experience with the Divine works like an epiphany for most of the sods, and almost all Lightning Genasi are convinced that the True Dark of the Multiverse lies in worshiping the right Power (which is why you'll almost never see 'em in the Athar, and only rarely in the Godsmen).

At first, their fascination tends to revolve around Powers of storms, lightning, or thunder (since they're the ones most likely to visit the Plane of Lightning). But when the Lightning Genasi leave the Plane and find themselves in the greater Multiverse, most of 'em discover that there's more to Divinity than just storm-based Dieties. This usually results in a lot of soul-searching and temple-visiting and asking lots of pointed questions to the Priests of various deities. Planewalking Lightning Genasi take this a bit further and wander the Realms of the Powers themselves, going from Realm to Realm and asking their pointed questions directly of the Proxies of these powers. As such (and depending on how respectful the Lightning Genasi is), the life of a Planewalking Vassal of the Storm can be either very rewarding, or very short.

All Lightning Genasi will possess one or more of the following physical attributes:

Hair that's constantly standing on end, as from static electricity

Brief flashes in their eyes, as though reflections from a distant thunderstorm

Tiny, harmless sparks that dance around their body and hair as they move

The occasional faint rumble of thunder, heard by anyone within 5 feet of the Genasi

Vassals of the Storm gain a +1 bonus to Dexterity and Wisdom, but suffer a -1 penalty to Strength and Constitution. They are completely immune to non-magical lightning (or other non-magical electrical effects) and take only half damage from magical lightning. Lightning Genasi are also immune to any deafening, stunning, or other effects which result from loud, booming noises (magical or otherwise). Note that this only applies to loud, booming noises similar to thunder (such as from *Drums of Panic*); Lightning Genasi suffer the full effects of the wail of a Howler, the wail of a Banshee, the winds of Pandemonium, etc. Lightning Genasi also gain a +1 bonus every 5 levels to their saving throws vs. air- or electrical-based magic attacks. Finally, Lightning Genasi have a *Shocking Grasp* ability. The effects are identical to the 1st-level Wizard spell of the same name. Lightning Genasi can use this ability once per day, as though they were a 5th-level Wizard.

Lightning Genasi can be fighters, mages, or clerics. Lightning Genasi cannot be multi-classed, but due to their fascination with Powers, they have some interesting class options not available to any other race in the Multiverse. Any Lightning Genasi cleric can, upon gaining a new level, opt to become a specialty priest with enough experience points to put him at the beginning of half his new cleric level (round fractions down). This reflects the Lightning Genasi's tendency to investigate the Powers before deciding which one to follow. (For example, a Lightning Genasi cleric can, upon reaching 4th or 5th level, decide to become a specialty priest. The Genasi will then become a 2nd-level specialty priest with the bare minimum points necessary to be 2nd-level.) This also means that a cleric *must* be at least 2nd level before becoming a priest, and so no Lightning Genasi can start out as a specialty priest.

Lightning Genasi fighters and mages can also be dual-classed (like humans), with the following restrictions:

The other class must be a cleric (so only fighter-cleric or mage-cleric dual-classed characters are allowed).

The fighter or mage must reach at least 4th level before starting down the clerical path.

Once the character has risen sufficiently high in the cleric class (i.e 2nd-level), he may opt to switch to a specialty priest as above. However, at that point the character must renounce his other class forever (since the Gods don't like their priests to be distracted). At the DM's option, this can be waived under certain circumstances, such as if the character is a fighter-cleric dual class and decides to be a specialty priest of a Power of War or Battle.

(For purposes of the +1 bonus per vs. air- or electrical-based magic every five levels mentioned above, this goes on hold until the specialty priest reaches the same level reached by the cleric before he converted. So you can't reach a +3 bonus as a 15th-level cleric, become a 7th-level specialty priest, and then get *another* +1 bonus when the priest reaches 12th level. Nice try, though, berk.)

Lightning Genasi can be of any alignment.



MAGMA GENASI

"Slow, but burning with intense energy" is the description often used to describe the Explorers of the Lava.

Like their close cousins the Earth Genasi, Magma Genasi tend to be ponderous and deliberate in their outward motions. However, this slow, monolithic movement disguises a fiercely active and intelligent mind. As a consequence, the curiosity typical of all Para- and Quasi-Genasi manifests in Magma Genasi as a desire to explore, investigate, and truly understand the Multiverse. For many Lawfully inclined Magma Genasi, this draws them towards the Guvners. But regardless of the Faction to which they belong, Magma Genasi are always among their Faction's most profound philosophers due to their constant inquiry and introspection into the nature of their beliefs and the Multiverse.

On a less political note, Magma Genasi almost always become active planewalkers. Hopping from plane to plane and exploring the vast variety of the Multiverse is certainly one way to learn more about it, after all. Other Magma Genasi have gone on to become noted naturalists and researchers, such as Braus Horfand, who wrote the seminal work on the ecology of the Lower Planes.

Appearance-wise, Magma Genasi tend to be thick and bulky, but more rounded than their Earth Genasi counterparts. Additionally, Magma Genasi may have one or more of the following:

Black or dark brown skin laced with streaks of red or bright orange

Skin that's warm (even hot) to the touch

A mild odor of heated rock

The faint rumbling of a volcano in their voice

Magma Genasi add +1 to their Intelligence because of their inquisitive natures, but lose -1 from their Charisma since they prefer researching interesting minutiae about the Multiverse instead of learning standard social graces. Magma Genasi are completely unaffected by either normal fire or by lava, and could swim, breathe, and live in an active volcano if they felt like it (and some do just to keep away unwanted visitors). Furthermore, Magma Genasi gain a +1 bonus per every 5 levels applied to their saving throws vs. magical fire- or lava-based attacks. Finally, Magma Genasi can *Heat Rock* once per day as though they were a 5th-Level Priest. Aside from the fact that it affects rock instead of metal, *Heat Rock* is identical to the 2nd-level Priest spell *Heat Metal*.

Magma Genasi can be fighters, mages, specialist mages, specialty priests, or a multiclassed fighter/mage or fighter/priest character. Note that Magma Genasi can't be standard Clerics, since their desire to investigate and understand the Multiverse makes them gravitate towards specific diets. Magma Genasi who become specialist mages must specialize in either Elemental Earth or Elemental Fire. Specialty priests must pick a Power of Fire, Earth, or Lava.

Magma Genasi can be of any alignment.



MINERAL GENASI

Most sods would think a being from the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Mineral would be a little on the hard, unfeeling side. After all, not only is the plane comprised of stones that are harder than rock in most cases, but those stones are also usually razor sharp. A cutter has to be extremely thick-skinned -- in the literal sense -- to survive even a day on the Plane.

But canny bloods know that things don't always turn out in the obvious, logical way, especially on the planes. And so it is with Mineral Genasi. Inheritors of the Glittering Stones are singularly large and imposing -- larger than even their Earth Genasi cousins -- and they've got a heart to match.

Mineral Genasi grow up on a plane where the entire collected treasury of the Merkhant sect pales in comparison to the riches littering the ground within a mile's radius from thier childhood kip. As such they really don't understand the notion of hoarding wealth, especially just for the sake of hoarding it (which is why you'll never see a Mineral Genasi in the Merkhants). This doesn't mean that they don't have any use for it. But to them, jink is part of the journey. It ain't the destination. So while they'll keep themselves in good repair and maybe even save some for a rainy day (being prepared ain't the same as "hoarding," after all), you'll never see an Inheritor of the Glittering Stones living in anything more opulent than a modest case.

So what do they do with the rest of their jink? 99 times out of 100, Mineral Genasi use it to help the less fortunate of the Multiverse. Again, this goes back to their early environment; Mineral Genasi are raised around vast amounts of material wealth, and they find it a little disturbing to discover that some berks don't have two coppers to rub together.

Different Mineral Genasi have different approaches to helping out the poor and downtrodden. Some will open up farms or smithies (or something similar) on one of the Upper Planes (or the portion of the Outlands near the Upper Planar gatetowns). Then they'll give down-on their-luck sods a chance to come work for 'em and learn a trade. For those less fortunate cutters with a strong streak of pride that don't allow 'em to accept charity, this works out fairly well. Other Inheritors will open up soup kitchens or resthouses to give luckless bashers 3 squares a day and a roof over their head at night. And the rare Mineral Genasi thief will usually find some oppressive rich berk to steal from, and will then give this stolen loot back to the oppressed folk in question. (It should be noted that, despite what a cutter might think, Mineral Genasi rarely join the Ring-Givers. This is because the Ring-Givers give stuff away in hopes that they'll get *more* stuff in return. Inheritors of the Glittering Stones, on the other hand, are genuinely altruistic. When they help a cutter, they honestly don't expect anything in return.)

Planewalking Mineral Genasi tend to think a little bigger with regard to helping out the downtrodden, and they will usually seek out villages, towns, or occasionally entire regions that are down-on their-luck for whatever reason (usually due to marauding bands of raiders, drought, famine, or something along those lines). When this happens, they'll usually attempt to take whatever corrective action they feel necessary to get the village, town, or region back on its feet.

In appearance, Mineral Genasi are large, thick and imposing. Their features are sharp and angular, like the gemstones from their native plane. They also have a natural armor class of 8, and will have one or more of the following traits:

Rough, dark brown skin or smooth, dark grey skin.

A few small (half-inch diameter) crystalline stones of various colors embedded in their flesh (these crumble to worthless dust if somehow removed from the Mineral Genasi)

Eyes that seem faceted (like a cut diamond)

Inheritors of the Glittering Stones receive a +1 bonus to their Strength (big, thick Earth creatures can pack quite a wallop), but suffer a -1 to Dexterity (big, thick Earth creatures are rarely agile). Mineral Genasi have a natural 50% magic resistance to all spells (or spell-like effects) which would turn 'em to stone. Standard saving throws will still be applicable if the magic resistance fails. Additionally, Mineral Genasi receive a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. earth-based magic every 5 levels. They also can identify and appraise precious gems and jewelry with 100% accuracy. Finally, Inheritors of the Glittering Stones can *Shape Stone* once per day, as the 3rd-level Priest spell *Stone Shape*. They can affect 15 cubic feet of stone or rock in this fashion.

Mineral Genasi can be any class but Ranger or Druid. Mineral Genasi Paladins must be Planewalkers, moving from plane to plane, seeking villages, towns, or regions which are being oppressed by raiders,

corrupt officials, or what-have-you. (Note: This excludes locations on the Lower Planes, since these locations are evil by nature, and are not therefore oppressed.) Once a Planewalking Mineral Genasi Paladin finds an oppressed area, he is bound by honor to stay until the area is no longer oppressed. Leaving before that time will cause the permanent, irrevocable loss of Paladin status.

Mineral Genasi thieves must steal only from oppressive rich berks (like a greedy merchant or a corrupt sheriff) and give the stolen wealth back to the folks oppressed by these knaves.

Mineral Genasi can specialize in Earth Elementalism or Necromancy. They can also be specialty priests of Powers dealing with Earth, Wealth or Altruism. Inheritors of the Glittering Stones can be multiclassed fighter/mages, fighter/clerics, fighter/thieves, mage/clerics, or mage/thieves. They can be any Good alignment.



⊕⊕ZE GENASI

"The...er...noble beauty of a... uh... a pig wallow.

The..... the melodious sound of a... a boot *splorching* through the mud after... after... BWAHAHAHA"

--Excerpt from the last performance of Gerald the Straight-faced Bard, held at the Great Silt Palace on the Para-Elemental Plane of Ooze.

As one might guess, bashers from the Para-Elemental Plane of Ooze have a hard time getting respect from the rest of the Multiverse. After all, the other Inner Planes have something going for 'em, from the burning majesty of the Plane of Fire to the immeasurable wealth of the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Mineral to the bitter cold of the Para-Elemental Plane of Ice. Whether it's due to the beauty, the power, the riches or the deadliness of the particular plane, the other Inner Planes inspire respect.

On the other hand, there's nothing particularly inspiring about Ooze. And Dwellers of the Mud (as they call themselves) get this repeatedly drummed into their heads from the moment they step off the Para-Elemental Plane of Ooze. While some Ooze berks develop a crushing inferiority complex from all this lack of respect, most Ooze Genasi react in both of the following ways:

First, they become over-confident overachievers. They push themselves to the limit, and more, just to prove their worth. For Ooze Genasi with the skill to back it up, this can often be a boon. Many Ooze Genasi have skyrocketed to fame and fortune due to their "I can do it if I just *try* hard enough" attitude. For Ooze Genasi less able to put their jink where their bone-box is, this over-confidence can have sometimes humorous, sometimes deadly, results. While an Ooze Genasi would (almost) never be over-confident enough to do something obviously stupid like trying to best a Titan in a wrestling contest, it's not unheard of for an Ooze Genasi to imagine themselves the equal of a Pit Fiend or an Arcanoloth when it comes to understanding binding contracts and the loopholes therein. The results of such folly are predictable.

Secondly, they try to hold up mud, ooze, muck, and so forth as equally worthy of respect and admiration as the other elements (and para- and quasi-elements). They're constantly trying to find new ways to inspire folks with mud. From artistic creations made of mud to cosmetic mud-baths to weapons that sling mud, almost all Ooze Genasi strive to increase the respect accorded their native element. So far, the results have been less than impressive. But the Ooze Genasi keep trying.

Ooze Genasi always display one or more of the following traits:

Skin that seems almost to flow and drip

A skin color reminiscent of mud or silt

A thin film of moisture covering their entire body

The faint aroma of moist earth

Their resilient natures provide them with a +1 bonus to Constitution and Dexterity, but their over-confidence results in a -1 penalty to Wisdom and Charisma. Dwellers of the Mud are amphibious and can function in water as easily as air, and they swim at a movement rate of 15. Additionally, they can also function in mud as though they were in air, and many Ooze Genasi prefer to sleep completely submerged in pits of mud or silt. Every five levels, Ooze Genasi also get an additional +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. water- or earth-based magic.

Once per day, Ooze Genasi can *Create Mud*. *Create Mud* is a lesser version of the 5th-Level Wizard spell *Transmute Rock to Mud*. By standing on bare earth or rock, an Ooze Genasi can create a 3-ft deep mud pit, centered on the caster, with a radius of up to 50 feet. The duration of this effect is identical to the *Transmute Rock to Mud* spell. Genasi use this talent most often to give them a place to sleep while on the trail, but since walking through a 3-ft deep pit of mud will slow most bashers down, it also comes in handy for thwarting pursuit. Note that they can only use this ability to affect the ground beneath them. Cave walls (for instance) would be unaffected by this ability, even if the Ooze Genasi were somehow standing on the wall, unless gravity naturally pulled her towards the wall (as on the plane of Pandemonium).

Ooze Genasi can be fighters, mages, fighter/mages, or (interestingly enough) paladins. Ooze Genasi paladins (called Silt Knights) occur when an Ooze Genasi (in typical Ooze Genasi fashion) decides that she will be the sworn protector of a particular town (prime or planar), region (prime or planar) or realm. (Ooze Genasi are nothing if not big thinkers.) In adopting this town, region, or realm, the Ooze Genasi swears to defend it from evil at all costs. A Silt Knight might adopt the gate town of Tradegate, for instance, or the Great Glacier of Toril. They're free to leave their designated area at any time (to visit relatives, for instance), but if they undertake a quest that doesn't directly or indirectly relate to the protection of this area, they lose their paladin abilities until such time as they atone for it in the normal fashion of paladins. If the area under protection should somehow get destroyed during the paladin's absence, the paladin immediately (and irrevocably) loses all paladin status, and becomes a fighter of the same level.



RADIANCE GENASI

Radiance Genasi (known among themselves as Disciples of the Incandescent Colors) hail from a plane where every moment of their existence is surrounded by, and suffused with, a scintillating, never-ending display of the most beautiful colors and lights in the Multiverse. As a consequence, most of the Radiance Genasi that leave the Plane of Radiance are profoundly and utterly disappointed by the (comparatively) dull and dreary nature of the *rest* of the Multiverse. And so, in a similar fashion to their Ash Genasi cousins, most Radiance Genasi figure they've seen enough of the Multiverse and immediately head back home.

But, like their Ash Genasi cousins, a few stick around. These are the Radiance Genasi who hit the planes and figure "It can't *all* be this dull and dreary." So they let their natural curiosity take hold and they begin wandering the planes looking for things of Beauty. To their credit, these Genasi usually discover somewhere along the way that "Beauty" can take forms *other* than blindingly brilliant and beautiful colors, and they gain a respect for the artworks of many cultures (both Prime and Planar). In some cases, Radiance Genasi even learn to appreciate art from cultures most other folks wouldn't consider "beautiful," such as Kobold "dung and worm sculpture" -- a medium most bashers can't appreciate. Fortunately, most Disciples of the Incandescent Colors don't go *quite* this far in their quest for art and "beauty".

It should be noted that occasionally a Radiance Genasi will decide to make their own beauty rather than seeking it out. Probably the most famous of these is the woman known simply as The Coruscate, who has the ability to make achingly beautiful sculptures out of "solid light." How she shapes the lights and keeps them mobile, suspended, and permanent is a dark to everyone but her.

And, of course, many of these Radiance Genasi, whether they're searching for "Beauty" or making their own, will twig to the notion that "Beauty" isn't necessarily visual, and they'll begin seeking (or crafting) literature, poetry, music, and so forth. Basically, if it's artistic in any way, there's probably some Radiance Genasi either doing it or searching it out among the planes.

Radiance Genasi are visually striking. Their skin is always a vibrant, distinctive color (green, blue, purple, and so on), and their hair is usually a violently contrasting color from their skin. Additionally, they'll have one or more of the following:

A faint glow about them (too faint to do anything other than pinpoint their location in a pitch dark room)

The ability to change their hair color at will

Skin that's warm to the touch

Despite their vari-colored skin and hair, most Radiance Genasi are extremely attractive, so they gain a +1 bonus to their Charisma. They also gain a +1 bonus to their Intelligence to reflect their natural appreciation for art in its varied forms. Unfortunately, Radiance Genasi are notoriously frail, so they suffer a -1 penalty to both Strength and Constitution.

Radiance Genasi are completely immune to both natural fire and to being blinded by bright light (even if the bright light is magically induced). This isn't to say that they can't be blinded; the Wizard spell *Power Word, Blind* (for instance) doesn't rely on bright light to achieve the blinding effect, and Radiance Genasi are therefore just as susceptible to that spell as are any other group of berks. However, casting a *Continual Light* spell (for example) on a Radiance Genasi's eyes won't have any effect. Radiance Genasi also receive a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. fire-based magic and illusions every 5 levels. Note that this bonus applies to illusions (i.e. magical constructs which rely on fooling the optical senses) but not to phantasms (i.e. magical constructs placed directly in a cutter's mind, bypassing the optical senses entirely). Additionally, Radiance Genasi can create *Continual Light* once per day, as the 2nd-level Wizard spell. They can use this ability as though they were a 5th-level caster.

Radiance Genasi can be fighters, mages, Fire Elementalists, Illusionists, clerics, specialty priests (must follow a power of fire, light, or beauty), thieves, or Bards. They can also be multiclassed fighter/illusionists, fighter/bards, or Illusionist/thieves. Note that most Radiance Genasi thieves become art thieves. They can be of any alignment.



SALT+ GENASI

All Para- and Quasi-Genasi have a natural curiosity about the rest of the Multiverse, but in Salt Genasi this curiosity has flowered into a passion for exploring matched only by their Magma, Dust, and Steam Genasi cousins. And like their cousins, Salt Genasi have focused on the single-minded exploration of one particular facet of the multiverse.

Just as Magma Genasi often focus on exploring the naturalistic side of the Multiverse (writing treatises on the life cycle of the Etyk, for instance, or studying the ecology of Jangling Hiter), Salt Genasi tend to concentrate on exploring the waterways of the planes. Oceans, lakes, rivers, seas, and even swamps and marshes; any reasonably sized body of water is enough to make the average Salt Genasi feel an urge to map its boundaries, explore its expanse, and experience life to the fullest while sailing its surface.

Interestingly enough, of all the planar races, none are as enamored of the Prime Material Plane as are the Wanderers of the Brine. This stems from the fact that oceans on the planes usually cover entire layers (Ossa, Thalasia), they're usually fairly homogeneous ("One stretch of Ossa is pretty much the same as any other," is a common saying among Salt Genasi), and smaller bodies of water are infrequent in comparison to the amount of land.

Prime worlds, on the other hand, often have more water than land. Moreover, the oceans of one prime world are usually vastly different from those of other prime worlds, and in many cases there are vast differences within the same ocean. And for those more interested in rivers, lakes, and other somewhat smaller bodies of water, you really just can't beat the Prime for variety.

As if that weren't enough (and you'd certainly think it would be), many Salt Genasi have discovered Spelljamming and have taken to it with the same enthusiasm that they have for exploring oceans on the Prime. In their minds, it's just another type of ocean to explore. And since Spelljamming allows them to go from Prime world to Prime world without needing portals or gates, many Salt Genasi end up on the Prime and never return to the Planes. Because of all this hopping about on the Prime, Salt Genasi who spend most of their time on the Prime call themselves **Primewalkers**. This is an obvious reference to the more common **Planewalker**, and a not-so-subtle hint to their fellow Planars that the Prime is also a plane worthy of respect, just like the Abyss or Bytopia.

This isn't to say that you won't find Salt Genasi exploring planar waterways. In one particularly interesting case, a Wanderer of the Brine named Hobart Frimax has modified a Spelljamming ship to make it submersible, and is exploring Thalasia beneath the waves. In another instance, a Salt Genasi named Mitel Cannate is busy exploring the layer of Belerin (and staying one step ahead of both the Asuras and the Hydra), on the Plane of Elysium. And Salt Genasi who are more interested in profit than

in exploration routinely set up shop as ferrymen on the River Oceanus. However, these are the exceptions rather than the rule.

In appearance, Salt Genasi possess one or more of the following traits:

An encrusting of salt on their skin and/or in their hair

Lips which seem perpetually parched and cracked (although this causes no discomfort to the Salt Genasi)

An odor of brine about them at all times

The open-mindedness of Salt Genasi (without which they'd view the Prime as a waste of time) grants them a +1 bonus to their Wisdom scores. Their physical appearance, however, causes them to suffer a -1 penalty to their Charisma. Salt Genasi have no need whatsoever to drink, and never suffer the effects of thirst. Salt Genasi can breathe water as if it were air, but their movements underwater suffer the same restrictions as the movements of normal land-based characters. Every five levels they gain a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. water-based magic. Wanderers of the Brine can *Destroy Water* once per day, at will. This is the reverse of the 1st-Level Priest spell *Create Water*, and Salt Genasi can cast it as though they were a 5th-level priest.

Their wandering natures prevent them from having the time to intensely study magic, and so they cannot be mages. However, their wandering nature certainly lends itself to picking up the odd bit of magical info here and there, so Salt Genasi can be Bards. They can also be fighters, clerics, or specialty priests (must worship a power of water, sailors, exploring, or the sea). They can also be multiclassed fighter/clerics or fighter/bards, and can be of any non-Lawful alignment.



SMOKE GENASI

Silent, stealthy, and comfortable in shadows, Smoke Genasi are the most urban of all the Para- and Quasi-Genasi. This isn't because the Para-Elemental Plane of Smoke is populated with cities, but rather because once a Smoke Genasi leaves the Plane of Smoke, they discover that they're uncomfortable in wide open spaces where a berk can see for miles and miles on a clear day. This isn't to say that a Smoke Genasi can't function out in the open; they just don't like it (a Smoke Genasi on a mountain top is a miserable berk indeed). Cities (and the bigger, the better) provide Shadows of the Vapors with a measure of psychological security due to the closed-in nature of most cities. And if the city has a lot of smoke and/or smog, so much the better. Small wonder, then, that Sigil has the greatest concentration of Smoke Genasi outside of the Plane of Smoke itself.

Para- and Quasi-Genasi are notoriously curious about the Multiverse (or aspects thereof), and Shadows of the Vapors are no exception. However, their curiosity takes the same urban direction that they themselves take; Smoke Genasi are dedicated and enthusiastic city dwellers. This doesn't mean they're always happy and cheerful about their lot in life. They've got the same problems as regular berks, after all. But Smoke Genasi are fascinated by city life like no other race in the Multiverse. They can gaze for hours at the endless ebb and flow of traffic on a city street, watching the intricate patterns of life play themselves out on the cobblestones. Indeed, many Smoke Genasi become merchants or innkeepers precisely so they can more fully experience the life of the city. And the rare Smoke Genasi planewalker travels from city to city on the planes in an effort to compare, contrast, and explore the different urban settings of the Multiverse.

Smoke Genasi always have a faint odor of smoke about them, and this odor can often indicate their mood. The pleasant odor of smoked cedar, for instance, may indicate that the Smoke Genasi is in a generous mood, while a sharp and acrimoniously smoky odor might indicate anger or jealousy. Additionally, Smoke Genasi will have one or more of the following:

Dark gray hair that moves of its own accord like smoke coming off a fire

Mottled gray skin which seems to change coloring and pattern from moment to moment

A choking, coughing tone to their speech

Smoke Genasi receive a +1 bonus to Dexterity and Intelligence, and a -1 penalty to Strength and Constitution. They're immune to the effects of normal flame, but take normal damage from magical flames. However, they receive a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. magical fire every 5 experience levels. They can also breathe smoke without penalty and suffer only half-damage from magical clouds (like *Stinking Cloud*). Note that this only applies to those magical clouds which require inhalation

before the detrimental effects occur. Spells like *Cloudkill* work by contact, not inhalation, and thus Smoke Genasi aren't any more resistant to these spells than anybody else. Finally, Smoke Genasi can create a *Wall of Smoke* once per day. This is identical to the Wizard spell *Wall of Fog*, except that a barrier of smoke is created. Creatures within this barrier suffer no damage, but must spend the same number of rounds recovering (clearing their eyesight, regaining their breath, and so forth) that they spent inside the *Wall of Smoke*, unless they prepared for it (by holding their breath, perhaps, or breathing through a wet rag).

Shadows of the Vapors can be fighters, mages, thieves, fighter/thieves, or mage/thieves. They can be of any alignment.



STEAM GENASI

The Quasi-Elemental Plane of Steam is known by many names: *The Great Fog*, the *Obscuring Mists*, or simply *The Hidden*. The very image of the plane conjures up visions of secrecy and mystery and long-lost Darks. As with most things in the Multiverse, there's probably something to all these names. That is, if the Steam Genasi are any indication.

Steam Genasi call themselves Lanterns of the Mists, and most bashers on the Planes figure this to be a fairly apt description. Like their Magma, Dust, and Salt Genasi cousins, Steam Genasi are ardent, enthusiastic explorers of the Multiverse. But the Lanterns of the Mists specialize in (and excel at) the exploration of the obscure.

For some Steam Genasi, this means investigating hidden Darks and unearthing lost (or forbidden) knowledge. This could be anything from uncovering the Dark of why Nemausus has gone missing from Arcadia, to discovering the pattern of a shifting portal in the Hive, to capturing the murderer of the late Colonel Halvart.

But for most Steam Genasi -- the overwhelming majority, in fact -- this means taking the first portal out of Sigil and striking off for parts unknown. Steam Genasi have a burning curiosity about those areas of the Planes about which there is little (if any) information. Find a spot on the Planes that nobody knows anything about and you can bet that a Steam Genasi will find some way to get there *and* return alive to tell the tale. One Steam Genasi, a sod named Strom, is systematically mapping Agathion, the fourth layer of Pandemonium. Another Steam Genasi, Kaul Wildmarten, is exploring the nether reaches of Pelion, on Arborea. And an unknown Steam Genasi is wandering about on the Great Glass Sea, on the continent of Taladas, on the Prime world of Krynn.

Given all this exploration of the unknown, it's no wonder why most bashers tend to be respectful of Steam Genasi. For one thing, a lot of the knowledge collected about the lesser-traveled regions comes directly as a consequence of the Lanterns of the Mists. And for another, anybody who wanders into unknown areas of the Planes and lives to tell about it is not someone a body would want to cross. After all, it's one thing to visit Jangling Hiter after consulting with sages and planewalkers to find out the preparations needed to come back from the visit with all your skin still attached. It's another thing entirely to just gad about the lesser-traveled portions of the layer of Minauros without any prior knowledge of who may be out there or what it might take to keep 'em from putting you in the dead-book. Most sods would call such exploring barmy, but experienced Steam Genasi can do it and return six weeks later to toss the chant about it over a cup of mead and a game of dice.

Appearance-wise, Steam Genasi are the most human-looking of all the plane-touched. All Steam Genasi have one or more of the following traits:

Perpetually wet hair

The odor of fog about them

A perpetual coating of water droplets on their skin and in their hair

A faint haze surrounding them, extending about 1 foot from their skin

Interestingly enough (and with only a very few exceptions), Steam Genasi avoid some of the more popular fashion trends evinced by many Planars (especially Sigillians). In particular, Steam Genasi do not pierce their bodies (female Steam Genasi may be occasionally seen with one piercing per earlobe, but even this is rare), nor do they affect the tattoos or body painting prevalent among other Planar races. The Dark of why the Steam Genasi, as a whole, seem to avoid these things remains a mystery. (Along these lines, the humble author of this description pointed out this mystery to a Steam Genasi of the

author's acquaintance. The Steam Genasi in question is now assembling a team to investigate. A trip to the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Steam is anticipated, and interested cutters are invited to inquire at the Rotting Treant tavern, off of Bloodmarsh Way, in the Lower Ward.)

Steam Genasi have earned a well-deserved reputation for being tough to kill, and this is doubtless due to their +1 bonus to Dexterity and Constitution. However, they do seem more susceptible to mind-controlling spells (-1 penalty to Wisdom), and they're not particularly powerful (-1 to Strength). Lanterns of the Mists can breathe water as though it was air, but they suffer the same movement penalties underwater as if they were any other land-based race. They gain a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. water- and necromantic-based magic every five levels. Finally, they can *Obscure* themselves once per day. This is a spell-like ability identical to the 2nd-level Wizard spell *Obscurement*, and Steam Genasi cast it as though they were 5th-level casters.

Steam Genasi can be fighters, mages, Abjurers, Diviners, or bards. They can also be fighter/mages, fighter/Abjurers, or fighter/Diviners. They can be of any alignment.



VACUUM GENASI

"There are three types of sages: Those who do not mind admitting when they do not know the answer to a question, and those who *do* mind.

Two types of sages."

--Xansost the Slaad

Ask a sage to describe the sort of being that would be native to the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Vacuum, and many (perhaps most) sages would mutter something about "creatures of pure thought" and then quickly change the subject. Bring up the existence of Vacuum Genasi and ask these same sages how a "creature of pure thought" could produce a half-breed, and most will have you forcibly removed from the premises.

Despite the difficulties in explaining their existence, there's no denying that they *do* exist. Of course, as things in the Multiverse tend to go, lots of berks wish they didn't. Y'see, the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Vacuum isn't a popular plane. There's no air, no sound, damned few pockets of other Elemental matter, even fewer residents, and almost no visitors. Oh sure, it has the occasional bit of excitement -- after all, in an infinitely large plane, something's bound to happen from time-to-time to break up the monotony. But outside of the Positive and Negative Energy Planes, the Plane of Vacuum is the most difficult Inner Plane on which to survive (since *Airy Element* and *Breathe Element* spells don't work on vacuum, among other reasons), and so excitement happens here a bit less on average than on the other Inner Planes. As a consequence, the Offspring of the Void are probably the least sophisticated race in the planes. And that's putting it mildly.

Think of the most clueless, wide-eyed Prime berk you can think of, and they'll look like Tarsheva Longreach herself next to the average Vacuum Genasi. But whereas Primes are clueless due to their arrogant assumption that their Crystal Sphere is the Center of the Multiverse, Vacuum Genasi are clueless because they have absolutely no experience with things most everyone else takes for granted. Like razorvine. Or tanar'ri. Or smog.

And when you couple the natural curiosity about the Multiverse that exists in all Para- and Quasi-Genasi with the cluelessness that exists in all Vacuum Genasi, you'll find that they often act even *more* clueless than Prime berks. Since they come from a plane that has almost nothing in it, *everything* is new and exciting to an Offspring of the Void. So Vacuum Genasi spend a lot of time wandering the planes with an excited, awe-filled expression pasted on their faces, and this is true whether they're looking at Mount Olympus or a pile of Bebilith droppings.

Most Vacuum Genasi get over it, eventually, if they live. But it usually takes longer for them to shed their "cluelessness" than it does for even the most backward Prime. And even experienced, powerful Vacuum Genasi still have a touch of the "wide-eyed tourist" about them. Growing up in a nearly empty plane is not something one loses easily, after all.

Offspring of the Void all look very gaunt, sometimes to the point of seeming emaciated (although they're perfectly healthy). Additionally, they have one or more of the following traits:

An area of "dead air" extending about 1 ft. from their bodies, in which sounds seem muted, the air seems a little thin, and/or odors are non-existent

Hair that's unaffected by even the strongest wind

Skin that's dry and cool to the touch, and never perspires

Because of their gaunt frame, Vacuum Genasi suffer a -1 penalty to Strength. But because they do not need to breathe, they've never had to suffer from air-borne illnesses. Consequently, their Constitution is exceptionally hardy and they gain a +1 Constitution bonus. Vacuum Genasi are completely immune to the effects of vacuum whether natural or induced by magic. Since they don't need to breathe, they're also immune to harmful vapors which do their damage by being inhaled. Additionally, they gain a +1 bonus to their saving throws vs. air-based magic every 5 levels. Finally, Vacuum Genasi can create *Silence, 15' Radius* with themselves in the center (like the 2nd-level Priest spell) as though they were a 5th level caster.

Vacuum Genasi can be fighters, mages, clerics, or thieves. They can also be multiclassed fighter/mages, fighter/thieves, or mage/thieves. They can be of any alignment.



Table 1: Ability Requirements

	Strength	Dexterity	Intelligence	Wisdom	Constitution	Charisma
Ash	3/18	3/18	7/18	9/18	3/18	3/18
Dust	3/18	7/18	5/18	5/18	7/18	3/18
Ice	3/18	7/18	5/18	3/18	3/18	3/18
Lightning	3/18	9/18	5/18	9/18	3/18	3/18
Magma	9/18	3/18	7/18	3/18	7/18	3/18
Mineral	9/18	3/18	3/18	5/18	5/18	3/18
Ooze	5/18	7/18	3/18	3/18	7/18	3/18
Radiance	3/18	5/18	7/18	3/18	3/18	9/18
Salt	3/18	3/18	5/18	9/18	5/18	3/18
Smoke	3/18	7/18	7/18	3/18	3/18	3/18
Steam	3/18	7/18	3/18	3/18	9/18	3/18
Vacuum	3/18	5/18	5/18	3/18	7/18	3/18

Table 2: Age and Aging Effects (This is similar to all genasi)

	Starting Age	Middle Age*	Old Age**	Venerable Age***	Maximum Age
Genasi	20+1d10	60	80	120	120+6d10

Note: Add 7d4 years to starting age for a ranger or druid Ash Genasi

-1 Str/Con; +1 Int/Wis

** - 2 Str/Dex, -1 Con; +1 Wis

*** - 1 Str/Dex/Con; +1 Int/Wis

Table 3: Average Height and Weight

	Height (In inches)		Weight (In pounds)	
	Male	Female	Male	Female
Ash	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+4d10	100+4d10
Dust	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+5d10	100+5d10
Ice	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+5d10	100+5d10
Lightning	58+1d8	57+1d8	130+4d10	80+4d10
Magma	61+2d8	60+2d8	160+6d10	110+6d10
Mineral	67+2d8	66+2d8	190+6d10	140+6d10
Ooze	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+5d10	100+5d10
Radiance	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+4d10	100+4d10
Salt	60+1d10	59+1d10	150+5d10	100+5d10
Smoke	58+1d8	57+1d8	130+4d10	80+4d10
Steam	58+1d10	57+1d10	140+4d10	90+4d10
Vacuum	62+1d10	60+1d10	120+4d10	70+4d10

Table 4: Thief Racial Adjustments:

	PP	OL	F/RT	HS	MS	DN	CW	RL
Ash	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Dust	-15%	-	-	-	-	+5%	-	+10%
Ice	-	-	-	-10%	-	-	-5%	+15%
Lightning	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Magma	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Mineral	-5%	-5%	-5%	-	-	-	+10%	-
Ooze	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Radiance	-	-	-	-20%	+10%	-	-	-
Salt	-10%	-	-	-	-	-	-5%	+10%
Smoke	-	-	-	+15%	+10%	-	-	-
Steam	-10%	-	-	-	-	+5%	+5%	+5%
Vacuum	-5%	-	-10%	-	+15%	-	-	-

Table 5: Level Limits

	Fighter	Ranger	Paladin	Cleric ⁽¹⁾	Druid	Mage	Specialist	Thief	Bard
Ash	11	15	-	-	13	10	12 ⁽²⁾	-	-
Dust	12	-	-	-	-	11	⁽³⁾	-	14
Ice	11	-	-	14	-	15	15 ⁽⁴⁾	13	-
Lightning	12	-	-	15 ⁽⁵⁾	-	11	-	-	-
Magma	15	-	-	14	-	16	16 ⁽⁶⁾	-	-
Mineral	14	-	14	12	-	13	13 ⁽⁷⁾	9	10
Ooze	13	-	15	-	-	12	-	-	-
Radiance	13	-	-	12	-	13	⁽⁸⁾	11	14
Salt	13	-	-	12	-	-	-	-	16
Smoke	11	-	-	-	-	13	-	16	-
Steam	14	-	-	-	-	13	⁽⁹⁾	-	11
Vacuum	13	-	-	13	-	15	-	14	-

1. Includes specialty priests.
2. Can be either a Fire Elementalist or a Necromancer
3. Can be either a Diviner (15) or an Earth Elementalist
4. Can be either an Air or Water Elementalist.
5. Can attain 18th level as specialty priest
6. Can be either an Earth or Fire Elementalist.
7. Can be either an Earth Elementalist or a Necromancer.
8. Can be an Illusionist (15) or a Fire elemental (13).
9. Can be an Abjurer (16) or a Diviner (15).



RUVKΘVA

Authors: Greg Jensen "belarius@juno.com" and Greg Jensen "gjensen@mail.wsu.edu",

Yes, there are two of them.

The ruvkova, also known as the ruvoka, are a highly mysterious humanoid race that populates the various inner planes. The ruvoka live in a tribal social structure, with each tribe claiming a specific inner plane as their home. They can be found on virtually any inner plane, with the possible exceptions of the energy planes (and even that may not be entirely true). Not even the plane of Vacuum is safe from ruvoka tribal intrusions. The most widely known ruvoka tribes are: brajeti and zathosi (Earth), ethilum (Air), kaltori (Fire), ramoka (Steam), sartarin (Ash), and vandesh (Ice).

Nobody is really sure where the ruvoka came from. If the ruvoka know, they ain't telling anyone else. Rumor has it that they were originally prime druids who decided to make the inner planes their homes, and became adapted to their new environment. Ruvoka keep their own council, however, and don't really talk much about their origins to non-ruvoka or much of anything else for that matter. They are an extremely reclusive race, and actively avoid contact with others. Some rogue ruvoka have been known to associate with members of other races. However, even these bloods cannot be considered friendly. They are all introverts, and remain distant from even their closest friends.

Ruvoka are extremely tall and gaunt, but otherwise greatly resemble humans. Each tribe has its own distinguishing characteristics, depending on what element they inhabit. Tribes also have a favorite manner of dress and specific weapons of choice. The brajeti use bronze weapons almost exclusively, and zathosi warriors are well-known for their large heavy mauls. The ethilum are expert archers and spear-wielders, and have white-grey hair and beards. The kaltori have jet-black skin, and prefer obsidian-tipped weapons. The ramoka have wrinkled skin as though having been submerged in water too long, and are one of the few tribes preferring swords to other weapons. The albino-appearing sartarin wield heavy war clubs, and the hairy (some would even say furry) vandesh prefer large spears.

Ability Adjustments: Ruvkova of all tribes have a +1 to both Strength and Wisdom, and a -2 to Charisma and -1 to Dexterity.

Special Abilities: Ruvkova have many potent abilities, being a surprisingly tough elemental planar race. All ruvkova are completely immune to the harmful effects of their native element, and can move through this element without hindrance. They can breathe their native element as effectively as air. They are still vulnerable to other forms of elemental attack, however. The player or DM may choose the ruvoka PC's native element, at the DM's discretion. Alternately, the following table can be used to decide the character's native element:

[Crossbreed: Character has parents from more than one tribe. Is half immune (half damage) to both elements, and can move through either element for 1 turn/level each day. (Roll again twice).]

Ruvkova begin with a base AC of 9 due to their tough, resistant skin. Every other level gained, the ruvoka loses one AC point, to a minimum natural AC of 6. Ruvoka often use armor to further decrease their armor class.

At 6th level of experience, Ruvoka gain the ability to telepathically communicate with any sentient creature. This functions as normal speech, in all manners. However, this form of communication makes no actual sound (the "speaking" appears in the minds of those in the area), and can be understood by any sentient creature (low or higher Intelligence). This ability to be a universal translator makes ruvoka diplomats much in demand.

Special Hindrances: Ruvoka count as large creatures for purposes of taking damage. No matter how accustomed a ruvoka is to the world outside of her tribe, she can never fully relate to members of other races. All ruvoka PCs have a -2 penalty to all reaction rolls.

Ruvoka also require their native element as sustenance in addition to food. One pound or the equivalent of the element must be consumed every 24 hours, or the ruvoka acts as though he were one level more encumbered.

Ruvkova druids use the wizard experience point table for advancement (although they gain d8 hit points per level), and ruvoka fighters use the paladin/ranger experience table. All ruvoka are neutral in alignment.

Class Options: Ruvkova may be fighters, druids, or druid/fighters. Ruvoka druids have a few differences from the standard druid. First, they have no charisma requirement. Second, they have access to elemental spheres based on their native element as follows:

Table 1: Native Elements

Inner Plane	Native Element	Inner Plane	Native Element
Air	Major Air*	Lightning	Major Air, Minor Fire
Earth	Major Earth*	Steam	Major Earth, Minor Fire
Fire	Major Fire*	Mineral	Major Water, Minor Fire
Water	Major Water*	Radiance	Major Fire, Minor Air
Ooze	Major Earth, Minor Water	Dust	Major Earth, Minor Air
Ice	Major Water, Minor Air	Vacuum	Major Air, Minor Earth
Magma	Major Fire, Minor Earth	Salt	Major Water, Minor Earth
Smoke	Major Air, Minor Fire	Ash	Major Fire, Minor Water

[* Spells from this sphere incur a -1 penalty to saves on attack-based spells. Finally, Ruvoka druids have no armor or weapon restrictions. Most Ruvoka are multi-classed fighter/druids.]

Table 2: Ability Requirements

	Strength	Dexterity	Constitution	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
Ruvkova	10/18	3/18	13/18	8/18	12/18	3/18

Table 3: Ability Adjustments

	Strength	Dexterity	Constitution	Intelligence	Wisdom	Charisma
Ruvkova	+1	-1	-	-	+1	-2

Table 4: Average Height and Weight

	Height*		Weight*	
	Base	Modifier	Base	Modifier
Ruvkova	84/80	4d10	250/200	6d10

Table 5: Age

	Starting Age	Middle Age*	Old Age**	Venerable Age***	Maximum age
Ruvkova	20+2d10	60	80	100	100+2d100

(* -1 Str/Con; +1 Int/Wis, ** -2 Str/Dex, -1 Con; +1 Wis, *** -1 Str/Dex/Con; +1 Int/Wis)

Table 6: Level Limits

	Fighter	Ranger	Paladin	Wizard*	Cleric	Druid	Thief	Bard
Ruvkova	14	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a	14	n/a	n/a



AIR

The Elemental Plane of Air is one that's infinite, like all Elemental Planes. However, it's also the most hospitable one to planeswalkers; you don't need to be an experienced blood to survive in the infinite skies of the Boundless Blue. More information on the Elemental Plane of Air can be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 28.

The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 25-27.

The Inner Planes, pages 20-29.



THE BASE NATURE OF ELEMENTAL AIR (UD)

(Talk about it here)



EXCURSION (TOWN)

CHARACTER: Strike out for new lands: the means of which you have had all your life. Staying in one area leads to boredom and unhappiness; stay forever on the move and never stop to grow miserable. A city supported by helium balloons, Excursion is a city that lets itself travel any way the wind blows; the town's inhabitants don't care about direction.

RULER: The quasi-ruler of this town is the al-karak-elam (or winged elf, to the Clueless) Alquad n (Planar/female al-karak-elam/P[Celestial]6/SO/CN), who rules best by not ruling at all. At least, that'd be what it would look like to a casual observer. Alquad n is rarely seen in the town governing, rather she usually is seen flying through the vast expanses of the Boundless Blue, exploring the entirety of the Elemental Plane of Air. When she tires of exploring one area, she returns to her town of Excursion and directs the town's engineers to move the town elsewhere. She feels a little sorrow for those in Excursion who cannot fly naturally, but she prefers to center her existence on herself. She's the ruler of the town only because she (supposedly) controls the town's engineers so that she alone can dictate the course of this lighter-than-air city. 'Course, she's well liked despite the fact that she's arrogant, haughty, and completely self-centered. The fact that the denizens of the town like her is probably the only reason she's still in power. Then again, nobody really cares which way the town flies, as long as it does, so being ruler ain't that big of a deal.

BEHIND THE THRONE: Around much more often than Alquad n, the guardinal Feriatae (Planar/female avoral/7+4 HD/NG) feels committed to the non-flyers of the town. She cares for their welfare, and is usually seen securing the riggings to the helium balloons that keep the town floating. 'Course, her presence in the realm isn't by chance: she's been dispatched to the Elemental Plane of Air to help Chan undermine the influence of the archomental Yan-C-Bin throughout the Inner Plane. She does this by picking up important information about the excursions of the wanderlust-stricken inhabitants of this town and then reporting whatever chant she hears to her pet astral streaker Zephyr, who flies to Chan's palace without delay and returns with whatever Chan has heard that may affect Feriatae. Feriatae then "convinces" the engineers of the town to head towards the next spot where

they'd be most useful to Chan. Alquad n doesn't notice the fact that she never ends up where she needs to go: she just wants a new place to explore and dance among the clouds.

The engineers that keep the town afloat are a group of twenty gnomes who are lead by a basher by the name of Verian Pillganais (Prime/male gnome/T3/N). Verian doesn't really have any preference towards either of the town's high-ups. Rather, he's just excited to be able to work with such an interesting piece of machinery: the entire town was designed by his father, and he serves the town by making sure that the helium balloons never fly loose and the sails never break, despite the conditions of the wind. He frequently accepts bribes from Feriatae to direct the town in directions that don't exactly coincide with Alquad n's orders.

DESCRIPTION: Excursion is a town that floats through the Elemental Plane of air on a large wooden platform, underneath which is a large number (about five hundred) helium balloons. Helium is a rare substance, but the fact that it was found in some areas of the Prime and classified by the Fraternity of Order about twenty years ago helps matters. It's said that Feriatae has mages scouring the Outer Planes, casting a spell which is named, believe it or not, detect helium. And of course, the balloons aren't made out of rubber (such a substance is unknown to even the Fraternity of Order); they're made out of the skin of some animal from Carceri (the same animal who's skin gives the skin balloons of that same plane their name). The town is directed by huge sails that rise up over the town. Both of these are extremely vital to the survival of the town; without the balloons, the town would fall under it crashed into something else and without the sails, the town would lose its appeal. The town's major

"ANY WAY THE WIND BLOWS;
D@ESN'+ REALLY MA++ER +@ ME.

- A RESIDENT + @F EXCURSION, UPON
BEING ASKED HIS PREFERRED
DES+INATION

appeal is as a resting place for winged creatures or other flying beings to explore the Plane of Air without having to worry about getting themselves lost. Excursion serves as a base for these creatures so that they can see the Elemental Plane of Air in small quantities each day. The town usually moves positions once every ten days, so

creatures usually fly out to explore the surrounding area and return so that they won't miss the passing of the town. Of course, the true explorers don't keep to this town; it's more for tourists with wings (or some other magical means of flight).

The town's non-flying inhabitants are mostly either militia members or craftsmen. The craftsmen of the town attempt to make their living through the trade that the city brings from one corner of Elemental Air to another.

MILITIA: The militia of Excursion consists a surprisingly organized group of inhabitants (most are Planar/male or female human or air genasi/F3/NG, N, CN, CG), most of which do not have a natural method of flying. All of them are trained in the use of the crossbow, and they have a deadly aim. However, in battles (which do happen occasionally), they are each very careful when the attackers aim for the sails (which they invariably do); rupturing a sail grounds the town until it can be fixed. Of course, should the attackers aim for the helium balloons below the town, Feriatae will lead her own band of avorals to deal with the threat. The town can stay afloat as long as half the helium balloons stay intact. Any less than that, and the town begins to destabilize and then it'll be every berk for himself, unless he's lucky enough to be rescued by the avorals.

SERVICES: Due to the amount of ground that this town covers, there's no doubt that a few cutters are determined to make a jink or three off the trading business. The main merchant in town is a greedy berk named Decentious (Planar/male human/P[Hades]5/Merkhant/NE), who seeks to someday bring the entire Elemental Plane of Air under his financial control. Right now, he's currently monopolizing the trade in helium into the Plane from remote areas of the multiverse (Feriatae may find it, but he ships it in vast quantities). He keeps the entire town afloat in exchange for a commission of 10% from all goods sold in Excursion's market.

In the market, any sort of goods can be found that are native to the Inner Planes of Air or Lightning. Weapons can be found, though metal is in much less abundance in the Plane of Air than in other planes. Magical flying gear is a specialty in this town; Elemental wings of flying (see below), wings of flying, and other similar gear can be found in the market of Excursion for prices in gold pieces about 25% higher than their experience point value in the DMG (without the commission).

CURRENT CHAN+: It's said that Decentious hasn't been getting the returns that he's expected from his commission deal. He wants to raise his commission to 12%, an action bitterly opposed by the

merchants of Excursion. Meanwhile, Feriatae has been experimenting with alternates such as hot air and a new wizard spell known as *metamorphose gas* (course, it's not yet proven that the latter works as she'd like). She'd prefer to make her own helium from the air that surrounds her than stoop to dealing with a petty (and evil) berk like Decentious.

It's also unclear whether or not Decentious knows about Feriatae's relationship with Chan. Should he know and be kicked out of the town, he'd probably not hesitate to spill the chant to Yan-C-Bin - for the right price. Feriatae is worried about Decentious; she can't control him and he may soon need to be removed from the picture for good.



AZREB-AKUL

[TOWN]

(Author: Erik Arneson erik@aarg.net)

CHARACTER: The hardy survive through cooperation. The cold is a test. Those who are worthy will thrive.

RULER: Ralwhey Lightstaff (planar / male air genasi / specialist(air) 14 / N) rules from Blizzard Keep, a massive structure of ice and stone in the center of oldtown.

BEHIND THE THRONE: People actually don't pay that much attention to central authority here, so even a political force operating behind the throne would find it difficult to have any real influence.

DESCRIPTION: Near the border with the Paraelemental Plane of Ice floats a massive island of elemental ice and stone. Upon this island is built an ancient city of stone. Azreb-Akul is split between oldtown and newtown by a crumbling bastion wall and is known to be the home of many powerful elementalists. A massive mountain of solid ice occupies most of the skyline visible from within the city.

MILITIA: A legion of griffon riders is backed by well-trained pikemen and arbalesters on the ground. Backing this up is a small cadre of low-level air elementalists and a few priests.

SERVICES: A smart shopper can find nearly anything needed to survive the harsh conditions of both the Plane of Air and the Plane of Ice here. Excellent cobblers and sturdy weaponsmiths can also be found in Azreb-Akul. Above all of this, however, is the abundance of elementalists whose services can often be bought for a reasonable fee.

Travelers can often hire griffons or other flying creatures to give them a hand, and a few well-known Merchants usually need guards along trade routes to other cities on the Planes of Air and Ice.

CURRENT CHANT: Rumors relating to the politics of the Plane of Ice often make their way here. Recently stories have been circulating about a cabal dedicated to stopping Cryonax and his mad schemes before they spread beyond the Elemental Prince's home plane.



MUNDANE ITEMS IN AIR

Skin Balloon: This contraption is created from the skin of various flyers of the Elemental Plane of Air. The skin is made into a large, flexible bag ala the skin balloons of Carceri and filled with heated air so as to allow flight. Of course, travel by this way is extremely hazardous due to the winds of the Elemental Plane of Air, and steering's no picnic either. However, compared to other magical methods of flight, the Skin Balloon is a cheap way to get around if a body doesn't mind never reaching his destination.

Cost: 1000 gold/2 man balloon

(In addition, the Skin Balloons of Carceri have been somewhat modified by the residents of this for use in the Elemental Plane of Air, though they'll claim that they came up with the idea before any members of the Red Prison.)



EARTH

The Anvil that is the Elemental Plane of Earth is a relentless one; always seeking to crush those that invade it, Elemental Earth is a plane of dark tunnels and dismal slavery. Those who come here had best beware: an idle pair of hands will be snatched right up and put to work for someone else in clearing new dark tunnels and new examples of dismal slavery. More information can be found in the following places:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 29.

The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 27.

The Inner Planes, pages 30-39.



THE BASE NATURE OF ELEMENTAL EARTH

Of all the Inner Planes, the Elemental Plane of Earth is possibly the most inherently lawful and ordered among them. It's the only one of them that constantly seeks to expel foreign objects to it, and it's always attempting to destroy the passage of mortal and immortal alike. Determined in its fanaticism, the Elemental Plane of Earth reduces everything to a statistic; people are nothing in the grand scale of things. As a result, law based factions such as the Fraternity of Order and the Harmonium commonly maintain a presence among the towns and realms of this layer. It's also not unknown to find a modron or baatezu colony within the deepest caverns of Earth, so visitors from the Outer Planes can expect to see a few familiar faces. As a result, tanar'ri, eladrin, and slaad usually stay clear of this plane, preferring to exult in the glory of Elemental Fire. Of course, this rule of law sticking to Earth is ignored completely by the Bleak Cabal and their Asylum (*below*), probably because the Cabal doesn't care about any unofficial statutes.

Economically, the slave trade is what makes this entire Plane run. The only way that caverns stay the way they are is through either powerful magic or constant legions of slaves working to push the Anvil back from enveloping settlements. Slave trade is also popular in other Inner Planes with movement conditions akin to Earth, although no other Plane has the same central location and potential for wealth (besides Mineral). Not all slavers are evil, although the most prominent of them are. The only successful slavers are the ones that can back their physical strength up with magical power. A list of the most successful of the slavers of Earth is found below, under the heading of "Major Players in Earth."

Physically, Earth is the dense, packed material that is the substance that makes up countless Prime Material worlds that span the Plane between the Astral and the Ethereal. It is the primary building block of much of existence, surpassed maybe only by Water or possibly Air. It's not the most traveled of the Inner Planes; that honor falls to Air, but Earth comes in a second that lags somewhat behind it's better. However, because the plane is only plagued by a lack of air, it is more traveled than its neighbors Fire and Water.

Settlements in Earth tend to be populated by stubborn and conservative individuals, while their societies tend to be monarchial or even despotic in nature due to the inability of its individuals to accept new ideas. Those travelling here had best learn not to demand quick responses or irrational decisions from the locals; they resent those who move too fast and believe that the pace of the multiverse should slow down so that everyone can actually see what they're doing.



R⊕CKWALL CI⊕Y

[T⊕WN]

(Author: Erik Arneson erik@aarg.net)

CHARAC+ER: Work and toil are the only ways to get ahead. Only the strong and the resourceful survive, and there isn't enough to give to support charity.

RULER: Gormund Longaxe (prime / male mountain dwarf / fighter 11 / LN) is the de-facto head of Clan Longaxe and thusly also the thane of Rockwall City. He is a sturdy, well-built dwarf with a mind for business and a good sense of fairness. He has led the inhabitants through numerous successful Dao raids.

BEHIND +HE THR⊕NE: Longaxe and his clan have the support of most of the town's population, although there are two other major clans (Brulkraft and Stonefoot) present in the burg.

DESCRIP+ION: Deep in the Anvil, far away from any portals or vortexes, a group of sturdy, determined dwarves spend their lives digging through the endless rock. They are miners and businessmen, and the burg actually sits on a fairly major "crossroads" of sorts. For some reason, the good-aligned earth elementals of the area always point lost travellers towards Rockwall City.

MILI+IA: Every able-bodied dwarf in Rockwall City is trained in the use of a weapon of some sort. They are also backed up by a small cadre of dwarven priests. Because of the strong military might of this group of dwarves, attacks by Dao and other evil earth elemental forces have been successfully repelled.

SERVICES: In addition to being a perfect place to purchase provisions and supplies for a trek through the Elemental Plane of Earth, Rockwall City is also home to a well-known merchant named Morx Allum (planar / male human / fighter 9 / Fated / LG). Allum is a retired adventurer who makes it his business to hook other adventurers up with magical weapons forged on the Elemental Plane of Earth. While he is often willing to trade magical weapons from other planes for native ones, he also sells them for about the equivalent of 5500gp per plus.

The only inn in town is a homey dwarf-sized place called *The Hungry Hammer*. Many have speculated that with all of the traffic coming through, something catering to the burg's larger-sized clientele might steal quite a bit of the *Hammer's* business.

CURREN+ CHAN+: The chant is that the last Dao raid was headed by a particularly powerful and evil fellow who calls himself Khan al-Gabral (for short, of course). Not only that, but some say that there was a Baatezu advisor assisting the Khan. What could they possibly be up to?



THE AN⊕ LORD'S BURR⊕W

[REALIII]

(More information on the animal lords in general may be found in the author's recent document: *Kings of the Wild*)

CHARAC+ER: Dig, burrow, dig. Protect the Queen - work, work, work. Within the Elemental Plane of Earth and far away from the Beastlands, the Ant Lord lives and survives with his petitioners far away from the wilds of the Beastlands. She's the only expatriate of the *seyhrain*, and as such doesn't trust people trying to make her return to her roots.

POWER: The Ant Lord, who left the Beastlands during its early days, has come to survive here with his animal petitioners. It's said that he went off to Arcadia, which he did - he started the formian race - but then he was ostracized by his own creations, so he headed on. He wandered the Planes for over a century before finding the Elemental Plane of Earth, where he settled and stayed. Eventually over the centuries, he evolved into the Queen Mother, leaving his former distinctions behind with the Beastlands. To this day, she stays within her region of Earth with her ants burrowing around and keeping the tunnels clear while she hatches their entire race.

DESCRIPTION: This realm is nothing more than a connected series of tunnels throughout the Elemental Plane of Earth, encompassing possibly about five square miles. The ants of the Ant Queen constantly dig at the Elemental Earth for food and seek to reestablish their tunnels before the Anvil of Earth crushes them once again. The tunnels are unremarkable and are built so that an ant can cover the most amount of ground in the quickest time; a body'd never realize that an ant can create the tunnels until one looks him right in the face. The only thing that the tunnels move aside for are hard rock, which the ants cannot dig through and instead are forced to go around.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS: There are no towns within the Ant Lord's Burrow, only various colonies established by the ants. There are at least five large sized colonies, each holding thousands of small ants and at least a hundred larger ones. Each of the colonies is headed by an intelligent warden beast in the form of a giant ant; each of them has increased psychic potential over the normal petitioners of the Ant Queen (see below). These towns have little to offer humanoids besides a look at the intricacies of ant society, something most planeswalkers get bored with real fast.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS: The ants of the Ant Queen act as a group mind; the Ant Queen herself has endowed the group with a telepathic link from one another. Any petitioner of the Ant Queen has a permanent *thought link* with the rest of the Hive. What one ant knows, the rest soon know, so a cutter looking to indiscriminately slaughter the insects are in for a bruising.

PRIMARY NPCs: The warden beasts of the Ant Queen rule this realm; the most prominent of these is Worker #4542 (as he is known to outsiders), a warden beast in the form of a giant ant. As ants go, he's rather friendly, but still devoted fiercely to his queen. Any Outsider that looks like a threat is disposed of quickly and painlessly. However, bodies aren't likely to meet with the Ant Queen, so Worker #4542 is the next best thing, carrying forth his Queen's word in all things.

SERVICES: It's said that this realm has a keyless and nearly invisible portal to The Driller's Hives (the second discovered layer of the Abyss) within its tunnels. Travelers won't realize that they've stumbled across the barrier until it's too late and they're devoured for food. It's a mystery why this portal exists in this realm, although some speculate that the Abyssal Ant Queen is a dark mirror to the Ant Queen, wishing to usurp her position and take her place as leader of all the ants of the multiverse. Should this happen, then Primes would have to start worrying when their normally mundane ants began to overthrow and devour them with the aid of an Abyssal Lord.

There's also said to be a gateway to Arcadia somewhere with the realm, from which the Ant Queen originally came centuries ago. However, nobody knows exactly where it is and if a body could find it, it'd be heavily guarded, probably because the Ant Queen has no love for his former creations that tossed her out after their creation.



ASYLUM OF THE CONSIGNED

(S+E)

Within the endless tunnels of the Anvil that is the Elemental Plane of Earth lies a complex out buildings built inside an air bubble. But it isn't a town; rather, it's the biggest stronghold that the Bleakers have (or care to maintain) on the Inner Planes. It serves as a base for the Bleak Cabal as they seek to bring peace and comfort to the people of the Inner Planes, where more than one sod has gone blind, deaf, dumb, or barmy after being exposed to pure reality. It's run by a berk named Ivanait

(Pl/male human/T7/BC/NG [formerly NE]), a once-prominent Inner Planar thief who ran a little too close to the Quasielemental Plane of Radiance: he's permanently blind. However, he's taken it upon himself to help those who, like himself, got more than they bargained for in the Inner Planes. The Asylum turns nobody away: a berk looking for a place to survive, if only for a little while, can stay here at a fee. Those truly insane are admitted free of charge. The asylum maintains a staff of about thirty members of the Bleak Cabal, and is perhaps twenty days journey from the Great Dismal Delve - probably closer than they'd like it.



MAJOR PLAYERS IN EARTH

As mentioned above, the most prominent people that a party is likely to get involved with are the slavers that base themselves out of Earth. The most notorious of these follow:

Israon

(Planar/male archon [throne]/12 HD/LG)

The most unlikely slaver throughout the entire plane is the throne archon Israon, who surprisingly is still in contact with his superiors on the Holy Mount. It seems impossible that the archons of Mount Celestia would allow such a travesty to take place, but Israon's goal is clearly to subvert any "evil" slaves to the cause of goodness. He controls legions of orcs, goblins, kobolds, and tieflings that each lie in shackles, although to be fair, the majority of them are not evilly-aligned. The most prominent of the slaves is the orc Gnasetooth (Pr/male orc/T2/CG), who has a knack for not being where his superiors are, and has various connections throughout the Plane, although he has yet to free a single slave from Israon's harsh grasp. Israon commands his slaves from the Pillar of Light, a huge tower filled with archons and aasimar of the most intolerant sort. A body who stumbles across the tower had best beware that he isn't deemed "evil" and thrown into the slave pits. Israon isn't one for *buying* slaves from the dao (or any other slavers for that matter); instead, he prefers to "liberate" them into his own custody. What he's doing with all the slaves that he acquires is unknown. Rumors speculate that he's building an army for an archonian attempt to capture the Great Dismal Delve, although that'd be unlikely at best.

Xerienda

(Planar/Female Erinyes/6+6 HD/LE)

One of the most respected slave traders of the Elemental Plane of Earth, the erinyes Xerienda has come far from being rejected by her Baatorian brethren long ago for some unremembered reason. She's carved a rather large niche out of the slave trade of the Earth, making her business quite popular with the evil earth genies, the dao. She specializes in hard-working slaves who have forgotten what it is to hope for escape; she was trained well during her hundreds of years on Baator dealing with petitioners. Her slaves have forgotten what their life was before they were owned by her and a majority of them have actually been borne into slavery and know nothing outside it. Xerienda and her lieutenants work very hard to cultivate the outside world as a cruel, harsh, and unforgiving place (which is for the most part true) so that their wards will never seek to leave. She consorts frequently with the dao, and it's said that she's in the process of seducing one of the servants of the Khan of the dao so as to grant her more influence among Elemental Earth.



FIRE

Regarded as possibly the most feared among the Elemental Planes, Elemental Fire is a hellish and brutal place of a never-ending conflagration that, according to the denizens of the plane, will never burn out. However, cannier bloods take a look at Fire's waning place on the Prime and its tendency to burn bright and brilliant for the shortest of moments. The Doomguard say that nothing is permanent, Fire least of all, and have dispatched numerous agents with the objective of making sure that the place burns completely out. More information can be found in the following places:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 30-31.

The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 27-28.

The Inner Planes, pages 30-39.



THE BASE NATURE OF ELEMENTAL FIRE

The denizens of the Elemental Plane of Fire would like to claim that their plane is the most powerful in existence, slowly burning everything in the multiverse until the rest is just ashes. However, Elemental Fire depends more on Elemental Air than they'd ever admit; it's a well-known fact that fire cannot burn without oxygen in the atmosphere on the Prime. Elemental Fire even has an atmosphere, toxic though it is. Perhaps Elemental Fire *depends* on Elemental Air for existence? However, mentioning that to the Efreet and Fire Elementals of this Inner Planes earns a sharp reaction (and this author's got the burn mark to prove it). However, it's another explanation for the reason that the two war; the djinn of Air are resentful of the fact that the efreet survive off them, and the efreet of Fire resent the fact that they need to draw from the Elemental Plane of Air for existence.

However, Fire doesn't just require Air to breathe; it needs to consume something as well - the Elemental Plane of Earth, in this case. It's suggested that the efreet have some sort of slave-trade agreement with the dao so that the dao don't mind that fact that the efreet are burning up their homes with their "eternal fire." It's not secret that the two races have relatively good relations; the evil minds of the dao and the efreet make for good relations, albeit offset by the standard treachery that belies their nature.

Societies in Fire tend to be either chaotic or extremely rigid, due to the rigors that the Plane puts on each person within it. Societies either are broken or made strong by the flame. Individually, the people of Fire are physically tough and mentally tough - if Fire, the most hostile of all elements, cannot harm them, what can?

Though nobody on the Plane would ever admit it (and nobody off it would ever realize it), Elemental Fire is the weakest of the Primary Elemental Planes. The other three, Earth, Water, and Air, exist in abundance on the Prime. Where's fire among the foundation of the generic prime world? Nowhere. Fire is primarily a *created* element, except in rare cases, like the suns that the Prime Worlds orbit about. It's said that for all their attitude and vigor, Fire is dying. It's still feared throughout the Multiverse, but Cryonax is on his way up and the Eternal Flames of Fire cannot flare forever. Eventually, the djinn of Air will take Smoke and completely cut off Fire's oxygen while the dao will renege on their agreement with a dying element.

Then, all Fire will be nothing but a sparkling glimmer of the blaze it once was within Ash and Cryonax and Ice will ascend to replace the fallen colossus. An end and a beginning together; it's enough to make a Doomguard leap with joy and scream with rage at the same second. Granted, such a thing will not happen in the time of most anyone reading this, but some of us may live to see the next major shakeup in the Elemental Planes.

However (it seems somewhat strange to ask this), could Fire survive without the Flames? Probably; the Elemental Plane of Fire is more than the Fire that gives it its name. Probably a more accurate name, once the flames died down, would be the Plane of Heat. It would be a place where everything within would become very hot as the subatomic molecules heated up as seems to be their nature. Eventually, should the Plane of Fire revert into simply a Plane of Heat, it would reignite in

flames again with the introduction of new material. The Unity of Rings in the Inner Planes, no less. The true future has yet to be seen.



ALLIANCE ⊕ F †HE KINDLED SPIRIT

(**Revolutionary League Subset:** The Genie-Slayers, the Uncontent)

The Elemental Plane of Fire is a place mostly ruled by the cruel genie creatures known as the efreet. A good majority of these creatures are evil and have made numerous alliances with other evil creatures, including the hated dao of Elemental Earth, in order to increase and consolidate their power on the Elemental Plane of Fire. In fact, many of the races of Elemental Fire hate the Efreet with a passion. However, they still work with them: in the words of the efreet Riddel im-Bashadiel, "... they need us more than they hate us."

Of course, wherever there's oppression, there's people that want to change things and make things better. (Course, there's the same amount of people that want to put themselves in power at the expense of the oppressed, but that's neither here nor there.) Rising out of the Elemental Plane of Fire is an unlikely alliance between creatures that would rarely even acknowledge one another, let alone fight together. However, through some sort of influence or dire need, they have come together to oppose the tyranny of the efreet. Among their numbers are fire creatures of all types, from bastard fire genasi sons of the "Noble" efrees to the hard-working azer to the jealous salamanders. They maintain an underground network, as it were, throughout the Elemental Plane of Fire, and their presence is rarely - if ever - revealed. Like the Anarchists of Sigil, they operate out of various "cells", but these "cells" are more like groups of people that meet monthly to disseminate whatever information they've gathered throughout their daily lives. One member of each cell is in contact with perhaps two or three others, and so the resistance movement is alive and well throughout the City of Brass and other efreet strongholds. A few of the more militant cells of the Alliance of the Kindled Spirit have ended up found out and slain after major assassinations and the like, although the efreet have not discovered that such an Alliance exists yet.

Probably the most mysterious member of the Alliance of the Kindled Spirit is the monadic deva known as Jal'her (Pl/male deva [monadic]/RL[AoKS]/CG), said to be on a mission from Arborea to free those unjustly caught under the yoke of the lawful efreet. Jal'her usually takes on the form of a fire efreet or other similar being in order to remain undetected in his mission. So far, he's been mostly successful - on the end of his blade have been not less than five efreet nobles. Another member of the alliance is the githzerai named Khe (Pl/female githzerai/T6/RL[AoKS]/CN), who's managed to overthrow a good number of former Prime regimes and has dedicated the rest of her life (perhaps twenty more years) to attempting to bring down the Sultanate of the Efreet. It's said that the archomental Zaaman Rul, regretful of his past military action, is said to be supporting the covert actions of the Alliance in bringing down some of Imix's strongest supporters.

However, the Alliance of the Kindred Spirit is still a fledgling organization, and without more concrete proof that they can get their jobs done, they'll likely remain that way. Recruitment is extremely important to the members of the Alliance: they've begun distributed anonymous propaganda throughout the City of Brass in the form of *magic mouth* spells meant to embarrass the efreet leaders of the City. So far, the efreet have been unable to find who's placing the spells, although they know it's a male with a strange accent (almost Outer Planar in origin, or so they figure from the extensive use of cant) from the voice in the spells.



MAJOR PLAYERS IN FIRE

Infernus

(Planar/male efreet/15 HD/LE)

The Efreet Infernus is an efreet with big plans for the Elemental Plane of Fire and the Prime. He has designs to annex a Prime World to his control and thus establish himself as one of the most powerful efreet in the Elemental Plane of Fire. He keeps mostly out of the conflict with the djinn, probably because his resources are invested elsewhere. He has his fiery eyes set upon no less than five different Prime Material worlds for conquest: of these, the most tempting is the Prime Material world of Athas, but its out-of-the-way location and its lack of exportable material make it a gamble at best. In his Palace in the Elemental Plane of Fire, called the Torch of Purity, he controls no less than a thousand different fire-based creatures, all trained for the express purpose of conquering a Prime World when Infernus has decided on a target.

Bodies looking to deal with this Efreet King can look for the fire mephit, Flamespawnd Heliosunfire VII, who visits Sigil frequently, especially the classy bar Chirper's. So far, the previous six Flamespawnd Heliosunfires have met their ends while their master was in a fit of rage, and the seventh seems somewhat resigned to his fate, although he still talks in the quick and hyperactive voice that seems to be common to his type. Dealing with Infernus is dangerous, as he loves to request future servitude from those who seek to deal with him, but the rewards are great; Infernus has no less than three separate gates to the Prime Material World of Athas, which are extremely rare on the Outer Planes. Merchants looking for a trade route in psionic artifacts and steel weapons had best look elsewhere, though, Infernus isn't a toll-booth by any means.



MUNDANE ITEMS IN FIRE

Unburning Iron: Created when pockets of metal in Fire are able to resist being melted, *unburning iron* is a common metal within the Elemental Plane of Fire because of its use. It's unknown exactly why some metal pockets (from Earth) don't melt when exposed to the Eternal Blaze of Fire, but most on the plane don't ask why. Harvested by efreet and azer alike, *unburning iron* is often heated with magical flame (the only thing that seems to be able to melt the stuff) to form a steel alloy that retains the unburning properties of its parent metal. Unburning Iron is used in the construction of buildings, weapons, armor, and other things that metal is used for on the Prime. However, travelers are advised to beware; although these metals may not melt like all others when exposed to this plane, they are still intensely hot to the touch. Those foolish enough to touch them without protection in Elemental Fire deserve the standard 4d10 damage that comes from it (as described in TSR's Recent Inner Planes Supplement, page 42).

Entire wars are fought over this metal, and those that can control it always seem to have the upper hand; in an existence where steel melts at the touch of the environment, the steel that can survive is hotly contested. Travelers wearing armor made of this metal usually attempt to veil themselves in illusion or cover it in magically-protected cloth, probably because *unburning armor* is worth killing for. It's said that the azer control a huge vein of unburning iron, although the most concerted efreet attempts to find it have all met in failure.

Cost: 100 gp/pound



WATER

THE BASE NATURE OF ELEMENTAL WATER

Imagine a vast, never-ending sea of blue. Water surrounding you everywhere, with no surface to speak of and no pressure as one gets deeper because everywhere is the same depth since there is nothing to compare it to. To say that one area is below another is to misunderstand the nature of gravity on the Inner Planes. On a Prime Material ocean, there'd be a huge amount of pressure at the depths where it'd start looking like the Elemental Plane of Water. However, that's because all the pressure of the air and the seawater would be pushing down on a body, probably crushing his skull with that amount of force. On the Elemental Plane of Water, an infinite amount of water is pushing against the people in here from all sides



THE BLOODTIDE

{SI+E}

In the Elemental Plane of Water, there's a section of the Plane, about five miles in diameter, where the water turns blood red. Nobody knows why, and any attempts to discover why have ended in failure. Around the edges of the "Bloodtide," as it is known to the residents of Elemental Water, the water becomes merely uncomfortable to breathe. However, at the center, even those who can breathe water find breathing extremely painful, as if the Bloodtide really is constructed of blood. The seas of the Bloodtide are populated by ravenous and deadly sharks, wastriliths of the Abyss, and the occasional "blood" elemental (RLMC1), although the last is extremely rare (there's never been seen more than one at a time, which suggests there may only to be one within the entire region). The ruler of the Bloodtide is a crazed sea elf king who was said to have been outcast from the Nation of the Kelp (*below*) and has vowed revenge against those who were once his former subjects.



THE NATION OF THE KELP

{NATION/REALM}

CHARACTER: The sea elves are complete in their domination of the seas; the chosen of the gods and the children of the Boundless Waters are destined to thrive and prosper among their kingdom just as the land elves thrive and prosper in Arborea. Art, music, and the love of life are all that is important in life, but be on guard for those that would destroy you; they can be afforded no love because they seek to deprive you of your love. Nations are all well and good, but do not forget why they exist: to serve the individual. Never forget that.

The Nation of the Kelp is a vast and unusual nation of sea elves that is united completely under one ruler. This is strange for such an inherently chaotic race, but the majority of the sea elves that live among the Nation of the Kelp tend to be neutral good, with even a hint of law near the center of the Nation. The Nation of Kelp is about six hundred square miles, and consists of no less than forty different underwater cities, from primitive and nomadic tribes to vast underwater metropolises made entirely of glass.

RULER: The King of the Nation of Kelp is elected democratically with a rulership term that lasts for the entire life of the electee. The current King of the Nation of Kelp is the sea elf Miriwen (Pl/female sea elf/W6/LG), actually the first Queen that the Nation of Kelp has had since it was formed seven hundred years ago to combat the evil of the Evil Elemental Princess Olhydra. She's the third ruler of the Nation of Kelp, and she hopes to follow in her predecessor's footsteps in bringing peace and prosperity to her subjects. However, she is far more rigid and set-minded in her ways than those who came before her; she's so far demanded the formation of a standing army of sea elves, a move that met with some amount of resistance from her people. However, her order was followed, and the Nation of Kelp currently has about 8,000 sea elves prepared to defend themselves from the advances of the evil creatures of the sea of Elemental Water. She's trying to form a Senate under herself so that more power might be granted to the people, though this plan meets heavy resistance from the subjects who really don't care for the endless blustering of governments and wish simply to be left alone.

BEHIND THE THRONE: Queen Miriwen is advised by her assistant, the kelp druid Shalanus (Pl/male sea elf/D[sea]7/N), who attempts to balance the lawful impulses in her mind with words of wisdom and individual freedom. He's silent and mysterious, and speaks only to the Queen. He maintains a deep reverence for the sanctity of the kelp and plankton as it coexists peacefully with the sentient creatures of the Elemental Plane of Water.

DESCRIPTION:

PRINCIPAL TOWNS:

SPECIAL CONDITIONS:

PRIMARY NPCs:

SERVICES:

CURRENT CHANGES:



LUCKY RYIESHA'S TUMBLING DICE

{SI+E}

(Author: Heregul)

The foremost of the gamblers of the Inner Planes was the marid "Lucky" Ryiesha (Pl/male genie [marid]/13 HD/CN), a character about whom the legends are so varied so as to almost cloud whether he actually existed or not. Unlike other heroic figures in the Elemental Plane of Water, he did not wrestle with a kraken (or win, for that matter), tell Olhydra to pike it, or save tribes of sea elves or mermaids from death by the sahuagin. Instead, he was a charismatic gambler that roamed Elemental Water, making his own luck and often getting into impossible situations that would be decided by a mad game of chance. It's said once that he slighted the Kalbari al-Durrat al-Amwaj ibn Jari, Padishah of the Marids, who determined that he was to be put to immediate death unless he managed to pass a test of physical dexterity and agility. Unsurprisingly, he cheated and managed to escape through flattery of the Padishah. His adventures all run along this similar vein. Allegedly in his travels, he fathered many children, one of whom founded a casino and gambling bar in Elemental Water that based itself completely off of his father's fame. Actually, the proprietor is of no relation whatsoever to Ryiesha, and founded the casino largely to rake in the cash moneywise. His name (or at least, the name that he calls himself) is Riubo al-Ryiesha (Pl/male genasi [water]/T7/CN), and he oversees his casino with a firm hand. The tables aren't fixed, and people often arrive to engage in various gambling activities that are each somehow related to the Elemental Plane of Water. The most popular of these include:

Teeth of the Selkie: Originally a fortune-telling experience on the Elemental Plane of Water, the game "Teeth of the Selkie" uses cheap imitation teeth (some pried from the mouths of sea elves and mermen by bounty hunters, paid by Riubo) rather than Selkie's teeth. This game is most like the darts game that is played in Sigil, although the dynamics are somewhat different. Instead of being based on precision, it is based almost completely on luck: if a ruckus (or even just minor movement) is going on elsewhere in the casino, the currents caused by such actions are more than likely to knock the tooth off of whatever course it was aimed for. The circular target (a "dartboard" to the most Clueless of Primes) is quite larger than most Prime Material dartboards, but it's been placed in the middle of the room. Projectiles thrown towards the target quite often are buffeted by casual movement (they never stop in mid-throw because of the queer properties of Elemental gravity). Stakes are slightly higher in this game, and many a newcomer has been suckered in by what appears to be an easy game with a huge target.



CREA+URES ⊕ F WA+ER

THE VYZI

(Author: Heregul)

Strange colors made whole in the waters, enveloping travelers within in a deep, dreamlike trance. From the distance, the *vyzi* appear to be little more than strands of colored water, dancing around, moved by the currents of the Elemental Plane of Water. However, closer up, it can be seen that the *vyzi* are really strands and strands of colored fungus that has continually built upon itself time and time again until long, complex strands of it have been formed. Actually, the strands themselves are composed of hundreds - sometimes even thousands - of the *vyzi*, each a unique being with their own thought processes. They are highly psionic beings; although each *vyzi* only has a minimal amount of ability, together, they can rival the telepathic power of some of the most powerful human psionics. Individual *vyzi* group together because of like-minded beliefs, and strands of *vyzi* together epitomize those particular beliefs that cause them to form. Strands of *vyzi* have been known to be avid faction philosophers. However, the *vyzi* do not actually believe in anything that they believe in: like the Converts, they are only trying on different viewpoints. They do not seek a correct outlook or the correct philosophy, they only desire to see how it is. These phases last for varying amounts of time; it cannot be predicted when one will end and another begin. The colors of the individual *vyzi* change throughout their lives, and the oldest of the *vyzi* are white - all colors combined. Then with time, white becomes washed over by the blue waters of Elemental Water and the oldest become the youngest again, and the ring is made anew. Various colors signify different things, although there seems to be no way that outsiders can adequately understand the color designations that the *vyzi* shroud themselves in.

Those that get too closer to strands of *vyzi* find themselves



ICE

The Paraelemental Plane of Ice is one of the coldest places imaginable in the multiverse. It is colder than imaginable, a place where even the thoughts of a body can freeze as they struggle into existence. It is ruled by the Paraelemental Lord Cryonax, who has Great Plans for the future of his element. More information can be found in the following resources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 34.
 The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 29.
 The Inner Planes, pages 68-73.



THE BASE NATURE OF ICE

(Author: Heregul)

While the Paraelemental Plane of Ice appears to be a place of ice and winter, in reality it's more like an opposing plane to Fire than anything else. The Elemental Plane of Fire is a place (on a subatomic level) where molecules within everything become supercharged and move much more quickly than normal. Ice is the exact opposite of that; the molecules of all inside it slow down, creating the cold that is so evident from a look at the plane. Here, the air itself is chilled; a body can barely breathe the cold air into her lungs without feeling some mild discomfort. This cold exists throughout the Multiverse; in the voids between stars, at the places where the heat of the sun does not touch, and in the coldest pits of Baator, the effects of cold can be seen everywhere.

However, the Paraelemental Plane of Ice would not be what it is now without the introduction of a new substance into its nature; water. The already cold nature of Ice causes the water to chill and form the freezing cold caverns that make up the majority of this Paraelemental Plane. If the water itself does not create the intense cold, what does? Some speculate that the Paraelemental Plane of Ice once stood between the Negative and Elemental Air, where all the heat was drained out of the air and everything within became so cold and frozen so as to cause hypothermia so intense that a body's skin would freeze and fall off. When Ice was rearranged again to become a Paraelemental Plane, it was so far away from the flames of Fire that it was not heated up and remains a freezing place even today.

Societies in Paraelemental Ice seem to be more hands-off than anything else: people have great individual freedoms, though they seldom exercise their rights because of sheer apathy. The cold is enough to make people forget what wild emotion and passions that may have existed outside their current lives, even to those that are immune to the effects of the cold. Thoughts slow down here, and new ideas are rare commodities that don't usually seem to be appreciated for what they truly are. People here seem to be as callous and cruel as some of the fiends of the Gray Waste, simply because of their uncaring for anything that isn't them. Actually, most hardly even care about their own lives. Ice is a place of apathetic and unfeeling evil, where sanctuaries of good are few and far-between.

Fiends of the more chilled varieties love making their homes here. It's a rare day when the gelugons of Baator aren't drilling through the Core Ice searching for some unknown artifact. In fact, it's said that Cryonax himself is looking to ally himself with some baatezu lord; whether it's with Baron Molikroth of the Eighth or Prince Levistus of the Fifth is unknown. It's sure that both sides have their own tricks up their sleeves when dealing with the other, but they continue to do their business.



TIERA MINUU+

[TϙWN]

(Author: Erik Arneson erik@aarg.net)

Nϙ+E: Tiera Minuut was originally created by TSR in "A Guide to the Inner Planes". The materials presented here are expansions upon TSR's original work.

PLANE: The Paraelemental Plane of Ice, floating above the Precipice and close to the border of the Elemental Plane of Air.

CHARAC+ER: In the midst of freezing cold and harsh, deadly ice, this city is a beacon of civilization, refinement, and safety.

RULER: Up until about forty years ago, Tiera Minuut was ruled by the Council of Nine. Now, however, the Fire Lords hold power. Currently there are three Fire Lords: Lord Ekhart (the eldest), Lady Penteline, and Lord Mord-Tharkas.

BEHIND +HE THRϙNE: If there is a power behind the throne, it has not yet been revealed.

DESCRIP+ION: A massive disc of elemental earth is enclosed within a gigantic force bubble. Upon the disc is built the city of Tiera Minuut, at its center the towering pinnacle of the Citadel. Within the force bubble the city is remarkably comfortably warm, an effect brought about by a triad of artifacts known as the Globes of Flame.

One important thing for travelers to keep in mind is that the strict moral code of Tiera Minuut's inhabitants is very dear to them. A breach of this code carries a heavy punishment -- usually banishment or imprisonment, but sometimes even death.

MILI+IA: Sir Veydan Korthia, a powerful warrior, leads The Citadel Guard. In addition, many wizards and a wing of griffon riders also stand by to aid in the city's defense. In the past they have cooperated with Azreb-Akul (see above) when dire emergencies have arisen.

SERVICES: Being a major trade city, services of any sort are abundant. Most noted are the city's craftsmen, who produce fine stoneware.

CURREN+ CHAN+: The adventuring company Thag's Revenge is in town, and rumor has it that one of their members not only cheated on his wife, but also murdered ten men in a popular local tavern.



EVERFLAME

{S+E}

(Author: Heregul)

Deep within the Core Ice of this Paraelemental Plane lies an elemental pocket of fire. Impossible it seems, true, but it does exist. The fire continues to expand and grow (not normal behavior for elemental pockets, to be sure), encompassing a circular area of what is about two miles. The fire continues to grow, unabated by the melted water that it causes to melt around it. Perhaps some fell creature of Fire has caused the Everflame to continue, eventually with the hopes of melting the entire Plane of Ice. Perhaps it's simply a conduit to one of the hottest areas of the Elemental Plane of Fire. Or perhaps it's something different, like some unique artifact of fire. In any case, planeswalkers with protection from fire have confirmed the location of a gate to (where else) the Elemental Plane of Fire at the center of the Everflame, so it's a good place to head towards if being chased by the minions of Cryonax. Of course, it's still fire, so a body'd best be careful.



SERENYCE

{REALM}

(Author: Heregul)

CHARACTER: Under the serene blanket of cold, pain ceases. The eternally conflicting emotions of love and hate vanish, and there is only peace and contentment. In the end, every body, rich or poor, strong or weak, dies. Let them be enveloped by the snow and learn an end to their pain.

POWER: Kryiov, a power mostly devoted to the Prime Material Plane maintains his realm here. He's a power devoted to the serenity and peacefulness of death compared to the cruelty that is life, and as such is a completely neutral power. He's somewhat apathetic; like the Death Gods of the Gray Waste, his environment has affected his actions. After centuries in the Paraelemental Plane of Ice, Kryiov has lost most of his emotions, and is now apathetic to the needs of mortal and power alike. He shows only concern for his petitioners and priests, and goes out of his way to make sure that the cold can only affect their spirits, not their physical forms. As one rids oneself of fiery emotions, one learns to find contentment. He's currently undergoing a minor change in his portfolio as he spends more and more time among the cold of Ice, a shift that goes away from the serenity of death and towards the serenity of emotionlessness.

DESCRIPTION: Deep within the Core Ice of the Paraelemental Plane sits Serenyce, the realm of the power Kryiov. It is nearly indistinguishable from a distance from the rest of the Plane; unlike other towns and regions in Ice, the natives of the realm and priests of Kryiov see little use in lighting their area through fire or magical illumination. However, a series of well-maintained paths do realm into the realm, guarded by the proxies and priests of Kryiov. The main guardian of the tunnels is the wight Jyiom (Proxy/male wight/67 hp/N). It's said that Jyiom can be omnipresent within the realm so as to better defend it. For the most part, Jyiom makes sure that the tunnels do not collapse and that they stay open so as to allow petitioners of Kryiov to enter the realm. However, he cares little about others who wish to enter the realm, so long as they don't enter with their sword drawn and their emotions on their sleeve. Jyiom is hateful of all that raises a blade in anger and all those who weep eternally about their miserable lives; such emotions are not the way of Kryiov and thus not of Serenyce. Bashers with a hot temper had best avoid this place.

Past the watchful eyes of Jyiom, a body stumbles into a huge circular cavern, about two miles high and at least twenty across. The cavern is filled with no dwellings; such areas are unnecessary for any of the priests or petitioners of Kryiov. Instead, the petitioners of Kryiov do not move, for movement is futile. Those petitioners closest to union with Kryiov appear as virtual statues of solid ice; their emotions and bodies have become so frosted over that not even thought is worth the effort. The newest petitioners are usually the one's a body'll run into - literally. New arrivals often are found screaming (the acoustics of the cavern are extremely good) and running (there's not much terrain to stop a basher) from the sheer inability to accept the fact that nothing happens in the realm. That's because that's the bleeding point. However, the petitioners that a body can get the most information out of are those petitioners frozen with bluish skin, but that still maintain a glimmer of hope within their eyes. They'll be willing to speak with a body, and lann him to whatever darks he's looking for, provided they know it.

If a body doesn't want to speak to a petitioner, they can walk past them towards the center of the realm, heading past the most frozen of the petitioners (the oldest petitioners tend to gravitate towards the center of the realm, although nobody sees them move) as he approaches the exact middle of the realm, where the High Proxy of Kryiov waits. The High Proxy is an ice genasi called Veir (Planar/male ice genasi/priest of Kryiov 14th level/N), who sits, silently communing with his power and silently passing on his commands to the petitioners - to do nothing and allow their emotions to be frozen over by the eternal Ice of his realm. He's not been seen to move in ages, although he is able to converse telepathically. It's said that he has more powerful psychic abilities than simple telepathy, but that's yet to be proven.

A place of more interest to a body not native to the realm would be the Well of Memory, where it's said that every memory of a body that worshipped Kryiov resides, slowly freezing over. People are said to have retrieved memories from this realm; neither Veir nor Jyiom seems to care about the presence of memory thieves. 'Course, since there's no way to determine exactly what sort of memory is being taken, it's an imprecise science at best.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS: No towns. The realm's simply an extremely large and circular dome under the ice filled with rows upon rows of frozen petitioners.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS: Within the realm of Kryiov, the chill of ice does not do any damage to a traveler. A body'll still feel the chill and still breathe the frosty air; they just won't suffer any damage from it. However, travelers in this realm find it impossible to get mad or unhappy over anything. They just can't get excited enough to feel any extreme emotion.

PRIMARY NPCs: The most recent (and more active) arrival to this realm is the Dustman Yi Chen (Planar/female human/Priest of Death 7/LN). She's studying the actions (or inactions) of Kryiov and his petitioners and reporting back to her superiors in Sigil. The Dustmen are intrigued as to the attitude of Kryiov; it mirrors theirs almost exactly. Yi Chen is more than happy (as happy as a Dustman gets) to speak with inquisitive bashers who wonder about the realm and the nature of Death.

SERVICES: This realm doesn't really have any services of note to offer a basher; it's a place that planeswalkers go to lose their emotions and become one in a serene and peacefully crowd of emotionless statues.

CURRENT CHANT: The most interesting chant in this realm is related to Kryiov's recent philosophical shift towards the Dustman. This is described just below, under the description of the power Kryiov.



KRYIØV

Intermediate Power, "The Frosted One"

(Author: Heregul)

AoC: Death, Emotional Serenity

AL: N **WAL:** NG, N, NE

Symbol: Frosted Hand

Home P/R: Paraelemental Ice/Serenyce

Kryiov is a power that represents the serenity that comes through Death. Recently, though, his time on the Paraelemental Plane of Ice has gotten to what remained of his emotions, and he's begun more and more to see the world as a cruel and harsh place. He sees mortal Death as a relief of their suffering, and he dutifully carries out the task of bringing his petitioners closer and closer to eternal serenity.

His relatively new philosophical shifts have brought the attention of the Dustmen. A small amount of them have begun worshipping Kryiov, and they even claim that he'll reach True Death himself one day. Kryiov's priests deny that their power can or will die, but it seems likely given Kryiov's recent shifts in emotion and philosophy. Perhaps some day Kryiov will ascend to the Dustmen's True Death as his emotions are frosted over by the chill of the eternal Paraelemental Ice.



MAGMA

Magma is a hellish place where the Earth dissolves at the searing touch of Elemental Fire, creating massive lava floes and a crushing sea of magma; the worst of both Planes. Brutality and philosophy mixed, Magma is far more than more give it credit, although nobody ever comes here because of its physical nature. More information can be found in the following sources:

- A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 33.
- The Planewalker's Handbook, page 28-29.
- The Inner Planes, pages 74-79.



THE BASE NATURE OF MAGMA

Magma is a much maligned place, condemned by Clueless as their vision of hell and avoided by planeswalkers as a place where there is little to find of value. Both groups miss much: beyond the harsh and brutal exterior of Magma lies a place of solitude and quiet contemplation of a body's existence in the Multiverse. Many wizards that can make their homes here, floating across the Sea of Magma and quietly researching their magics in complete and total privacy. Amidst the crashing lava and the fiery magma, they can finally find their peace. Physically, Magma forms where Elemental Fire intersects and melts Elemental Earth, creating lava floes and fiery vistas that resound with a strange beauty. However, that is obvious to any blood that arrives on the plane, and travelers aren't usually ready to question the basic physical nature of Magma. Strangely, conflict arises in regards to the *philosophical* nature of beings in Magma.

"SUCH A NICE PLACE... SO GENTLE AND SERENE."

- PYRON FIRES+REAM,
FIRE GENASI,
VIEWING UPON
PLANE OF MAGMA +HE

The most primal struggle in the Paraelemental Plane of Magma is between the forces of intellect and the forces of brutality. Societies within Paraelemental Magma are either extremely intelligent and withdrawn or completely savage and aggressive. The societies of the former can be just as bad as the societies of the latter; when intelligence and egoism are mixed, they form a deadly tendency towards people with little care as to the life or death of outsiders. As a result, no towns or places of living are safe for Outsiders unless they can easily assimilate themselves into its framework with a minimum of noise.

This struggle is epitomized by the two major races that inhabit the Paraelemental Plane of Magma; the brutal overlords of Magma are the lava mephits who think that they own the plane. This belief is not unfounded; the paraelementals couldn't care less about the lava mephits. They are a race of introspective and philosophic thinkers that doesn't much care that the lava mephits rule the plane; as long as they are left in peace. Thus is the primal struggle of magma carried out without a single blow on either side; it simply is, and any attempt to change it will end in nothingness.



THE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE

[S+E]

As previously stated, Magma is home to large societies of thinkers and wizards looking for solitude among the crashing floes of Magma. The Fortress of Solitude is one of those places; it's in fact

probably the most extensive library of its type throughout the entire Inner Planes. It contains books on all subjects relating in any way to the Inner Planes, and much of the research for this work was done within its halls. Floating adrift in the Core Magma, the Fortress of Solitude encompasses about twenty stories of books, with the walls and floors all made out of forged iron. Magic strengthens them, but occasionally the heat of the Paraelemental Plane will become too much and sections must be contained before the lava melts away the entire tower.

Those that make their homes in the Fortress of Solitude usually are powerful wizards that wish to do their research in quiet, so it's usually best to leave the inhabitants of this tower alone during their studies. Entrance to the tower is only gained by having a sponsor on the inside (oh, yeah, and the entry fee is about five thousand in gold, no less), and once inside, folk are generally not allowed to leave and come back. So people usually spend their lives inside the place once admitted, something that doesn't usually bother the tower's inhabitants. In fact, almost every possible need that they could have in fulfilled within the Fortress of Solitude; water is available through magical spells, the temperature is only a little hotter than normal, and air is magically conjured in. It's this sort of hospitality and ease of living that makes it such an appealing place to work and study.



THE PITS

Imagine all of existence sinking slowly but surely through vortices with entrances, but no exits. Imagine everything passing through the hole breaks apart into nothingness. The image that a body might get through that mental exercise might accurately describe what a vortex to the Negative Energy Plane looks like. "The Pits" are simply the way that the magma mephits describe such an occurrence on their home plane, named in typical magma mephit fashion.

The Pits of Magma are regions dangerously close to the Negative Material Plane, which seemingly occur randomly, without regard to nearness of border to any other Inner Plane. The end result of these Pits are a number of black sinkholes without a bottom, leading only into the Negative Material Plane. It's unknown exactly why they form, but they do form, nonetheless. Most of the residents of Magma stay away except for the most barmy of the philosophers and sages that make Magma their home. A few of these are crazy enough to attempt to study the nature of these Pits leading into the Negative Material Plane, although these attempts usually end in the deaths and disappearances of those involved.

Generally the areas around the Pits are populated with undead of many varieties; zombies set aflame and strange spectres whose auras radiate of the heat of undeath seem to be the most common of the varieties that are to be found. It's said that a lich maintains a tower in one of the Pits, drawing upon the Negative Material nearby to fuel his unlife.



CREATURES OF MAGMA

THE RAYZION

On the Prime, there are creatures known as "Living Steel" (MCA1) that reside deep underground within veins of iron ore. They are shapeless beings that occasionally imitate humanoid forms in order to protect themselves from the ravages of man. Their base and most primal form is that of a formless blob of a steel-like alloy. It's speculated that they have their roots and origins in the Paraelemental Plane of Magma. Once sentient creatures of iron from Earth, they found themselves melted by the heat of Paraelemental Magma into the beings that the Primes call "Living Steel." The

name that they call each other, however, is "Rayzion," which means "Melted Heart" in their language. Their nature is much different on the Planes than it is upon the Prime; having seen humanoid far less often and being more in touch with their elemental natures, the Rayzion rarely take shape, doing so only when threatened with violence by a brutish Outsider. They usually make their homes in the Scorched Wastes near Elemental Earth, where the flames are not so hot as to be unbearable. Though the flames of Magma cause no damage to these planar beings, they do bring extreme discomfort to them at their hottest.

The societies of Rayzion throughout Paraelemental Magma are understandably reclusive in nature and rarely make contact with those who have not proven their worth intellectually. On the Prime, beings called "Living Steel" only have about average intelligence; on the Planes, these creatures are extremely philosophic and introspective in their nature. They believe strongly in the belief of predestination and that what you do, you are *meant* to do because there is no other option. To them, free will is an illusion, and an Outsider who attempts to argue with them on this point is probably best off leaving the whole matter behind; even someone claiming to have free will is still only playing his scripted part. Because of this belief, they do not seriously mourn the passing of their brethren, instead believing such an occurrence to have been destined from the start.

The only way to prove one's worth to one of the Rayzion is to prove oneself a philosopher like themselves, capable of forming and communicating ideas. Since only a few of the Rayzion actually speak the Common tongue, such a task is monumental at best.

The oldest of the Rayzion become unable to take shape and instead move around as a running liquid. They find themselves unable to communicate as they once did with their brethren, and instead are forced to rely on psionic means of communication, which many of them have developed by the time they lose their ability to change their shape. They are known as *Ralzarn* instead, a title of respect in the language of the Rayzion. The ideas and thoughts of the *Ralzarn* are esteemed the most highly of by the Rayzion, and a single psionic utterance from one of these elder beings is enough to change the course of Rayzion thought for several decades. Currently, only five *Ralzarn* are known to exist, and they are extremely reclusive throughout the Paraelemental Plane.

The largest gathering of the Rayzion takes place every seven years (the significance of the length of the interval is unknown) at the exact place where the Planes of Earth and Magma meet. This gathering is called the *Ich Ghain* (Thought Meeting, in their language), and about seven hundred of the most respected philosophers of the Rayzion arrive to express their views on anything from the recent events of Sigil to the changes in Magma flow throughout the Paraelemental Plane. Outsiders are permitted to observe the gathering, although the Rayzion do not speak in Common for the benefit of those who may be listening. Instead, observers to these functions usually employ some magical aid so that they might understand the conversations and dissertations of these creatures of fluid metal.

Rayzion (Planar Living Steel): AC -2; MV 12, Sw (in metal only) 36; HD 10; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 1d10 (x2); MR 25%; SZ M (6' tall, can become any form of approximate size); AL Neutral; ML Fearless (19-20); Intelligence: High (13-14); XP

SD: shapechange, partial resistance to fire and electrical-based attacks
 SW: cold-based attacks *slow* and make the creature more vulnerable

(For more information on the abilities of the Living Steel of the Prime, consult the Monstrous Compendium Annual, Volume 1 or the Dragon Mountain Boxed Set)



⊕ ⊕ Z E

Fetid and putrid, the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze is a never-ending sea of sludge and muck. It's said that once Ooze stood closer to the Negative Material Plane, which explains the vast concentration of poisons and acids within the Plane. The natives are unfriendly and spiteful of all that enter their plane without living in it; visitors have the ability to leave it and survive elsewhere. For the paraelementals, mephits, and other residents, they'll have to stay in their hated home forever. More information about Ooze may be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 33.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.

The Inner Planes, pages 80-85.



THE BASE NATURE OF ⊕ ⊕ Z E

(Ideas within this document concerning the colors of Ooze were originally suggested to me by the good Mubodius of the [Planescape MUSH](#))

While it's a common known fact that the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze is a stinking and putrid morass of muck, mire, and disease, it's less known that various portions of the Plane are of different colors. These various colors are caused by various deposits from the Quasielemental Plane of Mineral, and are relatively rare - the majority of the Plane is still a brown and orange mass. However, in the portions of the Plane where mineral deposits are concentrated enough, they form different colors of the Plane, which in turn give rise to different castes of the creatures of Ooze that are constructed of these colors. Various colors that can arise out of the Ooze include such variant colors of pink, orange, yellow, purple, blue, green, black, and red. Both yellow and pink are extremely rarely found throughout the Plane, but pockets of both do exist.

Not only does the color of an ooze mephit, quasielemental, or ooze sprite determine their caste, but the ooze mephits or quasielementals can be alternately clear or opaque, probably due to some increased water concentration in Ooze. Usually, the clearer mephits are set apart from the opaque ones in some way. The following color castes and designations are what I have been able to deduce from the various mephit and quasielemental societies (the two are radically different, despite what a body might think). Ooze sprites don't seem to force people into castes like the mephits and quasielementals.

White:

The pariahs of mephit society are the respected of the society of the paraelementals; whereas white-colored mephits are ostracized by their caste system and end up forming their own splinter societies, the white-colored of the paraelementals are respected and viewed as the wise. However, in a twist of irony, the white-colored paraelementals usually end up pushing the paraelemental society from them and going off on their own to contemplate their nature in the multiverse. Don't be fooled; they're as still bitter and spiteful as any other resident of Ooze. Clear mephits and quasielementals are regarded as leaders among their caste; the clear, white-colored mephits end up leading the above-mentioned splinter groups while the clear, white-colored quasielementals end up splitting from their societies even quicker than usual.

Pink:

The rarest of the colors of Ooze, it's said that pockets of pink ooze don't actually exist and the Ooze Mephits of pink color have undergone a series of purification rituals. Pink paraelementals are completely unknown. The pink mephits are sorcerers and wizards of the highest ability (for a mephit, at least; about 5th spell level usually),

Red:

Orange and Brown:

The commoners of Ooze are colored a dirty mix of orange and brown; no one mephit or paraelemental exists completely of either color,

although a good many could be called "brown" to the untrained eye. There's no special standing to be an opaque orange or brown quasiaelemental or mephits; they are the commoners of Ooze. Both ooze mephits and quasiaelementals of this color are bitter about their lot in life and their inability to change it. As a result, they actively seek to slay any mephit or quasiaelemental of a higher caste.

The clear brown or orange mephits are the priests of the Plane, usually paying homage to Jubilex or Bwimb. They tend to be pompous and conceited in the extreme, seeing their caste as evidence that they are better than their brethren and acting as a conduit to the gods. Because of this attitude, the opaque mephits of this caste dislike their priests. However, this hatred does not carry over to violence: the priests are the representatives of the most powerful denizens of Ooze and to touch one of them is to invite death.

Clear paraelementals of this caste are not created: instead, they tend to be created by a long period of starving and spiritual deprivation (the opposite of their mephit counterpart in this case). A paraelemental that has become this color will not be long for Ooze, eventually decomposing themselves to become part of the plane again. They go through what's left of their life with a good deal of hopelessness and despair; it's unknown whether that is what causes this condition or simply a side-effect of it.

Yellow:
Green:

Green is the warrior caste of the mephits. Laughably, concentrations of green ooze within the Paraelemental Plane are extremely rare and close to non-existent (though nowhere near as rare as pink), so warrior ooze mephits virtually do not exist. Clear mephits of this color (even rarer than opaque) are "berserker" warriors, and usually end up dead even faster than their opaque counterparts. At least twelve of this color of ooze mephit guard the pompous and inflated Paraelemental Lord Bwimb at all times.

Quite the opposite of mephit society, the paraelemental caste dictated by the color green is the color of the scientists that sort through ooze for diseases and life forms, mostly for release on their enemies (read: anyone unlucky enough to be nearby). They enjoy their work in a twisted way, but the most spiteful of these are the clear green paraelementals. These paraelementals forget about trying to harness diseases and other Ooze-dwellers and instead focus on capturing anything that they can that would be of any value to them. A few run quite lucrative slave-trades, which serves to inflate their already inflated egos by bringing the big-shots from Earth to Ooze that'd never look twice at them otherwise.

Blue:
Purple:
Black:



THE DISPOSSSESSED IN ⊕⊕ZE

The Dispossessed, the out-trodden exiles of both Pandemonium and Carceri of the Great Ring, maintain a town called Onast somewhere within the Core Ooze of this place. They maintain a less than formidable presence on this plane, but seem to get along well with the rest of the locals in their philosophy that where they are is horrible and they can never escape to other lands. Their town on this Paraelemental Plane is led by a dwarf named Rokgar, who was exiled to Ooze by his people on the Quasiaelemental Plane of Mineral after he attempted to kill his king and take his people's treasure for himself. Onast is a pretty unfriendly place - a cutter who comes here had best be prepared to fight for anything that he can claim as his own until he's gained the respect of the dour-faced residents of the burg.

In the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, the Dispossessed first task is to destroy the Scavengers, who they see as having encroached on their turf (the Scavengers see things completely differently, of course). Their second task is to free all the beings trapped throughout the Plane in the cysts and help them to regain their strength to overthrow their former enemies. Their third task is to stay alive, although this would be the one that they pay the least attention to - they've piked off more than one powerful being in their time, which has led to roasted Chipper.



THE SCAVENGERS

(The Searchers, the Vultures)

SECT PHILOSOPHY. Look at the Paraelemental Planes. They contain secrets beyond any basher's recollection; at the border between two elements, secrets seem to be found. The Plane of Ooze is filled with lots of things that nobody wants to come to light again. But the stuff's right there, ready for the picking for a blood who wants to expend a little legwork to find it. The Plane of Ooze, especially; it's where the dirt and trash of Sigil is dumped. There's probably stuff that those pompous Cagers don't want to come to light, hidden here among the muck that is Ooze.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Scavengers are usually found on the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, because of its reputation as a multiversal trash heap. They figure most anything can be found floating in the Plane of Ooze, and they're out to find it. They maintain no sect headquarters on Ooze, but the town of Quagmire's the closest they've got. 'Course, no scavenger trusts another, so it's not exactly a friendly town.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. The Scavengers get along well with the Fated, who both see the multiverse out for the taking: the Scavengers just hope to take the filth, which is fine with most of the Fated. Other than that, the Scavengers are too individualistic to have any serious enemies: most other factions see them as a bunch of barmy trash-pickers. The notable exception is the hatred between the Dispossessed and the Scavengers, more for territorial concerns than an actual hatred. Seems both sects accuse the other of stealing "their" Elemental Plane, even though all they're fighting over is Ooze (a fact that other residents of both the Inner and Outer Planes find rather amusing).

ELIGIBILITY. There are no requirements for entering the Scavengers other than a wish for a body to get his hands a little dirty in the quest for powerful magic. Mages are common, as they are in many Inner Planar sects: mages can actually get to the plane and begin surviving, which is the first requirement to any sect based out of the Inner Planes.

BENEFITS. Members of the Scavengers, versed in the ability to hunt down rare and magical items, gain the thief proficiency Information Gathering upon the creation of their character. The most powerful of the Scavengers are able to use certain types of detect spells at will, but that ability should be reserved for NPCs only.

RESTRICTIONS. A member of the Scavengers is basically too greedy to pass up information that could lead to hidden artifacts of magic, whether it's located inside or out of Ooze. As a result, members of the Scavengers must follow up on any leads to find unique treasure (not just boring gold or jewels; rare magical items are the sort of thing mentioned here), before another Vulture snatches it up. 'Course, adventurers should do that anyways, but a Vulture doesn't sell his loot, nor would he consider giving it away. It's his, see?



QUAGMIRE

(TOWN)

Quagmire's a town that inhospitable at best and hostile at worst. It's a town floating at the "bottom" of a pocket of Air in the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, and is ruled by Head Scavenger, an earth genasi named Phylia (Planar/female genasi [earth]/W9/The Scavengers/N). Quagmire serves as an outpost for the Vultures of Ooze, who constantly spend much of their time within it to make sure that nobody else finds their Big Treasure before they do. They constantly sift through the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, looking for treasure of value so as to advance themselves.

However, it's not treasure that runs the burg so much as information; the only thing that makes this town run is the fact that most everyone in the town is out to score big. Because of this, the town attracts Inner Planar merchants hoping to sell hazardous environment equipment and the like to foolish treasure hunters. Also, it should probably be emphasized that each person in the town plots against the other people, but not in the way they do in Carceri. Bar that, it's almost exactly like Carceri except for the fact that there ain't any personal grudges in it. It's a war for information, plain and simple, and any basher who carries a grudge into it will end up dead or worse.

Other than Phylia, the person with the most influence in the town is the successful treasure-hunter Galiar Rashgoin (Pr/male human/F16/The Scavengers/LN). He's managed to earn the respect of most everyone in the town by his seemingly flawless ability to locate and recover items lost in the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. Of course, they view him mostly as an asset and don't really respect him to who he is. He'll usually have at least five or six Scavengers tailing him (in secret, of course), trying to discover what he's doing next.

In total, about eight hundred Scavengers make their homes within the town, which consists of the majority of their sect because the Head Scavenger makes her home in Quagmire. However, they also have similar-sized outposts on Pandemonium and a minor outpost on Mineral that keeps getting destroyed by the mineral quasiaelementals, then rebuilt in a new location.



NEW HAZARD: SALVE OF OBLIVION

(Loosely inspired by discussion on the Planescape Mailing List)

It's said that the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze once stood next to the Negative in the Inner Planes. That long tenure in that spot has scarred it even to this day, where the plane is filled with muck and mire that's mostly hazardous to a living being. However, spots of the Negative's influence remain, and deep within the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze lie black pools of a soul-draining liquid. Contact with these pools (which are the size of a standard Elemental pocket, but do not vanish as quickly) causes a body to save vs. death or lose one experience level per round. As a result, it's probably best to stay clear of these places, dubbed by planeswalkers as the "Salve of Oblivion," these pools of Ooze are populated by the undead spirits of those foolish enough to linger within their boundaries.



S M ⊕ K E

At the juncture between Fire and Air is the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke, a brutal land of smoke where a body's biggest problem is breathing. After that, they can start to worry about other things: like the eternal war that the djinn and efreet wage across this battlefield. More information about the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke may be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 32-33.
 The Planewalker's Handbook, page 28.
 The Inner Planes, pages 86-91.



THE BASE NATURE ⊕ F S M ⊕ K E

The Plane of Smoke is a harsh place; it serves as the place both where the vapors from Elemental Fire come and where the pristine Elemental Air is heated by the presence of its fiery neighbor. As such, it's a place filled with choking gas and the expellations of a thousand individual fires. It couldn't exist as it does without the Elemental Plane of Fire as its neighbor, although the Elemental Plane of Fire itself depends both on Elemental Air and Elemental Earth for its survival.

It's said that once the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke was instead a Quasielemental Plane which bordered Air and the Negative Material Plane. Instead of being a place of hot smoky clouds, the Air that existed in the Quasielemental Plane of Smoke was slowly replaced by the black and foul vapors of the Negative Material Plane, draining all heat and light from the air. It's probably wrong to refer to that former plane as the Quasielemental Plane of Smoke, but its former name has become lost in the passage of time. Pockets of Negative Material still remain in the Plane, although they're only slightly more common than normal pockets of Negative Energy in other Inner Planes, which is to say, rare at best.

Probably the primary feature of this Plane is the fact that it serves as the battleground between the efreet and the djinn. This is discussed more below, in the description of the town "Exhalation," as well as above in the essay "The Base Nature of Fire."



EXHALATION ⊕ N

(T ⊕ W N)

CHARACTER: All the air is forced out of a body; lungs are good for nothing but trouble. Air-breathers beware: the Plane of Smoke will belong to the flames of the fire before long, and there isn't anything anyone can do to stop it.

Floating near the border from Smoke to the Elemental Plane of Fire, Exhalation serves as a staging point for the efreet in their battles against the djinn and a refuge for planeswalkers who seek protection against those righteous beings. It seems as more of a fortress than a town because of the fact that it's the main headquarters for the creatures of the Elemental Plane of Fire while in Smoke.

RULER: The ruler of this town is the efreet Blaize (M/female (?) efreet/10 HD/N), who oversees the efforts of the efreet to convert the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke into a raging and fiery sea. It's said that she was cast out of the eternal glory of the Elemental Plane of Fire by her brethren, and she wandered the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke until she was able to construct a town out of her own

sheer will (yeah, right), and take it in the name of the Eternal Glory of the Flames. Since then, of course, her brothers and sisters have become considerably nicer and forgiven her for whatever she did in the first place. Still, she's not going back to the Elemental Plane of Fire just yet: she likes the feeling of power that her new position gives her. It's her goal to cleanse the Paraelemental Plane of Air and give it completely over to Fire, something that has yet to even come close to starting to happen. Of course, she points to the borders of the planes as evidence that they're succeeding, but nobody's quite sure how to prove that the size of the borders have recently increased. It doesn't matter: she's in power, and she likes it.

BEHIND THE THRONE: The general of Blaize's forces is the fire elemental Pyre (M/non fire elemental/9 HD/N), who rallies her forces in their battles against djinn strongholds. He's a wily and canny cutter (for a living torch), and the body who crosses him will find themselves in a situation that they don't want to be in. He's friendly enough if approached correctly, but he's completely devoted to Blaize and her beliefs in setting Paraelemental Smoke aflame.

DESCRIPTION: Floating in the middle of a sea of extremely hot smoke, Exhalation is a berg that seems bent on expelling all air from the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke and making it fall into the eternal sea of Flames of Elemental Fire. It's the most prominent outpost that the Efreet have on the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke, which makes it an extremely important because of their war with their hated rivals, the djinn. Most efreet raiding teams either start or end up in Exhalation, because of its close location to the Elemental Plane of Fire and because it serves as a resting place for them after their military campaigns.

The town consists of eight concentric rings, spreading ever-outward and starting from Blaize's Inferno (a fortress that burns eternally), going through the rings of military command and numerous efreet barracks until the Outsiders' Quarter at the very edge. Of course, air genasi are usually slain upon sight as they enter this city under the eye of two Efreet guards, posted at each of the four entrances to this town. The Outsiders' Quarter is a place where those who are not yet slaves of the efreet stay, although nobody stays long in this place before leaving or being forced to move inward to the Laborer's Quarter. The Laborer's Quarter houses the slaves of the efreet, who work tirelessly to forge new weapons or construct new objects of war. The next six rings are dark - the efreet let nobody in, although the author's best guess would be that within them lie the efreet barracks and the planning areas where the efreet commanders plot their next attacks on the hated djinn.

MILITIA: Exhalation is not a place where a body can just walk in and hope to go unnoticed. This place is crawling with efreet, and they watch a body's every move. If the town had to, they could mobilize every efreet in the place for the defense of the town, getting a force of about a thousand if no efreet army is currently housed there. The town can support up to three thousand efreet, which it often does before a strike against the djinn in Smoke. In addition, the laws for outsiders are extremely strict - a body's encouraged to finish his business and leave the town as quickly as possible before being cast into chains.

SERVICES: Weapons of all sorts can be found in this town. Of course, that's not to imply that they're for sale: the efreet are extremely tightfisted with their swords and halberds forged in pure Elemental Fire. However, for the right jink (going upwards of a thousand per weapon), the efreet are more than happy to strike a deal. Weapons in this town are usually enchanted with a +1 or better bonus, and their superb craftsmanship gives them an additional +1 to attack and damage.

CURRENT CHANGES: More and more efreet armies seem to be entering this town. Claims are that supposedly the efreet are escalating the conflict (although how it could be escalated further is a mystery). Both sides seem to be marshalling more and more forces on their respective sides, each waiting for the opportunity to destroy their enemy. It'll probably come down to whomever makes the next move - should the djinn manage to pull off a trick sneakier than the efreet, the djinn'll take Smoke and remove the foul presence of its smoke forever.



SHIKAIGO

{TOWN/REALM}

CHARACTER: Smoke and soot covers all. The dregs of a thousand chimneys are expelled from their fireplaces to cling to the sides of the buildings of the town, enter the lungs of the people on the street, and mingle with the rest of the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke. Technology and industrialization are God here; all other powers must bow to their all-reaching effects.

Within the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke hangs a city floating on the level top of a mountain populated by the petitioners of Surijayto, a quasi-Japanese power of industry and invention. It's said that he has something in common with Tvashtri, the Indian power, but Surijayto represents industry for its own sake and does not even involve himself actively in the lives of his worshippers. He's also not involved in the Japanese pantheon no matter what a body hears, even though he maintains a similar style of culture and ethics as they do. As a matter of fact, his worshippers only worship him as a symbol: even Surijayto realizes that he must bow to the whims of industry.

The town itself is one large factory, with different sections to it and managerial branches. It's a massive place, and one that the Merkhants would love to control. It supplies both the efreet and the djinn with magical and non-magical weapons and other equipment, for who is industry to care about the results of its products?

RULER: The ruler of the factory that is Shikaigo is the Factory Chief Serinamo (Px/female human/P[Surijayto]7/LN). She administers order to the town and makes sure that everything runs smoothly and efficiently. It's said that she can tell instantly of any problems with any system of law and order, so that she can stop problems in the bureaucracy that is Shikaigo.

'Course, the real power in the town is the power Surijayto, who makes sure that the town runs well and meets the quotas of production. It suits his designs to make his home in the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke, and has already surpassed (by far) the production quotas of the Great Foundry. The only reason he isn't more prominent on the Outer Planes is due to his location in the Inner Planes. It's a mystery why he stays in Smoke; perhaps he prefers to perfect the administration of his factories first before heading for the Great Ring. Then again, he only cares for production for its own sake: he cares little whether or not people actually sell the goods that he makes.

BEHIND THE THRONE: The four district managers of Shikaigo (Pl/male and female human/P[Surijayto]5/LN) each oversee a different quarter of the city, carrying out Serinamo's orders and making sure that each district of the city operates to its full capacity. They are directly involved with their quarters of the city, and each of them has absolute control over their factory workers. Should their quarter of the city not operate at its full capacity, they'll be replaced and relegated to other duties lower along the rung of the factory. The current factory managers have maintained their positions for at least ten years, so they're good at what they do. In dealing with outsiders, they're relentless in dealing with those who believe that they can break the system, and treat most planeswalkers with a good degree of suspicion. Of course, a strong worker can always be added to the assembly lines, whether or not they want to...

DESCRIPTION: Possibly pouring out more smoke than it takes in from the Paraelemental Plane, Shikaigo hangs in the Core Smoke of its Paraelemental Plane, far away from prying eyes. It's said that Surijayto has deliberately placed his realm away from where it could be a major trade spot, for more people brings a greater probability of inefficiency. The realm of Surijayto is classified as a town, but it's not exactly that; it's more of one huge bleeding factory. Huge spouts spurt foul-smelling smoke into the air of the town; anyone breathing the smoke of the town (all of Surijayto's petitioners find themselves able to survive without a hitch) suffers a -1 to all saving throws while within its foul exhaust. It stinks, but industry isn't always pretty.

The town's more modernized than many across the Planes, but that doesn't mean that they're beyond the 18th century and they're definitely not wielding guns. Surijayto's given his petitioners and proxies only with the vision of the factories, nothing else. He cares only about creating an industrial utopia, with intake, production, and exportation all combined into one. So far he's not been as successful as he has hoped, but he continues to direct his proxies and petitioners towards his goal.

The factory that is Shikaigo is constructed of metallic pipes and various building and sub-buildings that give an alien feel to it compared to other spaces across the Inner Planes. It looks like the

sort of realm that belongs in Mechanus because of its harsh metallic tones, not the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke.

As mentioned above, the factory has four quarters to it. There are arranged in a parallel horizontally from one side of the town to another, each named for the function that it provides. The first quarter that a visitor will arrive in is the Admissions Quarter, where raw materials are supplied by traders and other various methods. Each type of good is marked and sent to its proper place within the second area, the Processing Quarter. In this area, the raw materials are processed and cleared off all imperfections before being sent on. The third area, the Production Quarter, is the most important of them all (at least, that's the way it looks to Outsiders) because it is the area that creates the goods from the materials before being sent off to the fourth area, the Exportation Quarter. The Exportation Quarter isn't as important as one would think; sure the priests of Surijayto are eager to sell their goods, but they don't look for a profit. Rather, they look to break even so that they might continue their production.

Each of the Quarters of the city is huge. One section of one quarter might dealing with metallurgy and iron-forging, while another might be involved with the growing of pretty flowers. It's not the end result of the production, it's the act of producing and industry the Surijayto represents - which is something no Merkhant will ever understand.

The petitioners in Shikaigo do not require sleep, but the priests of Surijayto have constructed sleeping quarters within each of the four quarters for those visitors to the town that seek to buy the goods or participate in the assembly lines. These quarters are rented out at a cost of five gold per day; meals are extra. Planeswalkers see this city as a sort of safe haven: while within the factory itself, the smoke is lessened so that it is barely breathable. This is because the smoke of the Paraelemental Plane itself is used to help fuel the city's forges. It's not uncommon to find an adventuring group or two here, licking their wounds and preparing to head back out into the Smoke.

MILI+IA: The factory of Shikaigo is protected at all times by a number of maruts (M/non marut/15 HD/LN; six in all), said to have been a gift from Rudra to Surijayto after some service was performed for the former. The maruts are able to move at inhuman speed through the pipes and buildings of the factory to respond to threats. Each of them maintains a patrol that takes them through each of the four Quarters of Shikaigo four times a day, so it's likely that at least one marut will be near any troublemakers. Should there be a serious problem, all six of the maruts will converge on any berk who thinks he can give a power the laugh and get away with it.

SERVICES: Almost anything a body wants can be found within the last quarter of this town, waiting to be shipped off somewhere. Of course, there's not a market to be found in this town, so he'll have to arrange in advance to buy something for Shikaigo. The prices are fair, but planeswalkers be warned: the priests of Surijayto don't accommodate a body who doesn't order in bulk.

CURREN+ CHAN+: Recently, the Merkhants who have begun individually to expand to the Inner Planes have begun to use the services of Surijayto and the factory of Shikaigo to supply themselves with cheap material for use in their plots and schemes.



SURIJAY+⊕

Lesser Power, "The Patron of Industry"

AoC: Industry, Factories

AL: LN **WAL:** Any Lawful or Neutral

Symbol: Cloud of Smoke

Home P/R: Paraelemental Smoke/Shikaigo

Surijayto, as his title indicates, is the patron of Industry in all its forms. He's a more advanced power; he only manifests himself in Prime Worlds that have reached the proper stages in technological advancements, leaving him only a lesser power. However, it's said that he recently ascended from Demipower to his current state as a Lesser Power, so perhaps he isn't that obscure in the Planar order.

He's not related to the Chinese or Japanese pantheons, even though he believes in the bureaucracy of the first and attempts to gather worshippers from the second.

Surijayto cares little about anything other than the perfection of industry; what is done with the industry does not matter. He is ordered in all things, and his worshippers always believe that they are extremely close to achieving perfection in their work, but they always fall short. Whether it is because of a jealous power seeking to cover himself in the case that a powerful worshipper was able to ascend through his own devices or the fact that the worshippers constantly fall short of perfection cannot be said.



CREA+URES ⊕ F SMOKE

THE GAS+YR

Living among the eternal smoke of the Paraelemental Plane, the gastyr are a nomadic race of tribal beings that travel from one area of the plane to the next, living simply amidst the clouds of smoke. Physically, they're four feet tall, gray-skinned (some would say soot-stained) humanoids with long cat-like ears that move at the slightest noise and eyes that usually take on a pure blue color. They've adapted to breathing the gaseous smoke, although they have as much trouble with pockets of poisonous gas as the normal smoke-breather does. Their society is based on their eye color: most commoners have blue eyes, while the leader of their individual tribes has eyes as gray as their skin. Should two gray-eyed gastyr exist in the same tribe, the leader will be determined through physical combat. The leader of all gastyr that they openly worship within their villages is the totem figure of the Cat Lord, who they claim to have birthed their race and set it loose on the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke. What's probably more likely is that they adapted from a bloodline that was once mixed with the blood of one of the human descendants of the Cat Lord - the *deserntak*.

In dealing with Outsiders, it all depends on the whims of the leader. Some leaders of the gastyr prefer to kill and eat those that would have the audacity to disturb their villages. Others are eager to learn of the events outside of their drifting villages. However, most treat Outsiders with an immediate distrust, even hatred.

The Gastyr have developed a method of "swimming" through the Paraelemental Smoke which allows them to "fly" through smoke, although off of the Plane they have no such special ability.

With the DM's permission, Player Characters may create gastyr characters. However, not all gastyr still have the ability to breathe air - their original bloodline has been diluted and replaced through natural selection so many times that only one in ten still has the ability to breathe air, which they can then only do with extreme difficulty and pain. Naturally, these one in ten are the only ones that can realistically be used in a campaign that travels outside the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke.

Such characters are built tough but completely unprepared for the real world that awaits them outside their primitive villages, and usually make their living as fighters or thieves, to which they can advance to the ninth level of ability in. They typically do not understand the need for such basic adventuring components as "armor." They are versed in the art of swordsmanship, although they cannot use weapons of size L.

Typical Gastyr: AC 8; MV 12, Fl (A); HD 1+1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SA none; SD normal hearing ranges doubled, infravision 120' feet; MR nil; SZ S (4'); ML Average (8)

Ability Requirements:

Str:	Dex:	Con:	Int:	Wis:	Cha:
3/18	7/18	11/19	3/18	3/17	3/18

Ability Adjustments:

Str	Dex	Con +1	Int	Wis -1	Cha
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Racial Adjustments for Thieves:

PP	OL	F/RT	MS +10%	HS +5%	DN +25%	CW	RL
-	-	-				-	-



S M I O K E E L V E S

Dwelling within the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke is a remote city of elves, known as the Carandune (red sunset, in the common Elven tongue) to those that live in it, probably because of the reddish tint that the smoke takes on in the area around the Carandune. The town lies a ways from to borders to both Elemental Fire and Quasielemental Radiance, so there are some pretty spectacular sights that can be seen in the distance from Carandune. The inhabitants of Carandune are a strain of elves that have adapted to live among Paraelemental Smoke; they can breathe both smoke and air. Physically, they're identical to their Prime forest-dwelling cousins except for the fact that their skin has been stained a sooty-black. A casual observer might mistake them for drow, but the society of the Smoke Elves is one based on art, music, and the love of life, like the society of the High Elves.

In game terms, Smoke Elves gain the ability to breathe smoke. However, they lose their bonus with the longbow; missile weapons are not commonly practiced within the walls of Carandune. They also initially suffer a -1 reaction penalty from all elves that they meet that don't know their true nature and may mistake them for the offspring of Lolth.



M A J O R P L A Y E R S I N S M O K E

P O L Y S I N I O U S T H E U N S E E N

(Planar/male human (?)/T5/N)

The enigma that is Polysinius the Unseen is one not easy to fathom, and there's far more legend about him than actual fact. It's said that he's a thief so powerful so as to have become one with the Smoke, thus making him able to go *anywhere* he wants and steal *anything* he desires. He's the greatest thief that has ever existed in the Inner Planes, due to his ability to pass between them like a sod swims through water. No horde is too small so as to escape his attention and no trove is too guarded as to stay his hand. He's a natural at thieving because of a magical boon that gives him to ability to change into a cloud of smoke so as to avoid detection. Nobody has seen his face, although everyone's sure he exists. He makes his home in the Paraelemental Plane of Smoke, in a tower that most every Merkhant in the multiverse would like to find - it's said that it contains his own vast fortune that he's gotten from years of thievery.



LIGH+NING

As Air approaches the Positive Energy Plane, the base air becomes imbued with electrical potential, giving way to the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, where lightning bolts fly across the landscape between areas of differing charge. More information can be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 34.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.

The Inner Planes, pages 92-95.



The Base Nature of Lightning

(For more background information as to the nature of electricity, consult any basic book about Physics)

Clueless Primes and unlearned Guvners and other Planar Sages claim that the lightning of the Elemental Plane is its base nature. Not so; the lightning of the so-called Quasielemental Plane of Lightning is merely a side effect of its true nature. The true nature of this Quasielemental Plane dictate that it be called something more along the lines of "The Quasielemental Plane of Electrical Polarity." As the Elemental Plane of Air approaches the Positive Energy Plane, its air molecules become electrically excited and ordinary differences in electrical charge become pronounced. Whereas in a normal environment, lightning only strikes when there is a major difference in charge, in the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning there needn't be a huge difference in electrical potential for an electrical current to jump from one to another, creating the "lightning" so termed by the Clueless Primes and unlearned sages of the first example. Metal is one of the most conductive of all the substances that a planeswalker might carry, so any berk entering the plane carrying metal is looking for trouble: the difference in charge between the Quasielemental Plane and a sword-toting berk is enough to fry him on sight. However, once hit, that metal is discharged and will not attract further bolts from that particular area of the plane (see below). Of course, planeswalkers often carry more than one piece of metal on their bodies, so the chance that they'll survive the after-shocks is questionable. Even after all the metal on their bodies has been discharged of an opposing charge, there's still a loose chance that a body will be struck, although this chance is rather slim. All in all, a planeswalker may be struck maybe only the number of times equal to 1d6+the number of metal items while closest to one of the poles (see below). Between the two poles, they may be hit instead a number of times equal to about 2d6+(metal items x 2).

(I've included this new rule because the belief that Quasielemental Lightning strikes a body every round if they carry metal is completely ungrounded in the science of physics. Use it if you like it, or not if you don't. - Dave)

Societies in the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning tend to be very individualistic, usually giving way to either pure anarchy or to highly democratic societies where everyone does what they want. As a result, visiting Indeps find the residents of this Plane extremely accommodating to their beliefs (there's rumored to be a town of them floating through the Plane). However, the mortal residents of this plane tend to be dazzled with the pure power that surrounds them, and as such as known to get a little carried away during the fiercest of storms, exalting in the glory of the sheer elements. Residents are used to the thunderclaps and covering one's ears during the peals of the thunder is often a mark of Cluelessness that'll get a body laughed at for sure.

"LIGH+NING NEVER S+TRIKES +WICE
IN +HE SAME PLACE. UNLESS, ⊕F
C⊙URSE, WE WAN+ IT+ +⊕."

- GEHENNIES S+⊕RMF⊕RGED,
LIGH+NING QUASIELEMENT+AL



THE "POLES" OF QUASIELEMENTAL LIGHTNING

It's a veiled fact that the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning is a place of electrical potential in all its forms. It's even less known that the reason that the Plane is filled with lightning and thunderclaps is that there are two opposing poles of the Plane, a "positive" pole and a "negative" pole. When grounded (as described above), a body is only grounded in terms of "positive" or "negative" attraction. A body heading towards the opposite section of the Plane will be hit for 3d6+(metal x 3)

"I AM OF POSITIVE. YOU ARE OF NEGATIVE. THEREFORE, YOU MUST BE DESTROYED."

- A LIGHTNING QUASIELEMENTAL

bolts before being neutralized to their new pole. The positive pole, or the "Anode" as it is called by Guvner scholars, is located towards the border of the Plane to the Positive Energy Plane, although not within the Wall of Energy. The negative pole, or the "Cathode," is located towards the border to the Elemental Plane of Air, although - again - not within the Subdued Cacophany. Each of the two poles has sprung a variety of mephits and quasielementals. Both varieties are physically identical, although they hate each other completely and

are drawn to destroy the guardians of the opposite pole. The negatively charged mephits of the Cathode seek to take the Anode for themselves because of some primal attraction - they care little for their own pole. Now, a body might ask why they seek to constantly destroy each other if they don't care about what they have. Well, peace negotiations have happened in the past, and once the positively charged mephits and quasielementals took over the Cathode and the negatively charged mephits and quasielementals took over the Anode. However, the power of the Anode and the Cathode were so great that they made the negatively charged Lightning residents positive and vice versa, so they war began again. It's a war that will never stop so long as either side breathes, and it's a war that is a great boon for the economy of the Inner Planes. Mephits not created on Lightning have no charge, but will gain one the second they arrive in the place, attuning themselves to the nearest pole. Native quasielementals or mephits that spend too much time off the plane will also lose their charge, only to regain a new one (or the old one again) upon arriving back in Lightning as above.

"I AM OF NEGATIVE. YOU ARE OF POSITIVE. THEREFORE, YOU MUST BE DESTROYED."

- THE SAME QUASIELEMENTAL A WEEK LATER

It's also whispered that certain mephits and quasielementals act as traitors to their own side (no big surprise, they owe no loyalty to others of their electrical charge) and drain mephits and quasielementals of opposite charge instead of destroying them. This draining causes them to reverse their electrical charge, thereby becoming a mephits or quasielemental on a different side than they were on previously! The mephits and quasielementals that practice this are called *receptacles*, and they are looked on unfavorably by both the positive and negatively charged armies.



A++RAC+ION
{TOWN}

CHARACTER: Draw the lightning, use it to power your lives. Lightning and "electricity" are the most powerful forces in the multiverse - he who uses such forces to his advantage shall become more powerful than a body can ever imagine.

This town is located in the Core Lightning area of the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, and powers its mighty furnaces and lifestyle by use of actually drawing the lightning closer to it. As a result, visitors to this town are few because of the tremendous risks they feel comes from inviting the lightning towards themselves.

RULER: The lightning genasi Aniode (Pl/male genasi[lightning]/P[Ramman]6/N) once cavorted among the clouds like many of his kin before he accidentally stumbled upon the aura of the Babylonian power Ramman (*OHG*) who was visiting the Plane of Lightning at the time. Like many lightning genasi, this mistake changed his life - having felt the power of Ramman, Aniode dedicated his existence to him. He constructed a huge town in honor of his deity, and laced the entire town with electrically charged metal so as to draw his deity closer to him. When he was electrified and supposedly destroyed by the primal forces that he drew upon, the town drifted off into obscurity.

"B⊕⊕⊕! KAB⊕⊕⊕! BLA⊕⊕!"

- ANI⊕DE ⊕HE
LIGH⊕NING GENASI,
SE⊕ONDS
BEF⊕RE HIS
ELEC⊕R⊕CU⊕I⊕N

That is, until another lightning genasi calling himself Cathiode (Px/male genasi[lightning]/P[Ramman]8/N) mysteriously appeared about a year later in the center of the town. He was as determined as Aniode was to bring his power to the town. However, he saw the vision of a town of workers and worshippers, living safely in the dangerous Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, and using the divine powers of Ramman to harness the power of the Storm for the good of mortals. Cathiode reworked the town so that the metal rods were used to power the furnaces at the center of the town and provide easy fire and the like for the residents of the town. Eventually, people came - and a huge metalworking community sprang up around the town with smiths working to forge swords borne from the fires of pure electricity.

The dark is that Aniode's act of devotion to his power impressed even Ramman, who brought the genasi to himself to test his faith and devotion. He found the genasi worthy, and elevated him to the status of proxy, and returned him to the city as Cathiode with no memory of his previous life. All he had in his mind was the vision of a city where mortals lived and worshipped Ramman among the clouds of pure Lightning.

BEHIND THE THRONE: The chief engineer for this town is an elf by the name of "V" (Pr/male elf/W9/N), a body who's taken a mad vision and transformed it into reality. He met Cathiode while journeying the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, and helped construct Cathiode's dream city. It was "V" who originally came up with the concept of using metal to channel Ramman's divine energy into useable force, and he was the primary architect of the burg. He also found a way to avoid destroying the townfolk - he's created special *bracers of grounding* that automatically negate any electrical charge that the wearer has. This allows the wearers to virtually ignore the lightning of the Quasielemental Plane, even though they stand on top of tons of metal. These bracers can be rented for ten gold pieces a day, or bought for a thousand gold. "V" controls the magical enchantments to everything in the town; if he desired so, he could electrify the entire town with a glance. He enjoys this feeling of power. He also negates the enchantments on those bracer that leave the town, so a body'd best look to other sources to protect him from the Quasielemental Plane.

DESCRIPTION: A city constructed purely of metal... a body'd think such a thing would be asking for death in the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning. In a way, it is - the city *wants* to be hit by the lightning. The lightning is channeled through the metal of the town (usually frying unprepared visitors to the town) and used to power it through some sort of newfangled Guvner invention that uses the electricity from the discharges to power the lights and furnaces of the town. The town itself is constructed purely of metal and floats in the Quasielemental Plane, constantly being hit by lightning bolts, at least twice every ten minutes. As a result, the town has the constant smell of ozone permeating it, a smell that the inhabitants get used to soon, or leave.

At the center of the town lies the Tower of Lithé, a huge tower designed so that it will attract lightning from both poles of Quasielemental Lightning and channel it into the workings of the town. This works fairly well - it's usually enough power to light the furnaces of the town and use for the basic needs of the commonfolk of the town, who use it for such base things as heating their water and igniting fire.

Of primary interest to visitors would be the forges of Attraction, where the electricity is used to fuel the flames of a thousand furnaces. It's said that the forges here bestow an intense electrical charge on the weapons forged, so a body fighting with one of these things in Quasielemental Lightning had best be protected from lightning; otherwise, he'll be fried in his boots. The master smith is a dwarf named Tierdon (Pr/male dwarf/F5/LG), a basher who does his best to treat everyone fairly and equally. Probably the nicest cutter a visitor will meet - the rest of the townsfolk are a dazed bunch (as most are in the Upper Quasielemental Planes).

MILI+IA: The guardians of Attraction are most a group of well-armored fighters, most of which are about second level. Each of them wears their *bracers of grounding* religiously, for if they were to vanish, their plate mail and broadswords would ensure that they would light up like a torch.

SERVICES: Metal. Metal's probably the most readily and least wanted substance in this town. The people regard the metal of the town with a sort of unnatural fear - it brings them their lives and livelihoods, but it's basically a death sentence for them should something go wrong. A body can easily get a weapon borne of electricity for an extravagant price - such metal weapons deliver a huge electrical discharge upon their first hit (as an *orb of enticement*), and then become normal weapons.

CURRENT+ CHAN+: It's said that Tal'kik and his minions (*see below*) are planning something for this burg that most likely involves its destruction. More details are unknown, but the faction symbol of the Doomguard has been seen quite a bit more in this town, so it obviously means something. Most townsfolk are counting on it being a Bad Thing, and so some are packing up and leaving town.



CI+ADEL CAR+HAMEN {SI+E}

(A note: the author dislikes the stereotypes of the Doomguard being destructive and entropic as much as the next berk. However, he believes that the reasons for them being as they are in this passage are well defined and thought out, and so has continued.)

HEARSAY: It's common knowledge that the Doomguard maintain four citadels on the Lower Quasielemental Planes to revel in the eternal constant that is entropy. It's much less known that four mirror citadels exist within the Upper Quasielemental Planes with ironically the exact opposite purpose that those in the Lower do. Whereas those in the Lower Quasielemental Planes are content to study the constant and orderly dissolution of the multiverse, those in the Upper Quasielemental Planes are sick and tired of waiting for entropy to just "happen." They're there to make sure it encompasses all and drags all of the Inner Planes down with it.

DESCRIP+ION: The Doomguard are thick throughout the Negative Quasielemental Planes, right? Right; that's chant even the most clueless of the Vacuum Genasi know. Their philosophies draw them close to the Negative, the apotheosis of what is to become of civilization. But doesn't a body think that after a while, the Doomguard would realize that it's all very nice for the Lower Quasielemental Planes to crumble, but what about the rest of creation? Is there entropy in the Positive Quasielemental Planes, or is entropy only inherent to Negative Energy?

Anyways, that's what the human Johannius Stoneforged (Pl/male human/F7/N) said about his beliefs and his faction after about thirty years as the Doomlord of Dust. After his tenure, he found himself wondering about the nature of entropy. Did it exist in the Upper Quasielemental Planes? And so he traveled to the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning, looking for answers, where he contracted a group of lightning quasielementals to build the Citadel Carthamen. He passed on shortly afterwards, but not before he had started to build similar structures on the other three Upper Quasielemental Planes. Another one of his supporters finished his work, and so began the Doomguard's attempt to bring entropy to the Heart of Life.

The Citadel Carthamen was built close to the negatively charged pole of Lightning, with the Doomguard hoping to find more entropy near it. Of course, there is no inherent difference between the two charges of Lightning, so they eventually decided to bring entropy to the Plane. The Citadel lies right under a huge portal to the Elemental Plane of Water, with the water serving as a perfect way to neutralize the electrical charge of the metal tower. It's not known exactly how the water flows out of Elemental Water without a difference in pressure and without gravity, but it flows anyway. The Citadel is constructed of a harsh metal, giving an alien and unnatural feel to the place. The Doomlord of Citadel Carthamen is a balor named Tal'kik (M/male balor/12 HD/CE), who acts as the leader of the Upper Quasielemental Doomlords. He does not pay homage or acknowledge the factol in Sigil, although he pays a grudging respect to his Lower Quasielemental counterparts. The Doomguard under him do their best to destroy the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning and draw it hurling down into Vacuum.

SPECIAL FEAT+URES: The air around Citadel Carthamen is thin and difficult to breathe - it's almost as if the Citadel is draining it into itself in an attempt to gradually destroy the Quasielemental Plane. The rumors of this have been unsubstantiated, but the warring quasielementals leave the Citadel well alone.

The Citadel is said to maintain a two-way portal to the Citadel Exhalus in Vacuum, although such a dark is probably only known to Tal'kik and his closest advisors. It's said that Tal'kik doesn't even speak to the dwarf Doomlord Nagaul, Lord of the Citadel Exhalus. Probably too different in their views of entropy.

CURREN+ CHAN+: It's said that Tal'kik is doing everything in his power to escalate the Eternal War of Electrical Charge beyond its current state, and he's done this by manipulating the quasielementals to attack various settlements by drawing them there with large amounts of *orbs of enticement* and the like. This has usually managed to get the target destroyed fairly quickly, so Tal'kik probably hasn't changed his tactics. It's uncertain where his next target *is*, however...



MAJOR PLAYERS IN LIGHTNING

Quasielemental Lord: Seiyhock

(Pl/male archomental[lightning]/8 HD/CN)

The greatest of the lightning mephits, Seiyhock is a minor archomental-turned-lightning mephit, who has relatively a good deal of influence on his Quasielemental Plane. He controls all the lightning mephits and quasielementals, and he claims to have created the twin poles of the Quasielemental Plane of Lightning and set the two sides to fighting. He's a capricious individual that demands total and complete loyalty from everybody but himself. He'll often make deals, and then renege, and he'll do things just because he wants to - he's the ruler of the plane, right? Who's going to stop him?

Seiyhock appears as a five-foot tall humanoid that looks to be created from pure electricity; when he speaks, his voice pops and cracks with the unmistakable sounds of an electrical birth. He draws a huge magnetic charge all to himself, so he's usually struck two or three times a round by lightning (in which he regenerates all damage done to him). He rather enjoys the effect that this has on those he talks to, and laughs quite often. He's as hyper as lightning mephits come, and often changes the subject of his conversations, much to the anger of those seeking information from him. He treats nobody seriously unless they pose a serious threat - then he'll get serious and seriously order his guards (four lightning quasielementals) to seriously dispose of such a serious threat.

It's tough to find Seiyhock; he constantly wanders the Quasielemental Plane cavorting among the storm-clouds and generally having a good time at the expense of most everyone else. He has never been seen within the "Eye" of the Quasielemental Plane - he hates the place and wishes he could eradicate it from the face of his realm.



MUNDANE ITEMS IN LIGHTNING

"Lightning Rod": Worn only by those who trust the makers of these devices completely and totally, the wearers of these odd contraptions take their lives into their own hands, although one has yet to malfunction. A "lightning rod," as they are called by Shiliar Quickwitted (Pr/male gnome/T4/N) the gnome who fashions them, is activated by strapping it to a body's back. Physically, the things are a long, metal pole - about eight feet in length, with leather straps attached to them so that a body can tie them to his waist. There are two types of these rods - positive and negative (like all other things in the Plane). The lightning rods work by being infused with a huge amount of positive or negative charge, so that they repel lightning from the pole that they are attuned to and keep the wearer safe. However, the charge fades from these things after about two weeks, and a body who approaches the negative pole while wearing a positive rod is begging to be fried (and the capricious forces of electricity will be more than happy to comply with that body's death wish). Lightning rods are often bought by mephits and quasiaelementals of the opposite type, who gain great pleasure from draining these rods dry of all charge whatsoever.

Lightning rods, once drained of all electrical charge, can be recharged by heading towards one of the Electrical Poles of Quasiaelemental Lightning and letting it soak in charge for 3d4 hours. Of course, a body'll have to contend with the mephits and quasiaelementals that guard the pole from all intruders - they'll fry a body clean if he shows any hint of the opposite charge.

Cost: 500 gold pieces



MINERAL

As the caverns of Earth approach the expanse of the Positive Energy Plane, the endless tunnels give way to sparkling gems and crystals, the likes of which are not seen elsewhere in the multiverse. Of course, it's not so easy to make off with this treasure trove as it'd seem; it's almost as if the Plane itself works to prevent such a thing. More information can be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 36.
The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.
The Inner Planes, pages 96-99.

THE BASE NATURE OF MINERAL

Why Mineral? That's the question that many sages ask themselves as they examine the properties of Earth as it approaches the Positive Energy Plane. Technically, minerals are just various materials that form within Earth naturally.

CITADEL SPARKILIOUS

{SI+E}

Chip. Chip. Chip. The continual wearing away at the fabric of Mineral has some effect: drag the entire bleeding non-entropic thing into the Dust that it shall become. Chip. Chip. Chip. The mineral quasiaelementals are no concern; you as a whole are more powerful than the bleeding lot of them. Chip. Chip. Chip. Victory, clear and undisguised, shall be yours in the end when Positive Energy itself falls into the Negative.

The Citadel Sparkilious stands in the heart of the Quasiaelemental Plane of Mineral, and it's the Doomguard's outpost for entropy on the Plane that stands close to the Positive Energy Plane. Ruled by the renegade dwarf Gershi (Prime/male dwarf/F4/CN), the Citadel is determined to break the entire Quasiaelemental Plane of Mineral into the finest Dust. The Citadel itself stands in a hollowed-out pocket of Air that grows daily as legions of slaves (bought from the Slavers of Elemental Earth) pick at the walls of the cave, turning the entire bleeding thing into dust. Slaves that pocket gems and crystals are immediately killed; the material of Quasiaelemental Mineral must all be broken down, and nothing must be allowed to survive.

THE CRYSTAL GROTTOS

{SI+E}

The more well-known and traveled paths of the Quasiaelemental Plane of Mineral skip over possibly the most beautiful place in the Quasiaelemental Plane, the Crystal Grotto. Over two miles long and about a half mile long, the Crystal Grotto is composed of purest crystal on all its sides, floors, and ceilings. As a result, travelers are advised against carrying light sources into this place; the mass reflection and magnification of light made possible by the crystals of the Crystal Grotto is enough to drive someone blind. Without light, the cavern is lit by a faint blue glow that comes from some of the crystals embedded in the walls. It's a beautiful sight, and possibly one of the most intriguing in the multiverse to look at as a body can see his image reflected on the floor, walls, and ceiling. However, any person attempting to cut out one of the crystals and steal from it had best be warned of the "Druid of the Crystals," an enigmatic being made completely out of crystal that forms itself at the first sign of the desecration of his "grove". Nobody's sure exactly what it is, but it leaves peaceful visitors alone, so it's a good bet that its job is to protect.



MUNDANE ITEMS IN MINERAL

Lifegems: Close to the Positive Energy Plane, the crystals and jewels of the Quasielemental Plane of Mineral begins to glow with a life of their own, giving way to the Gemfields. Within this area, *lifegems* are extremely common; they are simply a crystal that has been imbued with positive energy due to its proximity to the Positive Energy Plane. To release the healing energies within them, they can be broken (not as easy as it sounds). The Positive Energy can also be channeled from a *lifegem* into a body, but first a body has to learn the way to psychically channel the energy from the gem into their body. Psionicists with the *receptacle* power can generally figure out the channeling process within five minutes, while others may spend days starting into a *lifegem*, trying to figure how to unleash its power. Once its power is unleashed, a lifegem adds 1d3 hit points to the hit points of the person nearest to it, with hit points over the total vanishing at a rate of one per hour. Should an adventurer be barmy enough to reach twice his hit point total through the use of *lifegems*, he'll immediately combust as if he were on the Positive Energy Plane. Lifegems are common among adventurers and bodyguards on and off of the Quasielemental Plane of Mineral who wish to have a little extra force.

RADIANCE

Light streams in from the Positive Energy Plane, covering all in a diffuse spectrum of all the colors in the universe. This entire plane feels like a Sensate's dream, with colors crashing upon colors crashing upon colors upon an unknown shore of infinite pigments. Of course, it's less than safe to look upon any section of the Plane because of the intense light that'll burn a body's eyeballs out of his sockets in a second. More information can be found in the following locations:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 35.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.

The Inner Planes, pages 100-103.

The Base Nature of Radiance

THE HALL ⊕ F INTENSITY (SI+E)

Given the unique nature of this plane, it's no surprise whatsoever that the Sensates from the Outer Planes have deigned to visit and make an outpost of sorts within the colors of Quasielemental Radiance. Overlooking one of the most magnificent vistas in the entire plane, the areas around the Hall of Intensity supposedly have been treated with some sort of magical spells that cause time to either dilate or contract within them. While this causes a strange effect to those passing through those regions, it provides a beautiful view from the uppermost parapets of this hall. Built in a quasi-"Roman" style, it is constructed from *unburning iron* and infused with *blocks of color*. Illusions created within the hall become permanent, and they usually end up wandering the hall - unable to leave without losing their existence.

As a result, the entire place seems like a completely unreal experience between the colors crashing into each other eternally and sentient illusions walking the floors. The place is as much a headquarters for the Sensates as any other place is on the Outer Planes, and factol and namer alike both visit it without discrimination. However, the Sensates did not build it - something else did. Whatever that "something else" was, it doesn't seem to mind the fact that the Sensates seem to have moved in and basically taken over the whole place for their own wild parties and the like. However, anyone knows that the Sensates aren't the real rulers of the place; they just make their kips in the numerous guest rooms in the Hall (a bit convenient, if you ask this cutter). It seems far more likely that one of the *illusions* is actually in charge of the whole place. The most prominent illusion (well, at least, the most notable of them) is one that calls itself "Scorpio"; a human with the right hand (or claw, rather) of a lobster and a huge scorpion's tail. He speaks in an insect-like voice and flaunts his status as an illusion, flitting from one place to the next like a ghost. It's even said that he's learned the secret to harming creatures of flesh - although it's unknown how he does this. There's gotta be some explanation for the dead Sensate corpses that show up occasionally, something besides the frighteningly common "drunk themselves to death" excuse. The other illusions are far more benign, ranging from a slight chilling breeze in one location to that of a bed of roses. None of it's real, something that enrages *true* Sensates to no end. One of the illusions is actually the illusion of a green-robed magician bent on creating the perfect holographic child in his image. He studies those that enter the Hall intently to study their anatomy so that his child will be perfect in every way.



MIST/STEAM

While countless Planar Scholars continue to misname this Quasielemental Plane, its true name given the nature of the Plane is the Quasielemental Plane of Mist. Currently, its conditions dictate it to be a plane comprised fully of a light and clammy mist, unlike the connotations of the word "Steam."

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 36.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.

The Inner Planes, pages 104-107.



THE BASE NATURE OF MIST/STEAM

The name "officially" given to the Quasielemental Plane of Mist is the Quasielemental Plane of Steam; an anachronous term that refers back to before the layout of the Inner Planes shifted to what it is today. Previously, at the border between Elemental Fire and Water, the Paraelemental Plane of Steam was formed. This was a hot and brutal place, where a body would be horribly disfigured by scalding water and lose themselves in eternal clouds of steam. However, the Paraelemental Plane of Steam went the way of the vacuum mephit as the last vacuum mephit was destroyed and the vacuum elemental guardians of the Plane of Vacuum found themselves severely weakened. As Vacuum began to shift from its status as a true Plane into a Quasielemental Plane, the entirety of the Elemental Planes began to shift, and Steam flat out vanished.

The Quasielemental Plane of Mist had existed before, but nobody had paid much attention to it - it was the home of the reclusive mist mephits and quasielementals, who didn't care about anything else and who kept mostly to themselves. Then, suddenly, people began to claim that the Paraelemental Plane of Steam had *become* the Quasielemental Plane of Steam. The remaining steam mephits and quasielementals came to Quasielemental Mist and saw the potential for this place to be like their home, so they took up residence - much to the dismay of the mist mephits and quasielementals. Eventually, the two quasielemental races lost their distinction (it's said that the steam quasielementals lost the ability to survive outside their old scalding home), although Clueless sages still named them the steam quasielementals despite the fact that they were truly mist quasielementals. This blurring of distinctions has made the former denizens of Mist rather angry about their lot in the multiverse. However, the mist quasielementals now have all but withdrawn from the conflict between the two groups of mephits, preferring to be left to their own devices.

The steam and mist mephits constantly battle for control of the Plane; areas controlled by the steam mephits are the hotter areas of the Quasielemental Plane, while the majority of the Plane is still under the control of the mist mephits. Some would find this odd, considering that the steam mephits are more powerful physically than their opponents. However, the mist mephits are a race of thinkers and intellects, whereas the steam mephits prefer to dominate their foe using only brute physical strength. As a result, the steam mephits have been fighting a losing battle for several eons.

Now, however, the war seems to be dying down. No longer are hordes of steam mephits seen flying through the Quasielemental Plane. No longer are they a common sight in the streets of Sigil. They are slowly but surely being driven to extinction, and soon their name will occupy the dead-book as well, right next to their former brethren the vacuum mephits. Even now, spells that create steam mephits from their Quasielemental Plane fail about half the time - the fires of steam have almost completely died out, and with no Elemental material to draw upon, the mephits cannot exist.

Alchemy and the creation of medicines is extremely popular on this plane, the plane where water is constructed of more than its normal life-giving properties. On Mist, the Water itself becomes the fluid that runs through the veins of all living beings, giving them life and preventing the never-ending starvation and thirst that seems promised by Salt. The Brotherhood of Alchemy is rather common here, using the life-giving energies of the Positive Energy Planes to infuse into their potions of healing and rehabilitation. The most successful of these is Soquilius, ruler of the town of Panacea and medical and spiritual to a group of drugged individuals. (see below)

Societies within the Quasielemental Plane of Mist tend to be dazed groups of people believing themselves to live within the heart of Life. Most of these societies keep much to themselves with little form of organization outside of the standard social conventions (of course, what's standard in the Inner Planes is probably foreign most everywhere else). There are usually two types of mortals in Quasielemental Mist: those who see the Mist as life-giving, and those that see the Mist as depressing. It's usually pretty easy to distinguish between the two: the first type will usually be dancing in the mist and the rain, seeing it as washing away impurity and giving them life, while the second type will try to stay out of the mist as much as they can. Of course, in a plane filled with the stuff, it's pretty hard to avoid staying out of it.



LIFEBALM

{SI+E}

Deep within the reaches of Quasielemental Mist lies the fabled Lifebalm - the source of all cures and potions known to man. Of course, not everyone knows about the Lifebalm - they're more infatuated with the danger and mystery presented by the Tower of Ice. The Lifebalm lies within the Raging Mists, in the border between Quasielemental Mist and Positive Energy. The Lifebalm is not a fixed structure or a distinguishable landmark - it's position varies from time to time, and where it is one moment is very rarely where it is the next. The Mathematician Quizco the Interpolator (Pl/male human/W7/Mathematicians/LN) has taken it upon himself to attempt to calculate the next location of the Lifebalm. He's right maybe a third of the time, suggesting to him that he'd best correct his formula. Quizco the Interpolator can usually be found within the City of Glass in the Elemental Plane of Water.

Once inside the Lifebalm, it's a surreal experience. The misty drops glow with the brightest light, infusing everything within with Positive Energy, healing 2d6 points of damage per round. However, a body will not exceed his maximum, and therefore will not explode ala the Positive Energy Plane. Diseases are wiped away after three turns spent in the Lifebalm, and even crippling injuries and limbs can be regenerated after four hours of rest within its waters.



PANACEA

{T⊕WN}

CHARACTER: Medicine is perfect. If you can't solve all of life's problems with a simple pill or tonic, then something's seriously wrong with you and you probably deserve exactly what you get. Buy your medicines from the vendors in the center of the town, then drink them down, and feel imbued with energy from the Positive Energy Plane itself. Here we have anything that can cure your problems - side effects? What are you talking about?

RULER: The Master Alchemist of this burg is the blood Soquilius (Pl/male genasi[mist]/W6/The Alchemists/N). He's a body that works to perfect medicine in all its forms, trying to cure every known ailment in the multiverse. Of course, his quest isn't driven out of compassion (what is?) but instead through a desire to become revered throughout the multiverse as the highest of all physicians. Of course, he's got a large way to go - his medicines are still no match for the divine healing abilities of the Priests of the multiverse. It's said that he's developed formulas to cure numerous diseases, including the so-called "black plague" that has ravaged countless Prime worlds.

Soquilius is assisted in his chemical quests by the mist mephit Dizli (M/female mephit[mist]/4+4 HD/N), who handles most of the brute mixing of the elements. Soquilius has perfected the formula for creating her out of Quasielemental Mist, so every time she passes away (or is killed by him in one of his fits of rage), she is reborn to serve.

BEHIND THE THRONE: This town lives on the pills and tonics that Soquilius develops. Of course, he doesn't distribute them - that job is left to the elf Ninem (Pl/female elf/F2/N[E]), who sells all the things that he creates to the masses of Panacea (described below). She's not above slipping poison in the place of a cure for the right jink, which makes her a popular target for those hoping to kill their enemies in this town. She charges about five gold for each medication that she gives out, and makes a hefty profit on the exchange, since she doesn't pay anything to buy them. Soquilius sees him giving the medicines away for free as a way to test his medicines on the whole town without them knowing it.

DESCRIPTION: Lying in the eternal mist of the Quasielemental Plane of Mist, Panacea is a town filled with hopeless, despondent people, completely absorbed with their own existences and their own misery. They eagerly seek medicine to make their lives better, and it does for the most part - in their eyes. In this town, each resident guzzles at least ten different substances a day in the hopes of relieving the pressures of existence. Of course, after toying with the chemistry of their body so much, they invariably begin to have mild headaches and other small, noticeable symptoms. When they get these symptoms, they invariably enough turn back to the medicine that caused them. So they are kept in a never-ending fantasy of the beliefs that misery can go away with a pill or a potion. Many come here to drown their sorrows in alcohol, and as a result end up becoming more depressed with their lives. In the end, there's not one bright eye among the bunch - they're all like zombies, taking their medication and complaining about what horrible tragedies they face in their lives. They're worse than mephits.

The town itself floats in the clammy void that is Quasielemental Mist, far away from the battlefields where the steam and mist mephits fight their genocidal war, but closer to the Positive Material Plane, where the mists have begun to gleam with a faint white light. It is merely a collection of houses, built in no real order - there is no special location at the center of the town. The most important place is the House of Life, which is where Ninem distributes the medications of Soquilius on the lower levels, and where Soquilius distills positive energy and mixes it with other various forms to create his tonics. It's easy to locate; it usually has a line stretching several blocks long with people waiting for their salvation through medicine.

This town avoids the conflict between the steam and mist mephits only because it lies completely out of the way of the fighting. Once, two groups of the opposing mephits met in the town, and the carnage was bloody indeed.

MILITIA: Ninem keeps two reeducated vrocks (M/male and female vrocks/8 HD/CN) as defense against those who would attempt to steal the medicines from her and Soquilius. The town itself is defended by a group of seemingly-immortal bruisers. They've been elevated and manipulated with inhuman chemicals that have raised their strength enormously (all have a strength of about 18/75) at the cost of eternal headaches, which are only relieved by participating in violence. These bashers number about fifty, and are each second and third level fighters.

SERVICES: Other than its medicines (which are enough to draw even the more skeptical planeswalkers), this town holds nothing for them. Merchants stay clear of here: the depressed and despondent members of the town ain't interested in buying their wares or even listening to their spiels.

CURRENT CHANT: Soquilius has just recently claimed to have perfected the formula for eternal life, although the real chant is that his potion's still a ways off. He's begun distributing it to the citizens of the town, who take it along with the rest of his foul brews. The side effects to his last recipe have yet to be determined, but it's said that the residents of the town have become more depressed than usual, suggesting a mental effect more than a physical effect.



MAJOR PLAYERS IN MIST/STEAM

Quasielemental Lord: Vapiax

(Pl/male mephit[steam]/4+4 HD/N)

No longer an archomental, the King of the Steam Mephits loses more and more power on an hourly basis as his steam mephits fall to the cunning and guile of the mist mephits. Right now, he's nothing more than a normal steam mephit, although he'll never let on such a thing - to show that he's lost his archomental status would be to invite assassination. He continues to hope that his steam mephits will hold the line and not fall to the tactics of the mist mephits, but he sees himself as powerless against his fate if he does not get aid soon. However, he's begun to make inquiries into the Outer Plane of Baator, and it's said that he's struck a deal with the Lord of the Second, Dispater. So far, only a lone erinyes (his new consultant) has been seen within the Bastion of Scalding Water, but there's said to be more on the way, ready to help the steam mephits take back "their" plane in the name of Baator.

Actually, Vapiax has not been seen for a year; it's said that he's mortally afraid of assassination from both his new allies and his old foes. He keeps to himself and speaks through his new erinyes consultant, Sheelya the Enticer (M/female erinyes/6+6 HD/LE), and is waiting for the time when he can once again call himself the Lord of Quasielemental Steam and emerge triumphant over all those who would have called him down for the count. As a result, a body ain't likely to meet Vapiax, who acts more like a scared dretch than a Quasielemental Lord. *(Of course, most Quasielemental Lords act like scared dretches - The Editor)*



Quasielemental Lord: Venies

(Pl/female archomental[mist]/8 HD/N)

Venies is probably the most powerful Quasielemental Lord; without any major opposition to her rulership, she's free to control the Quasielemental Plane as she wishes. She's a complete control freak; everything has to be done her way if it's going to be done at all. She's had to adapt this way because if her mist mephits didn't do exactly as she said, they'd be overwhelmed by the physical might of the steam mephits. The worst of the fight is behind her and her minions now: all that's left is pushing into the remaining steam mephit strongholds, which now only number about a dozen. Venies is one of the most intelligent beings on the Quasielemental Plane, and it's primarily because of her intelligence that she's managed to rise to the status that she holds today. It's also because she's struck quite a few deals with the mist quasielementals - they feed her interesting chant that they discover about the designs of the steam mephits, and she keeps her battles out of their territory.

Venies makes her home within the Shining Veil, which exists close to the border area of the Positive Energy Plane. A body looking to speak with her may have a chance, but he's better off leaving her in peace: she dislikes mortals. If someone does get through to speaking with her, they'll find her to be extremely arrogant and haughty; she feels that she's deserved the position that she holds, and nobody can talk down to her in the Quasielemental Plane.



CREATURES OF MIST/STEAM

While the creatures termed as "Steam Genasi" are truly formed out of Quasielemental Mist instead of the archaic Paraelemental Plane of Steam, as with many creatures of Quasielemental Mist, the wrong names have stuck. Genasi formed out of the Former Paraelemental Plane of Steam have devolved to the point where they're no longer considered genasi; see below for more about that.

Heregul

THE SCALD GIEN

As mentioned above, the Steam Genasi known to the multiverse are truly fathered by Nobles of Mist. Once, it's said that both Mist Genasi and Steam Genasi existed in peace, but with the rearrangement of the Inner Planes, that all changed and both side was forced to fight to survive. As it stands now, the Steam Mephits and their former Genasi brethren have been mostly decimated and linger on the brink of extinction. The current beings known as "Steam Genasi" have gone out to explore the multiverse after their existence is no longer in danger. The creatures formed of the Former Paraelemental Steam have mostly all died out by now, fallen to the ravages of the Mist Mephits. Only a few still survive, and the scalding blood in their veins is now ceasing to flow as they struggle to stay alive. Those that do exist call themselves the "Scald Gien," (*Pronounced: Scald Gee-yen*) in memory of once was. Their bloodline has been diluted over the millennia, as the true Steam Genasi withered and died of old age. The Scald Gien are actually not truly genasi in the loosest sense of the word, and their Elemental nature is more of a weakness than an actual boon anymore. In all truth, this generation of the Scald Gien may yet be their last if the steam mephits are unable to retake a good deal more of

"MY DREAMS MELT IN BLAZES
AS THE BURNING SEA CHILLS
MY PEOPLE DIE ONLY ONCE
BUT I DIE A HUNDRED TIMES OVER
AS THE FIRE LEAVES MY HEART
NEVER TO BURN AGAIN."

FROM THE COLLECTED
WORKS OF POETRY WRITTEN
BY THE SCALD GIEN
KHIRISHA VLIAR

Quasielemental Mist.

Less than five hundred of these creatures exist in the Quasielemental Plane of Mist; only there inside rare pockets of Steam are they able to survive. Outside these pockets of their plane, they wither and die, separated from what little Elemental blood that flows through their veins. Even within these pockets, they are extremely weak, physically suffering a -2 penalty to all physical attributes (Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution). They realize even more

than the steam mephits the consequences of the death of their former Plane, and so are furious that they are going to die. However, due to their natural intellect, they usually advise the steam mephits in their battles against the mist mephits, from their sickbeds more often than not. A few, more resigned to their fate, have become the writers of hopeless poetry and stories, in hopes that when their race is no more, their memory shall still live on. The most prominent of these writers is the Scald Gien by the name of Khirisha Vliar (Pl/female Scald Gien/0/N), whose work of poetry, "Tales from the Burning Glacier and Other Poems," is extremely popular in the high-up courts of the Lady's Ward. Of course, most of her poems fall on deaf ears; the same high-ups who love her work are completely ignorant of the plight of the Scald Gien.

What surviving Scald Gien there are have heard news of the alliance between Vapiax and the baatezu; a few see it as necessary for their survival, while another few see it as the most horrible act that could be done. After the baatezu have helped Vapiax triumph, the entire plane will be theirs - or so say the pessimists. The majority of the Scald Gien have lost the energy to protest or approve of the decision either way; without the Lifeblood of the former Paraelemental Plane of Steam to run through their veins, they are doomed to a lingering death.



ASH

*Water and fire succeed
The town, the pasture, and the weed.
Water and fire deride
The sacrifice that we denied,
Water and fire shall rot
The marred foundations we forgot,
Of sanctuary and choir.
This is the death of water and fire.*

-T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding", lines 70-77

Few people are aware that a journey to the Quasielemental Plane of Ash can be deadly. Most burks regard it as a place of burnt matter, but the plane can sap the heat from you almost as fast as the plane of Ice. More information about the Quasielemental Plane of Dust can be found in the following sources:

- ◆ A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 37.
- ◆ The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 30.
- ◆ The Inner Planes, pages 108-113.



THE BASE NATURE OF ASH

It's cold here. So cold. The cinders of Fire have burned out, and the Negative sits, like a huge black mass, stealing what heat that enters the Quasielemental Plane of Ash. The cinders and coals are designed to steal life and youth away from those that enter it, designed to drain away any emotion, any spark of life that may have once existed within them.

Once a burning hot place, it's said that the first restructuring of the Inner Planes transformed Ash into the place that it is today. Once a place where the coals were still somewhat hot, it became a place of never-ending seas of choking cinder that couldn't even remember what it was like to be ablaze. Only the oldest residents can remember the ash that was warm, and most of them no longer live in Ash, preferring instead the heat of Fire. Sure, there are mad schemes by certain individuals bent of reigniting Ash, but most everyone is sure that they'll fail, and miserably. That another casualty of the plane: the death of hope. Everything comforting dies in the Lower Quasielemental Planes. Hope, love, compassion, goodness, evil, hatred, spite, animosity; they all lack the strength to survive. These concepts themselves are drained out of a body in the Lower Quasielemental Planes, sucked in by the all-consuming dead-book of the Negative Material Plane, where nothing lives.

Residents of societies in Quasielemental Ash are mostly bleak, apathetic people with their very souls drained out of them. Emotions do not exist among them: families are held together by tradition rather than any sense of love or compassion. People tend to be xenophobic (a good deal more than most Inner Planar residents) on this plane. The blasted, ever-present cold is more than enough to turn people into themselves, hateful and bitter of anything outside them that looks like they might be better off.



AMME + HAN'SHA

{CI+Y}

(Author: Chris Murphy)

In a relatively nice (which means only near-unbearable) spot in the Inner Plane of Ash, a body can find the very well defended fortress-city of Ammet Han'sha. It's a particularly odd place, mainly because of the bizarre ash-ships (which look like rather large, thin, wooden wedges seemingly floating through the ash) that grind slowly away from the large, grey walled burg, but also because of its inhabitants, the Tem'mati.

See, the tem'mati (the singular is tem'mat) are a splinter group of githzerai who somehow got to the plane of Ash a very long time ago. They look pretty much like normal githzerai (except for the grey skin that all Tem'mati have), but the similarities end there.

The city itself is large, housing several thousand tem'mati within its walls. The city was constructed on a huge cinder that is very near to a pocket of Water. It is completely surrounded by walls, about twenty feet in length. The buildings inside are very bland and boring, everything about the city is stark and build for function.

Another obvious thing about Ammet Han'sha is that the tem'mati are as chaotic as the githzerai, if not more so. The population is divided into five different Guilds, which completely govern its members but has no control whatsoever over members of other Guilds. There is no central government at all. As you could imagine, disputes (and often outright violence, the tem'mati aren't as loyal to each other as the githzerai) are very common. The city is in a constant state of anarchy, with all the Guilds arguing and fighting over everything. Its a wonder that they still co-operate, all the Guilds have to, or they will effectively die out.

Each Guild has its own areas of expertise and its own duties. The Warriors Guild, the most respected Guild (with the possible exception of the Travellers), is in charge of defending Ammet Han'sha. All its members, male or female, are trained from birth how to fight, lead troops, defend a structure, and other such things to make them totally dedicated to keeping their city safe. The Hunters Guild is in charge of feeding the tem'mati. They go out and kill other things living in the wastes of Ash, and are quite good at it. The Observers Guild is in charge of keeping records and distributing food. The Travellers Guild is in charge with exploring the rest of the plane of Ash, the rest of the planes, and trading with other peoples. A small group of Travellers, the Ash-Treaders, have managed to guide huge, wooden ships through the ash psionically. Nobody really knows how they do it, but it is a very great asset to the Tem'mati's well being. The last Guild (and often thought of as least) is the Caretakers Guild. These poor sods have to take care of the buildings and the city itself, and try to keep order. Given the wall the tem'mati are, "keeping order" means stopping riots.

This city is a blessing to travellers, if you can get past the tem'mati's natural xenophobia. The city has quite a few portals and other ways out, and they can take you to more hospitable, if still fairly isolated, places. Also, if you can somehow convince an Ash-Treader to let you on his ship, you can go to other places in the plane. Why you would want to, is anyone's guess, but in case you did, I hear they really like metal (its kinda rare out there).....



CINDER MINES

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Nearer to Fire than most bashers feel comfortable are the Cinder Mines, broiling hot tunnels carved deep into the Ash where glowing shards of everburning fire can be found. These sparks are treasured by the creatures of Ash that prefer heat to cold as they make life a little less unbearable when a basher's

got to move through the more frigid regions of the plane. Take them too close to the Negative, however, and they'll be burned out.

Precious though these shards are (and they're used as currency on Ash by creatures who have need of such a thing) the Cinder Mines are very dangerous. Dug into the ash itself, (and despite the fact gravity here is subjective) they're very prone to collapse. Tons of burning embers landing on a berk's head never was the best way to improve on's health, and while the natives can usually tunnel their way free easily enough, the crushing shock of a collapse can easily kill an unprepared cutter. Add to that marauding packs of hungry rast and ash mephits looking to steal shards from miners and you've got a nasty combination. Explore with care!



CHARC⊕AL PALACE

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Crafted from pure black carbonised something-or-other, the Charcoal Palace is the home of Yethea, Queen of the Ever-Glittering Embers, Slayer of Flame, Chill Empress of the Hearth, etc, an ash mephit of extravagant taste and proportion. Fatter than most slaad, Yethea devours burning brands and drinks lantern oil like it's going out of fashion, and her retainers, a cowardly bunch of mephits if ever there were, scour the plane looking for fresh foodstuffs for their mistress. If they hear of Outsiders in the region a cutter can bet they'll be paying a visit on the lookout for such morsels.

Yethea fancies herself as the ruler of Ash, and nobody's really sure why she gets away with it. It's a certain, though, that she holds some sort of power over the other ash mephits on the plane, because none of them'll say a word against her. For the most part, the quasiaelementals ignore her completely, more likely out of derision than fear.



C⊕LD REALITY

[T⊕WN]

(Author: Etienne)

Being a burg in Ash to which sods who lost it all face reality in the most brutal way possible...

CHARAC+ER: "I lost everything and I'm starting again with what the multiverse gave me in return! I'm facing reality! I ain't like all those berks up on the Outer who live in fantasy and think belief is reality! I lost it all and I'm building back from the ashes that were left to me. And I ain't got a chip on my shoulder for it like all those other berks who claim they've lost it all and sit and cry all day!" -- Grestaroth, typical citizen

RULER: There's no proper ruler to this burg, but of course there is a prominent member who're listened to more than most. Seeing that this burg doesn't need and doesn't want a government to help (or interfere) with what the people are doing, it won't take kindly to a body claiming to rule over them. But a blood by the name of Est' A Est (Planar / male pit fiend baatezu / 13 HD (98 hp) / Fated / LE) is listened to more than most. Perhaps because he's a pit fiend or because he's the one to have lost the most, he's pretty much the High Up of the burg. Since he lost all of his armies and territory and three (!)

prime material worlds in one fell swoop to his former "friend" (a former pit fiend whose acquisition of ten brand new armies and three prime worlds got him a promotion to Noble), he's been here trying (without any chance of success) to rebuild what he lost. Since he won't accept any offer of help or similar "gifts", it's no wonder he can't amount to anything.

Deep down, Est' A Est is happy not to succeed for he's certain that should he succeed, another would surely rob him again. He's got a serious confidence problem and any mind-bender could help him -- but who would really go up to a pit fiend and say: "Hey! You know that you've been sabotaging yourself for the past hundred years and I, puny little mortal before you can do what you can't and help you overcome this problem." So Est's condition is not likely to change this millennium. Anyhow, he's always trying to force the Ash quasiaementals to follow him and their laughing hasn't improved his self image. Est' doesn't concern himself with the burg because they surely wouldn't follow him.... Of course, this doesn't show to the average blood who'd only see a high-up baatezu in exile and hiding.

BEHIND THE THRONE: There's nobody here that would even try to manipulate a pit fiend (they don't know how he's feeling and he's still as smart as ever and his claws haven't dulled....). And the burg's population is too individualistic to be organised enough to be manipulated as a whole.

DESCRIPTION: This place is for the sod who lost it all and decides to face reality in the most brutal way. But it's a lie berk! The dark of it is that all here are trying to give themselves an excuse not to try again. See, around here there ain't much to work with and so they can't fail or lose again since there ain't anything to fail at or lose. Every thing around here has already been lost, it's been burnt and there ain't anything but ash left.

The centre of town is built pretty much like one would expect in such a place as Ash: it's built on and from the solid ash and lies in a big hollow sphere upon which any surface can be stood and so the few buildings in this area are littered about this big hole in the plane. A very interesting and important feature is a leafy plant they called Ai'ogoth (from some prime tongue meaning life from the ashes). The plant looks like a great vine that clings to Air and forms huge spheres criss-crossed with their stems and leaves. The stem is a deep royal blue while the leaves are dark red -brown making it a truly beautiful creature. This plant is exceptional in that it survives in ash and it gives off fresh air! Needless to say that anybody cutting down one of these is in for a hot time despite the cold!...

But this part of the burg ain't the busiest part; it houses only a few people, between 20 and 100 heads depending on the frequency of the raids this past month. The real city is scattered around the hole and is connected by a few (2-20) tunnels around the surface of the sphere.

Unlike most burgs who have streets and houses... well, dwellings, that are lined up around the first, Cold Reality is more like a watcher's (prairie dogs) warren and to get to a certain point, you have to pass by a certain tunnel that leads to a certain somebody's house. See, it goes like this, people here don't want any help and so they think they have to live alone or at least not directly in the "city" and so they all dig up their little in the plane around the sphere. But it ain't all people who want to dig up from scratch (sure they want to make it on their own but it's hard work and not all are fit for digging this Ash stuff...).

This is helped by the fact that dwellers weren't too keen on having holes every which way they turned lead to people making friends (or at least temporary partners) to dig up homes. And so people's homes have been adding up in different tunnels at different intervals and none of them even considers connecting the close ones (it's hard to know where's your future neighbour's house is in a pile of ash....) together. This makes this burg probably one of the toughest to navigate in the multiverse, 'cause you've got to use private roads all the time, and most people here don't take too kindly to strangers just walking, slithering or whatever in their personal work. The easiest way to meet somebody here is to stick in the sphere and literally wait for them to come out. So be prepared to wait.... That's for layout, but what's going on, what's where and what's here?

With typical mortal determination and grit, the citizens of this place have managed to eke out a living and most of the more recently arrived (they won't say it and don't say it to them) profiting from their "cadets" darks, have been able to do something else than trying to survive the plane. Since it's just at the right distance from Fire to be comfortable for mortals. Don't think it's like Elysium though, the cold here will freeze off any part that's not carefully covered up but the plane doesn't absorb the heat quite as

much. Magical protection isn't needed and fires give about a third of the heat they would on a Prime world. And if they have the ai'ogoth to give fresh air. And so, if you can get here, you can probably live here and it makes it a beautiful resting spot for the wary planewalker. Fortunately (in the residents view) rare are the few who know of this place.

Getting back to what they do with their free time. Remember, this a place where folks come who want to start again, so once they're here, they start doing what they did back before. But the major problem that any native of Ash faces, is there's no material to work with but ash. See, most of the sods who wound up in this place worked with wood and let me tell you this: if you're looking for a nice piece of wood to carve in Ash you're in the wrong place! The outcome of this little dilemma was cunning craftsmen learned to work the ash itself. This has led to great works of art of ash, truly a sight to behold! Cutters found ways of making it hard as stone and the masters at it can make it hard as steel (especially Galano'an, he's a spell slinger of no small power). Homes are made of the stuff and those who can are starting to make the ground this hard. (Now, being always the practical basher, I wonder if I could persuade Steelmar, that's a smith I drank with a few times, to make me arrows of the colder ash...?)

Seeing that they have an endless supply of material, homes are, for those who can manage it or pay for it, great works of art. The interiors are usually comfortable (if chilly) and practical (remember these are bashers who work hard, even by Bytopian standards). Usually, covering every wall and floors is a necessity if you want to be able to take off your shoes without catching frostbite. The beds are piled with furs and anything that remotely warm and many sleep with their clothes on. Every house has its ai'ogoth in a special room full of holes to connect it to the other rooms. Food is never cooked here since it freezes up before you can eat it and consists mainly of an animal cleverly named the "ash whale" because it lives in Ash and... it looks like a prime whale (such originality!) "Drinks" are stored individually and then heated to a slush like consistency before serving, and are most often sap from a ai'ogoth which is harvested exclusively from personal growth. Hot drinks just aren't worth the price!

Another interesting trait about the people here is their open indifference to people's troubles. If they see another struggle with a heavy bag, no one will try and help him. See it's the mind of the viewer that they wouldn't want to be helped without asking and so they return the favour. Thing is, people are happy with this... But if one does ask for help, it's considered bad form to refuse but politeness obliges the helper to keep on saying that it must be impossible to do since he needs his help and he knows how independent he is, etc... Asking for help is the equivalent of begging for a living in Bytopia in regards to social status.

Since this is such a (relatively speaking) nice spot, other groups of creatures have started to gather up.... And one of them sees the place as a very pleasant place to own... A powerful ash genasi fighter got hold of a medallion that lets him charm monsters and he's "recruited" quite a few hordes of rasts, with which he has a special affinity, around himself. Why he won't enter the town as a peaceful citizen is still dark, as is his presence to all but three townfolk (and two have left). All folks know is that rasts seem to be attacking every second step since a week. Many folk have left through a portal not to far away with the help of a few friendly ash quasielementals rejoiced in seeing mortals leaving their plane and sorry to see that not all were leaving. Currently, the towns population is of 37 in the Sphere part and 200+ (who knows exactly) in the Warrens. Most people in the Warrens haven't been attacked while those who were in the rasts' way to reach the Sphere are either gone or lost. (There's plenty of interesting stuff to find in there if a basher ain't got too strong a moral code...)

Now that you've heard about it and had time to let it turn in your head for a little while (unless you ain't read what I wrote), why are most bashers here former wood workers? See, it goes like this: when sods see their shops go up in flames and they truly feel they lost everything and they got this ultimate conviction that they'll start again from the ashes if they have to, sometimes the smoke and falling ashes become a portal. It's like the falling ash creates a great portal and the will to start again from scratch is the key. And, apparently, since blacksmiths workshops tend to ignite rather well too there's quite a few smiths as well. Most are workers since otherwise, it would be lost dreams they would mourn, not lost work and material. Curiously, no prime as ever been "brought" here this way. Probably has to do with the planar malleability of the Outer planes or some such.

SERVICES: The greatest service here is crafted ash. It can be sold for a hefty purse to the right buyer in the Cage and if my friend accepts my request, it can't be to long before another basher gets the idea and we might be looking at a new export.

Food and drink can be purchased along with a bed in the only (nameless) Inn of the place with the only inscription "Outsiders here" with an arrow pointing to the door. The Inn is mostly a drinking place and has only three rooms and no stables.

Trade is conducted on an individual basis and they don't want to make the towns presence known and so they trade almost exclusively with other citizens in the Sphere. They really dig their own graves deep!



EMBER

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

A massive elemental pocket of Fire in Ash, Ember is a thriving burg filled with all manner of creatures. Efreets exiles, young fire mephit thrillseekers who fancy a jaunt off-plane, ash creatures sick of the numbing chill and planewalkers who've got protection from flames but not from cold are the most common bloods found here. A handful of taverns thrive here, most catering solely to creatures of Fire, among them the infamous Hearth at Night, the Chimney and the Flaming Wight.

Chant goes that Ember is slowly shrinking as the Negative claims the flames for Ash. Naturally, the locals ain't keen to lose their home, and they've tried many enchantments to halt or reverse this decay. Unfortunately, the chant continues, it hasn't worked, and has even increased the rate of consumption! There's clearly an opening here for an inspired cutter to clean up, as the worried locals reckon they've got only another 5 years before buildings on the edge of the fire bubble are destroyed. Perhaps an allegiance with the mage Stoke of Rekindle is on the cards, but nobody's holding their breath on that. A better bet, perhaps, would be some sort of flaming artifact. Alas no basher the town have hired to find one ever returned...



REKINDLE

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Deep in the heart of Ash afire genasi, Stoke Ignitio (Pl /male fire genasi / W8 / N) has gathered an unwilling army of "volunteer" fire creatures to aid her in a strange project. Fire mephits and at least one magically geased fire elemental are attempting to relight the plane of Ash to full flame and return it to the glory of the Crematorium. Apparently Stoke has invented a magical fluid so flammable that even burnt-out ash can be restored to a blazing vigour.

What the natives of Ash think of her project ain't known, but the fact that much of Stoke's attention is devoted to fending off attacks from angry ash mephits suggests someone ain't happy. Strangely, the ash quasiaelementals are silent on the subject. Some observers reckon they remember the times when Ash was warmer, and they're sick of the chill.

Stoke's project is funded by an efreeti high-up or three who're all keen on expanding their territories into Ash. Chant goes Stoke's playing the three off against each other, and if that's true it's a dangerous game indeed...



DUST+

*There are flood and drouth
Over the eyes and in the mouth,
Dead water and dead sand
Contending for the upper hand.
The parched eviscerate soil
Gapes at the vanity of toil,
Laughs without mirth.
This is the death of earth.*

- T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding", lines 62-69

A journey to the Quasielemental Plane of Dust is usually regarded as a Bad Idea. The very fabric of a cutter's body is broken down by the quasielemental substance, until in the end he becomes dust as well. More information about the Quasielemental Plane of Dust can be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 38.

The Planewalker's Handbook, pages 29-30.

The Inner Planes, pages 114-117.



THE BURNING R⊕CKS

[SI+E]

(Author: Belarius)

Hearsay: Rumours tell of a large chunk of matter deep in Dust, which gives off a glow strong enough to see 50 feet away (through solid dust). It's warm (though not hot), and almost indestructible. Word has it some bashers have set up shop there, but it sounds like scree to me -- the place is a bad omen, for those who venture close to it are rarely seen again!

Description: The Burning Rocks are a jumble of tightly packed rocks clumped in a roughly spherical formation. They give off a reddish glow, which seems to seep through the dust farther than light should be able to. The entire affair is huge, over a mile to the side.

The Rocks themselves are quite warm to the touch (a little warmer than skin), and as bright as a good lantern up close. Their size range from a few feet across to hundreds of yards in diameter. There are narrow spaces between the rocks, but most are narrow enough that a modron couldn't pass.

Special Conditions: The Rocks are, as the chant implies, very difficult to damage. Nothing short of disintegration even dents them, and even that spell only works at one tenth effectiveness. It is believed that the Rocks represent a very dense sort of matter which takes a very long time for Dust to break apart. The battle between Dust (to destroy) and the Rocks (to remain intact) is also thought to be the source of heat and light.

An interesting result is that Dust's normal effects (disintegration, choking dust, cobwebs, and dust devils) are not a problem deep among the rocks -- they somehow negate the disintegration. The plane's dust never quite makes it all the way to the centre of the mass, and there isn't room for a dust devil to form. That, and the plane's warmth and light make it a comfortable resting area.

The chant's right that a community exists here, but it's wrong about its nature. The Rocks, which seem to protect from the plane's nature (see above) have become a long-term resting area for those who need time to rest. The community itself is anarchistic, no group staying more than a month or two. At any time, forty or so people have tents or magical bubbles set up in different places among the Rocks. Many have no contact with the other areas.

These visitors are not the only life in the Rocks. A few strains of heat-absorbing plants (suspected of being native to Ash) have found silty soil to take root in - the wary traveller will avoid contact with them until they have been killed: they are deadly to warm-blooded animals.

The most dangerous trait of the Rocks, however, is that it contains at least three vortices to the Glowing Dunes, the border between Magma and Radiance. The Glowing Dunes cause a disease or curse which even magic cannot cure [Author's Note: It's actually radiation poisoning], and lingering near these vortices will inflict the victim with this disease. Why the Glowing Dunes and the Burning Rocks are connected remains a mystery to scholars, but the most accepted theory indicated that the Burning rocks are actually a substance which can be found in the Glowing Dunes (though no one has checked), but that Dust has rendered most of it harmless.

Current Chant: Two groups resting in the Rocks has disappeared, and a third has spread rumours of glowing many-limbed creatures lurking near the Glowing Dunes vortices. It certainly seems that something from the Dunes has found its way into the Rocks.

On a happier note, a few air elementalists have set up wind barriers in a pocket of the Rocks (which keeps out nearly everything native to the plane) and are building a campground for travellers. Word has it that they are even planning to grow food to eat (so travellers will be able to eat something other than the heat-draining plants, which are a hassle to gather).

[**Author's Notes:** Interestingly enough, I got the idea from the phrase 'Burning the Rocks,' a term used to describe the concept of using matter-to-energy conversion as a power source. The Burning Rocks are essentially neutronium -- and since AD&D's gravity system is not mass-specific, the Rocks aren't crushing. It does make them heavier than lodestone, tougher than tungsten, and as durable as a wall of force, though.]



THE CATHEDRAL ⊕ F C ⊕ B W E B S

[S I ⊕ E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

On the Prime, rooms that are neglected long enough to be dusty are usually full of cobwebs too. Some cutters believe these cobwebs are made by spiders, who use them to catch food. Natives of Dust know better.

Some cobwebs are spun by spiders, for certain, but not all. Long before the ten-legged beasties ever existed, say the legends, the Cathedral of Cobwebs has stood in one of the deepest areas of Dust, ever-growing. The place now is immense, spanning many many miles indeed, composed of countless chambers, halls, web tunnels and mazes of silken threads. In parts, the webs are strong enough for your average planewalker to climb across, shimmy down, and hold onto for support. In other places, the webstrands are deceptively weak, and a careless cutter can easily fall, become horribly entangled and suffocate or even be strangled. That is, assuming he's not eaten by the natives first...

Oh sure, not all webs are spun by spiders, but spiders do love webs whatever their origin. The Cathedral of Cobwebs has become something of a utopia for the creatures, and some of the halls and passageways are infested with them, small, giant and truly gargantuan. Phase spiders also seem to love

the Cathedral, though they tend to defend their sections very viciously from less-magically-endowed relatives. And while the spider-natives do add to and extend the Cathedral with their spinnerettes, sages reckon they did not create the place.

Who did, then? Nobody really knows for sure, but graybeards point the finger at Lolth for one. The drow goddess is known for her love of all things arachnid, and the Cathedral may be a summer home for the scheming power, a respite from the horrors of the Abyss.

Other wise bloods scoff at this idea, reckoning that the Cathedral is far older than the elven race itself. Instead they claim a long-dead power started the spinning, and it's since attracted enough spiders to continue growing despite the entropic fingers of Dust fraying the edges. The legend goes that this power of webs jealously kept the secret of constructing spirals of gossamer thread to itself, but in time this dark was discovered by a mythical figure known in arachnid lore as the First Spinner.

Before this time, spiderkind used reflexes and poison venom to catch its prey. Then the First Spinner stumbled across the Cathedral of Cobwebs and tricked the resident power of webs into revealing the secret of their construction. When the Spinner returned to its home and shared its discover with other spiders, some scoffed and ignored it, while others learned the strange art for themselves. Eventually the race of spiders adapted; some became web spinners and some continued to use the old methods to catch food. Either way, the power of webs lost his portfolio and is probably some forgotten husk on the Astral.

Within the Cathedral of Cobwebs lies a small burg called Loom. Unless you've got arachnid blood, it's best to avoid it -- you're more than likely to become the next special on the local tavern's menu. And believe me, if you've never seen a burg entirely populated by spiders, red widows and renegade bebilith, you are really not missing out on much. However, it's widely known that the silks and web-fabric of Loom are the finest in the Multiverse. If your business is high fashion, you're trying to find a cloth to enchant, or you want to make Factol Erin Montgomery a blouse she'll really thank you for, you may have no other choice...



THE CHOKING CLOUD

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Users of the spell airy dust be warned! The region of Dust known as Choking Cloud, kills many travellers dead. Observable only as a thinning of the Dust and a lightening of its colour, the Choking Cloud is made of fragments of dust that are poisonous to almost all non-elemental life forms.

Basically, if a basher has blood or ichor, and eats or breathes this dust (even as an airy dust spell), he must make a save versus poison or die instantly in considerable discomfort. A successful save indicates 2d20 points of damage (no further saves are required until the area is left and re-entered).

There's a thriving black market in this stuff (so called because the victim gasps for breath before the skin turns blue and death occurs) as enterprising (and foolhardy) cutters travel to Choking Dust to gather the poison. It's especially popular with assassins because (apparently) it tastes like salt, and is therefore almost certain not to be detected in food until it's too late. Despite being strictly illegal in most civilised places, it's not that hard to get hold of.

However, it has come to the attention of quasiaelemental spirits of Dust that more and more of their precious plane is being stolen, and a group of them have decided to take matters into their own dusty fingers. Thieves using no breath spells or similar magic to protect themselves have been hit by dispel magics, physical attacks from angry dust denizens, and barricades on the better known portals near the region.



D⊕⊕M KEEPER'S HEART [T⊕WN]

(Author: Lucas Berghaus)

This town appears to travellers as a calm surrounded in an endless dusty storm. It is made up of dry, brown huts, drab in decoration and unspectacular. The town surrounds a great hill, atop which Jeraq has built the Crumbling Palace. Anyone in the burg for a few days suffers from depression. Save vs. spell each day (apply Magical Defences modifier or suffer -1 Wisdom when on the Plane of Dust) Many Dust Mephits live here, all serving Jeraq. The Crumbling Palace has six towers of sandstone, but the mostly abandoned towers remain a mystery to the inhabitants.

Ruler: The Doomlord of Decay; Master of Dust; and Lord of this town - the High Master of All Dust Mephits Jeraq Al Dor (Planar/male dust mephit/Doomguard ? NE) Jeraq oversees the town of Doom Keeper's Heart. Planted along a dusty plain, this town is the burial ground of the Inner Planes. Mostly, Jeraq makes the others loyal with his Master Ring of Wizardry. The ring gives Jeraq the ability of a twelfth-level mage. It contains the spirit of an ancient wizard, who occasionally contests Jeraq's will. When the spirit masters Jeraq the mephit locks himself in the highest chamber of the palace. Jeraq has destroyed other mephits as they interrupt him, so now they all live in terror. Jeraq's orders are to accumulate as many corpses as possible.

Behind the Throne: The Gravekeeper. (Planar / male tiefling? / Fighter 11 / NE) This man takes it upon himself to bury all the corpses. He keeps the town from being captured by quasiaelementals or undead. He quietly speaks with any visitors that threaten the town -- invariably they leave apologetically. He is feared the mephits that populate the town, and is said perhaps to be a proxy of Hades.

Services: Dust Mephits drag corpses from anywhere to here. Jeraq knows that the special properties of Doom Keeper's Heart make resurrection impossible for anyone buried here. The body decays to mere dust within hours. The Doomguard send corpses of enemies here when they can -- it brings swift Entropy. The mephits will bury any corpses or sell shoddy equipment to any visitors. They will tolerate visitors unless the Gravekeeper or Jeraq takes

Secrets: The Gravekeeper indeed serves Hades. Hades wants access to this plane, so he is creating a gate to the Underworld from Doom Keeper's Heart. The souls of those buried here will be bound to serve Hades forever if the gate is completed. Jeraq's Ring really contains a long dead wizard from the Underworld. Hades has promised him release from torment if the mage can open a magical gate. The ring allows him to possess Jeraq for brief periods.

The burg was originally founded by the Doomguard, but after the Gravekeeper arrived they agreed he could manage the town. He gave the control of the town, and the prized ring, to the greedy Jeraq. Jeraq is blind to the ring's growing influence. Hades has granted the Gravekeeper the ability to cast any wizard spell of 6th-level or less at will. He also regenerates at 1/round, and is 45% magic resistant. He keeps natives at bay with charm monster.



THE F⊕⊕+PRIN+S

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Imagine, if you will, a vast cavern filled with air in the far-flung regions of Dust. An elemental bubble, of sorts. Despite being many miles across, there are no permanent settlers in the whole cavern. Most bashers are surprised by this, for after all, it would see the perfect place to build a burg. However, wise bloods know to look further. Chant goes the cavern is haunted by spirits, and BIG ones too!

The cavern has a crude gravity, such that there's a constant trickle of dust from the cracks in the vaulted roof of the cavern to the floor, covering all who rest here for long in a thin layer of fine silt. Presumably, the roof of the cavern then grows upwards, for the hollow's not getting any smaller.

The reason so few travellers who come here actually stay is figured out by most bashers when they arrive. Dotted around the cavern are deep footprints clawed, webbed, toed and worse, each dozens of feet long. These fill in fairly rapidly as the silt trickles down, but there are always fresh prints appearing. The tricky thing is, no basher's ever seen or heard what makes them...or if they have, they've not survived to tell the tale. Judging by the size and depth of the footprints the beast(s) must be hundreds of feet long, and heavy to boot.



III⊕+E

[SI+E]

(Author: Jon Winter)

Near the borders of Dust and Vacuum, Mote is a place of sparkling fragments of stuff, from shattered crystals to chunks of rock. Rare on the Lower Inner Planes, Mote is a place of great beauty. But berk, don't think that means it ain't just as deadly as the uglier parts of the plane!

As the dust thins out into nothingness, tiny shards of matter float in the darkness of the plane. When a light source is brought near them, however, the crystalline fragments catch and scatter the light, reflecting a thousand thousand times in the almost-empty space. The result is a hauntingly beautiful sight on a par with the beauty of the borders of the plane of Radiance, claim some.

Mote is a small community of artists, meditators and bubbers struck by the wonder of the clouds of dust around the burg. Located on an ever-crumbling boulder the size of a small village, Mote is little more than a collection of meagre houses, a tavern or two and some shrines to powers of decay and beauty. Dwelling in the burg are cutters like Evira Nevermore (Planar/female dust mephit/N), a self-styled dust and light sculptress who was inspired by the sight of Mote when she found the place and her stone of continual light worked its wonders. Unusually for a dust mephit, Evira isn't a morbid hag of a creature, having instead the look of bedazzled wonderment in her eyes normally seen only in the greenest of primes.

Other than a constant stream of bizarre, beautiful, valuable, (but realistically useless) objets d'art, the community of Mote contributes little to the economy of Dust. Still, on a plane as bland and unrelentingly horrid as this one, the sight of something so uncharacteristically dazzling strikes most planewalkers as incredible. Visitors are warned, however, that the dust clouds around Mote are as deathly chilly as the rest of the plane. Furthermore, hanging around in the dusty clouds can be hazardous to one's health. On first viewing, and after each subsequent hour spent gazing at the motes out-of-town necessitates a saving throw versus petrification. Failure indicates the unlucky gazer has been hypnotised by the dazzling reflections, and will remain in place and continue to watch until bodily removed from the dust clouds. For solitary travellers or groups unfortunate enough to be affected at

once, the prospect of death by chill, surprise attack by planar predators or starvation is very real. Extinguishing the light source is not a cure for the hypnotism, for the reflective properties of the clouds are such that light continues to echo and scintillate for many hours or days, slowly becoming dimmer.



THE T⊕WER ⊕F BABLE

[SI+E]

(Author: John Hanson)

Ceth, the planewalking avatar of Insanity

Down in the plane of Dust, there's a massive structure. Legend calls it the Tower of Bable. And berk, it's big.

First time I saw it, I thought I must have found another Spire. Course, the tower itself may infinite, and it's the tallest thing I've seen this side of the Outlands. The tower is tall. I climbed as high as I possibly could, and I counted 560 separate floors. There are probably more. It's hard to find, and you'll need to use a teleport without error spell to find it.

Physically, it's made of a red, grainy type of block. Probably sandstone, though it was too strong for that. It is situated on a stable pocket of Earth. The dust storms aren't so bad near it, and you won't find yourself turning into dust while you're on it.

As the tale goes, a people of a prime world named Terra tried to build a tower to reach to Heaven. Of course, that ain't possible, but they tried it anyway. The Overpower of that prime world obviously got a bit angered by their attempts. So, he cast the structure to the plane of dust, and cast a very powerful spell on the tower.

Anyone who enters the tower's front door will find themselves under the influence of a confuse languages spell. (No saving throw.) The spell cannot be removed while in the tower, but once outside, a simple translation spell can undo all that.

Now, as you're probably wondering, why would you want to go there? Other than the fact that you won't be turned into dust, there are a lot of reasons. First off, you'll find that this place has as many portals to prime worlds and the elemental planes as Sigil has to the Outer Ring.

Each level has a different one. Here are some I found or have heard of that are worth the look:

Level

13 - Krynn

15 - Toril

57 - Oerth

106 - Athas

111 - Ooze

134 - The Positive energy plane

146 - The Negative energy plane

157 - Vacuum

201 - Electromagnetism (Demiplane)

203 - Air

206 - Water

208 - Fire

221 - Ash

243 - Salt

256 - Radiance

I also encountered a large portal, similar to all the others, on level 453 leading to a plane like that I've never seen before. It was like the Ethereal, and the Astral, except combined in a mix of colours. I was unsure as to what this was, but I suspect it may have been a portal to an unknown plane, perhaps the Ordial Plane that Magnum Opus speaks of.

No creatures live here. Dust mephits avoid the place as if it was the ninth layer of Baator. That's all the chant on the place that I know. I'm planning a mission back, but until I can get some funding...

[Further Dark: There is a portal to one of the higher layers of Mount Celestia on the 604th level of the tower. Ceth obviously did not get this high up, so thus it is not mentioned]



SALT

The Quasielemental Plane of Salt is a cruel and harsh plane, leeching the life-giving water out of most everyone who ventures in. This draining is instantly deadly to water-based creatures, while most mortals find their organs drained dry in a matter of days. More information on the Quasielemental Plane of Salt can be found in the following source:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 38.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 30.

The Inner Planes, pages 118-121.

Information may be found online on [the Mimir](#).



ASILINAUR (REALM)

CHARACTER: Outcast by those that called you 'friend', you now are forced to walk the mad path between order and despair. No home will take you but ours, so be happy that we are here. Bitter vengeance is worth nothing if you haven't the initiative to make a new beginning to yourself once the time for revenge has passed. Let nothing keep you down from seeing the multiverse; staying your entire existence at home implies that nothing ever new will come of your life.

POWER: The bitter power Asilina resides here. She's so universally rejected that she was even thrown out of Carceri by the power Malar, so she's understandably bitter. Having nowhere left to flee (she had been kicked out of her former Prime pantheon for accidentally slaying their head god in a game), she turned herself towards the Inner Planes and found the Plane of Salt to her liking.

Once, Asilina was a power from some obscure Prime World representing sports and fair play. However, upon the accidental death of her power high-up, she was cast out of Arborea (her former home), and exiled into Carceri. In Carceri, she managed to do her best to retain her original portfolio, but things turned black, and Malar saw her as a threat to his beliefs of the Hunt. So he stripped her of her portfolio, usurped her worshippers, and cast her out of Carceri (how he did this is unknown). Asilina wandered the multiverse for years with a small cluster of his most true worshippers, falling to the status of demipower. Eventually, she came to the Quasielemental Plane of Salt and found nobody to cast her out of the place, which was relatively uninhabited in terms of other powers. So she set up her realm within the Stagnant Sea (near Paraelemental Ooze) with the objective of building her power level back up to the status that it once was. Thus far, she's been less than successful, but she's managed to survive.

DESCRIPTION: The outcast power Asilina resides in the realm of Asilinaur on the Quasielemental Plane of Salt.

PRINCIPAL TOWNS:

SPECIAL CONDITIONS:

PRIMARY NPCs:

SERVICES:

CURRENT CHANTS:

ASILINA

*Demipower, "The Outcast among Outcasts"***AoC:** The Outcasts, Travelers**AL:** CN **WAL:** Any**Symbol:** A Winged Foot**Home P/R:** Quasielemental Salt/Asilinaur**THE BRINE SEA***{SI+E}*

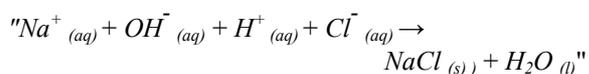
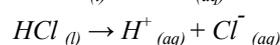
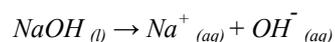
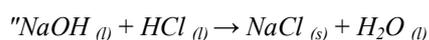
Deep within the Quasielemental Plane of Salt is a rather large water pocket, so large as to be next to impossible - about 250 miles in diameter. Of course, its water is saltier than the saltiest of the oceans of the Prime World, so the water is thoroughly undrinkable. Both salt and water mephits cavort openly here, with the salt mephits eager to corrupt the "unthinkable ocean" into purest salt and the water mephits attempting to save their "last bastion" from the Quasielemental Plane of Salt. It's said that a few water elementals survive here, and that even more have been corrupted by the overbearing presence of the nature of this Quasielemental Plane. These "corrupted" water elementals are anomalies: they cannot exist in pure water without being destroyed, and they cannot exist in salt without losing their base water existence. As such, they are rather mad with their lot in life, and wander the Brine Sea destroying any that they can in rage for their lot in life. They are led by the former water elemental noble Dreinius (M/corrupted water elemental/12 HD/NE), who's as cruel as they come to any outsiders that happen upon his home. Between the mephits and corrupted elementals, it's not a very safe place for planeswalkers to travel. Still, they come here, if only for the novelty of the place. Of course, nowhere near an equal number of planeswalkers return from the Brine Sea alive.

**NEU+RALIZATI+ION***{T+WN}*

(Neutralization was originally submitted by the author as his sole entry to [the Mimir's Negative Elemental Planes contest](#) and received Honorable Mention)

CHARACTER: $\text{NaOH}_{(aq)} + \text{HCl}_{(aq)} \rightarrow \text{NaCl}_{(aq)} + \text{H}_2\text{O}_{(aq)}$. The Plane of Salt's just one big chemistry problem, and the blood who can figure out the chemical reaction will rule over the whole sodding plane.

RULER: The ruler of this Guvner town in the middle of the vastness of the Plane of the Salt is a blood by the name of Epsar Waveborn (PI/male genasi[water]/Abj15/FO/ LN). He's one of the most powerful wizards that the Fraternity of Order has, but it takes the best to stay alive in the middle of one of the most dangerous elemental planes. Fascinated with the workings and reaction between salt and water, his native element, he is usually seen examining the reaction that salt has with the other various elements in the Inner Planes. He's got a salt mephit (M/male mephit[salt]/16 hp/N) for a familiar, and despite the creature's sardonic view on life, he's gotten to like him, and uses him in voyages outside the town into the plane of Salt to gather samples for his next experiment.



THE TYPICAL SORT OF BABBLE FOUND WITHIN THE HALLS OF NEUTRALIZATION

aqueduct system that only a Guvner could design, and the water circle itself around the town. Now, if the gates were small, the salt would overwhelm the little town, but these gates are sodding big. Circular, with at least a twenty feet radius, they nicely neutralize and break up the salt around the town. Should there ever be enough salt to overwhelm the water, Calinar's been canny enough to open a gateway to a Prime World (with a wish spell), just in case the entire town should need to evacuate quickly. The gate's also useful for providing the Guvners of the town with equipment that Calinar can't summon up with his magic. Fresh air is created for the town by means of another gateway, this one natural, to the Elemental Plane of Air.

The residents of the town are, for the most part, Guvners that are fascinated with the Elemental Plane of Salt, seeing its ties to the study of chemistry and alchemy. They've traveled a long way from Mechanus to reach this berg, but agree that it was worth the journey. The first Guvners that arrived in the town predictably tried to change lead into gold using salt. After that phase ended, they tried to see if they could use the divine properties of salt to become a power. By now, however, they've realized that the reactions that salt makes with other elements, mostly with Water and Fire (and their respective quasiaelemental and paraelemental planes).

The main building in the town is the large building near the center of town known as "The Grand Hall of Research Into the Inner Planar Substance Known as Salt," where most of the research is done. It contains gates to a good deal of the other Inner Planes, where mephits specifically created for the task hurry back and forth to collect samples for the Guvners that work in the Hall. There are confirmed portals to Lightning, Mineral, Earth, and Water, while some speculate that there are gates to Dust and even the Negative Material Plane itself. The blood in charge of the Hall is Hsante (PI/female genasi[salt]/F5/FO/LN), an old salt genasi who's given up wandering to study the very element that she was born from in her declining years. She's said to be stern with visitors, but always respects a kindred spirit interested in learning more about the multiverse.

MILITIA: Neutralization isn't anything more than a bunch of scholars attempting to learn about the basest of chemical reactions. If a concerted effort was made by Inner Planar creatures to eliminate them, this burg would probably be salt itself. However, the corridors of water around the town keep salt-based intruders away, seeing as how it's like a curtain of death to most of the inhabitants of the plane. However, if needed, Ichtar can summon various elementals and other creatures from nearby Elemental Planes to protect the town.

SERVICES: For a mere fee of 500 gold pieces, any scholar can enter Neutralization and study there, gaining the full services of the Hall's mephits and food and drink for as long as they stay inside the town. Those not looking to stay can purchase food and drink for a lesser fee.

For planeswalkers, the Hall contains gateways to many of the other Inner Planes (see above). Convincing Hsante to allow a berk to use them should be more than a little problem, but by paying the standard fee to use the hall she'll be likely to consent to their use.

CURRENT CHANGES: It's said that Epsar's discovered a disturbing dark: the town's been studying only one kind of salt. He claims that there are millions of varieties of salt, each made by various combinations of the Inner Planes. After years of work, it's said that he's introduced a new variety of salt to the multiverse: "potassium chloride." By distilling a nasty gas from the salt around the town and

BEHIND THE THRONE: Calinius Ichtar (PI/male human/Con21/FO/LN) is the real force behind the burg. While he holds not Epsar's enthusiasm for the study of the elemental nature of Salt, he enjoys being able to put his talents to use in creating all manner of things for the town. Without Ichtar, the residents of the town would starve, die of thirst, and have the very water sucked out of their bodies by the unrelenting nature of the plane.

DESCRIPTION: The only way this burg stays alive is the fact that Ichtar managed to open up no less than six gates to the Elemental Plane of Water around the town. The water flows into an intricate

combining it with various metals from the Quasielemental Plane of Mineral, he claims to have found a great truth in the Multiverse.

Also, Saeri (Planar/male human/Con3/FO/LG), a fairly new Guvner recently discovered a new fact about the nature of salt: it behaves interestingly inside an electrified basin of water. Nobody's too sure what this means, but everyone's interested.



Quasielemental Lord: Epshion

(Pl/male archomental[salt]/6 HD/N)

The most cowardly and meek (some would say most amusing) of the Quasielemental Lords, Epshion is a berk that's just managed to survive long enough without annoying the Brine Dragon Tor Salinus and who's also managed to grab a little bit of power. His power is empty, of course - his servants only include the salt mephits. The salt quasielementals hate him, for some reason, and thereby Epshion faces genocide from two directions: the quasielementals and the great brine dragon Tor Salinus. The salt quasielementals have nothing against the salt mephits, only against Epshion. It's not uncommon for Epshion to be assaulted by a mixed group of his salt mephits and salt quasielementals. As such, he's more than a little bitter - he takes his anger out on those salt mephits stupid enough to cross his path while he's in a rage. Though he believes himself to be the true ruler of salt, he's viewed with less respect than the former Paraelemental Lord of Ooze, Bwimb.

Recently he's taken to living near the border to the Elemental Plane of Water, where he can hide from the servants of Tor Salinus so that he can better plot against everyone who seeks to keep him down. And, believe it - there are a lot. In his mind, at least - however, that's all that matter to him.



Salt-Based Undead

It's a well-known fact that a body who stays too long in the Quasielemental Plane of Salt will eventually end up a dried-out corpse. However, it's far less known that these corpses become something after a while. Indeed, a corpse in the Quasielemental Plane of Salt will eventually dry out to become a mummified body. Of all the Quasielemental Planes, this one can be seen as one of the meanest as it drains the life out of the ultimate bringer of life. As a result, undead created on the Quasielemental Plane of Salt have the following special traits:

(Corporeal) -2 to natural Armor Class; +1 to damage. Automatically Detect Water within a 100' radius.

(Incorporeal) Instead of level draining, incorporeal undead drain water from a living body, which shows up as a temporary Constitution loss. Each level normally drained results in two points of lost Constitution. When someone's Constitution score reaches 0, they are dead (no resurrection). Lost Constitution can be regained at a rate of one per week of rest.

All salt-based undead are compelled with a desire to destroy water, which they can do with a touch (as a *destroy water* spell, usable at will; the water is not destroyed but instead slowly transformed into salt).



VACUUM

*"Ash on an old man's sleeve
Is all the ash the burnt roses leave.
Dust in the air suspended
Marks the place where a story ended.
Dust inbreathed was a house -
The wall, the wainscot, and the mouse.
The death of hope and despair
This is the death of air."*

- T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding", lines 54-61

More information on Vacuum can be found in the following sources:

- ◆ A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 37.
- ◆ The Planewalker's Handbook, page 29.
- ◆ The Inner Planes, pages 122-125.

THE BASE NATURE OF VACUUM

Unlike other planes, where the true nature of them is shrouded in mystery, there is no mystery to Vacuum. There is no collision between fire and water or earth and air. None of that confusion: no divided and bitter factions vying for control over their own pockets of elemental matter. There is nothing. Nothing. As far as the eye can see. There is no air. There is no earth. There is no water. There is no fire. Nothing. What does arrive is blasted into nothingness by the vacuum quasiaelementals or eaten alive by the moss-like egarus. Nothing that wants to survive can exist here. A portrait of one area of Vacuum one day is exactly the same as a portrait of Vacuum taken a thousand years later. It is nothingness incarnate.

Like the void of the dark space between worlds, there is no air in Vacuum. Neither is there heat: that would confirm the presence of something existing in Vacuum. On the same hand, there is neither cold. There is no light. However, neither is there an excessive darkness: it is merely the absence of light rather than a magical darkness. For that reason, infravision still works normally. Most prominent of that which is absent is air, which makes breathing difficult at best. However, because there is no air, neither is there sound. Magical spells that rely on the verbal component (that is, almost all of them) still work, however. Communication between two people is less easy, and usually *bands of telepathy* (below) are used for this specific purpose.

Communities and societies within Vacuum do not exist. In Vacuum, nothing is permanent: that which is established is simply swept away by the egarus or the vacuum quasiaelementals, or it falls into the Negative and is lost forever. The only permanent belief that resides in the minds of whatever strange natives exist here is a constant belief in nihilism. And even that fades with time, lost and enveloped in the ever-present nothingness of the Vacuum. Bleakers love this place.



CREATURES OF VACUUM

SENTIENT

Climate/Terrain:	Vacuum (Astral)
Frequency:	Uncommon
Organization:	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any

Diet:	Thoughts
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral

No. Appearing:	1
Armor Class:	0
Movement:	Fl 15 (A)
Hit Dice:	4+4
THAC0:	nil
No. of Attacks:	none
Damage/Attack:	by psionic power
Special Attacks:	psionic abilities
Special Defenses:	psionic abilities, invisibility
Magic Resistance:	25%
Size:	S (1' long)
Morale:	Elite (13)
XP Value:	

Psionics Summary:

Floating in the eternal void of vacuum are creatures that have somehow transcended physical existence into a world of purely mental concerns. 'Course, if that were true, they'd all hop off to the Astral, right? They'd certainly be happier there; without a body to concern themselves with, they could probably take over the whole bleeding plane. However, they stay among vacuum, maybe for its solitude. They seem to congregate together in communities of like-minded thinkers throughout the Plane. It's possible for a body to stumble over their gatherings, but only if they wish it.

In their natural forms, sentients don't look any different from the Plane of Vacuum, making themselves naturally *invisible* on that plane. They exist without bodies, only as a feet long sphere of concentrated thought and energy. If encountered outside the Plane of Vacuum, they appear as pitch-black spheres floating in mid-air. No matter what, they rarely communicate unless in dire need. When they do, they use psionics. Telepathy is an extremely popular discipline for them to master, as is Clairsentience. Almost none master in psychokinetics - such a science is useless in vacuum.

When people meet with a sentient, they'll rarely know it. Sentients manifest themselves in the consciousness as visitors as a few stray thoughts, attempting to understand exactly what their visitors are before making any definite sort of action. They rarely communicate, because they are rarely threatened. If threatened, they just scatter in all directions, using psionics to make good their escape.

Combat:

Habitat/Society:

Ecology:

VACUUM-BASED UNDEAD

No corporeal undead exist on Vacuum (big surprise). Instead, wraiths, spectres, and ghosts are the undead most likely to be seen among Vacuum. They don't look the same as on the Prime, however; those undead created on Vacuum give off no light whatsoever. They are indistinguishable from the rest of the Plane, which makes them triply dangerous. They usually have the following characteristics:

(Incorporeal) Always *invisible* while on Vacuum.

(Incorporeal) Undead created in Vacuum have an ever-present desire to destroy anything of substance that enters the plane. Because of this ever-present nihilism (or perhaps because of their close ties to the Negative), Vacuum-based undead drain one more level than usual.

(Incorporeal) Despite their desire to destroy anything that enters Vacuum, Vacuum-based undead have a very short lifespan. The vacuum quasiaelementals don't care whether undead help them in their aims to cleanse the plane: they still destroy vacuum-based

undead on sight. In addition, the very plane itself unravels the essence of that which it has helped to create: after about six months, all vacuum-based undead lose their powers and flit about helplessly until they are completely erased from existence about a month later.



P⊕SIV E ENER GY

No material as been found about this plane beyond what can be found in TSR's products. If some basher has ventured to this place, and lived to tell about it, would like to add to our information we will hear what he has to say.

NEGATIVE ENERGY

The end of the road, this is. Darkness, death, decay, and despair surrounding everything, strangling life in its grasp and draining life from that which can carry it. Pure darkness, pure blackness, serenity to some, horrific to others. That is the Negative. More information can be found in the following sources:

A DM's Guide to the Planes, Planescape Boxed Set, page 39.

The Planewalker's Handbook, page 31.

The Inner Planes, pages 64-67.

Information may be found online on [the Mimir](#).

ELEMENTAL DEFILERS

Those who would Drain the Elements to Further their Evil Ambitions

Deep within the Prime Material Plane lies the tiny world of Athas. A blasted and destroyed world, ravaged by the consequences of an obscure magical school known as "defiling". Promising a quick and fast magical path over long years of study, defiler magic was different from "normal" magical schools in that it did not draw on cosmic forces to power its spells. Rather, it drew from plant and animal life that surrounded it, drawing from what made them live and transforming them into lifeless husks of their former self. Even the land was drawn upon in the end, transforming the very sands into ash. Luckily for the planes, this magic did not spread because of the mysterious "Gray" that surrounded the Prime Material World of Athas, preventing it from being accessed by greedy Outer Planer mages. However, the Inner Planes were still partially open, and a few defilers managed to escape their dead world. They came to the Inner Planes, where they found that the plant and animal life that they usually drew their magic from was far less useful as it had been on Athas. So, like the Evolutionists, they adapted. The most visionary of these, a defiler/psionicist from Athas named Gish (Prime/male human/defiler [Fire] 9-psionicist 3/LE) learned how to draw on the Elemental Nature that surrounded him, allowing him to transmute base elemental material into negative quasialemental matter to power his spells.

In game terms, the defilers of the Inner Planes (without exception, all are members of the Society of Darkest Flame) have learned to draw upon elemental material instead of plant and animal life to power their spells. Each defiler specializes in a specific elemental to draw upon; Air Defilers and Earth Defilers are probably the most common throughout the multiverse because of the amount of power that the spell-casters can draw from those two as compared to Fire and Water.

Note: Because of the completely evil and powerful nature of these defilers, it is not suggested that Player Characters be allowed to play them. Rather, they are intended more to serve as villain characters. However, with careful moderation and a balanced approach, a Dungeon Master may allow his players to create an Elemental Defiler character. It must be noted that *without exception*, all Elemental Defilers are members of the Society of Darkest Flame.

Elemental Defiler Magical Destruction Table

ELEMENT	SPELL LEVEL										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
<i>Air</i> (cast in)											
Air:			2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18
Lightning:			6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54
Vacuum:			0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Prime:			12	20	28	36	42	48	56	64	72
<i>Fire</i> *											
Fire:	2	3	5	6	8	9	11	12	14		
Radiance:	6	9	15	18	24	27	33	36	42		
Ash:	8	11	17	19	26	29	35	38	44		
Prime:	12	19	26	31	38	45	52	59	66		
<i>Earth</i>											
Earth:	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18		
Mineral:	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54		
Dust:	8	14	20	26	32	38	44	50	56		
Prime:	12	20	28	36	42	48	56	64	72		
<i>Water</i>											
Water:	3	5	8	10	13	15	17	20	22		
Mist/Steam:	9	15	24	30	36	45	51	60	66		
Salt:	11	17	26	32	38	47	53	62	68		
Prime:	12	21	30	39	48	57	64	71	78		

The numbers shown are the radius in feet that is transformed from Base Elemental material into Negative Quasielemental material, depending upon where the spell is being cast. Elemental Defilers may not cast their spells when not surrounded by their element of their choice (i.e. an Air defiler may not cast any spells without air surrounding them). Quasielemental Material created has the same side effects as normal Quasielemental Material; it is as if a new elemental pocket has been created.

Casting spells from the same place twice is possible and usually necessary for the Elemental Defilers. In that cast, consult the Elemental Defiler Magical Destruction Table for the highest level spell cast from that location, then add one yard for every other spell cast.

Elemental Defilers must be careful when casting their spells on the Negative Quasielemental Planes (or within pockets thereof); should their radius of destruction ever exceed a hundred feet, the entire area falls through and everything within is shunted into the Negative Energy Plane. Otherwise, however, Elemental Defilers are able to drain some Elemental Material from the Quasielemental matter; they simply must reach farther in order to do so. Negative Quasielemental Matter is completely destroyed within a radius of destruction; the radius of destruction begins to take a black property and feels very cold to be within.

If an Elemental Defiler casts a spell while creatures of his specialty element are within the destruction radius, (example: Elementals, mephits, other base beings) those creatures suffer one point of damage for each level of the spell being cast. This only applies to creatures of the specific element, not creatures formed out of the quasielemental form of his element. For example, Earth Elementals could be affected, but Mineral Quasielementals will not.

Example: Blakkus Darkrobe, a seventh level Defiler of Flame, is being attacked by two fire elementals on the Elemental Plane of Fire (we assume he is protected from the effects of the Plane). He decides to let loose with a *lightning bolt* (3rd level spell) targeted at one of the fire elementals. This transmutes all Fire around him (with a radius of 5', on all sides) into Quasielemental Ash. Should the fire elementals be within the radius of destruction, they suffer 3 points of damage each from the minor cold damage that results from the defiling circle. They also add a +3 penalty to their initiative if they have not yet acted this round.

* Fire Defilers usually drain the heat from their targets instead of the actual Base Elemental Material. This type draining does not create Ash, but instead leaves all within the radius of destruction extremely cold (see below).

DEFILER EXPERIENCE LEVELS

LEVEL	DEFILER	HI+ DICE (D4)
1	0	1
2	1,750	2
3	3,500	3
4	7,000	4
5	14,000	5
6	28,000	6
7	42,000	7
8	63,000	8
9	94,500	9
10	180,000	10
11	270,000	10+1
12	540,000	10+2
13	820,000	10+3
14	1,080,000	10+4
15	1,350,000	10+5
16	1,620,000	10+6
17	1,890,000	10+7
18	2,160,000	10+8
19	2,430,000	10+9
20	2,700,000	10+10

Elemental Defilers advance using the following experience table (taken from the Dark Sun Rules Book, page 26). Any race that can become a wizard can become a defiler, and defilers may specialize as a normal wizard, with the exception that genasi of an element very rarely defile their own birth material. However, those that do take up that calling suffer immense pain each time they cast a spell. Also, they may not become an elemental in the element that they choose to drain (i.e. no fire elementalists that drain fire). Elemental Defilers with an intelligence of 16 or more add 10% to all experience gained. Elemental Defilers may not be of any good alignment because of their nature to drain elemental material and use it to their own ends.

However, despite the obvious advantages in the ease of defiler advancement compared to normal wizard advancement, the defilers of Elemental Material are hated even more than their brethren on Athas. Any native elemental being, be they elemental or mephit, will usually attack an Elemental Defiler on site, seeing them as abominations on the face of the Elemental Planes. Nobody likes them, because everywhere they go

they destroy life and bring everything towards death. In addition, the draining effects of the Elemental Defiler's magic affects everything within the defiling circle in a variety of ways, depending on the defiler's choice of element to drain:

Air: Defilers who transmute Air into Vacuum through the use of their magic cause all living beings within the defiling radius to suddenly lose their breath and feel drained of all air in their lungs. While this is not permanent, it is rather disconcerting to those within the radius, and adds an initiative modifier equal to the level of the spell being cast to all breathing beings within the radius of the spell for the rest of the round while they gasp for breath. Air Defilers may not cast spells in Vacuum; there is simply no Elemental Material to draw on.

Earth: Those who crumble earth into dust must fear the ground collapsing beneath their feet as it becomes dust; smart earth defilers will not cast their spells unless they have stable ground to stand upon. Otherwise, the Earth surrounding them will crumble into dust, causing all those within to immediately sink unless preventive steps have been taken to prevent this.

Fire: Fire is usually not available in the multiverse because of its short lifespan, so outside Fire and its Quasielemental Planes, Defilers of Fire prefer instead to drain heat from living bodies. This extends the radius by an additional three feet per level of the spell being cast. Those within the radius of effect will suddenly feel very cold, and will suffer an initiative modifier equal to the level of the spell being cast to all those not immune to cold within the radius of the spell for the rest of the round.

Water: Thankfully, the Defilers of Water cannot tap into a person's fluid system and turn it to Salt simply through their spellcasting; if that were so, then surely these Defilers would be some of the most feared beings in the universe. Of course, a few nasty Defilers of this type have developed their own spells to do just that. Instead, those within the radius of a Water Defiler suddenly feel very thirsty, as if their throats suddenly became parched. Also, the very fact that most mortal bodies are about ninety percent water is enough to cause a good deal of pain that adds an initiative modifier of the level of the spell being cast to all those within the radius of destruction that have not yet taken their actions for the round.

SOCIETY OF DARKEST FLAME

(The Elemental Defilers, Dustbringers)

SECT PHILOSOPHY. Learning magic takes a lifetime of commitment, all because of the simple fact that magic is "difficult to master." Only fools take the long and dedicated approach to the magical arts, because the quicker path offers more as a body drains his power from the very elements that surrounds him. Those who can take the fire from the flame are the most powerful of the multiverse. To cross us is to die. To join us is to enter an elite society, a society so powerful that we will eventually rule the entire Elemental Planes and use them as fuel to consume the Prime.

The Society of the Darkest Flame was based on the teachings of Gish (Pr/male human/defiler [Fire] 9-psionicist 3/LE), but was actually founded by his apprentice after Gish's death at his hands. His apprentice was an Ash Genasi named Vikine (Pl/male ash genasi/defiler [Fire, Necromancer] 12/Society of the Darkest Flame/LE), who hated the heat and the warmth of Fire and studied every possibly way that he could to destroy his former element. He founded the Society of Darkest Flame and originally created its headquarters on the Elemental Plane of Fire called the "Tower of the Blackest Candle" where he taught other apprentices the ways of defiling the Flame that dwelled around them. However, due to more than one magical accident, the area surrounding the Tower of the Blackest Candle first sank into Ash, then further into the Negative Material Plane through the unchecked use of defiler magic. It was at that time that there was a revelation came, in the form of a power-mad air genasi who, like Vikine, sought vengeance against his element. His name has been lost to time, but suffice it to say that he was the first to master the art of Air Defiling. Eventually, the other two schools of Elemental Defiling were created, and Vikine was slain by his three former students as Gish was by him. However, the nameless air genasi who had learned to Defile Air was killed in the final battle, his own spell draining the last ounce of life from him. Now the Society of the Darkest Flame is ruled by four separate defilers, each specializing in one of the four schools of Defiling. They teach and oversee the entire Society of Darkest Flame, and it is said that only through their teaching can a body learn the school of Elemental Defilement. They are known collectively as the Four, and an attempt to overthrow one is an attempt to overthrow the council; they work together towards their ultimate goal of mastery over the multiverse.

PRIMARY PLANE OF INFLUENCE. The Society is strongest on the Negative, where permanent gates to each of the four basic Elemental Planes lie so that the defilers can cast their spells without fear of harming themselves or others. These gates shift every day, so that the gated material is always fresh and able to be used. However, Elemental Defilers can usually be found within the four basic Elemental Planes, where their powers are at their peak.

ALLIES AND ENEMIES. Unsurprisingly, the more chaotic members of the Doomguard admires the results of the work of the Society of Darkest Flame; in fact, a few Elemental Defilers work in the Positive Doomguard Citadels to facilitate the fall of the Positive Quasielemental Planes. The Incantifiers also admire the passion of the Society of the Darkest Flame in their goals towards domination of the multiverse. However, the Harmonium, the Guvners, and the Mercykillers actively hate these defilers and kill them on sight - which is almost never, due to the complete nonexistence of the Society on the Outer Planes.

ELIGIBILITY. Those eligible to become Elemental Defilers may become members of the Society of Darkest Flame; the two go hand in hand. However, usually a new member of the Defilers must train under a master and is expected to help that master until the death of master or student. The master usually slays the student when the master believes he has gotten too powerful or when he needs him no longer, and the student usually slays the master when he believes himself powerful enough to. It is a symbiotic relationship of darkness and hate.

BENEFITS. Members of the Society are taught the ways of Elemental Defilement in one element of their choice. However, a body looking for protection in the Society should look elsewhere; the Society is full of the thoroughly evil, bent on using the Elemental Planes as fuel for their dark schemes. They don't really care about anyone but themselves.

RESTRICTIONS. Members of the Society must not discuss their magic with anyone. That is, *anyone*. Should the secret of Elemental Defiling spread beyond the Society, they will not be able to hold as their own and they will be left with more competition and less power. Those members that do attempt to teach someone outside the Society are killed. Immediately.

CURRENT CHANT. Recently, an obsessed drow elf (Pr/male elf [drow]/defiler [Radiance(?)])12/CE), one of the most skilled in the Society outside the Four, claims to have developed

a way to drain Radiance from an area, resulting in a permanent "dark zone." He's gone into hiding to perfect his art, which is just as well - if he showed his face in the Tower of the Blackest Candle, he'd be slain on sight by those jealous for his knowledge and the power it might give them.

THE FOUR

These four Elemental defilers are in charge of each of the four schools of Elemental Defiling magic. Their words are law, and woe be to the soul under them that defies their commands; they're strong enough to maintain their position amidst numerous treachery below them in the ranks. They're almost never seen outside the Tower of the Blackest Candle, and each is completely in charge of a quarter of the building, with their meeting room being at the very top of the tower, inaccessible except through powerful magic.

Chresch

(Pl/male human/defiler [Air]/LE)

Ziel

(Pl/female scald gien [Fire]/N)

The Scald Gien known as Ziel is probably the most vocal of the Four. Tired tied to a debilitating and dying Quasielemental Plane, she found the strength within her to travel away from it, towards Elemental Fire, where she thought her pain would be healed. Instead, she met one of the Elemental Defilers who showed her the way towards the Tower of the Blackest Candle. There she learned how to save her life through the draining the heat of others and using it to warm her chilled spirit as the last breaths of fire slid away. She cares not for the power that magic offers her; she is more concerned with survival, and as such usually drains the heat out of any body foolish enough to stumble across her working in the Tower of the Blackest Candle. She's not popular with the other members of the Four because she has a tendency to drain their servants and apprentices of all heat when they request to meet with her.

CHAPTER II: M̄ONS̄TERS ⊕F ⊕HE INNER PLANES

CHARDES

(Author: [The Jester Lich](#))

Climate/Terrain: Outlands, Quasiplane of Mineral

Frequency: Rare

Organization: Pack

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Any mineral

Intelligence: Average (8-10)

Treasure: Nil

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 2-20

Armor Class: 5

Movement: Fl 20 (A)

Hit Dice: 6

THAC0: 13

No. of Attacks: 2

Damage/Attack: 2d6 / 3d10 or impale

Special Attacks: Coil, impale

Special Defenses: Immune to metal weapons and acid

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Varies

Morale: Fearless (19-20)

XP Value: 650

"AYE, SEEN THEM I HAVE. NASTY THINGS THEY BE, THO. THEY CUT DOWN ME WHOLE LOT OF FRIENDS. AND I MEAN THAT LITERALLY. I WAS LUCKY THOUGH, I WAS. THEY ONLY GOT ME ARMS. HURT LIKE THE NINE HELLS THOUGH. LUCKY I SAYS, I GOT MYSELF AWAY FROM THERE RIGHT QUICK LIKE. OR I'D BE A HEADLESS BUBBER AND NOT AN ARMLESS ONE. AND A HEADLESS BUBBER IS NO BUBBER AT ALL."

"I AIN'T THE LEAST BIT ASHAMED TO SAY I STILL GET NIGHTMARES ABOUT THE THINGS. THEY SAY THEY HUNT YOU AFTER THEY ATTACK. I BELIEVE IT, IF NOT LITERALLY THEN FIGURATIVELY. NOW IF YOU'LL BE EXCUSIN' ME I NEED TO SEE A BUBBER ABOUT A DRINK."

AND WITH THAT HE LEFT, THE POOR RETIRED TRAVELER HEADING TOWARDS THE NEAREST ALHOUSE, LONG AGO HAVING GIVEN UP ON BEING SO PARANOID ABOUT HIS ATTACK. BUT AS ANY PLANEWALKER KNOWS, GRUDGES, AND LUSTS NEVER FADE. HE WAS DREADFULLY UNPREPARED WHEN THE ATTACK CAME. HE WAS SHREDED TO PIECES A MERE TEN FEET FROM WHERE I STOPPED..."

-- Excerpt from Med Mert's Travel Journal

One of the most fearsome creatures of the Inner Planes, chardes always appear as thin cylindrical metal rods, the surface glittering with microscopic crystalline barbs. They range in size anywhere between 1 inch long, to a full 70 feet long. Despite their length they remain a mere 1/4 inch thin.

Combat: In combat chardes are particularly fierce adversaries. When an encounter starts they use their natural senses to detect magic, then they direct their initial attack at a magic user, or a hand holding an enchanted item. They attack in three ways.

First and most common is a dive/slash, which causes 2d6 damage.

Second and definitely more devastating is their coil attack. They will wrap themselves around an arm, leg, neck, tail, or any other section of the body their length allows them to surround at least twice around. They then begin to spin at lightning quick speeds, causing 3d10 damage, and quickly sawing

through all non-magic material. Enchanted materials at less than +2 requires a saving throw. They can not destroy +3 or better items. This includes armor, weapons, body parts, etc. Please use your own judgment for items such as magical staves, rods, wands, etc. Items save against disintegration; PCs save versus paralyzation. Those items failing their rolls are sawn in half, those PCs that fail loses a limb as per a vorpal sword. Should a charde get a natural 20 on its attack roll it automatically cuts through all armors regardless of it's magical bonus, and severs the limb.

Lastly they can impale a victim on themselves. By launching themselves at their target and getting a successful attack they proceed to bore through armor (again, non-magical is destroyed automatically, under +2 a saving throw, +3 or above deflects the attack). A successful impalement causes 4d4 damage. Often when large groups of chardes attack they will impale a victim many times over, coiling around while still embedded in flesh, and saw chunks off. Many times a victim of a charde attack is little less than a pile of powdered bones and pulp.

Habitat/Society: Chardees roam the Quasielemental Plane of Minerals in packs of 2d10 creatures. They devour precious gem deposits, and often other inhabitants of their home plane. They constantly hunt, and are hunted by, the Tsnnng.

Aside from that they have little to no society. No one has yet to see how, or when they reproduce, but there is never a shortage of Chardees on this plane.

When a lucky cutter escapes a pack of chardees he'd best watch his back. 90% of the time chardees will hunt their wounded prey down. They have an uncanny sense to track the wounded they have drawn blood from. If the target shifts planes of existence there is a 70% chance the chardees will end the pursuit. Otherwise they will actively seek a portal and hunt them down. While they may not know what plane their target fled to, they instinctively recognize it if/when they arrive. The only end to these stalkings is the death of either the prey, or the hunter.

Ecology: Not much is known about chardees. There a few theories out there I will share with you:

The most widespread belief is that some clueless priest found his way onto the plain and tried to cast a *Blade Barrier* spell. It's effects twisting to create the first of many chardees.

Another popular belief is they are small bits broken off of some larger, crystalline porcupine type creature. Neither story can be confirmed, but what about the planes can? Regardless of their origins, be wary of them, or you'll find yourself in boxes and pieces.

Once dead, chardees continue to spin. A careful blood with a long-winded hold spell could conceivably create a magical blade, more fearsome than any sword of sharpness known. There is reputed to be one traveler that sells magic items made of chardees.

DRAGON, ELEMENTAL

(Authors: [John Kastronis](#) and [Jon Winter](#))

When it comes to the so-called *elemental dragons*, a lot of greybeards scratch their heads, frown and start to look worried. See, nobody really knows if they're actually real dragons or not. Oh sure, they *look* like dragons, they *roar* like dragons, and they breathe fiery death (or watery, or whatever) like dragons...you get the idea...but is that enough?

See, the elemental dragons are made of sterner stuff than your average Prime Material dragon. For starters, they not only dwell on the Inner Planes, but they also thrive there. Even a hardy old red would find the hottest parts of the Plane of Fire a little uncomfortable at times. Elemental dragons seem to be made of the planar material themselves.

If you follow this line of reasoning, the elemental dragons are little more than glorified mephits, or dragon-shaped elementals with brains. Perhaps that's right, but if so, what mephits they are! Few creatures in existence are more beautiful than a radiant dragon in flight, or more hardy than an earth dragon.

The chant seems divided as to the origins of these creatures. As might be expected there are three opinions:

Perhaps the elemental dragons are the ancestors of the more common prime dragons. After leaving their elemental homes and staying on the prime for a few millennia, the elemental dragons could have slowly became prime dragons with similar alignment and abilities (ie. a lawful good fire dragon would become a gold dragon, while a chaotic evil one would become a red dragon).

Or maybe the prime dragons are the ancestors of elemental dragons. When a prime dragon spends a few millennia on an elemental plane, it might slowly becomes an elemental of similar alignment (ie. a silver

dragon on the elemental plane of earth would slowly become a good earth dragon, while if it were on the elemental plane of fire, it would become a fire dragon).

The last school of thought suggests the elemental dragons are something entirely natural to the Inner Planes and unrelated to the prime dragons. Maybe each plane evolves its own supreme life form, and primes just happen to have called the elemental ones "dragons".

Of course, nobody seems to know which of these tales is true, and the dragons themselves certainly ain't telling. Still, a few facts are known about these strange creatures, from which you may draw your own conclusions...

Chant goes that if a elemental dragon is forced into the plane diametrically opposing its own element (such as a fire dragon being tricked through a portal to the Plane of Water), it is instantly and irrevocably destroyed. The chant goes on to say that elemental dragons ain't immune to the effects of other Inner Planes either. Apparently, the dragons' bodily composition changes slowly to reflect its environment, so if the same fire dragon instead went to the Plane of Air and stayed there long enough it'd become an air dragon.

Now, nobody seems to know just how much time "long enough" is, but many Inner Planewalkers who've observed elemental dragons out of their home planes maintain the creatures' personalities do seem to drift slowly. This leads some greybeards to suggest there is really only one "elemental dragon" and the apparently different subspecies are merely facets of these beings reflecting their current planes.

Think whatever you like, basher, but one thing's a cert; elemental dragons are affected by *potions of dragon control* and *swords versus dragons* just like any Prime specimen.

Do the elemental dragons mutate while on the Prime? Can they visit the Outer Planes without ill effect? Cutter, that's as dark as they come. Nobody really knows, and perhaps the dragons want to keep it that way.

The following Elemental Dragons have been detailed so far...

DRAGON, ELEMENTAL AIR

(Copyright 1998 by [John Kastronis](#) and Jon Winter)

Climate/Terrain: Elemental Air, mountain tops

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Supra-genius (19-20)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -5 (base)

Movement: 2, Fl 50 (A)

Hit Dice: 18 (base)

THAC0: 3 (at 18 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 2d6 / 2d6 / 4d10

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (30' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

The smallest of all elemental dragons, air dragons are perhaps the most tenacious as well. They are incredibly quick of wit, and can come up with a solution to near any problem. They know how to use their speed, spells, and abilities to overcome nearly any situation.

Air dragons cannot normally be seen. They are all but invisible to the naked eye, and they radiate no heat, making them invisible to infravision too. A cutter can perceive a general outline of one if he concentrates hard (and the dragon isn't moving) for several minutes. If magically viewed (through *detect invisibility* or similar spells), the dragon will appear as a glass-clear mist dragon.

Air dragons speak their own tongue, the language of air elementals, and a language common to all elemental dragons. They have a 17% chance of understanding any sentient tongue at birth. This chance increases by 6% per age category.

Combat: As stated before, air dragons know how to employ their natural talents to the best of their abilities. They seem to have the uncanny ability to anticipate the actions of their enemies, perhaps stemming from their great intelligence. While not terribly physically challenging (compared with other dragons, that is!), air dragons can make mean opponents, especially when they can't be seen.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: An air dragon's breath weapon is a funnel of wind that is 5' wide at the base, 30' wide at the end, and extends 60' forward. Creatures caught in the funnel are picked up off the ground and thrown 6d10 feet up into the air, and up to 4d20 feet backwards, taking any falling damage that may occur as a side result (as well as damage from slamming into objects behind them). Creatures who pass their save vs. breath weapon are merely knocked to the ground and stunned for one round, after which they may get back up.

When on the Plane of Air and away from solid surfaces or gravity, a victim of an air dragon's breath weapon is liable to be blown many miles away...there's nothing to stop his fall and the wind envelope isn't slowed easily either. Air dragons usually use this as a convenient time to escape.

An air dragon casts spells and uses its magical abilities at 16th level plus its combat modifier.

Air dragons are born immune to air- and wind-affecting spells and abilities (such as *control weather*, and *wall of wind*) and energy-draining. They take half damage from electricity and cold.

Unless detected magically, air dragons are *invisible* to most creatures. Air dragons can also *detect invisibility* as per the wizard spell at will.

As they age, they gain the following abilities: Very Young: *wall of fog* at will. Young Adult: *gust of wind* three times per day. Mature Adult: *wind wall* three times per day. Very Old: *control weather* three times per day. Wyrms: *summon air elemental* three times per day. Great Wyrms: *incendiary cloud* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Air dragons, like all other elemental dragons, very rarely leave their home plane. When they are encountered on other planes, they are usually found living amongst cloud or storm giant castles, or with cloud dragons, or in their own clouds. Air dragons are known to get on well with the mortals of the Beastlands, though dwelling as far apart as they do, encounters between the two races are rare.

Any treasure an air dragon might acquire is usually kept well hidden in a nest-like construction of steel-strong gossamer thread. These semi-transparent objects look more like large eggs than anything, and their owners take great care in hiding them in inaccessible (to non-air dragons) locations on the plane, such as inside tornadoes.

Many (55%) air dragons are neutral. The remaining are either good (25%) or evil (20%). Similarly, the majority of air dragons (60%) are neutral, while the rest are usually chaotic (35%). Only a very few are lawful in alignment (5%).

Ecology: As far as can be determined, air dragons survive on spores in the air, or on pure air itself. They never seem to consume anything solid, at least.

A few major hurricanes have been attributed to air dragon influence; though only one of these can actually be confirmed as having been caused by an air dragon. Chant tells, however, of a burg deep in the Plane of Air called Bellows. Apparently, it's infested with air dragons who work in teams to pump a colossal set of bellows made from spider webs and giant hair. The great gusts of wind emitted by this weird contraption stir up the Plane of Air and keep it fresh and breezy. If they pump hard enough, the dragons can create storms which blow across the Ethereal and into the Prime too. So the chant goes, at least...

Occasionally, visitors to the Elemental Plane of Air have seen air dragons and air elementals in physical contact with one another. The exact reason or effects of this union have not been found, and there is very little solid evidence to theorize upon. ;-)

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	3-6	2-5	-2	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
2	6-14	5-12	-3	Nil	Nil	Nil	19,000
3	14-22	12-18	-4	1	30%	E, R	20,000
4	22-31	18-24	-5	2	35%	H, R	22,000
5	31-41	24-34	-6	2 2	40%	H, R	23,000
6	41-52	34-44	-7	2 2 2	45%	H, R	24,000

7	52-64	44-54	-8 2 2 2 / 1	50%	H, Rx2	25,000
8	64-77	54-64	-9 2 2 2 2 / 2	55%	H, Rx2	27,000
9	77-91	64-74	-10 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	60%	H, Rx3	28,000
10	91-105	74-84	-11 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	65%	H, Rx3	29,000
11	105-121	84-94	-12 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2 2	70%	H, Rx4	31,000
12	121-138	94-104	-13 3 3 3 3 2 2 2 / 3 3 2 2	75%	H, Rx4	33,000

DRAGON, ELEMENTAL EARTH

(Copyright 1998 by [John Kastronis](#) and Jon Winter)

Climate/Terrain: Elemental Plane of Earth, mountains

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -6 (base)

Movement: 6, Br 35, Jp 2

Hit Dice: 18 (base)

THAC0: 3 (at 18 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 3d8 / 3d8 / 6d10

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (70' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Earth dragons are slow, lumbering creatures. They look like a cross between a brown dragon and an earth elemental. At first glance, they could even be mistaken for statues, until a person sees the dragon's eyes following them around, and its muscles gently rippling across its body.

Earth dragons are slow moving and slow thinking ("slow as a treant and galeb duhr combined" goes the saying). They aren't the brightest of the elemental dragons, but they are by no means stupid; they are still able to outsmart most humans. They have slow tempers to go with their slow action. Happily, they're slow to anger, but they're also slow to forgive or forget. In fact, the only creature to hold grudges longer than earth dragons are fiends and powers themselves.

Earth dragons speak their own tongue, as well as the tongues of earth elementals and that common to all elemental dragons. At birth, 10% of earth dragons can speak with any intelligent creature. This chance goes up by 3% per age category.

Combat: While earth dragons are slow and not maneuverable, they more than make up for in physical power what they lack in speed and wit. Perhaps the most physically imposing of all the elemental dragons, they can inflict massive damage with their claws and bite. They can also make use of their innate spell abilities and breath weapon when needed, but they prefer to fight claw to hand.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: An earth dragon's breath weapon is a cloud-like spray of rock shards and fragments that is 50' long, 40' wide, and 30' high. Creatures caught in the cloud must save vs. breath weapon or be turned to stone. Creatures who save suffer 1d20 points of damage from sharp edges and pebbles.

An earth dragon casts spells and uses its magical abilities at 13th-level plus its combat modifier.

Earth dragons are born immune to energy draining, stoning, fire, and cold. They can also *meld with stone* at will.

As they age, they gain the following abilities: Very Young: *create earth* at will. Young Adult: *transmute rock to mud* three times per day. Mature Adult: *move earth* three times per day. Very Old: *stone shape* three times per day. Wyrms: *summon earth elemental* three times per day. Great Wyrms: *disintegrate* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Earth dragons, like all other elemental dragons, very rarely leave their home plane. When they are encountered on other planes, they are usually found living in (via their meld with stone ability) mountains. Sometimes they can be found in deep caverns.

Nearly all (90%) of earth dragons are neutral. There is an equal (5%) chance that they are either evil or good. All earth dragons are neutral in relation to law and chaos.

Of all the Outer Planes, earth dragons are drawn to the mountains of Gehenna and Mount Olympus itself; there are said to be at least half a dozen earth dragons dwelling on the slopes of the plane-spanning pathway. The creatures aren't known on Mount Celestia; presumably they find the atmosphere of Lawful Goodness too oppressive. Chant also goes that a great wyrm named Gor'rok dwells at the foot of the Spire itself, gnawing away at the great pillar of stone. What the rilmani think of this is unknown.

Ecology: Earth dragons have little need for sustenance. They survive on eating stones and metals. Earth dragon tunnels are a good way of navigating the otherwise solid Plane of Earth, provided the earth dragon isn't still in them. Since the Earth Plane "heals" itself fairly rapidly, this is often a risky proposition...

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	18-30	17-28	-3	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
2	30-42	28-39	-4	Nil	Nil	Nil	19,000
3	42-54	39-49	-5	Nil	20%	H, Q	20,000
4	54-61	49-61	-6	Nil	25%	H, Qx2, E	22,000
5	61-78	61-71	-7	Nil	30%	H, Qx3, E, S	23,000
6	78-91	71-81	-8	Nil	35%	Hx2, Qx4, E, S	24,000
7	91-104	81-95	-9	2	40%	Hx2, Qx4, E, S, T	25,000
8	104-117	95-106	-10	2 2	45%	Hx3, Qx5, E, S, T	27,000
9	117-131	106-119	-11	2 2 2 / 1	50%	Hx3, Q, E, S, T, U	28,000
10	131-145	119-131	-12	2 2 2 2 / 2	55%	Hx3, Q, E, S, T, U, V	29,000
11	145-159	131-144	-13	2 2 2 2 / 2 2	60%	Hx4, Q, E, S, T, U, V	31,000
12	159-173	144-157	-14	2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	65%	Hx4, Q, E, S, T, U, V	33,000

DRAGON, ELEMENTAL FIRE

(Copyright 1998 by [John Kastronis](#) and Jon Winter)

Climate/Terrain: Elemental Plane of Fire, volcanoes

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -6 (base)

Movement: 12, Fl 35 (C), Jp 3

Hit Dice: 18 (base)

THAC0: 3 (at 18 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 2d10 / 2d10 / 5d12

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (65' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Fire dragons are deadly creatures, born of elemental flame and all-consuming in nature. They're mesmerising beasts to watch; their bodies flicker and dance in an almost hypnotic pattern. Physically, they appear similar in shape to red dragons, suggesting some ancient link between the two races, but

rather than being made of solid flesh, their scales are pure flame. Fire dragons are also fiery-tempered. They are quick to take action, whether it be a friendly gesture or a deadly attack.

Fire dragons speak their own language, the language of fire elementals, and a language common to all elemental dragons. When born, there is a 13% chance that the dragon can communicate with all sentient creatures. This chance increases by 4% per age category.

Combat: Fire dragons fight efficiently and mercilessly. They know they are powerful, and they use that power to their advantage. Fire dragons often like to attack with their breath weapon before moving into physical combat. When fighting creatures that seem useful or who could possess useful information, they prefer to use their *fire charm* ability to soften them up first.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A fire dragon's breath weapon is a cone of elemental fire, 90' long, 5' wide at the dragon's mouth and 30' at the base.

Fire dragons are born immune to energy draining and electricity. They take double damage from cold or water attacks (easier said than done on the Plane of Fire, however). When attacked with fire, they actually *gain* a number of hit points equal to the number of hit dice the attack would have inflicted. For example, a 12th-level mage casts a *fireball*, which would normally do 12d8 damage. The fire dragon gains 12 hit points instead of taking damage.

Any being that comes into physical contact with a fire dragon takes Xd8 points of damage, where X is equal to the dragon's age category. A successful save vs. breath weapon can halve this damage, and immunity and resistance to fire can also reduce this damage. When a being not immune to fire or heat comes within 30' of the dragon, they take 1d4 points of damage per age category of the dragon. Once within 30', anything combustible must make a successful saving throw or catch fire.

A fire dragon cast spells and uses its magical abilities at 16th-level plus its combat modifier.

As they age, they gain the following additional abilities: Very Young: *fire charm* at will. Young: *burning hands* three times per day. Juvenile: *fireball* three times per day. Adult: *flame strike* three times per day. Mature Adult: *delayed blast fireball* three times per day. Old: *meteor swarm* three times per day. Very Old: *summon fire elemental* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Fire dragons very rarely leave their home on the Elemental Plane of Fire. Those that do normally make their homes in active volcanoes and lava flows. They are solitary creatures, only coming together to mate.

Most (50%) of fire dragons are neutral. The rest are evenly split between good and evil (25% chance of either). Of these dragons, roughly 40% are neutral, and the rest lawful or chaotic (30% chance of either).

Ecology: Fire dragons sustain themselves on flames and heat, very rarely actually eating something. Even when they do this, sages speculate, they don't gain any benefit from it. They hate water and ice dragons and will attack them on sight (although the species rarely encounter each other).

Fire dragons can be extremely damaging to the life surrounding their lair (unless they're on the Plane of Fire, of course!). When they leave the lair, their extreme body temperature can ignite dry wood as far as 30' away. They can easily start forest or brush fires, destroying an ecology within a matter of hours. Fire dragons love doing this, although permanent forest fires in one area tend to be a bit of a giveaway that something odd is going on...

Chant goes that the efreet have a platoon of fire dragons guarding their City of Brass. Considering that the efreet hate fire dragons as much as they do any other creature, and that the feeling's entirely mutual, it's likely that these dragons are enslaved somehow. Djinn legends also tell of fire dragons with efreet riders; a lethal combination of malevolent force. Fortunately nobody seems to have seen anything like this for hundreds of years, but those rumors always have a habit of resurfacing.

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	15-27	14-25	-3	4d12+1	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
2	27-39	25-36	-4	6d12+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	19,000
3	39-51	36-46	-5	8d12+3	Nil	35%	E, S, T	20,000
4	51-58	46-58	-6	10d12+4	1	40%	H, S, T	22,000
5	58-75	58-68	-7	12d12+5	2	45%	H, S, T	23,000
6	75-88	68-78	-8	14d12+6	2 2	50%	H, S, Tx2	24,000
7	88-101	78-92	-9	16d12+7	2 2 2	55%	H, S, Tx2	25,000
8	101-114	92-103	-10	18d12+8	2 2 2 2 / 1	60%	H, S, Tx2	27,000

9	114-128	103-116	-11	20d12+9	2 2 2 2 2 / 2	65%	H, S, Tx3	28,000
10	128-142	116-128	-12	22d12+10	2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	70%	H, S, Tx3	29,000
11	142-156	128-141	-13	24d12+11	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	80%	H, S, Tx3	31,000
12	156-170	141-154	-14	26d12+12	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 / 2 2 2 2	85%	H, S, Tx4	33,000

DRAGØN, ELEMENTAL WATER

(Copyright 1998 by [John Kastronis](#))

Climate/Terrain: Elemental Plane of Water, deep seas

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -3 (base)

Movement: 4, Sw 35

Hit Dice: 18 (base)

THAC0: 3 (at 18 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 1d12 / 1d12 / 4d10

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (40' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Water dragons are extremely fluid creatures, in form and personality. They are quick to change from one emotion to another, forming an opinion of someone at first glance, then quickly changing it as the situation warrants. They are quick to anger and quick to forgive.

Water dragons look like cloud dragons made of pure water. They always blend in perfectly with the water they are in, whether it is the clear water of the Elemental Plane of Water, the murky depths of an ocean, or the crystal blue waters of a flowing river. While in water they are effectively invisible. When on land, water dragons take on a slight blue hue, but they are clear overall.

Water dragons speak their own tongue, as well as the tongues of water elementals and that common to all elemental dragons. At birth, 16% of earth dragons can speak with any intelligent creature. This chance goes up by 5% per age category.

Combat: Water dragons are effective fighters both in the water and on land. While in water, they prefer to sneak up on potential opponents, gauging their actions and seeing if they act in a hostile manner. When they are on land, they have the disadvantage of being seeable, but their watery nature makes up for this.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A water dragon's breath weapon is a stream of water that is 5' wide and extends 60' in a straight direction. Creatures hit by the stream must save vs. breath weapon stunned for 1d6 rounds from the force, as well as taking the listed damage. Creatures who make their save are still knocked to the ground for 1 round and take half damage.

A water dragon casts spells and uses its magical abilities at 15th level plus its combat modifier.

Water dragons are born immune to water, water-affecting spells (such as *transmute water to dust*), acid, and energy-draining. They take half damage from electricity and double damage from fire.

Spells which induce cold (such as *cone of cold*), inflict normal damage, but act as a *slow* spell cast upon the dragon.

While in any sufficiently large body of water (at least large enough to cover their bodies) water dragons are invisible. If kept out of water for more than a day, they begin to evaporate, losing 1d4 hit points per hour out of the water. If they return to a sufficiently large body of water (such as a lake or river), they immediately regain the lost hit points. Normal weapons don't affect water

dragons, they pass through their bodies harmlessly. Magical weapons of less than +2 enchantment only inflict half damage.

As they age, they gain the following abilities: Very Young: *create water* at will. Young Adult: *transmute dust to water* three times per day. Mature Adult: *airy water* three times per day. Very Old: *part water* three times per day. Wyrms: *summon water elemental* three times per day. Great Wyrms: *tsunami* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Water dragons, like all other elemental dragons, very rarely leave their home plane. When they are encountered on other planes, they are usually found living in deep oceans or other large bodies of water.

Most (60%) of water dragons are neutral. There is an equal (20%) chance that they are either evil or good. Half (50%) of all water dragons are chaotic, some (40%) are neutral, and only a few (10%) are lawful.

Ecology: Water dragons have little need for sustenance. They survive by contact with water. They loathe to venture out of water for more than a few hours, and they'll never go near any dry, hot, or extremely cold place.

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	3-12	1-8	0	4d10+1	Nil	Nil	Nil	19,000
2	12-21	8-17	-1	6d10+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	20,000
3	21-30	26-35	-3	8d10+3	1	35%	1/2 D	22,000
4	30-40	26-35	-3	10d10+4	1	35%	1/2 D	23,000
5	40-50	35-42	-4	12d10+5	2	40%	D	24,000
6	50-61	42-50	-5	14d10+6	2 2	45%	D, A	25,000
7	61-72	50-58	-6	16d10+7	2 2 2	50%	D, A, B	27,000
8	72-83	58-68	-7	18d10+8	2 2 2 / 1	55%	D, A, Bx2	28,000
9	83-94	68-78	-8	20d10+9	2 2 2 2 / 2	60%	D, A, Bx3	29,000
10	94-106	78-88	-9	22d10+10	2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	65%	D, A, Bx3	31,000
11	106-118	88-98	-10	24d10+11	2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	70%	D, A, Bx4	32,000
12	118-132	98-108	-11	26d10+12	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2 2	75%	D, A, Bx4	33,000

DRAGØN, QUASI-ELEMENTAL LIGH+NING

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Climate/Terrain: Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning, thunder storms, thunder clouds

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies (primarily Neutral)

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -5 (base)

Movement: 12, Fl 35 (C), Jp 3

Hit Dice: 17 (base)

THAC0: 4 (at 17 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 2d10 / 2d10 / 5d12

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (50' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Stormy and with tempers as quick as greased lightning (pardon the pun), lightning dragons are one of the more dangerous elemental dragons to those caught unprepared. They are often seen flitting (if

something of their size can flit) among the brilliant flashes of lightning that occupy the Quasi-elemental Plane of Lightning.

Appearing as blue dragons with crackling lightning dancing from their scales, they prove to be an intimidating sight. They are surrounded by a soft light which grows in intensity as they become angry. An extremely mad dragon may get bright enough to blind a person. They emit a barely audible rumble that increases in volume proportionally to the brightness of the light. The sound, however, never poses a serious threat to damaging ears.

Lightning dragons speak their own tongue and one common to all elemental dragons. When they are born, they have a 13% chance to speak the language of any sentient creature. This chance increases by 4% per age category.

Combat: Lightning dragons like to take an offensive approach to combat, employing whatever means they have to eradicate opponents. They rarely flee from combat, even if they are gravely injured. Their penchant for destruction has been described by at least one invoker as "charming"

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A lightning dragon's breath weapon is a 5' wide stroke of lightning that streaks 100' in a straight line. This bolt inflicts double damage to creatures wearing metal armour or carrying more than 30 lbs. of metallic materials.

Lightning dragons cast spells and use their magical abilities at 14th-level plus their combat modifiers. Any AC bonus gained from metal armour is negated when fighting a lightning dragon. If a metal shield is used, the AC bonus from that is negated as well. If a lightning dragon is struck by a metal weapon, the wielder is shocked as if she had just been attacked by the lightning dragon's innate shocking grasp ability.

When reduced to less than 1/4 of their maximum hit points, lightning dragons will become so angry and glow so brightly, that all who look at them must save vs. spell or be blinded for 1d10 rounds. Those who pass the save may look at the dragon as they please.

Lightning dragons are born immune to energy draining, blindness, and electricity. They are born with the innate ability to use shocking grasp at will.

As they age, they gain the following additional abilities: Young: *lightning bolt* three times per day.

Juvenile: *thunder staff* three times per day. Adult: *chain lightning* three times per day. Mature

Adult: *wall of lightning* (similar to *wall of fire* but with lightning instead of fire) three times per day. Very Old: *summon the storm* (a version of *control weather* which always produces an intense

lightning storm) three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Lightning dragons prefer to remain on their home plane, but occasionally make jaunts onto other planes. Storm giants seem to have a particular liking of the creatures, as do many invokers.

Lightning dragons have the greatest chance of all elemental dragons to have a moral bend, with an equal (45%) chance of being good or evil. The rest (10%) are morally neutral. This tendency is offset by a low ethical deviation, with only a small number being lawful or chaotic (5% chance of either). The others (90%) are ethically neutral.

Ecology: Lightning dragons sustain themselves on electricity. They seem to be able to gain small amounts of "natural electricity" from anywhere they are, so it's near impossible to starve them outside of a vacuum. They draw electricity towards themselves, often leaving a "tunnel" behind them when travelling on the Quasi-Elemental Plane of Lightning. Canny adventurers have followed lightning dragons through the plane to escape being hit with a nasty bolt of lightning.

Because they have a tendency to cause storms, they can be devastating to an ecology, especially a coastal one. They tend to do this infrequently, however.

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	9-15	7-12	-2	4d8+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	15,000
2	15-27	12-24	-3	6d8+3	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
3	27-39	24-34	-4	8d8+4	1	40%	1/2H, S	19,000
4	39-51	34-46	-5	10d8+5	2	45%	H, S	20,000
5	51-63	46-56	-6	12d8+6	2 2	50%	H, S	22,000
6	63-76	56-66	-7	14d8+6	2 2 2	55%	H, S	23,000
7	76-89	66-80	-8	16d8+7	2 2 2 2 / 1	60%	H, Sx2	24,000
8	89-102	80-91	-9	18d8+8	2 2 2 2 2 / 2	65%	H, Sx2	25,000
9	102-116	91-104	-10	20d8+9	2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	70%	H, Sx2	27,000
10	116-130	104-116	-11	22d8+10	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	75%	H, Sx3	28,000

11	130-144	116-129	-12	24d8+11	2 2 2 2 2 2 1 / 2 2 2 2	80%	H, Sx3	29,000
12	144-158	129-142	-13	25d8+12	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2 2	85%	H, Sx4	31,000

DRAGON, QUASI-ELEMENTAL RADIANT

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Climate/Terrain: Quasi-Elemental Plane of Radiance, rainbows

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Supra-Genius (19-20)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies (primarily Neutral)

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -5 (base)

Movement: 12, Fl 35 (C), Jp 3

Hit Dice: 17 (base)

THAC0: 4 (at 17 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 2d8 / 2d8 / 5d12

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (60' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Radiant dragons are majestic creatures. They are similar in appearance to amethyst dragons, but much larger. Their skin is a shimmering mass of silky material, which constantly changes color.

Radiant dragons speak their own tongue and a tongue common to all elemental dragons. Also, 20% of hatchling radiant dragons can speak with any intelligent creature. The chance to possess this ability increases 6% per age category.

Combat: Radiant dragons are honorable and respectful of their opponents. They are not foolish, however. They will take advantage of any weakness and attack their opponent without mercy.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A radiant dragon's breath weapon is a stream of brilliant radiance, 50' long, 20' high, and 10' wide. This instantly kills any creature of less than 6 HD that doesn't save vs. dragon breath, a successful save still induces blindness for 2d20 rounds and the creature takes the damage listed below. A creature of more than 12 HD that makes its save takes half the damage and isn't blinded, otherwise they take full damage and are blinded for the same length of time.

Radiant dragons cast spells and use their magical abilities at 15th-level plus their combat modifiers.

Radiant dragons are born immune to energy draining, blindness, and electricity. They are born with the following abilities: *chromatic orb* at will, *color spray* at will, *dancing lights* at will, and *continual light* three times per day.

As they age, they gain the following additional abilities: Young: *hypnotism* three times per day.

Juvenile: *rainbow pattern* three times per day. Adult: *prismatic spray* three times per day. Mature

Adult: *prismatic wall* three times per day. Very Old: *prismatic sphere* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: Radiant dragons are very reclusive creatures. Very few live on the Prime Material Plane, most dwell on the Plane of Radiance. Radiant dragons prefer to lair in areas of brilliant light displays, such as in crystal chambers where colorful light is reflected.

Some 50% of radiant dragons are neutral in alignment, of the rest, half are good and half evil. On the law-chaos axis, 40% of radiant dragons are lawful, 40% neutral, and only 20% chaotic.

Ecology: Radiant dragons eat little, if anything at all. They usually only eat right before going into a long sleep, usually consuming a few large animals. When they are awake, light seems to sustain them.

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	13-25	12-22	-2	2d12+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	15,000
2	25-37	22-34	-3	4d12+3	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
3	37-49	34-44	-4	6d12+4	1	45%	E, S, T	19,000
4	49-61	44-56	-5	8d12+5	2	50%	H, S, T	20,000
5	56-73	56-66	-6	10d12+5	2 2	55%	H, S, T	22,000
6	73-86	66-76	-7	12d12+6	2 2 2	60%	H, S, Tx2	23,000
7	86-99	76-90	-8	14d12+7	2 2 2 2 / 1	65%	H, S, Tx2	24,000
8	99-112	90-101	-9	16d12+8	2 2 2 2 2 / 2	70%	H, S, Tx2	25,000
9	112-126	101-114	-10	18d12+9	2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	75%	H, S, Tx3	27,000
10	126-140	114-126	-11	20d12+10	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	80%	H, S, Tx3	28,000
11	140-154	126-139	-12	22d12+11	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 / 2 2 2 2	85%	H, S, Tx3	29,000
12	154-168	139-152	-13	24d12+12	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2 2	90%	H, S, Tx4	31,000

DRAGØN, QUASI-ELEMENTAL STEAM

(Copyright 1998 by [John Kastronis](#))

Climate/Terrain: Quasi-Elemental Plane of Steam, hot springs, fog banks, jungles

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Special

Intelligence: Genius (17-18)

Treasure: Special

Alignment: Varies (primarily Neutral)

No. Appearing: 1 (2-5)

Armor Class: -6 (base)

Movement: 12, Fl 35 (C), Jp 3

Hit Dice: 17 (base)

THAC0: 4 (at 17 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 2d10 / 2d10 / 5d10

Special Attacks: Special

Special Defenses: Variable

Magic Resistance: Special

Size: G (55' base)

Morale: Fanatic (17-18)

XP Value: Variable

Steam dragons are wispy creatures. They are quite aloof and distant, never remaining in contact with other beings for long. They prefer solitude to the companionship most other creatures crave. They see the company of other beings as an excuse for idle chat and flights of fancy, things that they do not normally endorse.

When in solid form, steam dragons appear to be misty cloud dragons. A slight vapor always seems to be rising from the surface of their bodies, although, in truth, it is just part of their bodies similar to hair on a human. They tend to be gray in color, although the gray runs the gamut of light to dark.

Steam dragons speak their own language and that common to all elemental dragons. At birth, they have a 16% chance to speak the language of any sentient creature. This chance increases by 5% per age category.

Combat: Steam dragons prefer to avoid combat, if possible, as it is generally a waste of time. When engaged in combat, however, they seek to end it as quickly as possible, often attempting to take out what seems to be a leader then engaging the remaining attackers. They very rarely chase those who flee from them.

Breath Weapon/Special Abilities: A steam dragon's breath weapon is a cloud of scalding steam, 90' long, 30' wide, and 30' high. Creatures caught in the cloud can roll saving throws vs. breath weapon for half damage. In still air, the cloud remains for 1d4+4 rounds. On the second round and third rounds, it inflicts half normal damage, on the fourth and subsequent rounds, it condenses into a clammy fog that

blinds creatures for 1d4 rounds and inflicts 3d4 points of drowning damage per round for as long as the creature remains in the cloud (a successful save vs. breath weapon negates both effects).

Steam dragons cast spells and use their magical abilities at 14th-level plus their combat modifiers.

Steam dragons are born immune to energy draining, water attacks, and heat (but not fire).

Steam dragons are born with the ability to assume (or leave) a cohesive mist-like form at will, once per round. In this form, they are 75% unlikely to be distinguished from normal mist. Their armor class improves by -3 while in mist form and their magic resistance increases by 15%. They can employ spells and innate abilities while in mist form, but they cannot attack physically or use their breath weapons. They can fly at a rate of 9 (MC: A) while in mist form.

As they age, they gain the following additional powers. Very Young: *fog cloud* three times per day.

Young: *wall of fog* three times per day. Juvenile: *stinking cloud* three times per day. Adult: *solid fog* three times per day. Mature Adult: *cloudkill* three times per day. Old: *death fog* twice per day.

Very Old: *neutralise gas* three times per day. Ancient: *airy water* three times per day.

Habitat/Society: When encountered outside their home plane, steam dragons often times lair with or close to mist dragons. The two species seem to have a friendly relationship. They also like to lair in hot, steamy jungles, near natural hot springs, and in areas of dense fog.

The majorities (80%) of steam dragons are neutral. Otherwise, there is an equal (10%) chance of them being good or evil. A surprising majority (90%) of steam dragons is lawful. The rest (10%) are neutral. No chaotic steam dragon has ever been encountered.

Ecology: Steam dragons sustain themselves on vapors and water particles in the air. They shy away from deserts and arctic climates because of the lack of moisture in the air. They tend to be non-damaging to the environments they prefer to live in.

Age	Body (')	Tail (')	AC	Breath Weapon	Wizard/Priest	MR	Treasure	XP Value
1	13-25	12-22	-2	3d6+2	Nil	Nil	Nil	15,000
2	25-37	22-34	-3	5d6+3	Nil	Nil	Nil	18,000
3	37-49	34-44	-4	7d6+4	1	45%	Y, Z	19,000
4	49-61	44-56	-5	9d6+5	2	50%	X, Y, Z	20,000
5	56-73	56-66	-6	11d6+5	2 2	55%	X, Y, Z	22,000
6	73-86	66-76	-7	13d6+6	2 2 2	60%	X, Y, Zx2	23,000
7	86-99	76-90	-8	15d6+7	2 2 2 2 / 1	65%	X, Y, Zx2	24,000
8	99-112	90-101	-9	17d6+8	2 2 2 2 2 / 2	70%	X, Y, Zx2	25,000
9	112-126	101-114	-10	19d6+9	2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2	75%	X, Y, Zx3	27,000
10	126-140	114-126	-11	21d6+10	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2	80%	X, Y, Zx3	28,000
11	140-154	126-139	-12	23d6+11	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 / 2 2 2 2	85%	X, Y, Zx3	29,000
12	154-168	139-152	-13	25d6+12	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 / 2 2 2 2	90%	X, Y, Zx4	31,000

ELEMENTAL BEAST

(Author: itzhak@ibm.net)

Climate/Terrain: The inner planes

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Solitary

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: None

Intelligence: High (13-14)

Treasure: Nil

Alignment: Any Neutral (LN, TN, or CN)

No. Appearing: 1

Armor Class: 0

Movement: 12

Hit Dice: 10

THAC0: 11

No. of Attacks: 4

Damage/Attack: 1d10/1d10/1d10/1d0

Special Attacks: Spells

Special Defenses: Elemental immunity

Magic Resistance: Nil
Size: L (10' tall)
Morale: Champion (15 16)
XP Value: 9,000

These hulking creatures have been compared by many to be the Hordlings of the inner planes. Although all have the same statistics and size, their shapes differ, and no two beasts look alike, not even when two beasts hail from the same element.

All of them sport 4 appendages that they use to attack, and their entire body is composed from their respective element. It makes sages think that these beasts are a manifestation of their element but other facts seems to contradict this.

Combat: When encountering a creature who is not a native of their home plane they will immediately attack it in an attempt to remove the "contamination", as they refer to this. They lash will their 4 appendages and can attack multiple opponents.

Their most fearsome mode of attack is the fact that they duplicate any spell of their element of up to 4th level. It is suspected that every time a new spell is researched they immediately know of it, and can duplicate it. You are forewarned that they are dangerous combatants. The "good" side of it is that they use some of their power to give the spells shape and suffer 1 point of damage for every spell level they "cast".

An elemental beast is immune to its element and will suffer only half damage from 2 other elements that are related to it.

Habitat/Society: As written before, they are solitary, and cannot reproduce. The only time someone witnessed two beasts meet it was when they both attacked him. And he was very lucky to have made it alive, at least he made it enough to tell about it, but then he died from his wounds.

Ecology: Elemental beasts are the cleaners of the elemental planes, their job is to rid them of creatures that are not natives.

Mages have found a spell that allows them to summon these creatures, and give them control on them. But extensive research has raised a question. Not matter how many times they summoned them, they have never seen a case when an elemental beast on the elemental planes disappeared. It seem that when the spell is cast the beast is created and sent to the wizard's location.

Furthermore, they discovered that some of the elemental beasts that are summoned become real, meaning that upon their destruction, or the spell's duration has expired they appear in their respective plane. It made some sages think that these creatures have actually came into existence because of the mages who found the means for the spell that summons these beasts.

FIREBRA+S

(**Author:** unknown)

Climate/Terrain: Any hot area
Frequency: Very rare
Organization: Insect swarm
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Paper, vellum or papyrus
Intelligence: None
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral
No. Appearing: 20-80
Armor Class: 7
Movement: 3"
Hit Dice: 2 (swarm)
THACO: n/a
No. of Attacks: special
Damage/Attack: 0
Special Attacks: Consumes books and scrolls
Special Defenses: Immune to fire
Magic Resistance: 25%

Size: T (1" long)
Morale: 12
XP Value: 28 + 2/hp

Firebrat are small insects from the elemental plane of fire. On their home plane they are harmless, but when they are summoned they are a bane.

Combat: They do not attack living creatures, and any damage is only incidental. They will flee from combat, and seek to find paper, books, and such to digest.

Habitat/Society: These small creatures look similar to the prime material fly. They move around in small swarms of 20-80 members. They seek warm places, because in temperatures below 55 degrees Fahrenheit they enter a dormant state, and then they can be killed with ease.

Ecology: They do not contribute to the ecology. They feed on paper, and can eat an average sized book within 3 turns. They are a bane to all libraries, and are of no use in the creation of magical items. Only fire mages seem to enjoy summoning them, after protecting their books, of course.

GENIE, CANN (PARA- ELEMENTAL ICE)

(Author: DreamThiev@aol.com)

Climate/Terrain: Para-plane of Ice
Frequency: Very rare
Organization: Khanate
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Omnivore
Intelligence: High to genius (13-18)
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Neutral
No. Appearing: 1
Armor Class: 2
Movement: 9, Fl 20 (A), Sw 18
Hit Dice: 9+2
THAC0: 9
No. of Attacks: 1
Damage/Attack: 4d5
Special Attacks: See below
Special Defenses: See below
Magic Resistance: Nil
Size: L (12' tall)
Morale: Champion (15-16)
XP Value: 9,000

The Cann (plural Canni) are the genies of the Plane of Ice. They are pure white with blue veins showing through. They have silver eyes and no hair.

Combat: Canni perform as 22nd level spell casters. They can call forth a *Cone of Cold* twice per day. They can *Detect Alignment*, *Magic*, and *Create Illusions* at will. They are capable of producing 100 gallons of near-frozen water every day. They can *Walk on Water* at will, and may call forth a powerful snow storm once per week. They can carry up to 800 pounds with little to no effort on foot or flying. Double or more weight causes them to tire.

Habitat/Society: The Khan of the Canni makes tight and restrictive rules, but rarely cares whether or not they are followed. When the Khan dies or is killed somehow the throne often goes empty for years before some one claims it, no one really cares.

Canni is lounge around the Great Ice Palace trying not to do too much. One of the more respected Canni has not moved more than three inches in a decade. The only thing they really care about is invaders, which they will all defend against.

Ecology: Canni tolerate anything and everything as long as it does not make too much of a stir. They do not regard anything as equal, superior, or lesser to themselves. They are rarely summoned because it is hard to motivate them.

GENIE, QUASIELEMENTAL JANN

(Author: draegarius@hotmail.com)

	Jann Si'ar (Positive)	Jann I'san (Negative)
Climate/Terrain:	Positive Quasielemental Planes, Prime Material Plane	Negative Quasielemental Planes, Prime Material Plane
Frequency:	Very rare	Very rare
Organization:	Nomadic	Nomadic
Activity Cycle:	Day	Day
Diet:	Omnivore	Omnivore
Intelligence:	Exceptional (11-16)	Exceptional (11-16)
Treasure:	Nil	Nil
Alignment:	Chaotic Good	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1-8 (1-2 in the Prime)	1-8 (1-2 in the Prime)
Armor Class:	2 (5)	2 (5)
Movement:	12, Fl 30	12, Fl 30
Hit Dice:	7+2	7+2
THAC0:	14	14
No. of Attacks:	1	1
Damage/Attack:	1d8 or by weapon, + st	1d8 + Str bonus or by weapon + Str bonus
Special Attacks:	See below	See below
Special Defenses:	See below	See below
Magic Resistance:	15%	15%
Size:	M (6'-7' tall)	M (6'-7' tall)
Morale:	Champion (15)	Champion (16)

Like their distant relatives, the Jann, the Jann Si'ar and the Jann I'san are genies composed of not one, but four elements. In their case, however, these being the positive and negative Quasielements, respectively. Their origins unknown, thought at times to be servants of long dead elemental princes, or perhaps rebellious Jann tribes who forsook their more powerful genie masters, they make a strong influence upon society in the Inner Planes, causing disorder and chaos where they strike.

Combat: Like their more "mundane" kin, the regular elemental Jann, Jann Si'ar and I'san prefer to use great scimitars and composite bows in combat. The evil Jann Si'ar, slightly stronger than their positive cousins, enjoy exceptional strength scores varying between 18/51 and 18/00, their cousins reaching merely 18/90, their weakest being 18. All hit probability and damage adjustments resulting from exceptional strength are applied as normal.

Furthermore, an ability reserved solely to the Jann Si'ar, is an electrical discharge that occurs whenever they strike any other creature. The damage by such a discharge is 1d4+1 and affects all creatures susceptible to such attacks.

Jann Si'ar and I'san both sport spell-like powers, performed at the 12th level of ability (unless noted otherwise).

1. Twice per day Jann Si'ar and I'san can increase or decrease their own size, or the size of an individual they touch. The maximum size is 24 feet, and the minimum being 2 inches. Unwilling targets are granted a saving throw vs. spells.
2. Twice per day, Si'ar Jann can increase their speed, doubling movement and attacks, affecting as the use of *oil of speed* would.

3. Both are capable of casting *create food and water* as a 7th level priest (creating 7 cubic feet of food and water).
4. They may transmute elemental material from one elemental to another. Jann Si'ar may transmute any elemental material into one of the positive Quasielements, and the Jann I'san may do so, changing elemental material into one of the negative Quasielements.
5. Last, Jann Si'ar and I'san may become *ethereal* once per day, for a maximum of one hour.

Additionally, Jan Si'ar and I'san can breath underwater and fly at will, with no effect on their other abilities, and are naturally immune to the effects of the natural surrounding of their positive or negative Quasielements, respectfully.

Habitat/Society: Quasielemental Jann society is a nomadic one, with larger and smaller tribes roaming the Quasielemental planes. They raid and foray occasionally into nearby planes and the prime, however they never remain there long, preferring the desolate wastes in their home planes in the long run. Society is based around the importance of the tribe and the extended family, and the individual's role within. Every extended family is ruled by a patriarchal or matriarchal authority called a Sheik, that is usually, but not always, the strongest and the eldest.

A number of extended families, connected usually by ties of blood and ancient pacts, make up a tribe, which is in turn ruled by a Malik and the Ulama of the tribes. The Sheik is the patriarch of one of the strong families who rules by popular concession, and who has the support of the other major family leaders and Sheiks.

The Sheik decides on all matters worldly, including where to roam, who to raid and what to do with the spoils – leaving matters religious and spiritual to the Ulama – the wise men, or teachers of the tribes. Sheiks are usually Jann with 9 Hit Dice and of genius intelligence (17). The Malik is commonly of 10 Hit Dice and of slightly higher intellect (18). The Ulama, numbering usually 1 for every 20 members of the tribe, will be of supra-genius intelligence (20) and will have the full abilities of a 12th level Elementalist, specialized in the four Quasielements of their home-planes. However, the Ulama are also weaker, their lived spent to study and teachings, thus giving them Hit Dice of 6.

Tribes will fight each other over choice raiding grounds, spoils and the control of special or holy locations throughout their home-planes, these usually being places with permanent portals or gates to the Jann Si'ar and I'san holy planes.

An interesting cultural aspect of these wild Jann, is their consideration of specific planes as “Haram – holy and forbidden. None but their Ulama, their wise men, may enter these planes. For the Jann Si'ar, it is the plane of Radiance, which they also consider to be their plane of birth. Similar sentiments are held by the evil Jann I'san concerning the plane of Vacuum.

On a special note, it seems that every five thousand years or so, an Ulama is found with exceptional skills in battle, as well as in their spiritual matters. This unique individual is then proclaimed messiah, uniting all of his Jann brethren, to wage war upon their opposite cousins from the other side of the Inner Planar ring. Also, these messiahs usually appear in both races simultaneously, bringing massive warfare throughout the elemental planes.

Both Jann Si'ar and Jann I'san have interesting traditions concerning strangers, those being anyone non-Jann. Any stranger coming upon a Jann tribe may ask for refuge – and without question he will be granted Sanctuary for 7 days, treated as an honored guest, if not as close family. However, this comes with a price. The guest must drink a whole cup of a special drink the Jann Si'ar and I'san make, a drink made up of their Quasielements, which acts as a powerful poison, due to the elemental mix. The drink causes immediate 5d6 hp damage, but those who survive are immediately cured by the tribe's Ulama and accepted into their midst. Guests are expected to help fight with the tribe in combat, but otherwise are treated as guests in all respects.

Once the 7 days of sanctuary are over how the guests are treated depends on the Jann. Jann Si'ar will kindly ask the guests to leave, their stay accepted only if they offer payment in the form of valuable gifts, whilst the Jann I'san will either leave the guests, stranding them, or even outright assault them, robbing them of all their possessions.

Ecology: Considering themselves to be the essence of chaos in the Inner Planes, the Jann Si'ar and I'san spend their time raiding upon other races, including other Genies. Naturally, the Jann Si'ar seek plunder with minimum loss of life, while the Jann I'san revel in the carnage wrought. Both will avoid

attacking repeatedly the major forces in the Inner Planes, as well as the larger Genie cities, in order not to step on too many toes and draw more attention than they can handle. Occasionally, they will make raids upon the prime, however this occurs rarely, and only in areas with significant Genie influence, such as Zakhara.

HAZER

(Author: [Itzhak Even](#))

Climate/Terrain: Plane of Smoke
Frequency: Very Rare
Organization: Groups
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: None
Intelligence: High (13-14)
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: LE
No. Appearing: 1-4
Armor Class: 0
Movement: Fl 24 (B)
Hit Dice: 16 (100 hp)
THACO: 5
No. of Attacks: 2
Damage/Attack: 2-20/2-20
Special Attacks: See below
Special Defenses: Magical weapons +2 or more to hit
Magic Resistance: 10%
Size: L (9' tall)
Morale: 17-18
XP Value: 12,000

The hazer resembles a large smoke cloud whose form resembles that of a humanoid. None knows their origin, but tales from across the inner planes point to it that they were created by the efreet, and have managed to escape their servitude.

Although they appear as if using a pole-arm, made of smoke, the cause of the damage is thought to originate from them. It seems that they create the weapons to make an impression, and not because they need a weapon to inflict damage.

If they have their own language is a mystery, as they have attacked anyone who approached within 50' of them.

Combat: They fight with their pole-arms, inflicting 2d10 points of damage, and attacking twice in a round. In addition to their physical attacks they can use the following array of spell-like abilities, cast as a 12th level mage, that they can use against opponents:

Smoke Sleep - They can use this 3 times a day.

Pyrotechnics - They can use this 3 times a day.

Smoke Screen - Can use this once per day.

They prefer to attack spell-casters at first chance, and either smoke sleep them or kill them as fast as possible.

Habitat/Society: They sometimes travel as groups, and even then it's in small groups. They are the guardians of the plane of smoke, set to guard places and items, but whatever more powerful beings live there.

Ecology: They are considered to be the creations of the evil efreet, but have since escaped their slavery. They will attack efreet at sight, and will fight till one side is destroyed. Rumors tell that they now serve willingly to a powerful race that inhabits the plane of smoke, but no traces of this race were found as of yet.

IN+ELLIGEN+ MIS+

(Author: wraithgon@hotmail.com)

	Messengers (Class I)	Guardians (Class II)	Monarchs (Class III)
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Climate/Terrain:	Planes of Air and Steam	Planes of Air and Steam	Planes of Air and Steam
Frequency:	Rare	Very rare	Very rare
Organization:	Solitary	Solitary	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Any	Any	Any
Diet:	None	None	None
Intelligence:	10-12	13-15	16-19
Treasure:	Nil	Nil	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1	1	1
Armor Class:	4	2	2
Movement:	24 (A)	12 (A)	18 (A)
Hit Dice:	2	4	6
THAC0:	17	15	13
No. of Attacks:	1	2	1
Damage/Attack:	1d2	1d6	1d6
Special Attacks:	Suffocation	Suffocation	Suffocation, Spells
Special Defenses:	Dissipate	Dissipate	Dissipate
Magic Resistance:	Nil	Nil	Nil
Size:	S (4' diameter)	M (6' diameter)	L (8' diameter)
Morale:	12-13	15-16	18-19
XP Value:	300	800	2500

Intelligent mists are normally solitary creatures that exist on the elemental planes of air and steam. They normally only occur on the prime material plane when summoned by a Talking Mist, Attacking Mist or Magic Mist spell, which summons a mist of Class I, II, and III respectively.

Combat: Messenger Mists (Class I) only attack in self-defense, and even then they can avoid a conflict by dissipating. Guardian Mists (Class II) attack by making whip-like appendages semi-corporeal. On an attack roll of 20, the mist has succeeded in either suffocating its enemy which causes 1d6 point damage for each roll (no attack roll necessary) until the victim is dead or the Mist is destroyed. When a Mist's hit points reach 0 on the prime material plane, the creature is not killed, but is sent back to its own plane. Killing it on its own plane does kill it.

Monarch Mists (Class III) have the following spells, which they can cast once per day: Wall of Fog; Fog Cloud; Darkness, 15-foot Radius; Gust of Wind; Wind Wall and Lightning Bolt. They cast these spells as seventh-level wizards.

K ⊕ Y L I ⊕ H

(Author: itzhak@ibm.net)

Climate/Terrain: Any
Frequency: Very rare
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Nil
Intelligence: Non (0)
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Neutral Evil
No. Appearing: 1-4 (1d4)
Armor 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 Defenses: See below
Magic Resistance: Nil
Size: M (5')
Morale: Fearless (20)

XP Value: 420

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. Their creator controls them. If their creator dies then they will collapse and become dust.

Combat: The Dusty Death attack by creating a small cloud of dust around the target that cause 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 1 round if no save is allowed.

L'Z⊕IR

(**Authors:** Lucas Berghaus)

	L'zoir	Warrior L'zoir
Climate/Terrain:	Ash, Ethereal	Ash, Ethereal
Frequency:	Common	Rare
Organization:	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
Armor 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 Defenses:	Immune to heat	Immune to heat
Magic Resistance:	None	None
Size:	T (2 feet long)	S (4 feet long)
Morale:	Steady (11-12)/Fearless (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 analyze 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 bubber 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 a 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

MEPHIT, VOID

(Authors: [David Whitley](#) and [Jon Winter](#))

Climate/Terrain: Any
Frequency: Very rare
Organization: Group
Activity Cycle: Any (but prefers night)
Diet: Anything
Intelligence: Exceptional (15-16)
Treasure: None
Alignment: Neutral Evil
No. Appearing: 2-4
Armor Class: 2 (0)
Movement: 12, Fl 24 (A)
Hit Dice: 5+5
THACO: 14
No. of Attacks: 3
Damage/Attack: 1d8+2 / 1d8+2 / 1d10+3
Special Attacks: See below
Special Defenses: See below
Magic Resistance: 100% (but see below)
Size: M (7' tall)

Morale: Elite (13-14)

XP Value: 4250

For a long time no one thought that void mephits existed. After all, the Plane of Vacuum was not thought to sustain any sort of life at all. However, very rarely something large (such as the Doomguard Citadel Exhalus) enters the plane of Void. Because something has come into the plane full of emptiness, the same amount of void is pushed out, (don't ask me to explain this, just chalk up another one to the Mysteries of the Multiverse.) This void-stuff forms itself into void mephits.

Much larger, stronger and more powerful than other sorts of mephits, void mephits appear as large imps or abishai, with completely black, but somehow also transparent (you'd know what I mean if you saw one) fiendish bodies and baleful red glowing eyes. In fact, they are only called mephits because they are created from their home plane in the same way that other mephits are. Because they are made in this strange manner, void mephits only exist *off* the Plane of Vacuum...should they try and return to the plane they instantly merge with it and disappear forever. Perhaps it's this enforced exile from their home that makes them such nasty pieces of work.

Combat: Void mephits do not have as much stupid pride as other mephits do and they work in small groups. They often attack at night because due to their insubstantial, shadowy form they are much harder to hit at night, (Armor Class of 0). They hide in the shadows,(85% chance) around their victim(s) and leap on them when they least expect it, automatically gaining surprise. Void mephits attack using their sharp claws and their spiked tails, which cause extra damage due to the fact that they are made of nothingness, and they cause painful pulling on the flesh, which tries to draw itself into the void. When a void mephit has landed on a victim, it can automatically strike with all its three attacks each round, unless the victim can break free by rolling a strength check to beat the mephit's strength of 17.

A void mephit's very nature causes parts of its enemy's flesh to be sucked into it. Therefore, it can cast the equivalent of a *weakness* or a *feblemind* spell every 4 rounds. Also, by having no heat the mephit emits an aura of extreme cold, which it can focus into any version of an *Otiluke's Freezing Sphere* spell once per day.

A void mephit has no definite shape, (although they seem to prefer the one above) and they can therefore reshape their bodies to fit through the smallest holes or gaps. They also have complete resistance to many types of magic, because magic can't hit something that isn't really anything. Area effect spells aimed at a void mephit's general location can have the normal consequences, however. By another strange trick of the Multiverse void mephits are affected by normal weapons or natural weapons like claws, although magical weapons have no extra effect.

Habitat/Society: Void Mephits are usually hired as assassins by high-up fiends. They are thoroughly evil and can live in any habitat, no matter how inhospitable. However, they are hated by other mephits who do not consider them their own brethren, and probably because they are secretly afraid of them, although you would never get one of them to admit this. Other mephits attack void mephits on sight. Obviously, void mephits cannot gate in other mephits to help them.

Ecology: Void mephits will not do anything to help any local ecology they come into. They need to consume 7 square feet of any sort of matter every day by drawing it into their bodies by touch. They usually 'eat' their enemies but they will try anything at a pinch. If they are deprived of food for on month (not an easy feat by any means!) then they will disappear with an audible 'pop', the magic holding their non-existent body together breaking up and the surrounding air filling the void where they had been.

PARA ELEMENTAL, LESSER (DARK-SUN)

(Author: David Schwartz david@schwartz.manawatu.gen.nz)

	Magma	Rain	Silt	Sun
Climate/Terrain:	Dry land or magma	During rain	Sea of Silt	Above Ground
Frequency:	Rare	Rare	Rare	Rare
Organization:	Solitary	Solitary	Solitary	Solitary

Active Cycle:	Any	Any	Any	Day
Diet:	Magma and earth	Rain	Silt	Sunlight
Intelligence:	Low (5-7)	Low (5-7)	Low (5-7)	Low (5-7)
Treasure:	Nil	Nil	Nil	Nil
Alignment:	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral
No. Appearing:	1	1	1	1
Armor Class:	4	4	4	4
Movement:	6, Br 6	Fl 18 (A)	6, SW 18	Fl 15 (A)
Hit Dice:	2,4, or 6	2,4, or 6,	2,4, or 6	2,4, or 6
THAC0 2HD:	19	19	19	19
THAC0 4HD:	17	17	17	17
THAC0 6HD:	15	15	15	15
No. of Attacks:	1	1	1	1
Damage/Attack:				
(2HD)	1-8	1-6	2-12	1-6
(4HD)	2-16	1-10	3-18	1-12
(6HD)	3-24	1-12	4-24	2-20
Special Attack:	See Below	See Below	See Below	See Below
Special Defense:	+1 or better weapon to hit			
Magic Resistance:	Nil	Nil	Nil	
Size:	S to M (2' to 6' tall)	S to M (2' to 6' tall)	S to M (2' to 6' tall)	S to M (2' to 6' tall)
Morale (2HD)	Steady (11-12)	Steady (11-12)	Steady (11-12)	Steady (11-12)
(4HD/6HD)	Elite (13-14)	Elite (13-14)	Elite (13-14)	Elite (13-14)
XP Value 2HD:	420	420	420	420
XP Value 4HD:	650	650	650	650
XP Value 6HD:	975	975	975	975

Magma: Magma para-elementals can be conjured in any area containing of volcanic activity. On the prime material plane, they look like humanoids made of magma with cooling rock on the surface. The language of magma para-elemental sounds like bubbling lava and exploding volcanoes. Magma elementals cannot enter or cross water, but must go around or burrow under it. Magma para-elementals travel through earth by melting the rock in front of them.

Combat: The fists of a magma para-elemental, while not as hard as an earth elemental's, are fired by internal heat. The amount of damage is based on the hit dice of the para-elemental. All damage against airborne and waterborne opponents is halved. Against creatures who have fire-based attacks or immunity to fire (including from magical items) take 1 point per die less damage. In addition, any flammable object struck by a magma para-elemental must save vs. magical fire or immediately begin to burn.

Rain: Lesser rain para-elementals resemble small rain clouds floating just above the ground. There must be at least a light rain to summon a lesser rain para-elemental. Rain para-elementals cannot go underground. They rarely speak on the prime material plane, but when they do it sounds like rolling thunder and crackling lightning.

Combat: Rain para-elementals have no physical attacks, but once per round can shoot a small lightning bolt. The maximum distance is equal to the para-elementals' level in feet and damage varies with HD. Creatures who are immune to lightning attacks, such as behir, take half damage from the rain para-elementals' attacks. Opponents in metal armor gain no benefits for that armor, but other non-conductive armors provide protection.

Silt: Silt para-elementals can only be conjured on or near the Sea of Silt or a silt lake. Lesser silt para-elementals on the prime material plane take the form of amorphous blobs. Their language sound like waves crashing on rocky shores and the howl of silt cyclones.

Combat: Lesser silt elementals can attack in two ways. It can attempt to ram an opponent by moving full speed towards her. This attack does 4d8 points of damage. If it doesn't have enough room to charge, or it is already in melee, the silt para-elemental will attack with a pseudopod, inflicting the damage listed above.

Lesser silt para-elementals cannot move more than 30 yards from a source of silt. Unlike water elementals though, they suffer no damage from exposure to the sun.

Sun: Sun para-elementals can only be summoned above ground, during the day. Lesser sun elementals resemble miniature suns with a diameter equal to their HD. Unlike other elementals, the language of sun para-elementals is not based on sound, but light. While usually red, they change color when 'talking'.

Combat: A lesser sun para-elemental can attack in one of two ways. It can either move up against its target to burn it, or shoot a beam of light. The beam can effect a victim up to 3 feet away. Although they have the same damage, they have slightly different effects. Any flammable object 'touched' by the sun para-elemental must save vs. magical fire or be burnt. Fire-based creatures take half-damage from this attack. Anyone hit by the beam of light must save vs. breath weapons or be blinded for 1d10 turns. Blinded individuals attack with a -4 penalty to hit, and opponents get a +4 to hit them, unless the blinded character has blind fighting proficiency.

A sun para-elemental cannot go into any area untouched by the sun's light, such as buildings, caves, or shadowy areas. If forced, the para-elemental will return to its own plane. A darkness spell causes 1d8 points of damage to a sun para-elemental.

PARA ELEMENTAL , PRINCE

(Author: solauren@yesic.com)

	Ehkahk of Smoke	Chlimbia of Magma	Bwimb of Ooze
Climate/Terrain:	Plane of Smoke	Plane of Magma	Plane of Ooze
Frequency:	Unique	Unique	Unique
Organization:	Solitary	Solitary	Solitary
Activity Cycle:	Constant	Constant	Constant
Diet:	Atmospherivore	Mineralvore	Ooze, Magical Energy
Intelligence:	Genius (17)	Supra-Genius (20)	Genius (18)
Treasure:	H, S, T	H, S, T	H, S, T
Alignment:	Neutral Evil	Lawful Evil	Chaotic Evil
No. Appearing:	1	1	1
Armor Class:	-7	-6	-6
Movement:	Fl 36 (MC B)	24	12, Swim 24
Hit Dice:	14 (120 hit points)	15 (150 hit points)	14 (105 hit points)
THAC0:	3	3	3
No. of Attacks:	2	2 + See Below	1
Damage/Attack:	2d8, 2d8	3d12, 3d12 + See Below	3d8
Special Attacks:	Poison Smoke, Cloud Kill, See Below	See Below	Envelope, Smoother, See Below
Special Defenses:	See Below	See Below	See Below
Magic Resistance:	56%	80%	75%
Size:	H (30' diameter)	L (10' tall)	H (15' diameter)
Morale:	Fearless(20)	Fearless(20)	Fearless (20)
XP Value:	45,000	45,000	45,000

Recap from Fiend Folio, 1st Edition:

The Elemental Princes of Evil are powerful beings from the Elemental Planes, with followers on the Prime Material Plane(s). They are Demi-Powers, whose Priests can advance up to 14th level in experience and can cast spells of up to 5th level.

All Elemental Princes share these powers, at 20th level of use:

Detect Invisible, Detect Magic, Dispel Magic, Infravision, know alignment, suggestion (duration 12 hours), and teleport without error at will. They can also converse with any creature using Telepathy, 3

times per day they can read languages and read magic. They can also use telekinetic 1/day with up to 6,000 GP in weight (or 600 lbs.)

The XP value shown is for killing the power on the Prime Material Plane. Killing them on their home plane (where their hit points are 5x's that listed, and powers jump to 40th level) they are worth 10x's that listed.

Ehkahk of Smoke (Male)

Along with Cryonax, Ehkahk is the other male Elemental Prince of Evil, ruling a large portion of the Elemental Plane of Smoke.

Ehkahk appears to be a giant cloud of smoke and smog, approximately 30' in diameter. He can alter his size to go as small as 1' in diameter, or as large as 100' feet. However, for every 10' increase in size beyond 30, his Armor Class drops by 1 point.

Anyone hit by 1 of Ehkahk's attacks (taking the form of smoke like tentacles) must save versus poison with a -6 penalty or be affected by a "slow" spell, resulting from coughing.

Ehkahk can cast the following spells, at 20th level of power, as noted below

Cloud kill: 3/day, Stinking Cloud: 10/day, Wall of Fog (at will).

While Ehkahk lacks the summoning powers of his fellow Elemental Princes, 2 corrupted Dragons attend him. The first is a Male named "AshWind", a corrupted Great Wyrms Mist Dragon of Neutral Evil alignment. The second is "SmokeStorm" a corrupted Great Wyrms Cloud Dragon of Lawful Evil Alignment. Both have maximum hit points, and the spells of a 14th level priest.

Ehkahk is immune to all fire, poison, or air based attacks, each adding 1 point to his total (not exceeding his maximum) per dice of damage they would have inflicted. Attacks without damage at 1 point per spell level.

Ehkahk can only be harmed by +2 or better weapons.

Chlimbia of Magma (Female)

Chlimbia, the Elemental Princess of Magma, is the offspring of Imix, the Prince of Evil Fire Creatures, and a powerful Athasian Earth Elemental Priestess. She is arguably the most powerful Para-Elemental Prince (Cryonax would argue this, but it should be noted that he has avoided fighting with her), having inherited much of both of her parents powers, including her mother's awesome Psionic powers.

Chlimbia has two forms. Her "true" form is that of a 10' tall magma woman, with coloration ranges matching humans, but in hues of Orange, Yellow and Red. Her eyes look human in this form.

Her "second" form is that of a beautiful 5'6 tall Half-Elven woman. In this form, she has the following statistics:

Str: 19, Int: 20, Wis: 17, Dex: 16, Con: 20, Cha: 25. In this form, she can control her powers from being a Elemental Princess.

Chlimbia has the following powers, which are always active except in her human form:

Heat Metal, 10' radius

Blistering Heat, 30' radius (save or take 2d6 points of heat damage each round)

Chlimbia has the following powers, usable at will, at 15th level

Magma Bolt (treat as a Lightning Bolt cast at 20th level, no damage restriction, made of Magma) 3/day

Magma Ball (treat as Fireball with the properties of Magmabolt) 5/day

Wall of Fire (3/day)

Wall of Iron (3/day) The Iron is superheated and radiates heat as she does

Chlimbia can also cast Priest spells (including Dark Sun Psionic Enchantments if they are available) as a 20th level priest, and has the following Psionic's as a 20th level Psionicist with 400 PSP. (And it should be noted, her powers mainly come from "Will and the Way" and "Dragon Kings" if they are not available, use others) with access to all power types.

Bwimb of Ooze (Female)

Bwimb holds a singular distinction among the Para-Elemental Princes. Her parents are Ogremoch, the Elemental Prince of Evil Earth and Olhydra, Elemental Princess of Evil Water! She resulted from a temporary alliance between the two in an attempt to destroy Chlimbia, Imix's daughter.

Despite her (as she puts it) "divine elemental royal nature", she is not as powerful as one might imagine. One Prime Material Sage has compared her to "a semi-divine Mudman".

Bwimb has all the powers of a Mudman from the Prime Material plane (at 5x's strength), as well as the following additional powers.

Transmute Rock to Mud/Mud to Rock (at will, 20th level of power)

Wall of Stone (at will, 4/day)

Tsunami (1/day) (detailed in Oriental Adventures)

Bwimb hates Chlimbia, a result of her conception, and scheme against her constantly. Also, because of her "heritage" Bwimb she herself has the ultimate ruler of the Para-Elemental planes, and schemes to attain the power to enforce her will. Rumor has it she is even considering a "alliance" with Cyronax to obtain this power, and defeat Chlimbia in a 2 on 1 fight.

TEM'MATI

(Author: Chris Murphy)

Climate/Terrain: Ash (Ammet Han'sha)
Frequency: Very rare (common in Ammet Han'sha)
Organization: Guilds
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Omnivorous
Intelligence: Average to High (8-13)
Treasure: Nil
Alignment: Chaotic Neutral
No. Appearing: 1 or 3-7
Armor Class: As armor 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'mati 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'mati 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 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.

WOLF, BLIZZARD

(Copyright 1997 by [Kristias Fireflight](#) and [Jon Winter](#))

Climate/Terrain: Plane of Ice

Frequency: Uncommon

Organization: Pack

Activity Cycle: Any

Diet: Frost / carnivore

Intelligence: Semi (2-4)

Treasure: None

Alignment: Neutral

No. Appearing: 1-10

Armor Class: 3

Movement: Fl 30 (A)

Hit Dice: 2-6

THACO: 19 (at 2 HD)

17 (3-4 HD)

15 (5-6 HD)

No. of Attacks: 3 + special

Damage/Attack: 1-6/1-6/1-12

Special Attacks: Frost touch, *cone of cold*, *ice storm*

Special Defenses: See below

Magic Resistance: 20%

Size: L (6-8'long)

Morale: Fearless (20)

XP Value: 650 (2 HD)

975 (3 HD)

1,400 (4 HD)

2,000 (5 HD)

3,000 (6 HD)

Blizzard wolves, also called wind wolves, are native predators of the plane of Frost, and resemble nothing so much as white winds and frost coalesced into the form of a long 'tail' and the fore body of a canine bearing oversized claws and fangs, with two empty pits for eyes. When still (something that happens very rarely), they more resemble conventional wolves.

Combat: Blizzard wolves will attack anything and anybody that crosses their path. Ice elementals, mephits, humanoids -- it doesn't matter; once they attack, they fight until victorious or slain. Blizzard wolves don't so much run as swoop; the creatures are intangible and can fly at incredible speeds. A pack of blizzard wolves chasing you is one of the scarier sights of the Inner Planes...all too often it's one of your last; the wolves howling like the coldest Winter winds of Pandemonium.

In combat the wolves attack with two claws and a savage bite; in addition to normal damage, the wind-wolves' touch chills for 1-4 hp additional damage. They take no damage from slashing and half damage from piercing weapons, as the weapons pass right through the wolf's semi-corporeal body.

In addition, non-magical weapons must save vs. magical cold or become brittle, breaking on a roll of 1-3 on 1d20. Any unprotected contacts with a blizzard wolf causes 1-4 hp cold damage.

More fearsome still are the pack tactics of the blizzard wolves. Working together, a group of three wolves can create an effect identical to that of a *cone of cold*, up to three times per day. When backed into a corner, a blizzard wolf may panic (50% chance) and release its most deadly defense. The body of the creature dissolves into nothing and seconds later, an *ice storm* hits the area. This kills the creature, but since other blizzard wolves are not affected by it can save a hunting pack by sacrificing one.

Habitat/Society: Blizzard wolves live a life of constant "running" and hunting, attacking and feeding on anything they encounter. They are entirely indigenous to the Plane of Frost, though marauding bands of the beasts can sometimes be seen on the Plane of Ice. It's also said that blizzard wolves have been spotted on Caina, the eighth layer of Baator. If that's true, they must be mighty tough to survive the attentions of the rapacious gelugons that guard the layer.

Ecology: With no real opponents, blizzard wolves sit at the top of the heap in the plane of Frost. Their main prey is ice elementals and mephits; the rare ice or frost genasi and almost unknown planewalker are considered especial delicacies. Blizzard wolves give nothing back to their ecology save the odd humanoid corpse. Mage chant goes that the semi-corporeal tails of blizzard wolves are good ingredients in *potions of cold resistance* and the like.

WYVERN, ICE

(Author: Robert H. Nichols (catdrag@vnet.net))

Climate/Terrain: Arctic/Mountains

Frequency: Very rare

Organization: Pack

Activity Cycle: Nocturnal

Diet: Carnivorous

Intelligence: Low

Treasure: C, D, Q*5, X (YCMV)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

No. Appearing: 2-5

Armor Class: 4

Movement: 6, Fl 18 (B)

Hit Dice: 4

THACO: 17

No. of Attacks: 3 or 2

Damage/Attack: 1d6+1/1d6+/2d4 (claw/claw/bite) or 2d4/2d4 (tail club/bite)

Special Attacks: Surprise, frost breath

Special Defenses: Camouflage

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: L (18-24' long)

Morale: 11

XP Value: 975

The ice wyvern is a feared predator that inhabits the Arctic climes and high mountain ranges of the coldest terrain. The ice wyvern is distantly related to the normal wyvern, but is slightly smaller and more hesitant in entering melee combat.

The ice wyvern appears as a small white dragon, though it lacks the forelegs of the dragon. Its eyes are usually blue, though the dominant member of the pack has eyes of silver.

Combat: The ice wyvern prefers to attack from ambush, surprising its victims and flying off with whatever prey it can carry. The ice wyvern is able to carry a small pony or a light riding horse (though its maneuverability class drops to D). If the wyvern is able to surprise its victim, it automatically hits with its claws and attempts to fly away with the victim.

After grabbing its victim, the ice wyvern can choose to use its tail to club or bite. Generally it prefers to use its tail so that it can store its (live) food for later.

Ice wyverns are immune to cold-based attacks. However, they never get save against fire based attacks and always take an extra point of damage for every die of damage rolled against it. Because of this, ice wyverns are cowardly when facing foes that use fire, usually fleeing before attacking.

Thrice per day the ice wyvern can breathe a stream of super-cold air. This air strikes in a line for 3d6 point of damage, save vs. breath weapon for half. The ice wyvern can breathe out to 30 feet.

Because of the ice wyverns white scales and cold nature, they like to hide in snow banks and leap out on unsuspecting travelers and horses. When they do this they gain a surprise bonus of +3.

Habitat/Society: The ice wyvern fly in packs. This allows the wyverns to strike with greater success.

Ecology: The ice wyvern prefers its food frozen. When it captures food, it knocks it unconscious and then shoves it in a snowbank or ice pond to freeze. Once it is frozen, the ice wyvern will then eat it.

