

CODEX OF THE INFINITE PLANES

VOLUME XIX:

TARTERIAN DEPTHS OF CARCERI

THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO THE PLANES OF EXISTENCE



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TARTERIAN DEPTHS OF CARCERI

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VOLUME XIX: TARTERIAN DEPTHS OF CARCERI

“Carceri is known as the prison plane, and for good reason. It’s uniquely suited to that purpose and not just in the difficult means of exiting. The way each layer stretches out in an infinite space like pearls on a necklace means that imprisoned beings can be cut off from all contact and confined to their own space. For most, this is the truly insidious power of Carceri – the isolation. On an infinite plane in an infinite multiverse, the Tarterian Depths exist to remind us all that the harshest punishment may be exile, a prison of the mind reinforced by the very real attributes of Carceri itself. For some, there is no greater threat.”

Malakara the Warden

Castoffs, prisoners, rejects, along with the lost and forgotten, all adrift in the multiverse, have a tendency of finding a way to the Tarterian Depths of Carceri. Like a magnet, this inhospitable plane draws these discarded elements towards its torturous depths and keeps them there. A subtly powerful force keeps Carceri’s planar gates and portals shut, with a few notable exceptions, and travelers are warned that finding a way into one of its layers is far easier than finding a way out.

Carceri’s reputation as the prison of the planes is well deserved. Long ago, a race of powerful titans were exiled from the fabled realm of Mount Olympus on Arborea by stronger beings. Some say it was a union of gods from across the multiverse that brought down the titans, while other scholars postulate the titans had been struck down by the very nature of the planes when their ambition became (much) greater than their station.

The truth is hard to guess as part of the imprisonment clause of the titans forced their silence on the matter. Their leader, a supremely powerful being named Kronus, lives on Mount Othrys now, alone and brooding, while the rest of the titans lay scattered in the remaining layers and realms. A great storm surrounds Mount Othrys, a physical manifestation of Kronus’ despair and rage some say, and the ancient titan has not left the mountain for eons untold.

Carceri is a plane of subtle evil that saps the strength away from those that visit. A slumbering malevolence pervades its infinite string of six layers as manifested by a red glow inherent in the ground and air. Whether it’s the swamps of Othrys, the jungles of Cathrys, the deserts of Minethys, the mountains of Colothys, the shallow seas of Porphatys, or the icy sphere of Agathys, a crimson glow suffuses the natural presence of Carceri.

The Tarterian Depths are also laid out unlike any other plane. Each of its layers sit as strings of huge spheres in an air-filled void that most planar scholars link eventually to the Negative Energy Plane. The layers are nestled within one another, spheres within spheres, with the space between each successive sphere in its line growing farther and farther apart the smaller the interior layers become. Othrys is the largest, with enormous orbs that nearly touch (and do in the case of Mount Othrys), while the spheres of Porphatys are much smaller. The exception is Agathys, which exists as a sole orb in the dead center of Carceri.

And the layers are not uninhabited. A race of fiends called demodands, also known as gehreleths, operate as the wardens of Carceri, and always assume anyone they come across has good reason to be locked away forever. They are cruel embodiments of Carceri’s truest idiom – betrayal is the only path to freedom. Demodands stay out of the Blood War between the demons of the Abyss and the devils of the Nine Hells but have been known to offer particularly savage prisons for fiends and angels to enterprising devil princes and demon lords.

While Carceri exudes a scarlet evil like a cancer, its existence as the prison of the planes serves everyone, from the fiends to the angels and everyone in between. Gods have birthed horrors beyond count that defy extermination, and Carceri provides the perfect dumping ground for the things that cannot simply be destroyed. There are dark and terrible things festering within the multitude of orbs that make up Carceri, and many of them have birthplaces in the most revered places in the multiverse.

LAY OF THE LAND

Carceri is unique among the planes for many reasons. The most obvious of which is its landscape. The plane is divided into six layers each consisting of strings of orbs in an air-filled darkness. The layers are nestled within one another, with each lower layer filled with smaller sized orbs but all contained in the infinite blackness.

As far as anyone has been able to surmise, the number of orbs in each layer is infinite, with the exception of the lowest, Agathys. There is only a singular Agathys orb, and accessing it is a feat of incredibly dedicated proportions. While it is true that each layer is smaller in size than the one before it, the size in actual diameter seems to defy easy calculation. The space between each orb is much more measured, however.

OTHRYS

The first and largest layer of Carceri is Othrys. Each orb in this infinite string is dominated by a dismal, scarlet swamp dotted by fetid bogs, stagnant lakes, and great swaths of dangerous quicksand. Desolate lifeless trees stand like silent watchers in the gloomy twilight that pervades all of Carceri, their branches twisting together to form massive web-like growths that stretch out over many miles in some cases.

The orbs in the Othrys string are close enough apart to be separated only by 500 feet of darkness, though the lightless nature of Carceri makes even the nearest sphere nearly invisible from one to the next. There are several known exceptions, most notably Mount Othrys, a single solitary mountain peak rising from the fetid bog that connects two orbs together. Here is where the fallen titan lord Cronus makes his home amidst a complex swarm of lightning storms and driving wind.

The River Styx winds through all of the Othrys orbs, somehow, its flow continuing to defy conventional laws.

CATHRYS

Carceri's second layer is Cathrys, home to vast swaths of dense crimson jungles and fields of scarlet grass. An acidic rot fills Cathrys' air, eating away at organic matter slowly (or quickly in the case of the deepest jungles). The scarlet grasslands move without breeze or wind, and most contain razor-sharp grasses that hunger for nourishing blood.

Smaller than Othrys, the distance between the Cathrys orbs in its infinite string is about 1,000 feet. Most of the fetid jungles of the layer seek out any that try to escape its grasp, pulling them down with a savage fury, as if Carceri itself sought to prevent travel from one sphere to the next.

MINETHYS

A great scarlet desert fills the orbs of Minethys, Carceri's third layer. Like the other layers, no wind blows that can be felt, but the sands of Minethys shift and move just the same. A parching heat holds dominance over the red sands, which hide more than one ruined castle or treasure vault. Some planar scholars say the great edifices and palaces of the titans banished to Carceri so long ago were cast into Minethys, though there are certainly some smaller sized sites that have been discovered that suggest it's not just titan architecture buried in the scarlet sands.

The orbs of Minethys are separated by half a mile of darkness. The scorching desert heat exuding from the very core of each orb grows more intense as a traveler leaves the surface, draining life and energy away, until after about 500 feet when the heat barrier breaks and the encompassing darkness washes over.

COLOTHYS

Jagged red mountain peaks scour the landscape of Colothys, the fourth layer of Carceri. Deep ravines, shadow-filled crevasses, and scarlet-mist enshrouded valleys fill the endless orbs. Travel is nearly impossible outside of little-used trails that move along rickety bridges and crumbling stone stairs. Noises and sounds are amplified a hundred fold in the haunted mountains of Colothys, with some screams bridging the gap between the orbs to echo weirdly against the scarlet stones.

Colothys' orbs are separated by mile-long stretches of darkness that are filled with screams, cries, wails, and other tortured sounds. It is rumored the darkness holds the Sepulcher of Screams, the resting place of a banshee queen cursed to wail forever in the emptiness of Colothys' space.

PORPHATYS

The orbs of Porphatys are covered in an icy shallow sea, less than 100 feet deep in most places, while crimson snow fills the darkened skies. Prison ships filled with pirates and thieves cursed to sail eternally bob amidst the icy black waters, sometimes running aground on one of the countless sandbars. The water is mildly acidic but eats away at inorganic matter quicker than organic matter. Eventually, every ship on Porphatys' sea collapses, stranding prisoners on shrinking islands, crumbling towers, and other unstable regions, promising treasure to any willing to pick them up but rewarding only such kindness with eventual betrayal.

The orbs of Porphatys are separated by three miles of darkness. The red snow that fills the dark skies of each sphere stretches out into the space between them as well, though none know its source for sure.

AGATHYS

The lowest and smallest layer of Carceri is Agathys, and unlike the other five a single orb serves as the only destination within the confines of its limitless darkness. Agathys is frozen solid, an icy sphere of black cut through with streaks of crimson like blood vessels. Anyone doomed to Agathys is frozen forever in its depths, and in many places on the surface of the orb, faces and bodies can be seen in the ice.

Little is known about Agathys. Some planar scholars say it is the actual frozen heart of Carceri, which does operate much like a living creature on a massive scale. Others say the ice is the result of some ancient power of death known as the Reaper, and certainly there is some evidence to suggest this is at least partially true. One of the few known sites on Agathys is the Citadel of the Reaper, a long tower with cavernous tendrils cut into the frozen ground, where death stalks the halls.

CYCLE OF TIME

Time passes on Carceri but there is no indication of it. No sun or moon fills the black starless skies, and the orbs of each layer do not rotate or move of any kind.

SURVIVING

Each of Carceri's layers holds threats for the unwary, including patches of aggressive Othrys quicksand, the acidic rot of Cathrys' air, and the life-leeching scarlet snow of Porphatys. These threats and more are described under Hazards & Phenomena.

GETTING THERE

There are many gates and portals leading into the layers of Carceri. The most numerous lead to the top layer, Othrys, but external portals from across the multiverse can lead to any of the first five layers of the Tarterian Depths. The exception is Agathys, which is accessible by no known gate within or outside of Carceri.

Most gates into Carceri are known and well-documented by nearby inhabitants, and they can be found across all of the Outer Planes (upper, lower, and conflict) as well as the Inner Planes and the Astral and Ethereal Planes. Angels and devas keep a watch over just as many Carceri portals as demons and devils for much the same purpose – the Tarterian Depths are imprisoning for all creatures regardless of worldview.

The unfortunate truth is that while there exist so many planes leading into Carceri, the opposite is not true. Leaving Carceri is another matter entirely and almost all known portals are one-way access points. Finding a way out of the prison plane is difficult, and for some like Cronus and the fallen titans, escape is divinely forbidden. Some

residents have such divine marks on them, preventing them bodily from leaving, but even for those that have no such restriction finding a portal leading out is a difficult and painstaking process.

One of the few exceptions to this is the River Styx, which winds through most of the swamp-filled orbs of Othrys. Its oily black waters slither like a massive snake through the red-tinged darkness of Othrys, but here it is closely monitored by the merrenoloths. The natural mind-altering properties of the River Styx prevent most creatures from even attempting to use it as a means of escape, and the watchful eyes of the merrenoloths aboard their secretive boats are well-protected from those trying to hijack a ride.

TRAVELING AROUND

Each layer of Carceri consists of strings of orbs in an endless chain, with the exception of Agathys, the lowest layer. While each layer possesses a dominant terrain feature – the swamps of Othrys, the jungles of Cathrys, the sands of Minethys, the mountains of Colothys, and the seas of Porphatys – they share the same structure of endless spheres in a gulf of darkness.

Traveling between the orbs requires flight capabilities, but the endless darkness beyond is not a void and creatures can breathe in it without difficulty. There is no gravity beyond about 500 feet from the surface of each orb, which means there is very little blackness separating the orbs of Othrys. The swamp-filled top layer has its orbs closest in proximity, and from one a creature can view the next two in line from the right vantage point. The lower layers have larger gulfs separating them, requiring longer travel time in the darkness. Monsters do lurk in the darkness, most notably the strength-hunting sky shadows.

Accessing each layer from within Carceri can be tricky. Very few known gates exist that allow access to an upper layer (from Cathrys to Othrys, for example) – the nature of the plane seems to prevent easy movement “up” the layers. Moving to a lower layer is much more straightforward and numerous swirling portals of darkness exist on the orbs to the next lowest layer. Each is located on the lowest point on a given orb, with most dumping travelers to a random location on the next lower layer’s corresponding orb.

Theoretically, each layer’s orbs are smaller, but some planar scholars believe this is a trick of the mortal mind trying to capture the idea of how Carceri is laid out.

There are many monstrous threats on each of Carceri’s layers, but threading through them all are the malevolent demodands. Cruel, merciless, and wicked, these creatures were banished to Carceri long ago and now consider themselves the jailers of the whole prison plane. Truthfully they hold little power over Carceri, and their natural untrustworthy nature prevents demodands from organizing in any large number.

THE POWERFUL AND MIGHTY

Carceri imprisons some of the most powerful creatures in the multiverse, spread across its subtly dangerous layers and separated from each other by countless orbs. Unwanted spawn of deities, power-hungry undead, fallen gods, exiled angels and fiends, and so many more populate Carceri. The below list highlights the ones that have had the greatest impact on the Tarterian Depths from an outsider standpoint, but travelers should be wary from anyone they meet – treachery is rampant and the ones that exiled to Carceri have usually done something horrendous to deserve it.

APOMPS THE THREE-SIDED ONE

The progenitor of the demodand fiends that wander throughout Carceri is an enigmatic being referred to as Apomps the Three-Sided One. It was once a powerful yugoloth on the plane of Gehenna, and Apomps was obsessed with the creation of life itself. It tampered with the forces of creation, pulling in the primordial power of the multiverse and binding it with cold sorcery born of logic and reason. The result was the demodands, three of them with each representing a facet of truth Apomps came to believe in, but through this act the powers of Gehenna cast Apomps into Carceri.

Apomps’ imprisonment allowed the fallen fiend to spawn more demodands, and soon the plane was populated with the farastu, kelubar, and shator beings borne of Apomps’ experimentations. Each demodand is given a token of Apomps’ power – a small black pyramid – that filled each with the eternal memories of the demodands and Apomps’ himself. And by decree from the Three-Sided One, the demodands do not attack one another but instead work to tear down the prison walls of Carceri and all within it.

Apomps is an asexual fiend that has transcended its previous form. It exists now as a fiendish spirit linked intrinsically to Carceri. The ultimate goal of the demodands – Carceri’s destruction – is likely linked to the conditions of Apomps’ freedom, but it isn’t known exactly sure if this is the case. The will of Apomps moves across the endless orbs of the plane, driving the demodands to greater acts of terror and violence, reminding them of the terrible atrocities performed against their kind by the ilk of the planes.

CHAYDARREN, LORD OF THE PILLARS

The red sands of Minethys hold countless secrets beneath its scarlet dunes, though most are revealed and buried without anyone noticing. On one of the orbs, the great wyrm blue dragon Chaydarren did notice one such reveal as the dunes parted to show a series of ancient, symbol-inscribed pillars rising from the crimson sands. This was the ruins of Illmoor, the City of Pillars, a place of great arcane mystery and magical might that was banished to Minethys ages ago, and Chaydarren set immediately to plumb its wonders and plunder its treasures.

The exact reasons why Chaydarren was in Carceri in the first place isn’t known, and the blue dragon carefully avoids any such topics. He is cruel, merciless, and utterly

obsessed with unlocking the magical secrets of Illmoor contained within the hundreds of stone pillars buried beneath the Minethys sands. It's likely that Chaydarren was banished to Carceri from some other plane, for he works largely now through proxies and agents. He spends his days slithering around the pillars of Illmoor, checking symbols and marks, and finding new areas unearthed by the shifting sands.

What secrets does Illmoor's pillars contain? Chaydarren believes it to contain some deep arcane truth about the multiverse, and that the residents of Illmoor tampered with forces beyond their control that ultimately led to the city's eternal sentence on Carceri. Mummies of all sorts, dried out and desiccated by the harsh Minethys heat, have risen to stop Chaydarren and his minions from uncovering more about the pillars, but these are nothing more than a nuisance – most of the time. The great blue dragon fancies himself the Lord of the Pillars now but he knows there's a large section of the city at the base of the greatest pillar that he has yet to open for fear of what it might contain.

CRONUS AND THE FALLEN TITANS

No beings on Carceri more embody the prisoner mentality than perhaps the plane's most famous inhabitants, Cronus and the fallen titans. It is widely accepted that these powerful beings hail originally from the storm-enshrouded peak of Mount Olympus in the Olympian Glades of Arborea, a fact the titans do not dispute. However, planar sages debate wildly the nature of the treachery that sent Cronus and his fellow titans on a one-way trip to Carceri's depths. Did it have something to do with the event that drove the gods from Mount Olympus in the first place? Or was it simpler than that?

Regardless of the origin of their crimes, the fallen titans have not been able to escape Carceri's grasp in any meaningful way. Over the centuries, many have tried, putting elaborate plans and plots into motion meant to release them from their planar prison, but to date none have succeeded permanently. Cronus himself, the once powerful leader of the titans, now sits alone on Mount Othrys, the tallest peak on the orbs of Carceri's first layer, and constantly schemes for release. His moods are foul, his anger earth shaking, and his paranoia rampant – Cronus blames every other being in the multiverse except himself for his lonely fate.

The other fallen titans are spread across the layers of Carceri, living in isolation or small groups, never full trusting one another or any other creature they come across. One fallen titan dwells in a crumbling castle in the scarlet jungles of Cathrys, while another pair crew a literal skeleton crew on the icy shallows of Porphyatys. They are each powerful beings with great command over their abilities, all of which they bend towards the ultimate goal of freedom from Carceri's bonds. They are distrustful but few in the Tarterian Depths know more about what's going on across the orbs than the titans, who have seen centuries pass. Even the demodands avoid tangling with Cronus and his fallen kin, preferring instead the easier pickings of lost travelers and lone prisoners.

The fallen titans of Carceri use the statistics for empyreans, except they are any evil alignment and do not possess the ability to use *plane shift*.

THE REAPER

Agathys, the frozen orb at the center of Carceri, is an impenetrable sphere of icy black cut with streaks of red. Few beings in the multiverse know what's hidden in its center, and its surface is as smooth as glass with only a few notable exceptions. The Citadel of the Reaper is one such exception. Sitting in the center of a bowl-like depression is a massive black ice tower. Its black walls hold countless souls frozen forever to feed the master of the citadel.

Servants of the master, known only as the Reaper, wander the citadel and keep intruders out. They are black-robed red-boned skeletons bearing scythes writhing with negative energy. They do not speak and make no noise, and in fact the entire citadel has a death-like quiet about the entire structure. Thoughts become whispers, whispers become shouts, and it is said that the master of the citadel hears all that happens within the halls.

What is the Reaper? Some say it is a deity of death and ice who has chosen to dwell upon Agathys, while others say it is a being beyond the gods that commands a legion of undead monsters to do its bidding. The Reaper rarely sends out minions beyond the halls of the citadel though some planar sages have pointed out eerie connections between the Reaper and the force of Death from the *deck of many things*. Are they related? Does the Reaper carry some connection to each Death spawned from that chaos-infused artifact?

SINMAKER

Few refuges are found in Carceri, a plane of prisoners, betrayers, and malcontents. Any castle, tower, or building could be the home of a foul being trapped for performing some great evil, and even the angels and devas cast into Carceri eventually become twisted by the plane's treacherous nature. However, that doesn't mean there aren't any solaces. On one of the orbs of Cathrys, in a scarlet jungle similar to the others on the layer, sits the Apothecary of Sin and its master, the glabrezu demon Sinmaker.

Sinmaker is a master of poisons, perhaps none greater in all the multiverse, and the Apothecary of Sin receives a surprisingly large number of visitors from all across the planes. Sinmaker has special poisons and acids that can lay low demons and devils in the right dosage, or, if the rumors are to be believed, even a god. The glabrezu is surprisingly charming, and is usually seen wearing a specialized robe of flexible obsidian cut to allow the use of his extra set of hands.

Sinmaker employs a small cadre of demons that travel throughout the multiverse to procure rare ingredients for his various poisons, but he is always on the lookout for especially unique specimens. He can create large or small batches of almost any poison he supplies, and Sinmaker famously does not care who the buyer is – as long as they can pay. The glabrezu poisoner only accepts magical items and trinkets as payment for his valuable services,

the rarer and more powerful the better, which means the Apothecary of Sin also contains a large number of potent magical items at any given time. What Sinmaker does with these items isn't known but most do get transported out of Carceri.

CREATURES & DENIZENS

Carceri is the home to a multitude of dangerous creatures along with the countless prisoners sent there from across the multiverse. Characters traveling through the prison plane should expect to run into foul monsters of all types, many of which prove the old planar saying true – “there is no innocence in Carceri.”

ASSASSIN CROW

Dangerous, silent, and predatory, assassin crows are lethal aerial monsters that lurk in the skies above Othrys, Calathys, and Colothys on the prison plane of Carceri. They appear as enormous black birds, their skin stretched thin and gaunt over their bones, with great outstretched wings filled with uneven misshapen black feathers. The assassin crow's eyes are large like an owl, saucer-like and yellow, while its beak is coated in a thick ebony ichor it uses to poison victims.

Silent Stalkers. Assassin crows prefer their meat fresh and living, and their fiendish nature means they're always hungry regardless of the last time they ate. They often travel in small groups, winging over the bleak landscape of Carceri in search of easy pickings, using their natural invisibility and impressive stealth to catch victims unaware. While most common crows feast on dead carcasses and scavenge from the kills of others, assassin crows move instead to attack lively targets, savoring the screams as part of the meal.

Prized Poison. The tarry substance on an assassin crow's beak contains a highly toxic poison that attacks not just the body but the mind as well of living targets. Thieves and assassins across the planes prize such a debilitating poison though distilling it down to use on a weapon requires great alchemical skill. The demonic poisoner Sinmaker in the scarlet jungle of Cathrys is one of only a handful known to harness such poisons, and it pays very well for the delivery of assassin crow tar to its strange apothecary.

ASSASSIN CROW

Large fiend, chaotic evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 85 (10d10+30)

Speed 30 ft., fly 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	22 (+6)	16 (+3)	3 (-4)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)

Saving Throws Dex +9

Skills Perception +6, Stealth +12

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities acid, cold, fire, poison

Condition Immunities poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 16

Languages can't speak but understands Abyssal and Infernal

Challenge 8 (3,900 XP)

Disappear. The assassin crow can use a bonus action to cast the *invisibility* spell without requiring components.

Evasion. If the assassin crow is subjected to an effect that allows it to make a Dexterity saving throw to take only half damage, the assassin crow instead takes no damage if it succeeds on the saving throw, and only half damage if it fails.

Flyby. The assassin crow doesn't provoke an opportunity attack when it flies out of an enemy's reach.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The assassin crow makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its claws.

Beak. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. **Hit:** 10 (1d8+6) piercing damage, and the target must make a DC 14 Constitution saving throw against the assassin crow's poison. The poison is highly variable and could affect mental or physical abilities. Roll 1d8 on the below table.

1d8	Poison Effect
1	Strength score is reduced by 1d4+2
2	Dexterity score is reduced by 1d4+2
3	Constitution score is reduced by 1d4+2
4	Intelligence score is reduced by 1d4+2
5	Wisdom score is reduced by 1d4+2
6	Charisma score is reduced by 1d4+2
7	Strength and Dexterity scores are reduced by 1d4
8	Intelligence and Wisdom scores are reduced by 1d4

Creatures die if an affected ability score is reduced to 0 by this poison; otherwise the reduction lasts until the target finishes a short or long rest. A successful save reduces any ability score reduction by half.

Claws. Melee Weapon Attack: +9 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. **Hit:** 17 (2d10+6) slashing damage.

DEMODAND

The demodands are the closest Carceri has to native fiendish inhabitants. They are a constant threat across most of the orbs of the Tarterian Depths, moving in small packs in the swamps of Othrys, the scarlet jungles of Cathrys, the sands of Minethys, and the crags of Colothys. They are only rarely encountered in the shallow seas of Porphatys, and then aboard makeshift vessels to stay afloat, and they avoid Agathys (along with most other sane creatures). The demodands consider themselves the keepers of Carceri and they take their jobs very seriously, scheming and developing fiendish plots to ensnare and capture travelers that stumble into the prison plane.

Demodands are divided into three castes of increasing power and responsibility. Lowest are the farastu, also known as tarry demodands, who are also the most numerous. Above them are the kelubar, or slimy demodands, and the most powerful are the shator, or shaggy demodands. All demodands are conniving fiends filled with hatred and loathing for all other creatures, but they have never been known to squabble or fight among their own kind.

Three Revenges. In their native guttural language of Demodandish the demodands refer to themselves as *gehreleths*, which roughly translates to “product of the three revenges.” The idea of revenge is paramount to the demodands, stretching back to the original betrayal that sent Apomps into Carceri originally, but it is intrinsically tied to the number three. Apomps is referred to as the Three-Sided One which the demodands identify as the original three revenges. Some planar scholars believe that these three revenges are embodiments of great injustices done to Apomps in the time before the birth of the demodands, but the fiends themselves do not speak to outsiders about the specific details.

Born of Spite. Demodands are spawned when a creature dies in the Lower Planes with hate and spite in their hearts. Apomps witnesses these deaths and breathes fiendish life into the shell, animating it with divine power as a farastu, where it is drawn to Carceri like a fly to honey to collect its black pyramid. Rarely, a farastu defies the divine call and wanders the multiverse without the link to the demodand memories, though these lost fiends are no less vicious and cruel than their brethren in the Tarterian Depths.

Black Pyramids of Apomps. Each demodand carries a small black pyramid of dull stone. This item contains a powerful link to Apomps, the supreme deity of the demodands, and allows each fiend to access the collective memories of their kind. In this way, all treacheries, betrayals, and imprisonments are remembered by all demodands, and they harbor grudges like few in the multiverse. A demodand that loses their black pyramid stops at nothing to retrieve it, marshaling as many other forces as possible to reclaim the lost treasure. The few planar sages that have come into possession of these rare items have not been able to puzzle through their secrets before the fiendish hosts of Carceri descend and take them back. Do they allow direct communication with Apomps? Are non-demodands able to tap into the memories of the demodands?

FARASTU DEMODAND

Medium fiend (demodand), neutral evil

Armor Class 17 (natural armor)

Hit Points 90 (12d8+36)

Speed 30 ft., fly 50 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
20 (+5)	16 (+3)	17 (+3)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	16 (+3)

Skills Stealth +6

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities acid, cold, fire, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

Languages Abyssal, Demodandish, Infernal

Challenge 7 (2,900 XP)

Adhesive Tar. A creature succeeding on a melee weapon attack against the farastu must make a DC 14 Dexterity saving throw. On a failure, the melee weapon becomes stuck to the farastu's tarry hide, disarming the attacker. Removing a stuck weapon requires an action by the farastu or an adjacent creature.

Innate Spellcasting. The farastu's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 14). The farastu can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *detect magic, invisibility, tongues*
3/day each: *bestow curse, fear, dispel magic*

Magic Resistance. The farastu has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The farastu makes three attacks: two with its claws and one with its bite.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 12 (2d6+5) piercing damage plus 10 (3d6) acid damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 9 (1d8+5) slashing damage plus 10 (3d6) acid damage.

FARASTU

Tall and lanky, the farastu are the most common type of demodand. Their lean sinewy bodies are covered in sticky black tar that continually oozes from every inch of their skin, though they possess some measure of control over the tar that allows them to dictate when they leave tracks and when they don't. Their thin wings allow them some measure of flight, and they descend upon any creature with little thought of their own safety. Farastu fight viciously with every tool at their disposal, rarely backing down from a confrontation, and tend to be the most belligerent of all demodands. They are cruel, vicious brutes who enjoy pushing around lesser beings and ruling over them as kings and lords.

KELUBAR DEMODAND

Medium fiend (demodand), neutral evil

Armor Class 19 (natural armor)

Hit Points 135 (18d8+54)

Speed 40 ft., climb 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	14 (+2)	17 (+3)	16 (+3)	10 (+0)	19 (+4)

Skills Perception +4

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities acid, cold, fire, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 14

Languages Abyssal, Demodandish, Infernal

Challenge 11 (7,200 XP)

Hideous Stench. Any non-demodand that starts its turn within 30 feet of the kelubar must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned for 1 hour. Creatures that succeed on this saving throw are immune to the Hideous Stench of a kelubar for 1 hour.

Innate Spellcasting. The kelubar's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 16). The kelubar can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *detect magic, invisibility, spider climb, tongues*
3/day each: *bestow curse, dispel magic, fear*

Magic Resistance. The kelubar has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The kelubar makes three attacks: two with its claws and one with its bite.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 19 (2d12+6) piercing damage plus 18 (4d8) acid damage and the target must succeed on a DC 16 Constitution saving throw against the kelubar's poison. On a failure, the target deals only half damage with weapon attacks that use Strength for 1 minute.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +10 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 11 (1d10+6) slashing damage plus 18 (4d8) acid damage.

KELUBAR

Kelubar are black-slime coated fiends with broad heads, spindly legs, and enormous mouths filled with jagged teeth. The slime that exudes from their skin is acidic to the touch, and their mouths drip with a poison that saps the strength away from victims. More than any other demodand, kelubars hoard trinkets, especially wands and rods, in hopes of impressing Apomps and be transformed into shator. The beady eyes of a kelubar are shrewd and calculating but the fiends possess a destructive appetite to rival that of most demonic hordes.

SHATOR DEMODAND

Medium fiend (demodand), neutral evil

Armor Class 19 (natural armor)

Hit Points 204 (24d8+96)

Speed 30 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
26 (+8)	14 (+2)	20 (+5)	18 (+4)	10 (+0)	21 (+5)

Skills Deception +10, Perception +5, Persuasion +10

Damage Resistances bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities acid, cold, fire, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 15

Languages Abyssal, Demodandish, Infernal

Challenge 16 (15,000 XP)

Innate Spellcasting. The shator's spellcasting ability is Charisma (spell save DC 18). The shator can innately cast the following spells, requiring no material components:

At will: *detect magic, invisibility, spider climb, tongues*
3/day each: *bestow curse, dispel magic, fear, stinking cloud*
1/day each: *cloudkill, enervation, legend lore*

Magic Resistance. The shator has advantage on saving throws against spells and other magical effects.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The shator makes three attacks: two with its claws and one with its bite. It can use a melee weapon in place of a claw attack.

Bite. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +13 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 19 (2d12+8) piercing damage plus 27 (6d8) acid damage and the target must succeed on a DC 18 Constitution saving throw against the shator's poison. On a failure, the target deals only half damage with weapon attacks that use Strength for 1 minute.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +13 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 13 (1d10+8) slashing damage plus 27 (6d8) acid damage.

SHATOR

The shator are the greatest of the demodands, though also the most physically loathsome and hideous. Their squat bodies are folded over with mounds of saggy flesh, giving them the nickname shaggy demodand, and their face and features sag beneath flabby putrescent flesh. At the top of the demodand chain, shator are the most cunning of the Carceri fiends, but also the most likely to be found outside the prison plane. Shator have a great love of learning, and many travel the multiverse in search of scrolls, tomes, and libraries to plunder and dominate.

HATEMONGER VULTURE

The skies of Carceri are occupied by more than just buzzards and other scavenger birds. One of the most insidious creatures to soar Carceri's skies is the hatemonger vulture, a large scrawny black-feathered bird with enormous blood-red eyes and an unnaturally hooked white beak. These monsters fly in small packs above all of the orbs of Carceri except for Agathys, always seeking out groups of people to incite fits of rage and hate. They fly on silent wings in the dark skies, as much a prisoner of the plane as anyone else, but well-suited to causing mayhem and havoc wherever their emaciated wings take them.

The Hate is Strong. Hatemonger vultures play upon the discordant strings of hate that lurk within all hearts, and many planar scholars believe the monsters feed upon this energy as much as they do the flesh of their victims. The screech of the vulture inspires violent acts of random rage, and even being close to one can cause the strongest hero to lose their nerve in the face of blood-boiling hate.

Winged Servants of the Carrion King. The rocky crags and mountains of Colothys hold a deep canyon that serves as the prison for a powerful being known only as the Carrion King. This monstrous fiend may have once been a vrock, cast out of the Abyss or some other Lower Plane, but it has grown enormous in the years since it was cast into Carceri. The Carrion King holds a special affinity for the hatemonger vultures of Colothys, and most of the beasts encountered on the orbs of that layer are spies and servants of the great imprisoned demon. The presence of the hatemonger vultures predates the arrival of the Carrion King in Carceri but some believe it is only a matter of time before all of the vulturous monsters on the plane pay homage to the fiend in the Colothys canyon.

HATEMONGER VULTURE

Large beast, neutral evil

Armor Class 16 (leather armor)

Hit Points 60 (8d10+16)

Speed 20 ft., fly 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
13 (+1)	19 (+4)	15 (+2)	6 (-2)	12 (+1)	7 (-2)

Damage Immunities acid, cold, fire, poison, psychic

Condition Immunities charmed, frightened, poisoned

Senses darkvision 120 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages understands Abyssal and Infernal but can't speak

Challenge 4 (1,100 XP)

Aura of Hate. Living creatures that start their turn within 30 feet of the vulture must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be overwhelmed by a powerful wave of hate for life and all things, losing the ability to take bonus actions until the start of their next turn. Creatures immune to being charmed automatically succeed on this saving throw.

Keen Sight and Smell. The vulture has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on sight or smell.

Pack Tactics. The vulture has advantage on an attack roll against a creature if at least one of the vulture's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't incapacitated.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The vulture makes two attacks: one with its beak and one with its talons.

Beak. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 9 (2d4+4) piercing damage plus 9 (2d8) psychic damage.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target.
Hit: 11 (2d6+4) slashing damage plus 9 (2d8) psychic damage.

Hatemong (Recharge 5-6). The vulture emits a piercing screech in a 60-foot cone, forcing living creatures within the area to make DC 13 Wisdom saving throws. On a failure, creatures must use their reaction to make a melee weapon attack against the nearest target in range. Roll randomly if multiple targets are within melee range. Creatures immune to being charmed automatically succeed on this saving throw.

KEBRO

Deadly scavengers that hunt sources of pure energy across the wastes of Carceri, kebro are thankfully solitary undead monstrosities driven from an insatiable need to feed. A kebro looks like an enormous beetle, with an incredibly hard multicolored carapace absorbing light in a swirling pattern. A massive bleached white horn protrudes from its relatively tiny head, and its long scythe-like legs are similarly colored. Operating on pure animal instinct, kebro serve no master and exist only to feed on the energy of the living.

Burrowers Beneath Carceri. Kebro instinctively understand their unnaturally colored carapace is a liability when it comes to ambushing prey, so they burrow beneath the ground for most of their undead existence. They seem most common beneath the red sands of Minethys, the third layer of Carceri, but the undead monsters have been encountered everywhere but the coldest reaches of Agathys. A few have been seen laying in wait beneath the shallow waters of Porphatys, for while the kebro do not seem adept at swimming their undead nature means they don't have to breathe.

Coveted Carapace. The shell of a kebro is said to be a key ingredient in the creation of magical items that are used to reflect magic back, specifically a *ring of spell turning*. The undead monster's appetite for elemental energy and deadly combative abilities make them difficult opponents to take down, but more than one wizard has sent an enterprising party of adventurers into Carceri to seek out the carapace of a kebro.

KEBRO

Huge undead, neutral evil

Armor Class 20 (natural armor)

Hit Points 168 (16d12+64)

Speed 40 ft., burrow 40 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
22 (+6)	11 (+0)	19 (+4)	3 (-4)	11 (+0)	5 (-3)

Damage Resistances acid, cold, fire, lightning, thunder

Damage Immunities necrotic

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, poisoned

Senses blindsight 60 ft. (blind beyond this radius), passive Perception 10

Languages --

Challenge 10 (5,900 XP)

Reflective Carapace. If the kebro suffers damage that is reduced by its natural damage resistances, the damage is reflected out in a wave to all creatures in a 30-foot radius. Creatures in this radius are allowed a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, suffering the same amount of damage inflicted upon the kebro after its resistance is applied on a failed save, or half as much on a success.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The kebro makes two attacks: one with its horn and one with its claws.

Claws. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 27 (4d10+6) slashing damage.

Horn. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +9 to hit, reach 10 ft., one target.
Hit: 32 (4d12+6) piercing damage.

Spray Acid (Recharge 5-6). The kebro releases a spray of digestive acid in a 30-foot cone. Creatures caught in the spray must make a DC 16 Dexterity saving throw, suffering 35 (10d6) acid damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.

TORMENT

Humanoid creatures that die in Carceri have their souls barred from leaving to their eternal rest in the multiverse. The Ethereal Plane does not touch in this place and no astral conduits are known to exist that allow the souls of the dead to escape. Instead, these poor unfortunates become undead monsters called torments, trapped on Carceri forever.

Escape By Any Means. Torments are driven by the singular desire to escape Carceri by any means necessary. Unfortunately, they are forbidden from doing so, chained by their undead existence to the prison plane forever, but the torments continue to try. Most try to accompany a group of visitors, appearing as wayward travelers themselves, eventually turning on them in a mad fit of jealousy and vengeance when their attempts to flee Carceri are thwarted.

Mob of Torments. Torments tend to cluster together to form mobs or even small communities in Carceri. They are bound by the same desire and can find ways to work together to try and break free from the prison plane, believing that if they have superior numbers on their side some of them may eventually escape.

TORMENT

Medium undead, any evil alignment

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 13 (3d8)

Speed 0 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
7 (-2)	13 (+1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)

Damage Resistances fire, lightning, thunder; bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

Damage Immunities acid, cold, necrotic, poison

Condition Immunities charmed, exhaustion, frightened, grappled, paralyzed, petrified, poisoned, prone, restrained, unconscious

Senses darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 11

Languages Common

Challenge 1 (200 XP)

Incorporeal Movement. The torment can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

Mask. A torment appears and acts exactly as it did in life. It's undead nature cannot be detected by spells or effects (such as a paladin's Divine Sense).

ACTIONS

Withering Touch. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 10 (3d6) necrotic damage.

HAZARDS & PHENOMENA

The monsters and prisoners that lurk in the recesses of Carceri's orbs are only part of the threat. Each of the plane's layers offers its own way to harm inhabitants, from the sucking quicksand of Othrys to the deadly chill of Agathys. Through all of the layers and orbs, Carceri earns its reputation as the prison of the multiverse by preventing the escape of any who come into its borders.

AGATHYS COLD

The deathly chill of Agathys rivals and exceeds that of the coldest reaches of the Nine Hells and the Abyss. After each 10 minutes spent on Agathys, creatures without cold immunity must make a DC 15 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature gains a level of exhaustion. After every hour in Agathys' deathly cold, creatures without cold immunity gain a level of exhaustion (no saving throw). Long rests on Agathys do not provide any benefit for creatures without cold immunity and usually end in frozen death.

CATHRYS ACIDIC ROT

An acidic rot pervades the scarlet jungles and grasslands of Cathrys. At the start of every hour on the layer, creatures suffer 5 (1d10) acid damage. This acid damage cannot be healed by natural or magical means while on Cathrys. Nonmagical items break down from the insidious acidic rot eventually; using such an item on Cathrys carries a 50% chance of the item being rendered useless.

COLOTHYS ECHOES

The mountainous terrain of Colothys has been known to suddenly create rockfalls, stone avalanches, and earthquakes, but the layer holds a more subtle threat for those that travel its rocky paths. The unusual stones of Colothys combined with an amplifying configuration means sounds carry far farther than they do on the Material Plane. Whispers can be heard from up to a mile away, and normally conversations carry for 25 miles or more. These echoes can be traced with a DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) check.

MINETHYS SANDWAVE

The red sands of Minethys stand as titanic silent dunes beneath the gray twilight of the ever-present dark sky. No natural wind blows, but occasionally the sands lurch forward from unseen forces, creating a dangerous sandwave to bury and choke the unwary. A Minethys sandwave covers an area up to several miles long and stretches up to 100 feet in the air. Creatures caught in the crash of the sandwave must make DC 15 Constitution saving throws. On a failure, they are buried beneath the sand and crushed for 35 (10d6) bludgeoning damage; suffocation begins immediately. A successful save reduces the damage in half and only renders the target prone. Monsters, such as hatemonger vultures and demodands, learn to watch for sandwaves and dig through the dunes for stranded travelers to devour.

OTHRYS QUICKSAND

Traveling through the swampy orbs of Othrys is a difficult business. Dry land is sparse, and the swirling eddies of crimson water hide treacherous patches of quicksand from the untrained eye. Stepping into an Othrys quicksand patch sinks the victim 1d4+1 feet and restrains them. At the start of each of the creature's turns, it sinks another 1d4 feet. As long as the creature isn't completely submerged in quicksand, it can escape by using its action and succeeding on a Strength check. The DC is 10 plus twice the number of feet the creature sunk into the quicksand. A creature that is completely submerged in quicksand can't breathe.

A creature can pull another creature within its reach out of the quicksand by using its action and succeeding on a Strength check. The DC is the same to pull a creature out as it is for the creature to escape on their own.

A patch of Othrys quicksand usually hides just beneath the water, out of sight except for a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check. It can cover an area as large as half a mile in radius on some orbs.

PORPHATYS SCARLET SNOWSTORM

A deadly scarlet snow falls on Porphatys on a regular basis. Scarlet snowstorms last for 1d6 x 10 minutes, and creatures within the storm's radius suffer 4 (1d8) acid damage and 4 (1d8) cold damage at the start of every turn. The clinging dangerous snow is particularly effective against buildings and items, dealing double damage to objects and structures in the area.

PRISON PLANE

The inherent nature of Carceri prevents creatures from leaving easily. Magical efforts to leave the plane by any spell other than a *wish* simply fail. Spontaneous portals and gates that open onto the plane become one-way only. There are secret ways out, including some fixed portals, but these are typically well guarded by demodands and other creatures.

MYSTERIOUS SITES & TREASURES

As the dumping grounds for all of the multiverse's unwanted denizens, Carceri has more than its fair share of mysterious places with imprisoned residents. Only the very foolish are on Carceri by choice, and those that have been sentenced to the Tarterian Depths by greater powers have little to do with their time other than plot their revenge against a multiverse that wronged them in some way.

APOTHECARY OF SIN

The Apothecary of Sin sits in the swollen branches of a massive black-barked tree in the densest part of a Cathrys jungle. It is equal parts alchemical laboratory and storefront catering to the most wicked and vile of concoctions – poisons. Beneath a shielded canopy of acid-dripping leaves, the alchemists within the Apothecary of Sin work tirelessly to create, extract, and distill the most lethal poisons in the multiverse, with specialty doses created to deal with fiends, angels, and everything in between.

The Apothecary is run by a glabrezu demon named Sinmaker, who by all accounts is a prisoner of Cathrys like most of the other inhabitants of Carceri. He developed a fondness for poison and venom creation, and found the distinct properties of the scarlet jungle uniquely suited to this purpose. Sinmaker has a small team of alchemists at his disposal, blind servants who have agreed to serve the master poisoner for a period of time, but the glabrezu is always on the lookout for new and exotic ingredients from across the multiverse.

Sinmaker's reputation as a poisoner is without equal, and he charges customers the only thing he considers valuable – magical items. The canny demonic merchant of death runs a brisk trade in these items as well through a network of black magic marketeers, but Sinmaker's true passion is for poison. He meets personally with every potential client of the Apothecary of Sin, which provides the first real challenge for visitors. Up in the black branches of the tree, the acidic nature of Cathrys here is stronger than other places, and the use of magic is the only way to guarantee access.

BASTION OF LAST HOPE

Anyone who says there's a safe place on Carceri is lying and shouldn't be trusted. Nonetheless, there are less dangerous areas, and one of them is the obsidian fortress known as the Bastion of Last Hope. Located on a small rocky plateau in the middle of a vast swamp on an orb of Othrys, the Bastion of Last Hope is regarded by most as a neutral ground. No one runs the place and no one lives there permanently.

The refuge attracts anarchists and troublemakers from all across Othrys, and there are numerous tunnels and smaller antechambers in the twisting regions below the fortress. It has stood for centuries, predating even the arrival of the titans, but whomever built it originally doesn't seem to mind its new status as a waypoint for the lost and angry. Merchants do stop in at the Bastion of Last Hope occasionally, many of them traveling along the River Styx

via their own conveyances, but treachery is always afoot within the obsidian walls.

The Bastion of Last Hope is also a waypoint for information. Creatures stop by the fortress to swap stories, trade rumors, and chase down leads on possible escape routes from Carceri. For their own reasons, demondans avoid the place but occasionally a pack of them can be seen lurking around the edges of the swamp, hoping to pick off a stray visitor.

BALEFUL BOG

The orbs of Othrys are filled with treacherous swamps, but few are so dangerous as the Baleful Bog. This massive stretch of muck and mire encompasses an entire orb, with thick mud, oil pools, and vast expanses of quicksand. Deeper than most on the layer, the Baleful Bog contains a tremendous number of titanic frog-like monsters, including hydroloths, giant demonic toads, and a cruel entity called the Warted One.

The Warted One is truly massive, a croaking fiend from the depths of the Abyss, that keeps an eye out over the entire Baleful Bog. It uses swarms of banderhobbs birthed in the deepest recesses of Othrys to do its bidding, but all the monsters of the orb pay homage to the powerful demon. The Warted One seems interested in learning more about the fallen titans, especially Cronus on far Mount Othrys, and it has been known to bargain with those caught in the Baleful Bog. In exchange for stealing something from Cronus or another titan the Warted One offers freedom and some bit of treasure dredged up from the bottom of its swampy lair.

Even without the ever-present threat of the demonic toad lurking in the depths, the Baleful Bog is a dangerous place. The quicksand stretches are enormous, and great clouds of fiendish insects buzz about in massive clouds. Slick patches of black oil are actually liquid shadows that drain the strength away from trapped victims.

BLACKRAZOR'S REST

The endless icy sea of Prophatys' orbs are dotted with a low islands and sandbars, but the scarlet snow of acid and ice eventually wears down every structure. On one orb, however, the cold waters swirl in a continual whirlpool, churned by a raging snowstorm that never abates. This is Blackrazor's Rest, encompassing half of a Porphatys orb, and its center supposedly holds a key to the infamous artifact that bears its name.

Blackrazor is a sentient sword that devours souls. It's night-black blade is studded with stars representing the countless multitudes it has consumed on its blood-soaked path of conquest. Famously, it landed in the Material Plane and in the hands of a collector before it was stolen by a deranged wizard named Keraptis and entombed within the dungeons of White Plume Mountain. The sword is far older than most realize, however, and planar scholars have traced its origin to the swirling whirlpool on Prophatys.

Was it forged in the whirlpool's heart? Most that lend credence to the stories believe the molten blade was quenched on Prophatys, and the suffusion of such power created the whirlpool that now moves endlessly towards

an inky black center. Escaping Blackrazor's Rest is a challenge for any, especially with the scarlet snowstorm that rages all around it, but its center is a bit of a mystery. Some say that a powerful pulse of negative energy sits at the center, churning the waters, which would explain the slow drain of life essence for any living creature that finds itself caught in the waves.

Many planar scholars believe Blackrazor can only be destroyed in this dark disturbance on Porphatys, but so far none have captured the willful sword and trekked to Carceri to find out. Adventurers and swordmasters who have wielded the powerful artifact and questioned the intelligence within have gained no insight beyond an extreme desire by Blackrazor to not get dragged into Carceri.

BLOOD ORCHID VALE

The jungles of Cathrys are dangerous to say the least, but truly some wondrous sight lay hidden behind the acid rot of the scarlet domain. Blood Orchid Vale is one such place, nestled in a low mountain range and filled with enormous flowers that give the area its name. It is also home to the dryad queen Thymea who tends the valley with a host of servants.

Thymea is a prisoner of Cathrys but was once a powerful guardian of Arborea. She pushed against the advances of Olympus long ago, believing the trees and woodlands of the plane deserved more respect than the gods granted, and for her transgression Thymea was cast into Carceri. She ended up on Cathrys and through careful administration built a new home for herself and her minions, but the insidious treacherous nature of the plane wormed its way into her mind. What was once a noble defender of the forested realms has become an isolated bitter creature determined to punish any who step foot into her sacred valley.

Which has been many since rumors of the fabled blood orchids that grow there have spread. Some say they have mystical healing properties, and that they can even restore life to the dead, while others claim the sweet nectar can be distilled into a particularly potent poison. Sinmaker, the glabrezu demon that runs the Apothecary of Sin, has a standing bounty for anyone who can return a blood orchid flower to him, but to date none have succeeded. Thymea is jealous and has twisted the natural vegetation of the valley to her isolated whims. Trespassers have faced black-barked treants, twisted blights, and blood-hungry shambling mounds.

CANYON OF THE CARRION KING

In a particularly deep crevasse on Colothys, Carceri's mountains orb layer, the screeches of vultures and crows echo for hundreds of miles. Here, in the Canyon of the Carrion King, the scavengers pick flesh from bones and hunt for fresh meat to satiate the inestimable appetite of their master. The Carrion King is an enormous, grossly obese vrock that hides in the shadows of its canyon, sending out minions to do its bidding and searching for a way out of Carceri.

The Carrion King was an agent of Demogorgon on the Abyss, serving faithfully in the Blood War, when a chance opportunity arose for the ambitious vrock to usurp a more powerful rival. The plan went awry, however, and the favored rival pleaded with Demogorgon to treat the vrock as harshly as possible. Death was too quick an escape so the demon lord cast it into Carceri to live until it grew strong enough to fly out of the prison plane. Now calling itself the Carrion King, the vrock decided the only way to grow strong enough was to grow as large as possible.

It cajoled and magically enchanted the monsters of Colothys to do its bidding, and eventually it attracted the attention of the hatemonger vultures that wing through Carceri's darkened skies. The monsters fell under the Carrion King's sway almost instantly, and soon the vrock began to gorge itself on the offered feast. Its wings grew strong and large and it tried to fly out several times, but the pull of the prison plane kept it from escaping. So the Carrion King dug down deep into its canyon and commanded its minions to keep bringing it food.

Now, the Carrion King is likely too large to even fly or even escape its canyon without great difficulty. The prize of escape remains the light that keeps the engorged vrock going on its path of gluttonous glory, however.

CHAINS OF THE WORLDSOURGE

Many ancient and powerful creatures have been cast into Carceri to keep them from causing greater harm to the multiverse. One of these monsters is the Worldscourge, but most would be surprised to learn that it was the angelic warmasters of Mount Celestia that birthed the worm-like horror originally. It was supposed to be a super weapon meant to end the Blood War, or at least curtail it, and the Worldscourge was created as a hollow worm capable of eating pure evil.

Unfortunately, while their intentions were good, the end result was a horror borne of hate, fear, and pure malevolence. The Worldscourge proved too much for the celestials to handle, and thus it was decided to banish the living weapon to Carceri forever. The mindless engine of destruction proved too much for even Carceri's wards, however, and the angelic smiths of Mount Celestia forged gold and silver chains to bind the Worldscourge to the Tarterian Depths.

The chains were deployed, but the Worldscourge had already sunk deep tendrils into Carceri's depths. The chains wrapped around it and kept it bound to the plane, but its form defies logic and reason, stretching across Othrys, Cathrys, and Minethys in a twisting river-like stretch. Occasionally, a link in the chains of the Worldscourge emerges from the swamp, jungle, or red sands, and some foolish demodands and other creatures have chipped away at sections hoping to break free the terrible weapon. Few realize what such an action would unleash, however, and the chains have thus far held up to tampering.

CITADEL OF THE REAPER

The Citadel of the Reaper is the only structure known to exist on the surface of Agathys, the deep dark heart of Carceri. It is a black stone tower rising from a bowl-like depression on the frozen orb, and its walls are filled with the frozen faces of the dead. Those few brave explorers who have tread the darkened halls have heard the muttering of those frozen dead and experienced the cold shiver of wraith-like monsters that move silently in the shadows.

Most agree that this mysterious citadel was or is the home to a powerful deity of death and cold, but whatever master built it seems to pay little heed to it now. The *deck of many things*, known throughout the multiverse for its capricious nature, is the only known tie to the citadel. One of the cards summons a vestige of Death, and those killed by this specter are imprisoned forever in the walls of the Citadel of the Reaper. Is the master of the citadel linked to the existence of the deck of magical cards?

Several black-hearted necromancers and other masters of the undead have sought out the Citadel of the Reaper in an effort to glean sorcerous secrets from its shadow-haunted halls. Rumors persist of a library within the citadel wherein hide necromantic arcane formulae lost to the multiverse. Sharrla of the Shroud, a necromancer from the planar city of Ravnica, is one of the few known to have stepped foot in the citadel and returned. She was changed from the experience but Sharrla maintains that the treasures she gained from her experience were worth the price she had to pay.

EYES OF SHADOW

The darkness between the orbs of Carceri is not an empty void, though it certainly appears so at first blush. Monstrous predatory leviathans known as skyswimmers, blacker than night, skim through the inky regions seeking out fresh prey to hunt and devour, and a great number of shadow monsters lurk in the space between the orbs as well. These particular denizens are always found near pools of midnight in the sky known as Eyes of Shadow.

It has been theorized these large expanses of life-draining darkness are planar “leaks” from the Plane of Shadow, though none have thus far been able to use them to travel to that realm from Carceri. Nonetheless, the Eyes of Shadow are surrounded by shadows and wraiths that hunger for the sweet life of the living. The skyswimmers avoid the pools floating in the darkness though the undead horrors birthed from these locations seem to pay the huge leviathans little mind.

A few prisoners of Carceri that make a habit of traveling between the orbs claim a voice can be heard from within an Eye of Shadow, a soft seductive voice promising escape and freedom from the utter misery that is life in the Tarterian Depths. Those that follow the voice become lost in the shadow, consumed by the darkness utterly, losing their soul in the process to the great hunger that dwells mysteriously inside each Eye of Shadow. Are they all vestiges of one entity, perhaps an imprisoned deity of shadow and twilight? Or are they each individuals, manifestations of some distant or older realm?

GARDEN OF MALICE

Most of Cathrys is wild, overgrown scarlet jungle and vast plains of red-tinged grass. Like much of Carceri it gives the impression of an untended wilderness, but for travelers that stumble upon the Garden of Malice, that wildness is replaced by order and well-maintained flora amidst blooming flowers of all kinds. It is not a peaceful region, however, as great tigers dripping acid from their fangs stalk the paths and manicured bushes, all under the guidance of the garden’s master, the imprisoned rakshasa Rameyos.

Rameyos is as cruel and manipulative as all of his kind, and he angered the wrong devil lord in a risky gambit in the past. That misstep sentenced him to a lifetime in Carceri where Rameyos has decided to make the most out of his situation. The rakshasa always possessed a surprising affinity for plants so he took an instant liking to Cathrys. Over the years, he carved out the Garden of Malice from the surrounding wilderness, bending the very land to his whim, and he learned to speak with the savage tiger-like monsters that stalked the scarlet jungle. Eventually, Rameyos’ sanctuary flourished under his patient guidance and pruning, and in that time he learned much about the special plants that grow only on Cathrys.

Rameyos still has a keen interest in escaping Carceri, but for now he has contented himself with growing specialty plants for the poisoner Sinmaker in the Apothecary of Sin. The two exiled fiends have formed a partnership, with Rameyos supplying the raw ingredients for many potent poisons, and Sinmaker giving the rakshasa first refusal rights on the magical items given in trade for the demon’s lethal concoctions.

ILLMOOR, CITY OF PILLARS

The red sands of Minethys move and shift with an almost primordial intelligence, all to the whims of no discernible weather or effect. They create sandwaves out of nothing, burying and revealing secrets on the countless orbs that span the layer, and thus it was when the great blue dragon Chaydarren stumbled upon a series of buried pillars rising from the newly uncovered scarlet sand pit. Curious, and with nothing else pressing considering his imprisonment in Carceri, Chaydarren investigated, finding the lost remains of Illmoor, City of Pillars.

Since then, the blue dragon has become obsessed with unlocking the secrets of Illmoor. The city itself boasted hundreds upon hundreds of magnificent pillars, each carved with intricate sigils and runes of arcane mystery. Some of them Chaydarren has been able to translate, and in the process he has learned that the city boasted a magical academy that lifted up the citizens to profound heights of opulence and wonder. What Illmoor did to become cast into the red sands of Minethys is still unknown, but Chaydarren has already learned a great number of new and powerful magical secrets to make him a force to be reckoned with.

The blue dragon is not the only one interested in the ruins of Illmoor. All around the site, black-banded mummies rise up from the scarlet sands to fight against any who tread the city’s ancient pavilions and causeways.

Chaydarren believes these to be Illmoor's original inhabitants, cursed to protect the city against all invaders by the same power that banished them all to Carceri, and the undead have proved to be quite a nuisance. Chaydarren has come to believe these dark guardians are under the guidance of some larger intelligence as they move with surprising tactics and always seem to know where the blue dragon is going to working next.

Word of Illmoor's discovery is beginning to leak out across the multiverse, and several expeditions of adventurers and arcanists have been spotted by Chaydarren in recent years. Most of those fall prey to the black-robed mummies but the blue dragon has had to personally deal with a few himself. Illmoor's secrets are Chaydarren's to unlock and hold, and he jealously guards the site against any he views as invaders.

MOUNT OTHRYS

The first slop of Mount Othrys rises up from a jumble of boulders within a dismal swamp on an orb in Carceri's first layer. It stretches up into the black gulf to touch a neighboring peak on the adjacent orb, and the two miles-high tall mountains form the whole of Mount Othrys, the mountain with two peaks. This is the home of Cronus, the greatest of the fallen titans, and his foul mood creates a perpetual storm of gloom and fierce red lightning around the entire region.

The few beings that have come to Mount Othrys have been invited by Cronus for various reasons. The mountain slope is treacherous and steep, but inside is a honeycomb of tunnels and rough stairs that serve as Cronus' personal lair. The point where the two mountains rise up and touch is the throne room of the fallen titan, a grand if gloomy chamber where Cronus sits and broods for most of his days. There are no other fallen titans that dwell within Mount Othrys, but Cronus is attended to by various ogres, trolls, and other foul-minded creatures that serve the great titan with a zealous fervor.

There are rumors of treasure vaults inside of Mount Othrys where Cronus has hidden away the great magical artifacts of his previous days on Arborea. The banishment curse that keeps him and his fellow titans on Carceri prevents Cronus from using these items so he and his home have become unwilling guardians of these great treasures. However, Cronus has been known to bargain with outsiders from time to time, always seeking a means of permanent escape, and has used several of these powerful items as potential rewards. Most planar scholars believe that none of the treasured items have been released from Mount Othrys to date, especially considering Cronus still remains imprisoned on Carceri.

SAND TOMBS OF PAYRATHEON

One of the better known secrets of Minethys are the remnants of Payratheon, a site filled with tombs and sarcophagi buried beneath the scarlet sands. Treasure hunters and adventure seekers have found that the shifting sands of Minethys only reveal Payratheon for about an hour at a time, but in that time great relics have been found interred with the dead.

Unfortunately, treasure is not the only thing to be found in the sand tombs of Payratheon. Monstrously powerful creatures that resemble gorgons swimming through the red sands perpetually stalk the dunes around the site. No one knows if these are intentional guardians or just opportunistic predators, but the result is the same. They chase down visitors to the area and seem to especially enjoy surprising foes that have burrowed into the sandy waste in search of Payratheon's secrets before the shifting sands reveal them naturally.

Some of the items found in the sand tombs suggest the area is the final resting place of a great religion dedicated to a long-lost god. Magical scarabs and unusually curved blades have all been pulled from Payratheon, but more than a few of these seem to bear an unusual curse on their bearers. At least one adventurer had their body liquified from the inside by a boiling black ooze after claiming a gem-encrusted scarab ornament as their own, and several others have been haunted by visions of jackal-headed demons in the night before relinquishing their claim on uncovered treasure.

SEPULCHER OF SCREAMS

On one of the more forlorn orbs of Colothys, the endless echoes carry a chilling but mournful scream that can be heard everywhere and continually. This is the cry of Clothra, a banshee queen interred within a deep valley, in a forbidding place known as the Sepulcher of Screams. Clothra's scream is lethal at a larger range than normal due to Colothys' unique echoing nature, and she never lets up the cry to keep outsiders away from her final resting place.

Clothra's story is not well understood. References in ancient libraries say she was a banshee queen on the Material Plane, cursing the living after her life as an elven princess had been stolen away by the fiendish drow elves. She clung to unlife, haunting the once beautiful palace that was her home, before being offered a chance at redemption by a kind group of priests. Clothra's rage could not be stilled, however, and she betrayed the priests, and in that moment a divine eye saw the betrayal and hurled the banshee queen into Colothys forever.

The Sepulcher of Screams that serves as her forever home is littered with reminders of her days as a living elven princess, and the nature of her curse forbids her from removing any of it. It is simply there to remind Clothra of her betrayal of the only people who gave chance to help her overcome the original rage that brought upon her unlife. She is unreasonable, hateful, and furious at being imprisoned on Colothys, and so she wails constantly from the Sepulcher's deep mountains location.

SHIP OF ONE HUNDRED

The shallow seas of Porphatys, like the other layers of Carceri, hold secrets aplenty, many dangerous or lethal to the foolhardy. The mysterious vessel known as the Ship of One Hundred is one such secret. It is a massive bone-white ship without crew or sailors, yet it winds through the snow-laden seas of Porpathys with expert skill, avoiding sandbars, rocky islands, and other obstacles that may sink it or cause it to run aground.

The only cargo aboard this mysterious ship are one hundred stone sarcophagi in the lowest hold. They are unmarked, bearing no writings or sigils of any kind, but all who have opened one have met with a grisly fate by some unseen force aboard the vessel within an hour. Is the ship powered by the imprisoned souls within the sarcophagi? Or is it their prison as others have surmised? Like much of Carceri, divine guidance offers no insight into the truth behind the Ship of One Hundred.

However, that doesn't mean the ship is uninhabited. The lost and forgotten that populate Porphatys have found that, as long as they leave the sarcophagi alone, they can move about the ship unmolested by spirits or evil forces. The ship never stops for long in any one location, and it can transport itself between the orbs through the summoning of a thick fog. Some residents of Porphatys have taken to living on the darkly mysterious ship, which seems to hold more room than a normal ship of its size would suggest, but just as many passengers are along for only a short ride, knowing ultimately that there is no safety among the scarlet snows of Porphatys – or indeed anywhere on Carceri.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Carceri is the final home for some of the multiverse's greatest and most insidious threats. It can serve as the capstone to any number of campaigns, or as a stopping point to uncover some mystery or truth about a monstrous force threatening the characters' home. The plane's reputation for imprisonment is well-earned so any trip into Carceri should include a viable means of escape for the party.

TIER 1 (LEVELS 1-4)

Low level characters are more likely to be sucked into Carceri by accident than to travel to it willingly! Hosts of monstrous foes lurk across all layers, and most of the orbs have lethal ways of dealing with intruders that can quickly end the career of characters at this tier.

... People in the surrounding region are being driven to acts of hate-filled rage, and the characters find themselves the unwitting victims of a hatemonger vulture. Nearby, a few of the monsters have made a nest. Did they escape Carceri by some chance? Or were they sent by a greater power, such as the Carrion King, to sow the seeds of discord and chaos? What treasures lay in the vulture's nest and where does the mysterious portal at the back lead to?

... A foolish wizard summoned a farastu demodand but couldn't keep the monster contained so it escaped. Now, the bullyish fiend has taken over a band of bugbears and leads them on daring raids along a major trading route. The farastu is happy to cause mayhem outside of Carceri, but does it have larger goals? Apomps the Three-Sided One is always seeking to expand its reach and vision beyond the limited scope of Carceri, which is why demodands are easy to summon but difficult to control. What greater calamity could the farastu be planning on the Material Plane?

... The nearby swamp has always held a reputation for foulness, but it also serves as the perfect focal point for a warlock dedicated to freeing the fallen titan Cronus from his eternal prison on Carceri. The warlock uses magic beyond his control to flood the swamp with Othrys-like quicksand, at the heart of which rests a one-way portal to the prison plane's first layer, pumping black sludge and quicksand into the Material Plane. The characters are called upon to close the portal but the warlock has already gone through on his mad quest to free Cronus. What terrible acts can the insane warlock cause?

TIER 2 (LEVELS 5-10)

Once the layers themselves stop becoming a dire threat, characters can start traveling to and exploring Carceri's dangers directly. A viable means of escape should still be seriously considered, however.

... The characters find themselves investigating a magical mystery, and through careful divination they find that a key hides in Illmoor, City of Pillars, in the red sands of Minethys. The characters can find a portal to Carceri without difficulty but upon arriving they must deal with strange black-bandaged mummies and confront Chaydarren, the blue dragon who claims Illmoor as his own. Perhaps the characters are just the right pawns for the blue dragon to use on a particularly dangerous investigating into Illmoor's unexplored depths.

... A local ruler dies under very mysterious circumstances and everyone assumes it was poison. It was, but it was a special poison concocted only at the Apothecary of Sin on Cathrys. To find the assassin the characters must meet Sinmaker in the scarlet jungle and perform a task for the master demonic poisoner. Perhaps a magical item was lost in the jungle by an associate and the glabrezu needs it found and returned. Of course, Sinmaker doesn't mention the current owner of the magical item.

TIERS 3 AND 4 (LEVELS 11+)

The final confrontation of a monstrous foe in Carceri can function as the satisfying conclusion to a great campaign. Of course, stopping the imprisoned foe leaves the characters stuck in the Tarterian Depths, which can lead to no end of adventures.

... By hook or by crook the characters find themselves on Carceri and in need of an exit. The merrenoloths that pilot skiffs down the River Styx are one of the only reliable means of escape from Carceri, and the characters must track one down in the swamps of Othrys while avoiding the dangerous effects of the River Styx. Once found, the merrenoloth only agrees to take the party if they defend the boat with their lives while they sail out of the plane. Of course, the crafty yugoloth doesn't mention the monstrous foe that currently seeks the destruction of the boat.

... In a crumbling castle rising above the icy seas of Porphatys, a shator demodand's personal library is threatened by the eroding scarlet snow that plagues the layer. It needs help to transport the books to a safer location, and it find the characters through magical means to persuade them to help. The shator has alienated most of its demodand kin but it remains an untrustworthy, treacherous fiend, and it has no intention of honoring any bargain it makes after the books are safely transported out of Porphatys to a higher layer.

RANDOM ENCOUNTER TABLES

The below tables can be used by the Dungeon Master as a source of inspiration when a party of characters are traveling through Carceri. Though each layer has its own unique flora and fauna, the table below can be used on almost any of the layers to throw challenges at a band of characters. Look at each one as a springboard for new adventure ideas, or as a means of highlighting the nature of the plane for the players.

TARTERIAN DEPTHS OF CARCERI

1D100	TARTERIAN DEPTHS OF CARCERI
01-05	An assassin crow winging through the quiet air
06-10	A band of three farastu demodands looking for trouble
11-15	A roving pack of zombies
16-20	An imprisoned demon seeking a way out of Carceri
21-25	A kelubar demodand picking through the remnants of a battle
26-30	The agents of a fallen titan on a secret quest
31-35	A pair of hatemonger vultures seeking fresh meat
36-40	An insane devil lord attended by a host of devilish infantry
41-45	A night hag selling sweet treats
46-50	A fire giant on a mad rampage
51-55	The mournful wail of a banshee
56-60	A shator demodand accompanied by skeleton servants
61-65	Surprise! A kebro bursts up from the ground
66-70	A transformed metallic dragon looking for a relic
71-75	A unit of yugoloth mercenaries
76-80	A swarm of shadows
81-85	A lost traveler who is what they appear to be
86-90	A lost traveler who is really a torment
91-00	Layer-appropriate hazard